

The Matchmaker

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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Katherine opened her eyes with a start and looked over the edge of the hammock. Below her on the green velvety grass sat a two-year-old baby, wrinkling up his chubby face and letting out little gurgles of laughter.

"Oh, I know your joke, young man," she laughed back at him. "You kissed Katha, didn't you, and woke her up? Now, come here, you rogue, and I'll pay you back in your own precious coin."

Without any pretense of denial or defense, young Reginald allowed himself to be gathered up into a shapeless, dimpled mass, squeezed, shaken out and spanked. Suddenly, waving the conventionality of announcement, a man interrupted this glorious game of retribution. In a flash Reginald turned state's evidence.

"Man say—kiss Katha," he said, pointing an accusing finger at the approaching interloper.

"Why, no, Reginald," Katherine remonstrated hastily, "man didn't say anything of the kind."

"Kiss Katha—man," transposed Reginald, with conviction.

At this Katherine sat up straight and forbidding.

"Mr. Kingsley," she began, and her tone was very chilling, "will you be good enough to carry Reginald into the house and then come back again? I have something to say to you."

"Sure, Katherine," asserted Jack Kingsley, his natural light heartedness quite unabashed at the hint of an impending reprimand. "I'll be back so soon you'll never miss me."

When Jack returned Katherine still sat in the hammock, her spirits as visibly crushed as her flimsy summer frock.

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Jack," she said disconsolately.

"Believed what, Katherine?"

"That you'd do what the baby said."

"Kiss you?" he asked bluntly.

"Take such an advantage of me—kiss me when I was asleep," differentiated Katherine indignantly.

"But I didn't."

Katherine looked at him searchingly.

"But Reginald said—"

"I realize," interrupted Jack, with good natured sarcasm, "that compared with whatever that two-year-old prodigy may say any words of mine—"

"Just the same," broke in Katherine, "it wouldn't be the first time that



"WHEN SHALL WE TELL THE OTHERS?" HE ASKED SOFTLY.

truth has come out of the mouth of babes."

Jack laughed appreciatively, but Katherine maintained an injured silence.

"It couldn't have been the baby," she announced at length, as if thinking aloud. "He isn't tall enough. But I'm determined to find out who it was."

"What will you do to him," asked Jack—"punish him as you did the baby?"

Katherine very properly ignored the suggestion, but Jack was undaunted.

"You're sure it was a man?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Why, of course it was!" flashed Katherine scornfully. "Who else would?"

"Exactly," Jack agreed. "Who else would?"

Katherine made a desperate effort to keep back the tears of vexation and succeeded to a very commendable degree. One of two, however, refused to be kept within bounds. She made a quick little dab at them with her handkerchief, hoping Jack did not notice.

"Tell me all about it," he urged sympathetically. "You haven't given me a very definite idea of what really happened yet."

"Oh, I was asleep in the hammock," explained Katherine, as if the details bored her, which they did not, "and woke up suddenly. Some one had kissed me. I thought it was the baby—the villain!"

"Reginald a villain!" exclaimed Jack, with feigned astonishment.

"You know whom I mean," answered Katherine, unresponsive to any humor in the situation.

"No, really I don't. Whom do you mean?"

"The person who kissed me," Katherine replied, blushing over the unavoidable baldness of the admission.

"Oh," commented Jack placidly. "Well, granted it was a man, would you recognize it a second time—that is, if you had your eyes closed and the same man kissed you again, could you identify the kiss, do you think?"

"How perfectly horrid of you to suggest such a thing!" accused Katherine. "You don't consider my feelings in the least. Just like you brutal, cold blooded lawyers. You can't be human if you try."

In spite of his effort at control the bearded young attorney burst out laugh-

A WIRELESS TRIUMPH

How News of the Republic's Collision Was Telegraphed.

NO SLIP IN THE MESSAGES.

Each Was Clear and Coherent—Told What Happened When White Star Liner Was Rammed by a Steamer Off Nantucket—Difference Between Old and New Systems.

Wireless messages shot here and there along the Atlantic seaboard from vessel and from coast station spread information broadcast that the White Star liner Republic, which recently collided with the steamship Florida off Nantucket, needed aid, and needed it quickly. Various ships were set in motion, each an independent relief expedition. The revenue cutter Acushnet left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic went on her way to lend what assistance she could. La Lorraine had crowded on all steam in order to get over the 250 or more miles separating her from the Republic, and her wireless instruments were taking messages from the injured vessel. The revenue cutter Gresham was making all speed toward the same focal point from a point off Cape Cod. All vessels within the wireless zone were picked up one after another and sent toward the scene of distress. It was the first big sea disaster since wireless telegraphy became commercially practicable, and the new system of communication had scored a triumph.

There wasn't a slip in the messages. Each was clear and coherent. They told just what was happening off there in the fog, which lay like a shroud along the jagged outlines of the Massachusetts coast. The first message received in New York, the one to the Maritime Exchange, told an entire story in itself. Furthermore, it was direct from the Republic. "In distress and sinking off Nantucket," it ran.

Another followed hot upon the heels of the first. This contained information in detail. The Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel. It was just able to keep afloat, but the revenue cutter Acushnet and the Baltic of the same line were within range of the wireless waves and were speeding toward her. After that La Lorraine was heard from with the additional information that she expected to reach the Republic in about four hours. The White Star line also got early word to the effect that there was no danger to life and that the Republic was talking with Nantucket.

The difference between the system of sending word by wireless and the old order of things had been strikingly shown. How marked the difference was is made plain when one harks back a little less than eleven years to the occasion of the last great sea disaster—the loss of La Bourgogne of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique.

On the morning of July 9 a messenger boy from the offices of the Allan Steamship company in New York ran breathlessly into the building occupied by the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique carrying a crumpled telegram in his hand. He did not pause until he stood before Paul Faguet, the agent of the company. Then he stammered:

"The Bourgogne is lost!"

M. Faguet threw up his arms. "Mon Dieu!" he cried.

The boy exhibited the telegram. It was from the Western Union offices at Halifax.

There were no great poles at Nantucket then, from the top of which word was flashed through the air without the aid of wires, nor was there any such station at Newport or anywhere along the coast, which is now dotted with them. M. Faguet refused to believe the boy at first. Even when the youngster extended his hand and produced the crumpled telegram the French agent was incredulous. It told in the concise phraseology of the telegraph company how the steamship Greolan was on her way to Halifax with the British tramp Cromartyshire on board of which were those saved from the French liner. The message said that the Cromartyshire reported having been in collision with La Bourgogne off Sable Island, where the graveyard of many good vessels is located. The news was confirmed from Halifax.

There had been one of the greatest calamities in the history of the sea. It had occurred on July 4, but not until two days later was the truth known in Halifax as it fell from the lips of La Bourgogne's survivors. Out of a shipload of 638 only 184 were left to tell the story. The rest, 454 souls, were drowned.

Owing to the poor facilities for obtaining information in those days compared with the methods of 1908, those who thronged to the offices of the French line to inquire about loved ones for whom they felt anxiety were left in suspense. The company could not give full details.

Device to Prevent Rust on Corsets.

A device to cover the metal portions on the front part of corsets to obviate rusting and unsightliness has been invented by Theodore Wickersham of Coatesville, Pa., a merchant of that place. The invention consists of a small celluloid cover which fits over the clasps of the corset and slips between the stay and the fabric. It not only removes the possibility of rust due to perspiration, which eventually discolors the fabric, but makes unnecessary the nickel plating process to which the hooks and studs are now subjected.

Restraining Recollections.

"They say I'm a little close," said Mr. Cumrox thoughtfully.

"Well, you don't exactly spend it as if it were water."

"I try to. But, you see, I used to live in Arizona, where water is scarce."

Reached Too Far.

"Yes," said the bankrupt, "I lost my fortune reaching for an ideal."

"Very interesting. And what was your ideal?"

"A bigger fortune than I had."—Philadelphia Ledger.

TOSAVE MINERS' LIVES

Kansas Professor Experimenting With Explosive Gases.

ONE CAUSE OF EXPLOSIONS.

Mine Disasters Can Be Prevented, Erasmus Haworth Believes, by Eliminating Carbon Monoxide, a Deadly Deoxidized Gas—Most Explosions Due to It, He Says.

What causes explosions in mines that have been tested and are supposed to be absolutely safe? Professor Erasmus Haworth, head of the geological department of the University of Kansas and state geologist, has been experimenting for the last three months in Kansas mines and has reached many interesting conclusions. To aid in furthering a bill appropriating \$3,000 was recently introduced in the Kansas legislature. Professor Haworth believed it would be passed.

"It's the big problem of the country," Professor Haworth said the other night at the Union depot in Kansas City. "A mine explosion has become so common that a hundred or more lives have to be sacrificed before the public will pay any attention to it. It is noticed, too, that the explosion generally occurs in mines that have been carefully inspected."

"Last summer I came to the conclusion that we could make experiments in Kansas just as well as elsewhere. The laboratories at Lawrence offered excellent opportunities for carrying on the work. We have been experimenting as to every conceivable way that an explosion could possibly occur, and the results of our experiments will be received with interest all over the United States."

The problem of financing the experiments caused the Kansas professor some worry at first. But mine owners became interested. The Central Coal and Coke company of Kansas City alone contributed \$500 for the experiments when Professor Haworth explained his plans. Then some funds which had been appropriated for geological experiments were added to the subscriptions of the coal companies. That made enough to begin operations.

Professor C. Young of the geological department was sent to the Pittsburg coal fields. He collected coal dust, coal gas in bags, marsh gas, natural gas and all forms of gas that contained explosive elements. Experiments demonstrated beyond doubt that carbon monoxide is the cause of most explosions.

"The queer thing about it," said Professor Haworth, "is the fact that no one has noticed the effects of this deadly gas in mines. At the mining congress in Pittsburg last December I realized that carbon monoxide might be the cause of the great disasters. Carbon monoxide is a deoxidized gas. At Lawrence we have found that the gas will explode when a current of air strikes the cavity in which it is confined."

"The importance of the discovery cannot be overestimated, for I'm confident that fully two-thirds of the explosions are due to this gas."—Kansas City Times.

NOTED VETERAN ACTOR

How Denman Thompson Welcomed a Distinguished Visitor.

HIS QUICKNESS AT REPORTEE

Neat Illustration of a Janitor on a Railway Journey—Why a Janitor Declined His Generosity—His Great Love For Animals.

One summer Senator and Mrs. Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire visited Keene, N. H., and, learning that Denman Thompson, the veteran actor of "Old Homestead" fame, was at his home in Swanzey and being a great admirer of Mr. Thompson and his play, the senator expressed a wish to meet him off the stage and to see his fine home. An old friend of Mr. Thompson offered to drive down. Therefore on one fine morning they drove down to Mr. Thompson's house. He came out without coat or hat, hands behind his back, as usual. The following conversation ensued:

Denman—How do you, Bill?

Bill—How are you, Den? Mr. Thompson, I want to introduce Senator and Mrs. Gallinger.

Senator Gallinger—Mr. Thompson, I have witnessed your great production, the "Old Homestead," many times and always with the greatest pleasure, but I want to say it is with still greater pleasure that I am permitted to greet you in your own beautiful home in old Swanzey.

Denman—Yes; it's cheaper.

Mr. Thompson's quickness at repartee is well illustrated by an incident which took place during a run from Detroit to one of the smaller towns in Michigan. Mr. Thompson had hired a sleeper to get him to the company's destination, and while making a stop at one of the intermediate stations Uncle Josh left the car and, going into the road, satisfied his craving for some raw oysters. On coming out he noticed one of the railroad employees underneath the sleeper measuring the distance between the wheels.

"What are you doing there, my friend?" asked Uncle Josh.

"Measuring the trucks to see if this car will run O. K. on the side branch that you have got to travel over."

"That's all right, but I've hired this car to get me to a certain point, and if you don't get me there it will be no pay." That's what you might call "measure for measure."

The following incident occurred when Mr. Thompson was playing one night stands through the middle west. The night the performance was to be given in a certain town there was such a terrific snowstorm that no one ventured out to the theater with the exception of one man.

Undaunted by a "one man audience," Thompson, stepping before the curtain, told the lone listener that they intended to give the performance from beginning to end, as though the hall were packed; that they had advertised to play that night and that, to prove the company was thoroughly honest and always ready to give a "fair deal," they would start the performance at the usual time.

This was too much for the audience, who had listened nervously to the remarks, so he shouted out: "Say, cut it out, will you? I am the janitor, and I want to get home early."

A few years ago Denman Thompson was discussing with a party of friends a certain automobile race.

"They hadn't any right," said one of the party, "to deprive the farmers of the highway which they are paying taxes for."

In reply the actor told this story: "A few days after the race," he said, "I happened to be driving over part of the same course. I stopped at a farmhouse and asked to be allowed to give the horse water. I got some cider."

"What did you think of the automobile race?" I asked my genial host.

"The best thing for me that ever happened," replied the farmer.

"What?" I exclaimed. "I thought all you farmers were against it."

"Not me," said the farmer. "You see, I got a balky mule that draws my stuff into market every morning. Yesterday morning that mule balked half way to the market. Couldn't get him to stir. While I was trying to coax him I saw a strange thing lying in the roadway—sort of a rubber thing. I picked it up and accidentally squeezed it. It let out a terrible noise, just like one of those machines, and that mule stopped till it got to the ferry. I brought it home and I showed it to Mandy, and we squeezed it and squeezed it and squeezed it, and every darn chicken ran to the coop, every darn pig hid in the pen, every darn cow ran to the barn, the cat got behind the stove, the dog got in his house, and Mandy and me spent the quietest night we've had in many a day. No, sirree, of all the labor saving machines I ever did hear of, this is the best."

An incident illustrating Mr. Thompson's love for animals took place one summer at his home in Swanzey, N. H. He was alone in the house when some neighbor called, and as the friend came up the walk to the house Mr. Thompson's dog ran out, barking at the supposed intruder.

"Why do you keep such a surly animal?" asked the friend.

"Man must have something to love," replied Mr. Thompson. "When alone I can give expression to my thoughts in the presence of that dog, and I sometimes find myself in tears when alone with him. He is my friend, as are all my cattle and every other animal here on the farm."

Professional Pique.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence."

"Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very erudite work on somebody's part."—Washington Star.

It has often been said that the packing houses found use for every part of the hog except the squeal. Recently the squeal was put to commercial use in making phonograph records to accompany moving picture displays of packing house methods.

Hunting a House

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Wilson jangled the big bunch of keys as he inserted one of the number into the lock of a door on a large empty house, turned the key and threw the door open.

"Step in, Miss House Hunter For Another," he exclaimed, with a magnificent wave of his hand.

Dorothy White laughed as she entered.

"I only hope Bertha likes the house we pick out for her," she replied.

"Bertha's the first prospective bride I ever knew that couldn't find time to go house hunting herself. And Jo is just as bad. It's a wonder to me they ever found time enough to decide to get married."

"While we," assented Wilson, "not only have time enough to investigate innumerable dwellings for them, but also have so much leisure that we could get married several times if we cared to."

"Which we don't," the girl promptly cried. "I'm going to be a bachelor girl," she added, with a certain air of defiance.

Wilson laughed.

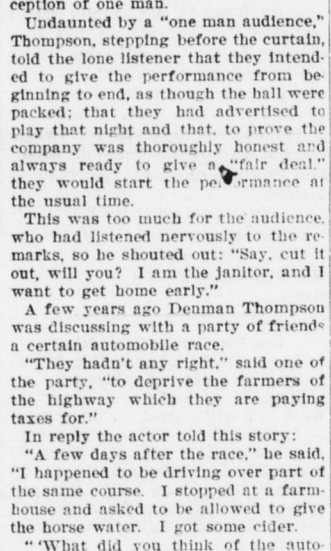
"What," he cried, "a bachelor girl? And with those rose petal cheeks and those twinkling eyes and—"

"You mustn't say those things," Dorothy, blushing prettily, stopped him.

"It's a cousin's privilege," declared Wilson.

"But you're only a third cousin."

"That's a good enough excuse," declared Wilson and continued as though



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW," HE HAD NOT BEEN INTERRUPTED, "AND WITH THOSE LIPS—THOSE KISSABLE LIPS!"

he had not been interrupted, "and with those lips—those kissable lips!"

He advanced toward her.

"I've heard something more about cousin's privileges," he exclaimed.

The girl made a quick retreat across the length of the big room in which they were standing to the big bay window that overlooked the porch.

"This house seems almost too big," she exclaimed hurriedly. "It would take a lot of furniture to make it seem cheerful and a lot of people, too. I think I—"

"I guess you don't like your little cousin," sadly murmured Wilson from his post across the room.

"Oh, pshaw, of course I do!" Dorothy exclaimed, laughing and blushing. "Don't be a goose!" She hurried on: "I'm sure Bertha and Jo wouldn't care for this place. Let's try another house."

"Plenty more to try," declared Wilson. "I've got the keys here for about a million and a half." And he jangled the keys again.

They left the big house, with its big rooms, big bay window and big veranda, and turned away. Wilson consulted a list which he had in his pocket and then directed their steps into a quiet, pretty, little side street where the houses were mainly cottages with miniature gardens and lawns in front and where a general air of homely coziness and comfort seem to prevail.

In the middle of one of the squares stood an especially attractive little home, with a tiny veranda and a tree or two in the front yard. The house seemed to have a saucy air, as though it were smiling to every one: "I'm all nice and cozy. Don't you wish you were as comfortable as I am?"

The girl clapped her hands when she saw it.

"Oh, what a dear little house!" she cried. "Oh, I just love it!"

"It's one of those I've got a key for," said Wilson.

The girl clapped her hands again and, opening the gate, ran up the little path to the veranda, where, shading her face with her hands, she peered into the interior.

"It's just a dear!" she cried again as Wilson opened the door and she ran in.

From room to room she darted breathlessly; then, the inspection finished, she sat down on the third step of the stairs which ran from the hall to the second story.

"It's just the thing for Bertha and Jo!" she cried at last. "I know just how they can arrange everything. The front room they'll have fixed up nice and livable. Jo will have a big easy chair there by the window, where he can smoke and read in the evening, and the piano will be opposite the window, with its side to the wall, so that Bertha can play and yet see Jo while he smokes. And then that open fire-

KNIVES FOR ROOSEVELT.

President's Hunting Outfit Had to Undergo Remarkable Tests.

A special outfit of four knives has been made in Boston for President Roosevelt to use while on his hunting expedition in Africa in the spring. There are two hunting knives—a heavy brush knife, for cutting through dense undergrowth, and a skinning knife. They are made of the highest grade American steel and are razor tempered and razor edged.

The knives were ordered for the president by United States Civil Service Commissioner John A. McElhenny. One specification was that they must stand the test of cutting through at one blow a quantity of beef and a beef bone as large as the upper arm bone of a man and that the one cut must go clear through without turning the edge of the knife and chipping the bone. The knives have passed the test.

AFRICAN HUNTING.

(R. J. Cunningham, famous African guide, says that all the hardships of African hunting are past and that luxury has taken their place.)

If you go a-hunting lions Now in Africa afar, You may penetrate the jungle In a Pullman palace car.

In the very, very darkest Part of Africa you may Press a button for the porter, Who will bring you vim and frappe.

All the forests are illumined With electric lights, and so You may roam them without danger If a-hunting you should go.

All the hardship has departed With the danger and distress, All the natives dine at seven, And they all wear evening dress.

In the thicket and the jungle, If you care to pay the price, You may sit a ten course dinner, With your oysters served on ice.

And when you have slaughtered lions, And have finished for the day, You may pass the time at billiards Or take in the latest play.

—New York World.

Tips For Porters Only.

A bill has been introduced in the Colorado legislature making it a misdemeanor to give, accept or solicit a tip except on a sleeping car.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 110 E. FRONT ST.

PLAN TO VIVIFY THE SOUTH.

Million Dollar Building to Be Erected in Washington to Exhibit Products.

The executive committee of the southern commercial congress recently began its campaign for vivifying the south in a business way by calling for subscriptions to aid in erecting a million dollar building in Washington which is to be used as headquarters for the congress, says an Atlanta dispatch.

A large hall of the proposed building is to be used for keeping on exhibition the products of the south. As the result of a call for subscriptions \$25,000 was at once pledged. Fifteen states are to take part in the movement, and the promoters say there will be no trouble in securing the million dollars needed. The plan involves the practical establishment in Washington of a southern department of commerce and labor, managed by practical business men, directed to the development of the south's resources rather than the exploitation of localities, directing immigration to the whole section rather than to a single community and bringing to the attention of investors from other sections the opportunities offered by the south.

ASTRAL BODY'S LONG TRIPS.

Woman Said She Visited Wales Thrice While Remaining in St. Louis.

Mrs. Jordan W. Lambert, wife of the millionaire chemical manufacturer of St. Louis, recently related one of the most remarkable stories of psychic phenomena ever told. She said she journeyed to Wales from her own home three times to bind up the injured arm of a boy hurt in the slate mines there. She also gave him money for the relief of his needs. This was in United States coin, and the boy exchanged it at the steamship offices in London for English coin. The exchange was proved in London later.

All of this time Mrs. Lambert was in her own home and she thinks entirely conscious throughout. She herself relates the experience, prefaced by spirit communication between Joe Wentworth, a spirit guide, and herself.

Proposed Tax on Babies.

A bill forcing parents to pay 50 cents tax on each new baby was recently introduced in the Iowa legislature, according to a Des Moines dispatch.

New Kind of Barrel.

Seamless steel barrels formed by a single process by powerful hydraulic presses are something new.

Courtesy at the Pawnshop.

"You go first, Frau Meier. I can wait."

"Thanks. I'd have you know I'm in no more hurry for my money than you."—Fliegende Blätter.

It requires three years before many species of birds acquire their mature plumage.

Very Wise.

Photographer—Look pleasant, please Victim—I should say not. I was to send this picture to my wife, who is visiting her parents. If I look too happy she'll return home.