

'IT'S AN ILL WIND,' ETC.

This One Blew a Wife to Sheldon Rivers, But a Thrashing to Mr Hayden

W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He was his mother's boy and had been her boy all his five-and-twenty years. No doubt this was in a measure due to the fact that his father died when the lad was just learning to walk—and just as he leaned on his mother then, so he had leaned on her ever since.

She had petted and humored and spoiled him. He had a tutor when he was old enough to learn from books, and afterward he went to a private school which was understood to be especially designed for backward boys of the best families.

But Sheldon Rivers was not backward in learning. He was quick at figures and his memory was excellent. He tired of the private school. Then he went back to the tutor and contrived to pick up a fair education.

But when Major Jim Rivers, his father's brother, big and hearty and outspoken, had suggested college, the mother's white hands went up in dismay.

"No, indeed," she answered. "College is no place for Sheldon. I know too much about those places. College students are rude young ruffians, exposed to all sorts of temptations and leading lives of reckless pleasure. Aren't the papers full of their misdeeds? College is no place for my son."

The big uncle shook his grizzled head. "Maria," he said, very gravely, "you are making a sissy of the lad. Let him get out and take some hard knocks. He can't stay here at your apron strings forever. You are hurting the boy. While other young fellows are up and doing things, he mopes around at home like a sick poodle. Confound it, Maria, you're doing the boy a great wrong. Let me have him for a half year. I'll put a little manliness into him. What do you say?"

The mother of the boy drew herself up with much dignity. "I prefer my son as he is, she said with freezing dignity. 'At least, I have made him a gentleman.'"

Jim Rivers was too big a man to take offense at trifles. He smiled at the thrust and spread out his hands. "I know a stone wall when I bump into it," he said. "He's your boy—do what you please with him. But wait, Maria. You mark my words—that boy will run up against an emergency some day that will bring the real man from behind that polished veneer. There must be some of my brother Tom in the lad, and it's going to show itself. Just put that down on your tablets, Sister Maria. It's the straight prophetic words. And now about those Atlantic & Northern bonds."

Uncle Jim Rivers was right. The emergency that Nephew Sheldon would presently confront was close at hand.

Sheldon had been at his tutor's home. The good man was slightly ill. Sheldon had gone in the family carriage—his mother had no liking for automobiles—to the quiet suburb in which the professor lived, and had left some delicacies for him and a huge bunch of flowers from the Rivers' greenhouse. He was fond of the professor, who had grown gray in his service, and while the old connection had almost ceased—being narrowed down to a course of reading—he looked upon the old man as a deserving pensioner of the house of Rivers, and watched over him closely.

Sheldon had sent the carriage home when he reached the professor's door, and when he came out he found the rain falling. He opened his umbrella and stepped out briskly. He didn't mind the rain. He would walk home—it was scarcely two miles.

And then as he turned the corner a squall swooped down the highway. The air was filled with blinding rain that swirled in sheets before the hissing wind.

Sheldon saved his umbrella by a quick movement, and then as he half turned, somebody was whirled against him with considerable force. He braced himself against the shock, and then drew the stranger into the nearest doorway.

His companion was a girl, a girl of twenty, perhaps. Sheldon decided upon her age when she had pushed her hat back from her face and stared at him with black eyes that were big and wet.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she cried, "did I hurt you?"

"Not in the least," Sheldon replied. "Are you all right yourself?"

"I think so," said the girl. "Wasn't it dreadful? Oh, my poor umbrella!"

It was a sorry sight. The cover hung in tatters.

"Too bad," said Sheldon sympathetically. "Better throw it away."

"Mercy, no," cried the girl. "That would be wasteful. Don't you know you can get an umbrella fixed for a great deal less than a new one costs?"

He laughed at this—her tone was even more whimsical than her question—and she laughed, too.

"I think it must have been the umbrella that drew me along like a runaway yacht—and my hat tipped down, and then I bumped into you. I'm so sorry. You're sure you're not hurt?"

"I—I liked it," said Sheldon with a suddenness that amazed him. Then he regretted his frankness. He was afraid he had offended the owner of those black eyes.

The black eyes were intently regarding the clouds.

"The wind has changed," said the girl. "The rain is stopping. I must go before it rains harder. Thank you again."

wasn't for my hat. This has to last until fall, you see."

Sheldon nodded. He liked these pretty confidences. They were altogether new and altogether delightful.

"Let me carry your umbrella," he said with astonishing boldness.

"Then you take my arm and hold my umbrella so it will shield your hat. Clever arrangement, isn't it?" She suddenly laughed.

"Immensely clever," she said. "I never would have thought of it myself." And she laughed again.

"Come," said Sheldon as he left the doorway and raised his umbrella. She stepped down beside him and slipped her hand through his arm. And at that a delightful thrill ran through him. He lifted his chin, the muscles in his own arm seemed to grow tense.

It wasn't a long walk. To Sheldon it seemed a very short one. It was pleasant while it lasted. And then a gate was reached and the girl passed.

"This is my home," she said. He caught a fleeting glimpse of a tiny cottage. "Thank you ever so much," she added. "Good night." And she ran lightly up the path to the tiny porch.

"Good night," he murmured stupidly, and, turning quickly, walked away.

He had meant to say something more—he didn't know just what. And now it was too late. He looked down. He had something in his hand. It was the wrecked umbrella.

He turned and went back, and stepping lightly placed the battered thing tenderly on the porch. He had thought of ringing the bell and handing it in. But he was afraid that this might make him ridiculous.

It was raining more briskly as he turned the corner. He didn't notice it.

"What fine eyes she had! Black eyes certainly were the most beautiful."

He was thoroughly wet when he reached home. When he came down to dinner he was whistling. "Who is that whistling?" his mother called to him. She didn't like whistling. It was not refined.

"Guilty, mother," he cheerfully called back.

But he didn't stop whistling. He went to see his old tutor the next afternoon. He walked there, and came away at the same time he had left the day before. He loitered by the corner, and then he saw her alighting from a car. She came forward briskly and he had time to see that she was still prettier in the sunlight.

Then she saw Sheldon.

"Why," she said in smiling surprise, "how do you do! I'm so glad you came. It began to weigh on my mind."

The remark was confusing.

"What weighed on your mind?" he asked.

"Your umbrella, of course. Oh, such a fine umbrella! Did you worry?"

Sheldon suddenly laughed.

"I hadn't missed it."

The big black eyes regarded him wondrously.

"That's strange," she said.

"No," he gravely replied, "I don't think it's strange."

charming girl—but think of your mother. Yes, and of Anna's mother, too. She is distressed. She has told me so."

Sheldon suddenly frowned.

"Why is Anna's mother distressed?" he demanded.

The old man nodded.

"She fears that Anna will be made unhappy. She—she fears that your mother will never consent to your marriage."

Sheldon's face deepened.

"Dear old friend," he said, "you know what I am. I'm what I've been made—weak, irresolute, shrinking. I can make no promise. You would not believe them. But wait."

And he was gone.

His face was pale, but his eyes were smiling when he met Anna the next afternoon.

"Well," he said, "I need help. I'm looking for a job. Can you direct me to one? I've never done anything, you know. I've had no useful experience. Do they give such people jobs?"

Anna's cheeks paled, but her voice was steady.

"So you've broken with your mother?"

"Not yet. She thinks I'm considering."

"You've told her all?"

"Yes."

"She feels very bitter toward me, of course?"

"Where I am concerned my mother is never reasonable."

"You mustn't break with her, Sheldon."

"There is no help for it. It would be cruel to her, it would be a wrong to yourself. Don't speak, Sheldon. Your mother has misjudged me. It was natural that she should. I am going to see her, dear. I am going to talk with her if she will let me. To-morrow afternoon, Sheldon. Tell her to-night that I am coming. Trust me, dear."

Sheldon's mother was attracted by the very boldness of this proposition. Perhaps Anna Halmer knew she would be. Here was a chance to end all this folly at a single interview. She would show the girl just where she stood. She would convince her that her attempt upon the Rivers' money and the Rivers' social standing was a hopeless one. She would shame her before her foolish son.

But it would be well for her to have John Hayden present at the interview. John was her younger cousin and John was versed in the law. John had a scathing tongue and knew just how far it was safe

to go. It was well to be careful when dealing with fortune seekers.

Above all the men he had ever met Sheldon Rivers disliked John Hayden. He was arrogant, conceited, abusive. Sheldon did not know that John Hayden was to be present at the memorable meeting; he was hot with anger when John was ushered in.

Perhaps the only thoroughly self-possessed one of the quartet was Anna Halmer. And Sheldon thought she had never looked prettier. Even Sheldon's mother, who had determined to dislike the girl, suddenly found herself wondering how that straight, slim figure would look in shimmering white with the Rivers pearls at her neck and a white rose in her hair.

"I don't know what you think of my coming here," said Anna in her even voice to Sheldon's mother, "but it seemed to be the only way in which I could meet you and tell you what I want to say. I thank you for giving me this privilege."

The mother inclined her head. She felt a little sorry for the girl.

"I want to tell you that Sheldon met me quite by accident," Anna went on. "There could be no design about it. I am a busy girl. I have to earn my living. I am here to-day because my employer granted me permission to come. I know that you must think unkindly of me, because—because Sheldon is fond of me, but I am not so selfish as to take him away from the mother who loves him so dearly. I am too proud for that—much too proud."

"Anna!" cried Sheldon.

The women heard the girl rattle. "He has locked the door," whispered the mother.

"Yes," said Anna. Her voice had a strange ring.

The mother looked at the girl. Her cheeks were blazing.

"Hark," said the mother, "they are quarrelling."

"I hear them," said the girl. The voices suddenly rose.

"Oh, oh," cried the mother. "I must stop this!"

She ran toward the door. Anna suddenly barred the way.

"No," she said firmly. "Sheldon must not be interrupted. You heard him. He has something to say in this man. He is saying it."

An oath rang out, followed by a thud—then came a sudden crash.

"They are fighting," cried the mother. "My boy will be killed!"

Gently but firmly Anna held her. The tumult grew louder.

"We must not interfere," said the girl. "Sheldon's father would not have brooked such an insult. You heard what that man called the woman Sheldon has honored with his love."

"My boy, my boy," moaned the mother.

Anna's arms were round her.

"Be brave, dear mother," she murmured. "It is our man, our brave knight, who is fighting this battle."

And then the door opened and Sheldon stumbled in. His face was bruised, his hands were bleeding, but his eyes were like fire. His mother looked at him and shuddered.

"Come, Hayden."

The words were a command.

The big man slouched through the doorway—and he was a sorry sight.

"Speak," said Sheldon imperiously. The big man spoke.

"I find I made a mistake," he said in a low voice. "I apologize for any offensive language I may have used."

Sheldon pointed to the door, and the battered one crept out.

"Well, mother," said the victor, "I begin to think I have come into my own. I find I have the muscles of a man, and the spirit of a man. And I have tasted the elixir of victory and it is boiling in my veins. You'll have to take me as I am, mother. I'm going to stay here and fight for my rights if it is necessary. And, mother," his voice suddenly softened, "I'm going to marry the girl I love!"

She was beaten. She saw it clearly.

"Oh, my dear," she murmured, "we will share him between us."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

No man becomes a villain all at once.—Juvenal.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

There is no grace in benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seneca.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintilian.

'Tis not the whole life to live, nor all of death to die.—Montgomery.

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

Many go out for wool and come home shorn themselves.—Cervantes.

Vulgarity in manners defiles fine garments more than mud.—Plautus.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Carlyle.

Power and liberty are like heat and moisture; where they are well mixed, everything prospers; where they are single, they are destructive.—Saville.

If a man does not make a new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.—Johnson.

Pack Carriers.

The city man wonders at the weight his Maine or New Brunswick guide will carry, whereas he himself sweats and labors under one-quarter of the weight, and is worn out by nightfall. Were these North Wood natives equally inefficient on the trail they had stopped all the wheels of civilization in that part of the world. The "pieces" of the fur trade, whether of furs or supplies, was about ninety pounds in weight. The man who could not pack three "pieces" on his tump line over the average portage ranked low around the campfire. I have known a Chipewea to carry a barrel of pork two miles, with freemount rests, of course, and I saw one once smilingly beat a 160-pound man that he could carry him five miles over a logging trail and not set him down once. Some of these men would pack 200 pounds, and it is said sometimes 300, but they were unusually powerful men and working under keen rivalry—the only rivalry which could bring any honor in their country—that of physical prowess. Each strove to excel, as we strive to-day on Wall Street of New York, on State Street of Chicago, or any of our devious thoroughfares of so-called civilization.—Emerson Hough, in Recreation.

Modernity of Ancient Music.

In his last lecture on music in connection with Gresham College Easter term, delivered at the City of London School last night, Sir Frederick Bridge, organist at Westminster Abbey, said that in the chapter library of the Abbey he had come across motets of Richard Deering, which had lain there for 300 years.

One of these was sung at the Royal Maundy Service, when the Queen was present. The Dean of Westminster called Her Majesty's attention to the composition, upon which the Queen remarked, "Dear me, I had no idea such ancient music could sound so modern."—London Daily Mail.

Temperament.

Fatima had been exhaustively educated at an exclusive school, and when, having entered the forbidden chamber, she beheld the severed heads of Bluebeard's former wives, she understood instantly.

"There's temperament for you!" she exclaimed, and thought how the other girls would envy her. It was a happy moment for Fatima.—Pack.



Her Fourth Term.

Miss Martha E. Johnson has just been re-elected tax collector of Laconia, N. H. This is her fourth term. She is said to be the only woman tax collector in New England. She is a graduate of the Laconia high school and an active member of the Laconia Woman's Club.—New York Sun.

Annoying Mannerisms.

If we could only learn to be quiet, absolutely quiet when we are supposed to be quiet, without motion or sound, faces quiet, hands quiet, feet quiet; if everything that we do could be done as noiselessly as possible without an unnecessary sound or movement. The movement to restrain noises should begin at home rather than abroad; better innumerable bells and whistles outside than slamming doors, creaking shoes, or shrill voices inside. We need the training given by constant attendance in a sickroom. What a relief it would be to tired nerves if a general reformation of this kind took place! If we could learn to listen to ourselves as to others!—Harper's Bazar.

Servants For the Country.

The comic papers crack jokes on the difficulty of persuading servants to go to the suburbs. And there is little exaggeration, I think, in the jokes. In the city there is much poverty, there are many pleas for work, there are hot, overcrowded, stuffy tenements. In the country in the summer there is employment for many servants at good wages. The air is healthful, the food good, the work no harder than in town. Yet dozens of my friends, as well as myself, can't persuade servants to stay there all summer. We are not brutes, and in town our servants are always content and seem to enjoy our employment. Who can explain? It is all a mystery to me.—Mrs. Mary S., in the New York World.

Women Should Know.

That late hours are a frequent cause of the appearance of premature wrinkles. That if we took the trouble to "count our mercies" most of us would find that we have more to be thankful for than to grumble at. That absence of occupation is not rest. That you cannot expect admiration

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Invalids' Sponge Cake.—A slice of sponge cake with a glass of milk makes a nutritious and pleasing lunch for a convalescent. To make the sponge cake, sift together two cupsful pastry flour, a teaspoonful cream of tartar and a half teaspoonful soda. If preferred you can use two teaspoonfuls baking powder instead of the cream of tartar and soda. Beat the yolks of four eggs fifteen minutes, add a cupful and a half powdered sugar and continue the beating. Add one-half cupful cold water, a pinch of salt and the sifted flour. Lastly fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the four eggs and two tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. If served while still warm, break instead of cutting.

If you never take any trouble to deserve it.

That if you really care for a person you will not say unkind things to, or of them.

That personal remarks are seldom in good taste.

That when you meet a friend and say to her, "How poorly you are looking!" it is by no means paying her a compliment.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Course of Lectures.

The Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, vice-president of the American Civic Federation, has completed a course of lectures on sanitary matters in the leading cities of Kentucky. She was invited by the State Board of Health for the purpose of delivering these lectures for the purpose of instructing the people in the best method for keeping their cities clean.

Because of Mrs. Crane's work in this direction in Kalamazoo she has calls from all parts of the country asking her to give lectures on the subject. Mrs. Crane was scarcely more than a girl was called to Kalamazoo as pastor of the Unitarian Church. The congregation was disorganized and the church property heavily in debt. One of the members told the new minister that about all they expected of her was to keep the church open for funerals. Since then she has built a \$40,000 church, taught Kalamazoo the lesson of municipal cleanliness and been a leader in various movements of social reform.—New York Sun.

Shortsighted Mother.

The housekeeper who has to manage carefully should set herself to learn this much of wisdom—to instruct to others the duties they can perform, in order that she may exercise her greater skill upon others that they can not accomplish. Every one knows mothers—and very good mothers, too—who seem to feel a kind of pride in bearing their own burdens and denying to others the discipline of taking a share of them. Such are the women who boast that they never ask their husbands to fetch a book or carry a portmanteau; never trouble their children with little home duties, but bring them up to be free of any burden or knowledge of housework.

Let not the mother say to herself, "I can do this better than they can," referring to her daughters; or "Let the girls have all their time to themselves; their day for work will come." For if the daughters never learn, when "their day" comes there will be many mistakes made in housewifery, and how will their husbands like that?—Indianapolis News.

University Trustee.

Mrs. William Nettlingham has been elected trustee at large of Syracuse University. She is a sister of State Senator Hendrick Holden and a daughter of Erastus Holden, who de-

nated the observatory to the university. At its recent commencement Syracuse University conferred the honorary degree of doctor of laws on Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood and gave the honorary degree of master of painting to Mrs. Luella Stewart Holden and to Professor Jennette Scott. Mrs. Holden is the wife of Senator Holden and was a professor in the Fine Arts College before her marriage. Professor Scott is now connected with the painting department of the Fine Arts College.

Yet another departure was made by the trustees in creating the office of dean of women of the university. Miss Jean Maine Richards, professor of English, was appointed to fill it. Her duties will include advising the women students of the university.—New York Sun.

College Girls in Small Towns.

The college girl who lives in a small town has perhaps the greatest power for influence. Her education and experience raise her to a position which commands the respect of those others who have not had her advantages, and this position she should use, not as an excuse for egotism or self-sufficiency, but as a means of accomplishing reforms in the life of the community. Starting a village improvement society is an excellent way of interesting people in their surroundings, and opens to many an entirely new world, a world which teaches that the useful is not necessarily the ugly, and that environment is the inspiration of action. Beautifying the village or town is bound to bring the citizens together in a new and more intimate association, and does much to abolish those dens of vice which disgrace, not only the aspect, but the moral life of a town.

Of course, this is but one phase of civic improvement; there are many others. In the factory town especially there is wide scope for the college bred woman's activity. There is no reason why the factory town should be unsightly, or why the employees of the factory should live in ugly, unsanitary dwellings; no reason why the women of the town should not be roused to interest in their surroundings, and, above all, to self-respect.

The woman of education owes it to her less fortunate sister to encourage that feeling of self-respect which lies dormant in the breasts of

so many factory women. Give them the vision of something broader and higher than is comprehended in their own horizon, and they will try to conform their lives to it. Give them model day nurseries, and they will give their children cleaner homes. Awaken in them the consciousness that they have possibilities, and they will try to realize them.—The Delinquent.

Should Have the Best.

We should have the best roads in the world. Practically all of them run through agricultural districts, and it is said to cost the farmers 25 cents to haul a ton a mile on them. The average haul of farm products is nine miles, according to the estimates of the Department of Agriculture. The average cost of hauling a ton a mile on the roads of France is 7 cents.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Setting a Good Example.

Except where they are under the direction of experts good roads are still unknown in the country places. New York has set a good example, and like Georgia, she has made provision for utilizing her jail inmates in carrying on the work.—Boston Transcript.

One of the Problems.

The chief problem in good road building is the finding of a topping which will produce a smooth surface and stand the wear of all sorts of usage. This is the particular phase of the road-building problem which more than one State Road Commission is just now endeavoring to solve.—Baltimore Sun.

As an Advertisement.

Our own people will be the chief beneficiaries of good roads, though the visitors within our gates will also enjoy them. But possibly the chief advantage ultimately will be the advertisement of the State as a leader in these enterprises.—Troy Times.

Power of the Press.

The printing-press has made presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for belles and polished genius with criticism. It has made the world get up at roll call every morning, given pupils lungs of iron and voice of steel. It has set the price on a bushel of wheat and made the country postoffice the glimmering goal of country scribes. It has curtailed the power of kings. It has converted bankers into paupers and made lawyers out of college presidents. It educated the homeless and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It smiles and kicks, cries and dies, but it cannot be run to suit everybody, and the editor is a fool who tries.

Makes For Good Health.

Boston has come to the conclusion that the health of the child is of great importance to its success in school, and a "health day" has been appointed. This was observed recently, physicians speaking to the pupils of the high schools upon the subject of "Health, Its Value and Cost."

Good Roads

Autos Ruin the Roads.

The autos will have to look out when Uncle Sam gets after them. They can run the farmers off their roads and do about as they please so far as they are concerned. They can run at a speed of thirty, forty or even fifty miles an hour, although the law restricts them to twenty miles, and the farmer cannot prove the violation of law, or if he could, in most cases, he cannot identify the owner or driver by the number on his car, going at such a speed, and he goes on his way with impunity. But Uncle Sam can determine the rate of speed and read the number on the car by means of instantaneous picture machines.

It is encouraging to learn that official government tests are being made in the vicinity of Washington regarding the damage done to roads by heavy machines at high speed. Some good will grow out of the testing work, in other directions as well. Results thus far obtained show that at a speed of a mile a minute the best macadamized roads are cut to pieces in a very short time. With speed reduced the damage is much less. The tests are still in progress. When the road is oiled with crude petroleum, or some other lubricant, but little destruction is done.

The farmers will strenuously resist any attempt to compel them to pay for oiling their roads. No legislature would dare impose a tax on autos for oiling the highways, so that auto owners will have to oil the roads if it is ever done.

These tests the Government is making will bring out the fact that the machines are running not only regularly, but it may be said, regularly beyond the speed limit, and the effect will be to put a check on undue speed, we trust, not only about Washington, but throughout the country. The test will show something like this, we think: that running autos at ten miles an hour will make no perceptible wear on the roads, no more than our ordinary two-horse wagons do, and they will show that driving at a speed of twenty miles an hour will not damage the roads one-fourth as much as running at a speed of forty miles an hour would do. In other words, we think the tests will show that the high rates of speed from thirty miles upward are ruinous to our ordinary highways and cannot be permitted.

The auto people will rebel at this; if they can't go as fast as they please, they won't go at all, they will say, but they will go just the same, and watch their chance to speed up, when no spy is in sight. But if the authorities get after them some of them will be caught and heavily fined. When it comes about that autoists cannot run their machines as fast as they please on our common roads, as they now are, they will be ready to listen to a proposition that has been advanced in these columns a time or two, namely, to widen out the highways to the fence on either side, at the autoists' expense and for their exclusive use. This is the only solution of the problem that we can see that would be satisfactory to