

Cap and Bells

By CASPAR JOHNSON.

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Ferrol's experience with women had been limited. Had it been otherwise he would never have been beating up the coast in the teeth of a rising gale with night coming on and his sailing master casting an anxious eye, now aloft at the straining rigging, now to the eastern horizon, where the dun gray cloud bank grew hourly more ominous.

The big white yacht made heavy weather of it under her four reefs. She stuck her nose into every sea and sent the water flying over her windward rail in a manner that drenched every man on her deck.

"Better put into Indian bay," the sailing master suggested. Ferrol, standing by the after rail, grunted something that the sailing master took for acquiescence, for he gave a terse order to the man at the wheel. The yacht came about with a rattle and banging that shook her from stem to stern and went careening shoreward.

Ferrol watched the ragged blue black outline of the shore grow more pronounced as they neared it. Presently they were threading their way



FERROL TOOK IT UP AND READ.

through the score of rocky little islands behind which lay the quieter water of inland bay.

Although the wind was screaming through the rigging and the great seas that rushed past them were decked with an angry white foam, he was loath to run for shelter. This combination of wild water and wilder wind suited his mood admirably.

As far as he was concerned personally, he was willing to take his chances of riding it out or sinking, it mattered but little one way or the other to him.

Still, he had no right to sacrifice the sailing master and the men because a woman had made a fool of him. He drew out a fresh cigar and lit it from the stump of the one he had just consumed.

She had made a fool of him. There was no doubt about that. She had led him on and on—him, John Barrows Ferrol, the conservative, the man who had always vaunted that he was immune from the wiles of woman, and then she had tossed him aside calmly like any toy that had lost its novelty.

He chewed his mustache nervously and swore under his breath. What sort of spell had she cast over him?

He ought to hate her, yet in his inmost heart he knew that even now he loved her with all the intensity of his nature.

The little islands slipped past one by one. The yacht ceased her wild plunging and entered the quiet water of the bay sedately. A few sharp orders from the sailing master and the sails came rattling down and the anchor was dropped with a clatter of cable.

Before them the shore was dotted with twinkling lights that shone cheerfully through the murky gloom of the gray twilight. The rain was beginning to fall in long, slanting lines. Ferrol still stood by the rail, smothering and absorbed in his own bitter thoughts.

He would send her a message. He would not let her know how deeply he was hurt, but he would let her know that he understood now the whole import of their little affair. He turned to the sailing master, who was preparing to go below.

"Order the gig lowered, Mr. McGraw," he said tersely. "I'm going ashore."

During that pull shoreward Ferrol was turning over in his mind the message he would send, and from somewhere in the archives of his memory came a quotation from Sir Launfal that fitted his needs to a nicety. It set him smiling angrily as he sat in the stern sheets of the gig, the tiller ropes in either hand.

He landed at the little pier and splashed through the mud and rain to the nearest hotel. At the telegraph desk he filled out a blank:

Mrs. Annetta V. Morley, Hotel Jackson, Wanona Beach:
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's sacrifice.

Then he went back to the yacht, smoked awhile, patted the wet, dreary deck, and finally went below. He unrolled on to a wide leather seat that ran the length of the cabin and went over it all again and again—their walks, their drives, their little quarrels, his happiness that had been his until that last bitter night—until at last,

soothed by the monotonous drip-drip of the rain, he fell into a doze.

He was awakened by a fall from the darkness outside. The light was burning dimly. The brass chronometer above the chart locker showed that it was nearly midnight. He hurried to the deck and found a launch chafing alongside.

"This the Alfrida?" cried a voice in the launch.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Mr. Ferrol aboard?"

"I am Mr. Ferrol."

"Telegram for you, sir," said a man, scrambling aboard and handing him a yellow envelope, which was addressed, "Mr. J. B. Ferrol, Yacht Alfrida, Indian Bay."

Ferrol tore it open and read "Better read the next line."

That was all, save the heading, "Hotel Jackson, Wanona Beach."

He stood there for a moment frowning in puzzled fashion. Then, like a flash, the text of that next line came to him, "This heaven alone that is given away."

"Any answer, sir?" asked the waiting man.

Ferrol seemed suddenly aware of his presence.

"Eh? No. Hold on a minute, though. Is there any train out of here before morning? I've got to get to Wanona Beach at once. One at 12:45, you say? Wait just a minute till I have a word with Mr. McGraw, and then set me ashore, will you?"

Ten minutes later the sailing master stood by the rail listening. No launch chugging shoreward through the darkness. As he started to go below again he saw the sheet of yellow telegraph paper lying on the deck. He picked it up and read it.

"That next line, whatever it is, must be a corker," he chuckled as he went down the companionway.

THE MATTERHORN.

Its Pointed Peak and the Wonderful View It Unfolds.

There are very few Alpine peaks so pointed as the Matterhorn. Some—as, for instance, Mont Blanc—are merely large lumps of frozen snow, but the Matterhorn is quite pointed and thin, composed of a ridge formed by a perpendicular wall of rock on one side and a very steep rocky slope on the other, a slope which after going a few yards at an incline breaks off sharply into a precipice.

When on the top, therefore, one is absolutely perched up between heaven and earth. Never before have I seen so much space around and below me. It is wonderful, immense, unreal. The panorama unfolded to the eyes is a superb one, an inextinguishable mass of peaks—Mosa, the Breithorn, the Combin, Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau and others. There at our feet lies Zermatt, seemingly a tiny toy village, where we can imagine the tourists paying their franc to the telescope man to look at us. These good folk do not dream of the great difficulty we have in keeping our feet because of the wind.

Alas, it is so cold and the position such a precarious one that about ten minutes after our arrival we are compelled to turn our steps toward the descent, which on the Alps is much more to be dreaded than the ascent.—Wide World Magazine.

Near, but Not Quite. Mrs. Fitznoodle had two "stars" at her great social gathering—Herr Schupnitz, the great, if unknown, pianist from the fatherland, and Dr. Bumpfeller, the world famed, if fake, phrenologist.

"Listen," said Mrs. F. just before the latter entered the room. "I am going to let the professor feel Herr Schupnitz's bumps. He is a wonder. He'll be able to tell what Herr Schupnitz is a musician."

Excitement ran high. Dr. Bumpfeller entered and began playing a five finger exercise that would have done credit to Schupnitz himself on the musician's classic cranium.

"Here," he began, "here—ahem—is a practical business man, a man of great common sense, with no nonsense about him. No wasteful arts for him! No wonderings in the realms of fancy! No dreamer of!"

He caught the hostess's pleading eye. She was playing scales upon her lap. He winked a blissfully unconscious wink.

But his breathless audience missed it.

"Ah," he concluded, "this gentleman lives by the skill of his hands. I should say that he is one of the most expert typewriters in the kingdom!"

Surprised Her. A gentleman who had spent the greater portion of his life in Canada relates an amusing experience which befell him.

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the backwoods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway train returning homeward he looked as be-rigged and weather-beaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement.

He happened to find a seat next to a young lady, evidently belonging to Boston, who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked:

"I don't you find an utterly passionate sympathy with nature's mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon touching forests, my good man?"

"Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman, "and also I am frequently drawn into an exaltation of spirit and beatific incandescence when my horse stumbles."

"Indeed!" said the young lady, much surprised. "I had no idea the lower classes felt like that!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Palace of Stone Resembling Amber. The czar's new palace at Livadia, in the Crimea, Russia, will be a wonderful beautiful building. It will be built entirely of Balaklava stone, which when polished resembles pure amber, giving buildings of which it is constructed a fairy-like appearance. The palace will be completed in 1912.

Long Drawn Out. Judge—What is your name? Prisoner—J. J. J. John Jones. Judge—Why do you have so many J's in your name? Prisoner—The preacher who christened me stuttered, sir.—London Answers.

PLANS OF CHILD CONFERENCE.

Effort to Provide a Central Source of Information.

NATIONAL SOCIETY ORGANIZED

Workers in Different but Allied Fields Will Be Brought Together at Big Meeting in Worcester, Mass.—Organization and Increased Efficiency Demanded.

The second general meeting of the National Child Conference For Research and Welfare is being planned for the last days of June and early July. This meeting will be at Worcester, Mass., where the conference came into existence nearly a year ago. Leaders in various forms of effort for the betterment of juvenile citizens will address the sessions. The conference will last five days. This organization aims to be a central clearing house for information and for definite action for the welfare of children in all departments. Instead of taking some one phase of child nature, such as gardening or playgrounds or health, the conference regards the coming citizen as a unit and attends to the unit's needs in their relation to one another and to the community.

Speaking on this peculiarity of the organization, Henry S. Curtis, the secretary, said that thirty-three child helping organizations were represented at the first meeting in July, 1909. "It is expected that there will be a still more general representation this year," he added. "At these meetings matters of general interest are discussed and methods that might apply to different fields are considered. It is the purpose of the conference to bring the different organizations closer together, so that there may be less wasted and misguided effort."

"We all know the results of organization in the commercial world and the increased business efficiency that follows. We want to secure some such results for philanthropic movements. We want to make it easy for various kinds of social workers in different but allied fields to become acquainted with each other, with each other's troubles and methods, and to provide them with a central source of information and assistance when needed."

Plan For Centralization. "Further, this centralizing idea is going to offer the general public an easy way to keep in touch with progress in the whole field. In these busy days not many men or women have time to look into the work of hundreds of organizations scattered all over the United States. But when we get a central clearing house—call it a 'philanthropic trust' if you like—then any person can find out with not much trouble what is being done in any given line of effort."

Another benefit aimed at in this unity of purpose is the bringing together of the scientific student and the practical worker. The theorists and the field workers have not always advanced in step. The conference intends to assist each class to understand the other and thus benefit the general purpose for which both are striving by different but equally important methods. The Child Conference has its eyes fixed on Washington and wants some day to secure a federal children's bureau. Resolutions have already been adopted favoring bills before congress for that purpose.

"The time has come, in the opinion of this conference," a last year's resolution ran, "when all efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of childhood of a charitable and philanthropic nature should be based upon and so far as practicable guided by the results of scientific child study, and only thus may the various lines be given a more scientific and workers a more professional character."

In other words, this organization intends to kill off a lot of haphazard work that has been going on with the avowed purpose of helping children and substitute work that is more intelligently directed and more beneficial to those who do it, to those who are the subjects and likewise to those who support it by money or personal interest.

A National Organization. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, who is also president of the Child Conference, approves this sort of conservation of organized energy. There is "a crying need to correlate" the societies of the country, says he. "We could present an interesting list of overlapping and lack of co-ordination. Some committee of a general scope which would not be local or connected with any one institution and make contact with and have every one of the child welfare societies represented on it—that is the thing that we chiefly desire."

To get at its work the Child Conference has established a national organization, which will meet in Worcester, Mass., June 28 to July 2, inclusive. It is planned to have local conferences in various centers throughout the United States, which will attend to uniting local organizations and interests for local purposes. A start has already been made in this direction. A local conference has been organized in Worcester.

Treasure Trunk. William Siegfried of Youkers, N. Y., heir to the Radenbach estate at Bernville, near Reading, Pa., while examining the old farmhouse the other day discovered a chest containing \$6,000 in cash. The greater part of the money was in coin. There were boxes filled with quarters and halves, and other boxes contained gold pieces ranging from \$1 to \$20. Besides, there were piles of twenty dollar bills. It was never suspected that there was money in the house, and it is thought there may be more hidden about the farm.

HIS REVENGE.

A Man Was First Ruined, Then Made Rich In a Peculiar Way.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

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John Emsley and Peter Fogg were two young men in the wool business in London. Emsley was a fine, open hearted man, who preferred to do business on generous principles, while Fogg was a shaver.

Emsley, being of a speculative turn of mind, took risks, lost and got himself involved financially. He had done his partner many favors. Indeed, Fogg was indebted to him for all he was worth. Emsley therefore looked to Fogg to help him out. He owed Fogg a thousand pounds, but looked to him not only to give him time on the amount, but lend him money to tide him over with his other creditors. Fogg not only declined to lend, but forced Emsley into bankruptcy on his own claim.

A week after Emsley had been ruined there was a change in the wool market that would have made him rich. Emsley went to Australia, where he endeavored to recoup, but luck was against him, and nothing that he touched brought him money. He sank lower and lower in worldly goods till at last, being discouraged and having a fancy for the water, he turned fisherman.

He never forgot Fogg's ingratitude, constantly brooding over the many substantial favors he had done Fogg and the fact that when the turning point of his own life came and a little assistance was needed the man he had made unmade him. He lived in a cabin by himself on one of the points that inclose Sydney harbor. He would be out all day on the water and while waiting for fish to take his hook would think how delightful it would be could he be revenged on Fogg—not that he ever seriously considered such revenge as possible; it was a sort of monomania with him.

One night after going to sleep, his mind given over to these desires for revenge, he dreamed that he was out on the bay and was pulling in a large fish. He had much trouble landing it, but when he did so and cut it open he found within its belly an enormous diamond. He was familiar with the

size of the famous diamonds of the world and knew that this one of his dream was worth a great fortune. "I will set it," he said, "go to London and use it to revenge myself on Fogg."

He awoke with the disappointment usual to persons who have had delightful dreams that have turned out to be dreams only. Going out on the water as usual during the day, a shark swallowed the bait on one of his lines. He killed the shark and was about to cut his line that the fish might drift away when he remembered his dream. Yielding to an impulse, he towed the shark ashore and cut him open. In his stomach he found a London newspaper. Taking it into his cabin, he dried it and that night before going to bed opened its sheets to read the news from home. On the first page he saw in large letters the words:

"War declared between France and Germany."

"There was then no cable to Australia, and this shark had brought the news faster than the steamer carrying the mail that would doubtless soon arrive. Where had the shark swallowed the paper? That the shark it self only knew. Possibly it had been thrown overboard from a ship that had received it at a port where it had been sent by rail."

It did not require a long time for Emsley to see in this news that he alone possessed the diamond of his dream. When the next steamer arrived with it the price of wool would take an enormous jump. Emsley went to a wealthy wool dealer whom he knew and told him the story of the shark, withholding the news found in the paper, but asserting its importance.

"When the next steamer arrives," he said, "the price of wool will undergo an important change for the better or worse. Agree to buy or sell as I direct and pay me 75 per cent of your profits and I will produce my newspaper." The merchant stood for better terms, but Emsley threatened to take the matter to another, and an would ruin him. When the exchange closed with 500 bid for the stock and none offered Fogg went home knowing that he would not be able to keep his agreement. In other words, he was a ruined man.

The next morning Emsley appeared at Fogg's office. Fogg looked up at him, then bent his eyes again to the floor.

"You would like some Excelsior stock, I suppose?" Emsley remarked unconcernedly.

Fogg looked at him again, but did not speak.

"How many shares have you sold?" asked Emsley.

attorney was called in who wrote a contract between the two men. Then Emsley produced his paper, and the merchant bought up the season's clip, averaging 9 pence per pound. The very next day a steamer arrived with the news of war between France and Germany. Wool jumped in price and continued to rise till it reached 3 shillings, when the wool purchased under the contract was sold. The transaction cleared for Emsley £3,000,000.

A few months later Mr. Fogg was sitting in his office in London. He had sold out his wool business which he had formerly owned in partnership with Emsley for a handsome sum and had become what is commonly called a scapler on the stock exchange, buying odd lots of stock and selling them for a very small profit. Looking up from his desk, he saw his old partner Emsley looking at him.

Fogg was an older man than Emsley, and since their parting his hair had whitened. There had been no quarrel between the two men. Indeed, Emsley had never uttered a word of reproach to his partner. Fogg stretched out his hand, and Emsley took it, though he did not grasp it heartily.

"I've come back," he said, "with a few pounds to make a new start." Fogg, who had always regretted his action in precipitating his partner's failure, offered him what little assistance was in his power and asked him to come to his house and renew his acquaintance with his family.

"Is your little daughter Gladys there?" asked Emsley.

"Little! Gladys is a woman, nineteen years old."

"Oh, I forgot!" replied Emsley. "I remember her as a child who used to sit on my lap with her arms about my neck."

Emsley had imposed a condition of secrecy on the wool dealer in Australia as to his connection with the transaction that had made them both rich and was known to his friends in London as a poor man. He was still thirsting for revenge upon his former partner. One day he remarked to Fogg that stock of the Excelsior Gold Mining company of Australia that he was selling at a very high figure on the exchange was worthless. Emsley said that he had lived in the region of the mine and there was no gold there. Fogg, seeing a chance to make money when the bubble should burst, sold a large number of shares to be delivered in the future, intending to buy them when they were selling for a song and make the difference in price.

The shares of the Excelsior Mining company, notwithstanding the tip given Mr. Fogg by his former partner, continued to advance. Emsley advised his partner to sell more. "The higher the price the greater will be the fall," he said. And so Fogg continued to sell while the price continued to rise. The speculator began to grow uneasy. It was rumored that there was no Excelsior stock for sale. Fogg had agreed to deliver his shares on a certain date, and if he could not buy them to deliver he would have to go into bankruptcy. He did not know that the man he had ruined had them all locked up in his vault.

Emsley had shrunk from visiting the family of the man he proposed to ruin. He had put off his appearance at Fogg's home until Fogg showed that he noticed his virtual refusal of hospitality, then made the call.

Crises have been committed for love, but many a hand has been stayed by the same cause. Indeed, by love the world has been drawn from barbarism. Emsley was accused by Gladys Fogg. When he saw her advancing toward him with outstretched hand, a smile on her lips, a warm welcome in her eyes, his scheme of vengeance tumbled like castles in the air. Gladys was the only being from whom he received any evidence of affection. The difference of many years then between them had melted away now that she was a young woman, he a middle aged man. In the soul that came out to him through the smile and the eye he saw something to make life worth living.

One day there was an exciting scene on the exchange. The price of Excelsior gold mining stock was going up ten or twenty points with every bid. Fogg had contracted to deliver the shares he had sold the next morning. To pay the market price for them Fogg named the number of shares. Emsley took a fat envelope from his pocket and threw it on Fogg's desk. Fogg opened it, took out a number of stock certificates, looked at several of them, then turned his eyes inquiringly on Emsley.

"Use what you need of them," said Emsley, "to make your deliveries today; tomorrow the bubble will burst."

Fogg met his contracts with the stock lent him and when the collapse came the next day purchased what he had sold, clearing a handsome profit.

When Emsley appeared under his true colors as a multimillionaire Fogg called on him to speak his gratitude for what he could not understand.

"Your thanks are not due to me," said Emsley, "but to the little girl whom we both love."

The Best Kiteflier in Town. Some years ago there died in Nebraska a man named Walsh, who, as a boy, started a suspension bridge. When Walsh was about ten years old the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge at Niagara were taken. The first thing necessary was the stretching of a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

"What boy is the best kiteflier in town?" he asked.

The Walsh boy was named as the best kiteflier in the town of Niagara Falls, and the engineer accordingly asked that he be brought to him. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara river. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun.—Harper's Weekly.

The power of applying attention to a single subject is the sure mark of a superior genius.—Chesterfield.

Hughes' Rise In Five Years

FIVE years ago a comparatively unknown lawyer, today selected a member of the highest judiciary body in the land—this is the span crossed in that time by Charles Evans Hughes, governor of New York, who will resign that office to take on Oct. 10 the place in the United States supreme court made vacant by the death of Justice Brewer.

"Hughes? Who is Hughes?" people were inquiring when he first came into prominence. The country quickly found out, his work filling columns in the press of the nation, and he has been talked of frequently as a strong candidate for the presidency. Up to 1905 he was little known outside of New York city. He had never been a politician. He had never joined in campaign work. He was simply a hard headed, hardworking lawyer of moderate practice.

In that year came the gas investigation in New York. The legislature decided to look into the charges of extortion by the gas and electric lighting companies, and the committee appointed employed Mr. Hughes for its legal inquisitor. The results were astounding—to the gas companies. Next came the life insurance scandal. Again this hardworking, clear brained lawyer who had so great a genius for figures was called to the task. Again the results were astounding. Just as the insolently inclined gas barons had been taken down by this keen minded lawyer, just so the haughty life insurance magnates were humbled. These investigations attracted worldwide attention, and the work made Mr. Hughes a figure of national prominence. After

the nomination of William R. Hearst for the governorship by the Independent league and the Democratic party the nomination of Mr. Hughes was urged as the only chance of a Republican victory in the state. Mr. Hughes accepted the nomination and was elected.

After his election Governor Hughes made a state issue of the question of race track gambling and secured the passage of laws prohibiting it. He also obtained a law creating the public service commissions. He was re-elected in 1908 after a campaign in which he was opposed by Lieutenant Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler. The principal reform advocated by Governor Hughes during his second term was the system of direct nominations.

And now as to Hughes the man and his early career. The governor in appearance is not robust. He is about five feet ten inches in height, with a slight but well proportioned figure. His forehead, which is high and rather narrow, indicates intellectuality in a high degree. His blue eyes are wide apart and deep set. He has a trick of allowing the lids to drop until they half cover the eyeball, which gives him an expression of anything but alertness. At the same time he devalizes his features in the same manner adopted by a poker player who wishes to hide his emotions. His mouth is large, and his lips are full, and behind them are large, regular white teeth shaded by a heavy mustache and short, thick beard.

Mr. Hughes graduated from Brown university in 1881 and, inclined to enter the field of education, made many applications for the position of teacher in various institutions of learning. For a year he taught Greek and mathematics at the Delaware academy in Delhi, N. Y., and then in 1882 went to New York and entered the Columbia Law school, from which he was graduated in June, 1884, and was admitted to the bar that same year. He taught law at Cornell university from 1891 to 1893 and then began to practice law in New York city. He was senior member of the firm of Hughes, Rounds & Schurman when he first ran for governor.

In his first campaign Mr. Hughes was only a moderately good speaker. Now he is regarded as one of the ablest, most effective speakers in public life. His one hobby is the law. He can get endless amusement out of wrestling with intricate legal problems. Those who know him intimately say he is one of the soundest lawyers in the country.

For Hiram Cronk Memorial. Mrs. C. L. Morehouse of 304 West Thirtieth street, New York, has undertaken the collection of funds to erect a monument in memory of Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the war of 1812, who died five years ago at the age of 105 at Ava, N. Y., and was buried with military honors in Cypress Hills cemetery, Brooklyn.

Rostand May Crow Now. The Society For the Protection of Animals at Paris has awarded a grand diploma to Edmond Rostand for writing "Chantecleer."

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

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A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance That Kept Charles Villiers Single All His Life. Charles Villiers, long the "father of the house of commons," never married, but he was the hero of a romance which is described in the "Reminiscences and Correspondence of Mrs. Olga Norikoff" as having lasted all his life.

Villiers was once on the eve of marrying a very rich spinster. The lady, however, was imprudent enough one day to say to her fiance that she knew very well he only wanted to marry her money and not herself.

Villiers' aristocratic dignity manifested itself. He took his hat, bowed to the lady and said that after that remark there could be no more question of marriage between them. Off he went.

Strangely enough, the deserted spinster spent the next thirty years in trying in vain to see him to make up. He never came near her or gave her a chance of coming near him. "And do you know," remarked Lady Gilbert, who told me the story, "she still loves him and cherishes his memory."

"Oh, that is charming! Quite a romance," I exclaimed. "Tell the lady to lunch with me tomorrow." We were acquainted. "Charles Villiers is coming."

Lady Gilbert delivered my message. The two old people met at my hotel, after which the lady humbly asked Charles Villiers to call on her. He accepted the invitation. When we were alone together she said: "Do you know, Mrs. Norikoff, he is not in the least altered after all these years. He is exactly the same in looks and manners."

Of that, of course, I could have no opinion. But surely thirty years before the old Charles Villiers was neither half bent nor half blind. However, the old time friendship was renewed and lasted until the lady's death a few years later.

She left him the greatest part of her very great fortune. Charles Villiers became very rich in money, but unfortunately he was then very rich in years also.

Praise For American Chorus Girl. The American chorus girl is supreme, according to Julian Mitchell, stage director for Florence Ziegfeld, who returned to New York recently from Europe.

"My principal mission in going to the other side," he said, "was to gather one chorus girl from each of the large cities of Europe. I wanted the best in each place. I went as far as St. Petersburg, but I did not meet with success. I saw but few who would compare with the American girl and none to surpass her. The girls are wanted for the new 'Follies of 1910.' The music of the new piece, which is to be presented in June, is being written by Paul Lincke of Berlin. I closed the contract with him several weeks ago."

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is godlike.—Mann.

Night Blindness. Inability to see by day is matched by the common night blindness which most of us have known in friend or relative. This defect, which includes an inability to see even by artificial light, is congenital with some people and never overcomes. It is often hereditary. It may also be caused, however, by long exposure to an overbright light, coupled with fatigue. A strange story is told concerning a ship's crew two centuries ago which were overcome by night blindness so extreme that their captain was obliged to force a fight with a Spanish privateer during the day, knowing that by night his men would be helpless. In order to obviate this difficulty for future occasions he ordered each sailor to keep one eye bound during the daytime, discovering, to his gratification, that this eye, having rested, was then free of the defect. The sailors were very amusing in their efforts to retain the bandage well over the eye that must be ready for night duty, and so a method of modifying this trouble was discovered.—London Strand Magazine.

The Attorney in England. The use of the word attorney denotes a belated mind. Since Nov. 1, 1875, attorneys have ceased to exist, their title merged by law into that of