

Fads and Philanthropy

By INA WRIGHT HANSON
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Honor Wilding, looking steadily out of a window of the city library, was seeing visions, all of which concerned a yellow haired young man. Each vision was more colorful at the beginning and more gray at the ending. That she herself was responsible for the tinting did not alter the fact that Honor's eyes were wistful and her lips very near to trembling. She turned from the window to the readers, wondering aimlessly if any of them had had ideals and were sorry.

Finally her eyes traveled to the farther corner, where were the newspapers. There stood a man, his back to her. He was very shabby, but he had yellow hair, and he was about the height. Just then he turned a little and began tightening his belt. Honor heard the noon bells ringing. She had heard that if one were very, very hungry it helped a little to grind one's waist very tightly. Poor fellow! Then he turned entirely around and took up his ragged hat. Honor dropped her magazine, her gloves, her purse, her handkerchief and her parasol and sprang toward him.

"Why, Mervin Fairbanks, how glad I am to see you!"

"Well, how my fame as a prophet soars! I said that you should not see me again till you would be glad of the sight. And how goes the gay world with you, Miss Honor Wilding?"

Honor expected him to shrink from her, ashamed of his apparent poverty, but she remembered he usually had done the unexpected. He picked up her belongings, and they went out. Standing in the shadow of the gray-stone building, she lifted hesitating eyes to his.

"Will you come home with me, Mervin? I want so much to know of your wanderings these past two years."

She was surprised again at his quick consent. She remembered Mervin Fair-



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banks as furiously proud of his pedigree, his good name and his appearance. What could have happened to reduce him to poverty and to change his nature?

"You expect to hear of Paris and London and maybe Egypt and India?" he asked after luncheon was over. To Honor's third surprise he had eaten very little. "I haven't been outside San Francisco until yesterday."

Honor regarded him with reproach. "You never let me hear of you," she said.

"What was the use? You said it was all off between us. I couldn't be as philanthropic as you desired, and I didn't like to pretend that I might grow to it, because I knew I shouldn't. How are your strategies?"

Honor colored. "I don't know," Mervin smiled at her quizzically.

"Did Bacchante rob your house, or Mortally take to the black bottle again?"

"Not exactly, but what I did for them didn't seem to last. They were constantly expecting more. I simply got tired of it all and stopped. Then I realized that it was only a fad anyway, like my cat farm and other things. I woke up one day to the realization that Honor Wilding was deceiving herself; that she was only egotistical when she thought she was charitable. I haven't had any fads since. I have been humble and miserable," she added under her breath.

He smiled tenderly at her. "You were only trying your wings, little girl."

She looked at him gratefully. "But, Mervin, tell me of yourself, your—your—the past two years." She wanted to ask him why he came to be reduced to so dismal an appearance, but she hesitated.

"Let me see," he mused. "I asked you to marry me when you were eighteen. That was five years ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes," acknowledged Honor, her heart beating furiously.

"And you refused because you were anticipating a career. It was to be woman's rights, I believe."

Honor's eyes dimmed, was twisting her bracelet nervously.

"Then, when you forgot your speeches and had several important encounters with important people, you decided that you were mistaken in your calling?"

"Yes," said Honor again.

"When you were twenty-one I asked you to marry me. Then it was the cat farm. I think possibly you might have let me be a partner that time. I objected to the cat. I didn't mind one feline pet, but I believe I used some emphatic language in regard to the farm."

"You certainly did," answered Honor, smiling faintly.

"The third and last time was two years ago, when the farm had lost its glory and its cats. You were Honor Wilding, philanthropist, then. You told me if I would join forces and fortunes with you in your life's work that you would be pleased to walk with me, as your friend, but not as your husband. I couldn't see it that way, and you remarked that I loved myself better than you, and so we parted."

"I was unjust," murmured Honor. "I have been sorry many times."

resolved to go away and forget I did the one, but not the other, and you this minute more than I

ever desired you in my life, and my eyes tell me that you are not indifferent. Honor, my little girl, will you wait for me till I can come to you as a man ought?"

But she was leaning forward eagerly, her eyes suffused with tears, her sweet lips trembling.

"Why must you go away?" she pleaded.

"Don't let a wretched matter of money part us now. We have lost five years, Mervin, and I have dollars aplenty for both. Don't let your pride stand between us now, Mervin."

For a moment he looked at her curiously; then he smiled, albeit his eyes were gravely tender, and he put his arms around her.

"Dear," he said fervently, "I'm richer than you are twice over. I've kept on making money these two years, just as I shouldn't think so hard. I was going to ask you to wait till I went to the hotel and arranged myself in decent clothes like you are used to. I didn't want you to feel as if a beggar were making love to you. I spoke of waiting, for though the tailor said he would have them there by noon I had by sad experience that there might be a delay."

"But, Mervin, your clothes—I don't understand," she gasped when she had recovered her breath.

"Well, you see," he began hesitatingly and shamefacedly, "Jack Bronson was on my train yesterday. He is really trying to reform, and he wanted a certain position, but though he was too shabby to make any showing, he had been wanted to meet with me at the station, so there wasn't anything to do but go to the dressing room and change clothes with him. Fortunately these, though ragged, are quite clean. I thought I would wear these a day or two, just to imagine what the fellows next like when they were down on their luck. When you came to me I was as hungry to see you that I simply had to come, rags and all. May I go now, Honor?"

"You are Mervin Fairbanks, philanthropist, and didn't know it!" laughed Honor gleefully. "No, don't go just yet."

Jonett and the Fighting Cadet.

Admiral Jonett, familiarly known as "Fighting Jimmy," was acting secretary of the navy once when the commandant of the academy at Annapolis came over and reported that he had been compelled to discipline a cadet who had behaved in a most unaccountable manner and had disgraced the academy, the department, the government and all civilization. He then proceeded to relate how this cadet when passing through the lower regions of the town of Annapolis and somehow or another become involved in hostilities with a tough citizen and proceeded to polish him off. The friends of the tough came to his rescue. The cadet backed up against a wall and whipped five of them in succession and then nearly hammered the life out of two policemen who attempted to arrest him. He was in the custody of the civil authorities, and the superintendent of the academy was seeking the aid of the secretary of the navy in having him transferred to the naval authorities in order that he might be court martialed and punished.

"Court martial that fellow!" roared Jonett. "Licked five toughs and two policemen. Not while old Jim Jonett is living! The boy ought to have a medal. What are you doing down there any how? Do you suppose the government of the United States hired you to raise a lot of boys to play checkers?"

Running Exercise.

Said to be the Best Means of Making the Heart Strong.

The kind of exercise one should take for his heart's sake is extremely important. Exercise to affect the heart sufficiently, must be vigorous, though not too vigorous. Ordinary walking, while beautiful, falls short of this requirement. That calisthenics and light exercises generally are also deficient in this respect is proved by the fact that, while all humankind naturally indulge in light exercises, yet heart ailments are prevalent among them. Every one that is not bedridden walks more or less, and he has read the numerous articles which try to prove that walking is the only exercise man requires. But if a man never runs he could not, if he would, run fairly fast even half a mile. So the argument is in effect that a man need not be able to run. I cannot agree with this conclusion, for walking at a moderate pace affects heart action only slightly.

Running, of all exercises for the heart, is, I think, the best. Of course one who has a weak heart cannot immediately run either fast or far, nor is it necessary for the average individual to learn to run great distances at a high speed, but every one owes it to his health to be able to run without distress, say half a mile at a fair pace. Let him begin by jogging one-eighth or one-quarter of a mile, then half a mile, which distance he may ultimately run reasonably fast.—G. Elliott Flint in *Outing Magazine*.

THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.

Two Vast Valleys Traverse the Bed of the Atlantic.

The Atlantic ocean covers two vast valleys. One of these passes between the Cape Verde Islands and the Azores, and it is of great depth. It runs close up to Europe and comes to an end close to the British Isles. The other ridge of land separates it from the basin of the North sea. The other valley runs in the main parallel to the first, from which it is separated by an elongated strip of land, of which the Azores forms a supermarine continuation. This strip does not exceed a depth of 9,850 feet, whereas its height amounts to 9,569 feet. The first valley, like its confrere, is also very deep, its bottom being situated at a depth of nearly four miles below the surface. Passing along South America and leaving the Bermudas to the left it passes along Newfoundland and Labrador, finally ending just south of Greenland. The sub-Atlantic landscape thus consists of two vast parallel valleys or mountainous. Farther north the land is higher, and the sea is, relatively speaking, shallower. Between Greenland and the continent, close to Iceland and the channel islands, there is a huge plain free from any depression worthy of mention. It is quite clear that at one time England was connected to the continent.—Scientific American.

"I wonder if there be any industries carried on in heaven?" inquired the town ignoramus.

"I've others heard as how matches are made there," was the guarded answer of the local sage.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I think," said the reporter, "that the public would like to know how you managed to live to such a great age."

"By perseverance," replied the centenarian. "I just kept on livin'!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Patsy Doodle

By Harriet Batchelor Bradner
Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Hadley's horse was stepping slowly down the country road, with an occasional toss of his high broad head whenever a familiar fly alighted on his glossy coat. The reins lay inertly in the young doctor's hands, for his mind was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep quite steady:

"Your answer is final, then? You won't marry me? And you—don't love me?" he added, with a helpless movement of his head. "Why, Elizabeth, I can't realize it; I really cannot. And the blue eyes he turned on her were full of tears.

"I—Edward," she began. "Edward, I can't hear to hurt you, but—And her voice lost itself in a quick sob.

The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her lap.

"Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't bear to hurt me. I'll have to go home, and I'll have to hear it from another man. But I—well, I love you so much that I didn't seem possible that you could help liking me—just a little."

"That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unloving person who had when they were down on their luck. When you came to me I was as hungry to see you that I simply had to come, rags and all. May I go now, Honor?"

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To Run the Gantlet.

"To run the gantlet" originated in Germany and travelled thence to England, finally becoming domesticated in America. The matter of Abel Wood's arrest illustrated the state of affairs.

"You see, we all knew he'd been dishonest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hall, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unnecessary delay in a simple process of the law, "but 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him."

"You see, it had got to be done either at his mother's—that's the only good woman for extra scrubbing in the place—or else at his uncle's—that's the express agent, and none too obliging even in man in town that's got a fast case carpenter's set-out, monkey wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his fast cousin, made it kind of awkward, now I tell you."

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Breaking a Compact

By BELLE MANIATES

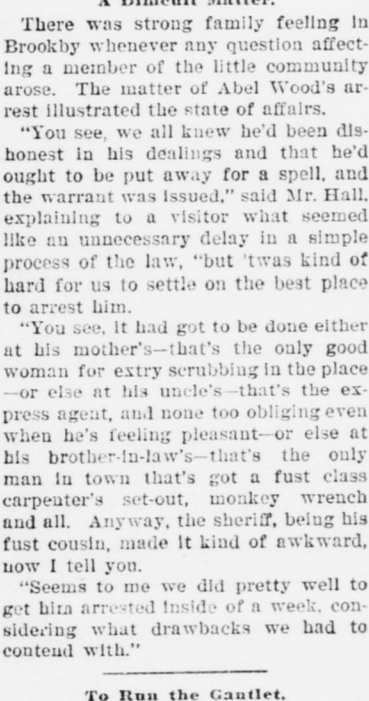
Tom Dalton paced the blue gravel road in front of the palatial hotel waiting for Dorothy. Waiting for Dorothy had been his normal condition this summer.

He was a man whose well made shoulders alone marked him as man of consequence. This new role of his was not consistent with his principles and habits.

He consulted his watch frequently and said things under his breath, but the instant he caught sight of the fair young form in the doorway he forgot his impatience.

When Dorothy's ingenious, dazzling eyes looked into his he drew a quick breath and told himself she was well worth the waiting, however prolonged.

Time was made for slaves, not for Dorothy. It did not even occur to her to ask him if she were late or if he



A Difficult Matter.

There was strong family feeling in Brooklyn whenever any question affecting a member of the local community arose. The matter of Abel Wood's arrest illustrated the state of affairs.

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shriek: "I've never seen a breakfast table. I was brought up that way. I was a delicate child, and they never awake me and now, oh, there's something deadly in the early morning sunshine! It seems so lonesome at the starting of day. Do you think it such a crime as your face indicates?"

"Do you, Tom?" she asked dejectedly.

"He doesn't know—he can't imagine—what a difficult thing it would be for me," she thought. "It would be as strange to me as it would to him."

An inspiration came to her.

"Tom," she asked, "if I turn over a new leaf and get up to breakfast, will you do something for me?"

"I'll do anything with enthusiasm and something more."

"There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, Dorothy."

"Well, I'll get up to breakfast and make an effort to be on time if you will put your hair in the middle."

"What?"

"Yes, it's the only law I've discovered in your hair. I can't bear hair parted on the side. It's so old-fashioned."

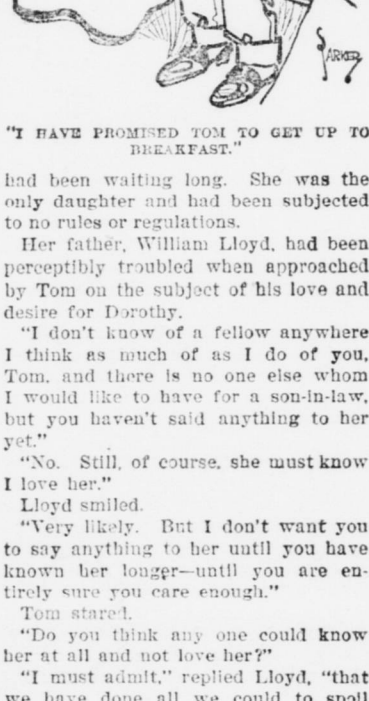
"I'll look perfectly idiotic with my hair parted in the middle," he protested, appalled at the prospect.

"How can you say that? You're smiling in triumph, with dancing eyes. How strange it would seem to me to get up in the morning."

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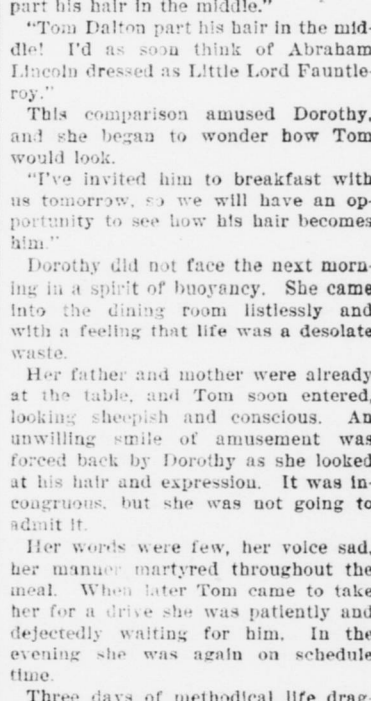
Horror of Close Shaves.

A New York barber has on a corner table a fine pocket microscope and a framed announcement that says:

"Do you know what a close shave means? Bring a friend here, if you don't have him shaved close, and then look at his face through this microscope. The entire skin will resemble a piece of raw beef."

"To shave the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also of a portion of the cuticle; so that a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all round. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering drop, holding a minute blood drop, protests against such treatment. Bring a friend and see!"

"The nerve tips are also uncovered by close shaves, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to colds, hoarseness and some throat."—New York Press.



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7:30 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 9:42 a. m., and connecting at Scranton with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3:48 a. m. and New York City at 3:30 p. m.

10:10 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 12:30 p. m. and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

2:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 4:50 p. m.

5:43 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8:25 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6:5 p. m., Philadelphia at 7:02 p. m. and Buffalo at 7:10 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DANVILLE

8:15 a. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:42 a. m., where I connect with trains leaving New York City at 6:50 a. m., Philadelphia at 7:02 p. m. and Buffalo at 7:10 p. m.

12:30 p. m. weekly from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:00 p. m., where I connect with trains leaving New York City at 10:00 a. m., Philadelphia at 10:10 a. m. and Buffalo at 10:18 a. m.

5:45 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pittston, Kingston, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 8:30 p. m. and connecting there with trains leaving New York City at 1:00 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:05 p. m. and Buffalo at 12:15 p. m.

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