

# A Wandering Destiny

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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The country road, unshaded by tree or shrub, stretched straight and dusty under the burning August sun. A girl in cool white came slowly out of a gateway, clicked the latch behind her and stood gazing dubiously at the book and a box of chocolates; with a mile to the woods, a short walk along a shady path to the bank of the river, then—her canoe—the book—the chocolates, and—

With sudden decision she stepped into the road and began picking her way gingerly along the edge. When she reached the opening in the woods where the path began she heaved an immense sigh of relief, but without pausing kept steadily on till she reached the bank of the river. There she sank down on the log to which her small canoe was moored, threw off her hat, and gasped.

"Phew!" she said. "I don't believe I do that again." She sat a few moments, her chin on her hands, gazing out over the shaded river, then, stepping into her canoe she arranged herself comfortably on a pile of cushions, placed the book and the chocolates conveniently beside her and pushed off.

The air was brooding and somnolent; the silence deep. She drifted lazily—just a touch here and there with the paddle to guide her. A faint wind blew from the south and gently lifted the soft hair from her brow. The moments passed. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the little canoe crept along. Zoe's eyes rested steadily on a distant curve in the bank.

"It was just beyond that," she murmured.

She rounded the bend cautiously, her heart gave an excited little throb. He was there. He lay facing the river.

"Asleep!" thought Zoe resentfully, and yesterday he had had his back to

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STRONG DRINK IS RUINOUS

Men Pre-eminent for Intellectual Attainments All On Side of Temperance.

Such brilliant lights as Burns and Poe have been cited to prove that strong drink is an incentive to fire the imagination to lofty heights of fancy impossible to be reached in sober moments.

Both Burns and Poe were victims of the drink habit and both geniuses, but their cases so far from supporting the claim of alcohol to usefulness argue against it.

If Burns and Poe, God-fearing as they were, had kept their faculties clear and their reasons undimmed, what might they not have done? The former might have become the Homer of the Eastern and the latter the Dante of the Western World.

As it was, these two stars of the firmament of literature languished fitfully for only a few years. They simply reeled through life until they came to the verge of premature graves and tottered into them ere half their time on earth was spent, writes Madison C. Peters in an exchange.

The age of Johnson may be termed the golden age of English literature. Its sky was studded with brilliancy, but how long did the light last? Men of such transcendent gifts as Goldsmith, Savage and Shenstone did not know the meaning of life. Their brief careers were spent in riotous living.

Charles Lever, prince of Irish novelists, represented the Irish squires and gentlemen as hard-headed, hard-drinking, rollicking fellows, whose chief amusements were fox hunting, love-making, and breaking one another's heads. For the most part this portrayal was true, but there were some notable exceptions to Lever's creations among the gentry of Ireland.

The men who did the most for Ireland, who reflected an undying glory on her cause, were, if not teetotalers, at least temperate. Grattan, Flood, Wolfe, Tone, Fitzgerald and Emmet were temperate. O'Connell seldom drank a glass of wine. The Duke of Wellington was an abstemious man.

Parnell in the heyday of his fame could not be induced to touch liquor. His head was always clear in the house, and this was the secret of his political foresight, which enabled him to accomplish his much.

The great leaders of English politics, both in the past and present centuries, have been strictly temperate men. Gladstone only touched light wines on rare occasions. Morley, A. B. Four, Spencer, Harcourt, Salisbury, Chamberlain, all early took their places beneath the temperance banner. At royal receptions and ambassadors' balls none of these men could be induced to take liquor in any form.

The well known literary men of England in our time have almost to a man been temperate. Dickens, though he drank a glass of ale betimes, never exceeded discretion. Reade, Besant, Paine, Buchanan, Tennyson and Browning were all on the side of temperance.

The same can be said of the leading statesmen and writers of Germany, France, Italy and other European countries at the present day.

The same is notably true of eminent Americans. Have any of our great inventors been drunkards? They have spent their days and nights in ceaseless activity, perfecting their designs with clear brains and steady hands, only desisting to obey the call of exhausted nature.

Edison, the wizard of electricity, never touches intoxicating liquors. Could the Wrights and Curtiss, Zeppelin and Heriot have conquered the air with rum-drenched brains and jangling nerves?

Our great scientists and medical men, knowing well the dangers that lurk in the sparkling glass, shun it as they would deadly poison. Kelvin, Crookes, Roentgen and Koch have all been total abstainers.

Drink saps the vital organs and dulls the brain. It has stripped the crown from the brow of manhood and engirdled it with a crimson band of shame; it has plucked the flowers from the garden of success and in their place has strewn the weeds of failure. It has wrenched the sword of victory from the hands of conquerors, turned it into a scourge and driven them from the arena of fame into the darkness of obscurity; from royal brows it has taken imperial crowns and dashed them into fragments on the stones of defeat and ignomy.

The men who made America were, with some notable exceptions, of abstemious habits and austere lives. Liquor never adds, but always subtracts. So far from being a stimulant, it is an anaesthetic; it deadens instead of quickens. Science has classed it as a sporic or narcotic. Instead of helping man up it drags him down; instead of placing him on the sun-crowned heights of success and honor it places him in the gutter of failure and shame.

A Swedish Temperance Congress. The summer congress of the Swedish Good Templars was opened at Lesleholm, just recently, by Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, who made an address in which he said that "the nation which frees itself from intemperance and its damaging effects will make the greatest progress."

Drunkenness in London. There was so much drunkenness in London about 1799 that the hackney coachmen carried on quite a lucrative business driving through the streets at night to pick up men who had trouble to find their way home or who had dropped down in the streets.

There are now 13 licensed reformatories and 22 reformatory houses in England. Women constituted the larger number of those sentenced last year to these places. Intemperance among women there is increasing.

## For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Chrysanthemum Luncheon.

Judging from the numerous letters from brides-elect, Cupid must have been unusually busy with his little bow and arrow. There are so many requests for pre-nuptial functions, I am sure the description of this chrysanthemum luncheon will be very acceptable.

It was gorgeously brilliant, the color scheme being yellow; especially fitting for this month as November claims the topaz and the chrysanthemum; in this instance it was also the bride's birthday month as well as her wedding day season. For a centerpiece there was a mound of yellow "mums," kept in place by embedding the stems in sand. At each place there was a little yellow jardiniere containing one stiff, straight little yellow "mum" to which the name card was attached with a yellow ribbon. The grape fruit cocktail had a wee "mum" in the center of the fruit; around the stem of the glass there was a fluffy bow of white tulle. The plates on which the frappe glasses stood had a wreath of yellow "mums" around them and the ice-cream was in boxes concealed by petals of yellow crepe paper "mums."

The candle shades were of silver and had yellow shades. At each place were yellow slippers filled with salted nuts. Just the bridal party were included in the guests, I mean the girls in the party and two matrons of honor.

A Neck-Tie and Apron Party.

This really is an old time stunt, but like many other old things has been rejuvenated. The hostess prepares as many cheese cloth aprons as there are men and as many pieces of silk or ribbon as there are girls. When all arrive the men are given spools of thread and told to find the girl who has an apron to match it. In this way partners are chosen and the girls put on the aprons after the men have sewed the hems and sewed on the strings. Allow half or three-quarters of an hour for this. Next the girls are given the necktie pieces and they are gathered together and put through a door, each girl having hold of an end, the door is closed and the men are to come in and take hold of an end. When each man has an end, the door is opened and the girl who has hold of the other end must fashion a necktie for her swain. The latter puts it on and the girl puts on her apron, and thus partners are selected for supper or refreshments. This is a very jolly party, adapted to private parties or for a church social.

MADAME MEIRI.

To Clean a Black Skirt.

To clean a black skirt, lay the skirt as flatly as possible on a clean table. Remove all grease spots with brown paper and a hot iron, then with a sponge dipped in strong coffee rub over the whole of the dress, paying special attention to the front and edge of the skirt. When the whole of the skirt has been sponged and is still damp, iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry.

A Box Shower.

A jolly crowd wishing to "show" one of their number who was about to leave the state of single blessedness, conceived the bright idea of giving a box shower. The boys were in on it too, and they had loads of fun. All the gifts were in boxes, which in turn were put in a huge dry goods box covered with white paper cambric on which hearts of red, large and small were pasted. When all had arrived, the bell rang and the village expressman appeared and said he had a small parcel for Miss B—and imagine the surprise when he entered with the assistance of several of the masculine guests bearing the immense box. The honored couple were told they could unpack, but each read and speech made before the next box was opened.

Among the articles were boxes of paper, box of matches, box of tacks,

ink, and do the work carefully.

Four place cards are given, one a demure Puritan maiden to be colored in light gray gown, darker gray cape with bright red lining, cap to match the cape with a white facing and tie and kerchief—which just shows a little in front.

Paint the face and hands in the natural color. Red and yellow, if properly mixed, will give a satisfactory flesh color for beginners.

The lines in all the cards should be gone over with a pen and ink outline.

The turkey is to be painted brown, light and dark shades, with a bit of red on the head, and outlined.

The pumpkin is a brilliant orange color with dark green leaves, and the apples shaded in light and dark red and green leaves, with brown stems.

The water-color cards may be bought by the dozen, or very stiff and heavy water-color paper may be used.

Those who do not already possess a box of water-color paints may secure a very excellent little box of a new make with all the necessary colors, for 50 cents. A five-cent Japanese brush, which comes to a very fine point, will answer all purposes for doing this work.

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## LIVE STATE NEWS

Johnstown.—William Williams, the accused murderer of Mrs. Jennie Pringle, died at Barnesboro, of consumption. He was out on \$10,000 bail. Williams followed his wife and Mrs. Pringle to the rooms of the latter in this city last September and used a razor on his victim, almost severing the head from the body. He then hacked his own throat with a butcher knife, but inflicted only minor injuries. Williams made a full confession at the time, but declared that he would never walk to the gallows, as he expected that consumption would end his existence long before he could be brought to trial.

Darby.—After several days of suspense, during which she was constantly under medical treatment by Dr. Lee, it is now thought that all danger has been passed by Miss Mary Gotshaw, who was injured in a peculiar manner Saturday night. The young woman was going down steps when the heel of her shoe came off. Not realizing it, she stepped down with all her weight on her foot and several long, sharp nails, which were left in the sole, were driven an inch into her heel. Screaming with pain, she was helped into a store, where Policeman Smith obtained a pair of pincers with which he succeeded in pulling the nails out.

Tamaqua.—At the eighth annual State convention of the Pennsylvania Deutsche Gesellschaft held at Summit Hill, the following officers were elected: President, W. F. Neyer; Vice-President, C. J. Haen, Hazelton; Chaplain, Rev. A. Lobach, Tamaqua; Secretary, W. W. Brobst, Lansford; Treasurer, William Haber, Tamaqua; Warden, Conrad Panko, West Hazelton; Inside Guard Charles Boyer, Summit Hill; Outer Guard, Thomas D. Beltz, New Mahoning.

Lenni.—Rev. John J. Clarke, aged 63 years, rector of St. Francis De Sales Catholic Church, died from a complication of diseases, from which he was a sufferer for some months. Father Clarke is the third pastor of St. Francis De Sales Church to die within the past five months. Father Clarke came from Nequehoning less than three months ago to succeed the late Father John McEnroe, who had succeeded Father M. J. Kane, who was also pastor of the church five months ago and who died.

Chambersburg.—While jail prisoners were on their way to work on the streets in a remote part of the town four made a break for liberty. The officers fired on them, but the shots did not take effect and all escaped. Some of whom were in jail for robbery and other high offenses. It developed after the escape that since the order for street work went into effect ten days ago ten prisoners have escaped.

Chester.—Sarah O'Brien, a pretty young girl, was bereft of her curls, she says, when enticed away by an Italian girl to a house on West Sixth street. Sarah's unusual absence worried her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien, who notified the police. Two officers, who were assigned on the case, found Sarah. The child's hair had been cut off close to her head. No arrests have yet been made, but it is understood the child's parents propose to begin prosecution.

Shamokin.—While a carload of steers from the West was being unloaded at a local yard, one of the animals escaped and ran into a creek with a number of men in pursuit. The steer left the stream and after running over a number of streets escaped to the mountains amid a number of rifle shots. A number of pedestrians narrowly escaped being gored by the animal as it dashed through town.

Norristown.—Because their father was killed by a Lehigh Valley Traction car at Fort Side Inn, about a year ago, when he was riding in an auto, his five children were awarded \$7,000 damages in Civil Court. It was in evidence that the auto in which John Etchells, of Chester, was a passenger, was struck as it left a hotel yard at a rapid rate of speed.

Easton.—The trustees of Lafayette College have decided to erect a building for the mechanical engineering department on recently acquired land near Marsh Field, between the fraternity houses of the Delta Kappa Psi and the Phi Kappa Psi. Work will be commenced this fall.

Ashtand.—Daniel Storm, a farmer residing at Germanville, was killed by a water train on the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. He was driving across the tracks on his way to Gordon. The horse was also killed.

Easton.—Frances Loicoline, aged five years, daughter of Christopher Loicoline, of this city, died at the Easton Hospital from injuries received three weeks ago by being struck by an automobile belonging to C. A. Busch, general manager of the Bethlehem Steel Co.

Easton.—Herbert Frack, a seventeen-year-old son of James Frack, of Bushkill Center, whose barn was destroyed by fire three weeks ago, was arrested and held in \$500 bail for trial at court, charged with being the incendiary.

Allentown.—Wm. Stuart, a cousin of Governor Stuart, died of pneumonia, aged 71 years. His father, John Stuart, was a "49'er." Mr. Stuart was a retired engineer and was long with the Thomas Iron Company. One of his six children, John, is a vice-president of the Erie Railroad.

Lancaster.—While looking down an elevator shaft at the silk mill of Stahl & Company, Lester Myers, an employe, was literally scalped by a descending elevator. It is believed he will die.

## The ONLOOKER

By WILBUR D. NESEBY



The brain that dreamed the magic strain is dust these many, many years. Yet still the music swells and wanes. And works its spell on him who hears. The melody is clear and sweet. With dulcet gladness in each tone. Of haunting swing and rhythmic beat. Are murmured chords that ring again.

The hand that wrote the olden rhymes. These many, many years is dust. The sword it held in olden times. A century ago was rust. But here today as fair as then. We have the song that holds the heart. Which throbs again, and yet again. Because of this undying art.

And they who wrote this song, they gave. The world no conquest of their hands. They caused no battle flags to wave. They tramped through no alien lands. Their fame came not through women's tears. Nor through the hearing of their gold. And yet through all the bygone years. The simple song their fame has told.

So sing it softly, when the night. Flings shadows from the drowsy woods. For all its measure, shadow-light. With comfort and heartease are blest. And it may be to some fair star. With afloat an echo of some strain. To tell the two who bide afar. They did not write their song in vain.

Fishing. The devil, we are told, is the father of lies. Fishing, therefore, must be the father of the devil, or else some intimate family friend.

Fishing is not an art; it is not a sport; it is usually an unaccomplished act.

The essentials to fishing are a pole, a line, and an eliminated conscience.

Also the person who desires to take up fishing as a means of occupying his time for a day or so must have so much hope that he has to carry most of it in condensed form.

Some people fish by casting the line hither and yon, then working the reel and swearing.

Others cut out the casting and the reeling-in and double up on the profanity.

The mystery about fishing is not why you do not catch anything, but why, when you move from an apparently fishless spot, the other man can row in there and immediately catch a whale.

Jonah for years was suspected of being merely a fisherman.

Quite Different.

He chides her, sarcastically, for turning about to look at the women they have passed.

"You cannot resist the temptation," he says, "to see what they are wearing."

"Not so," she replies in defense. "I merely turned about to see if they had turned about to see what my new dress was made of."

Just So. Lives of toothless men remind us. We must reach our meals on time. Or the B.F. boys will find us flitching as we climb.

Time Works Changes. "Where is my husband?" asks the woman of her brother-in-law, who has come to visit them for the first time in 15 years, and who has taken the husband out with him to dinner.

"He's still seeing the town," explains the brother-in-law. "He said a while ago that he had no idea the town had grown so much in 15 years, and that while he was about it he would see it all."

Fared Pneumonia. "I don't see why you insisted on coming out here in our spring clothes on such a blustery, raw day."

"But think of everybody reading about you and I being the very first people to appear in light garb."

"Reading it? Where? On our tombstones?"

In Tokyo. "It is not splendid," asks Okata Saa of her papa, "that we are adopting so many of the American customs?"

"The customs are all right," responds the kind old gentleman, "but, thinking of the collection of bills that came in his mail that day, the adoption of the costumes, it seems to me, is open to objection."

The Probability. "Have you ever gazed into the glowing distance and fancied that you could hear the wails of a tortured soul?"

"Maybe it is merely some one trying to repair his auto."

Michael Nesbey