

IN THE MAN.

It Was Embarrassing, but It Turned Out Well.

By EDGAR P. YARDLEY.
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One summer I alighted from a stage at the entrance of a hotel beside a New Hampshire lake. There were several persons sitting on the porch, and one, a young girl, arose and advanced with a happy smile to meet me. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on it is keeping my equiscope when people speak to me whom I don't remember. I had no idea who the girl was, but did not propose to betray my ignorance. She put out her hand and put up her lips. Not to give her the expected kiss would have been a rudeness.



That was about as sweet a kiss as I ever enjoyed. Whether it was because her lips had a peculiar flavor to them, whether it was that it was unexpected or whether there was a natural predisposition in me for that particular girl I don't know. I only know that the softness of rose leaves is nothing to the exquisite sensation I experienced in the pressure of those lips. Of course I was not so stupid as to speak first. I gave her that privilege and waited for a cue. "What brought you so early?" were her first words. "I found I could get away earlier than I expected." "How did you leave Katherine?" "Very well." "Why, she hasn't recovered, has she?" "I mean she's doing very well." "Oh!" "I think I'll go in and register, getting rid of the satchel at the same time. I'll be with you in one moment." Entering the office, I found a clerk and asked if Miss — I stumbled on the name. "Miss Ellison?" supplied the clerk. "Did she say anything about a room or me?" "Yes, but she didn't expect you on this train. However, I can take care of you." While we were talking I was running my eye back over registered names until I came to "Mrs. Montgomery Ellison, Miss Edith Ellison, Detroit." I didn't know a son in Detroit, so I was now quite sure the young lady had mistaken me for some one else. I must let her down easy. It occurred to me that to put my name on the hotel register might betray the situation, so the clerk turning to inspect his key rack, I left him without going so and walked toward the door. "Mr. Wardwell!" he called. "I turned." "You have not registered." "I will do so presently." And I walked on to the porch and joined Miss Ellison.

My next move was to discover what relationship Mr. Wardwell bore to her. It was to be supposed that he was her lover, but I was not certain. "You're changed a little since I saw you," she said. "Do you think so? Let me see—how long is it?" "Two years last month." I wished to ask where they were when we parted and, above all, whether we were lovers. How could I frame a question to get this information without making a break? "I'll bet you can't remember your 'ast words' I said playfully, "on the day I left you." "I can," she said—"don't forget the candy." "What a memory!" "It was delicious. I almost made myself sick." I was puzzled. Candy is sweet, but I fancied the last words of a young girl to her lover before parting for two years would have more depth to them. "Well," I said, making another attempt to draw her out, "do you feel just the same as when we parted?" "About what?" "The most important thing you can think of." "The most important thing I can think of?" she said musingly. "Oh, I know! No, indeed I don't feel the same about what was the most important thing to me at that time." "Any change there?" "Where?" "Why, in what you have just mentioned." "Yes, indeed! What was it we were talking about? Oh, yes! I'm so glad to see you that I can't think of anything else." "Well, about this change of heart?" "Change of heart?" "Yes. Weren't you saying you've had a change of heart?" "No! What put that into your head?"

left; not now. I was to have a new dress, and I was in a great quandary as to whether I'd made it made up with large or small sleeves. You know, they had been wearing small sleeves so long that there was sure to be a change very soon." I gave an impatient grunt. I was not getting on. Here was I playing the part of another not knowing whether that other was cousin, uncle, brother or lover. The situation was distressing.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that your heart has had no emotional upheaval since I last parted with you?" She turned and looked me square in the face. "Emotional upheaval!" she repeated. "Aren't those words both too big to be put together?" "What I mean is does your heart occupy the same position it occupied two years ago, or has it changed?" "You remember that position was equivocal?" "I understand that perfectly well, but an equivocal position may become a settled one."

"Well, then, I don't mind telling you that the position is settled. My mind is made up." I was getting deeper in the mire rather than getting out of it. Every moment I dreaded lest I would be called upon to make some explicit statement that would give me away. I had taken a kiss from a stranger I had no right to take, and now I was piling up the sin by endeavoring to extract from that stranger her heart's secret. Nevertheless I pushed on.

"Well, what is the result?" "That things are the same as they were before anything happened." I was getting red in the face. Though the air was delightfully cool, I took out my handkerchief and mopped my face. Having lost my assurance, I began to fancy all kinds of unpleasant happenings. Another train might come in and bring the real Wardwell. I remembered that on consulting the railroad time table before starting there were two trains I might take fifty minutes apart. I took the first. "I'm disappointed," said Miss Ellison.

"Disappointed! Why?" I asked. "I don't believe you are glad to see me a bit." "How can you say that? I was never happier in my life." My looks belied my words. I was never more miserable. "You seem to be bored rather than happy." This was said with an expression of disappointment. "What you mistake for being bored," I said, "is really pain. When I left you it was under certain conditions, known only to us two." "And one other." "Another stumper." "After an absence of two years isn't it natural that I should wish to know how those conditions now stand?" In my agitation I had changed positions so often that my chair now faced the ladies sitting on the other end of the piazza. One of them gave me a bow or half a bow, as though fearful of not being recognized. Her face was familiar to me. I knew that I was acquainted with her, but I couldn't place her. I was also sitting with my back to the direction from which a stage was approaching. I heard the creak of wheels, but was too intent upon other matters to heed it. It stopped before the door. I turned in time to see a man who very much resembled myself coming up the steps. He stopped and stared at me. I stared at him. Miss Ellison burst into a laugh.

"I think," she said, giving him a duplicate of the kiss she had given me, "this is Mr. Edwards. He came an hour ago, and I mistook him for you. He is not Mrs. Gordon, who knows him, tell me when he went in to register who he is I should have continued to be deceived." She looked at me and burst into another laugh. If I looked as I felt I must have resembled a man who had been tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail and then keelhaunched. My legs would scarcely support me. Then she kindly came to my rescue. The real Mr. Wardwell went inside to register, and Miss Ellison bade me be seated and said:

"Don't be troubled. It was my mistake, and you were led into it very easily."
HUNTING THE WALRUS.
The Eskimo Takes Advantage of the Animal's Curiosity.
In his frail skinboat it is a difficult and dangerous task for the Eskimo to go out to sea forty to sixty miles and intercept the walrus as he passes on his migration into the Arctic. One carcass will fill his boat, for it weighs from 1,000 to 3,000 pounds. He hunts the walrus when they are lying asleep on the ice floes in herds from ten to several hundred. Death must be instantaneous, else with a few rolls or the peculiar lumbering, humping movement (seen of the seal when ashore), he makes the few feet to the water and then is lost, as he has not sufficient blubber and air to float. He has much natural curiosity, and if not scared by shots will come up close to your boat or the ice floe on which you are sitting, snorting and rolling his eyes; with his gleaming tusks and bristled snout he has an uncanny, goblin, monster-like appearance. A herd of fifty or sixty of them will come up en masse, raise high out of the water to stare at you, then snort, spurt and disappear again, only to come up on the same spot and repeat the maneuver indefinitely. Taking advantage of this the Eskimos hide behind ice hummocks and throw a harpoon into one, then snub the tough rawhide line around an ice cake. He must persevere come up to blow, and he is then killed with the rifle. The thick skin and the mass of blubber and meat beneath render him almost invulnerable.—Pacific Monthly.
Diplomacy.
"I can't get along with that cook."
"But have you tried diplomacy, my dear?"
"I have. Today I handed the mix her passports."—Washington Herald.
Evil often triumphs, but never conquers.—Roux.

WDS GREET TENER

Candidate For Governor Gets Fine Ovation. MAKES BIG HIT WITH VOTERS

Republican Standard Bearer Frankly Meets Live Issues and is Assured of Splendid Victory.
John K. Tener and his associates on the Republican state ticket are being given splendid receptions and ovations on their trip through the state. The meetings have in almost every instance been even larger than those witnessed in the triumphal tour of Edwin S. Stuart four years ago.

Keen interest in the success of the campaign and enthusiasm for the nominees, manifested in every county that has been visited, must foreshadow a great victory in November. Pennsylvania Republicans are harmonious and aggressive, and with the Democracy divided between Grim and Berry, the indications are that the majority for John K. Tener for governor will be the largest given to any nominee for that office in this state in recent years.

Believes in Education.
For his clean-cut, manly and frank discussions of the issues of the campaign, Candidate Tener has been commended upon every hand. He does not hesitate to express himself freely upon all questions and is taking the people into his confidence as he goes from place to place, meeting the voters face to face, and grasping them by the hand and impressing all with his candor and sincerity.

In chatting with a well known educator the other day, Mr. Tener said: "I firmly believe that education, coupled with good sound common sense, will do more to obliterate the thought of anticipated and imaginary dangers in the future than any other agency that can be invoked. I am a firm and everlasting believer in the cause of education. It has served where modern equipment in the hands of a well-drilled militant force would have been without avail and has done more to make the United States the wonderful nation that she is than anything we have ever known.

Build school houses, have competent instructors, interest the youthful minds, and happiness and clean, godly lives can be the only result."
At Home Among Wage Earners.
During the course of an address to coal miners of Schuylkill county, Mr. Tener said: "It has been my misfortune that I have never visited this section of Pennsylvania before, and while I am not a stranger in a community of this kind, because I come from the soft coal region of the Monongahela river, I live with and associate with men who work in the mines and in the shops of that great industrial district. On the river that flows past my door more than 9,000,000 tons of coal are floated every year, so that in coming here and seeing you, the same kind of people that we have at home, in the same line of work, I feel quite at home. I know that your lives and your thoughts and your aims are very much like ours at home and your political belief ought to be like ours at home. We are Republicans there because we believe that through the Republican party we receive the greatest benefit.

My neighbors are the workmen of the United Mine Workers' Union, and out there every man that works in the mine is a union man. The United Mine Workers' Union has set a high standard for themselves and for all union labor, in my opinion, because whenever they sign a contract with the operators they see to it that it is kept, so that we live in harmony and peace."
The farmers of the state know they have a friend in John K. Tener. While a member of congress he was a stout champion of every measure that came before that body designed to advance the interests of the granter and dairyman.

Party Organization Essential.
Candidate Tener's firm belief in the importance of maintaining a party organization through which to promote policies and fix responsibilities of government has been expressed on more than one occasion since the canvass was inaugurated. Upon this question a few days ago he said: "I believe in government in this country by political parties. I believe that the best results are secured when there are two great parties divided on civic and economic questions. "I have not in the past nor do I now believe that any permanent good can be accomplished by those spasmodic movements resulting in the organization of additional parties, whose careers are but temporary and which have signally failed to accomplish the purposes for which they were ostensibly brought into existence. "I do not only believe in government by political parties, but I believe in party regularity. Each voter should take an active interest in the management of his own party, in the selection of a ticket and in the writing of the platform. Should conditions arise within his party which do not appeal to him he should earnestly strive to have them eliminated."
The Psalms.
Many years ago a new clergyman was taking Sunday duty in a remote hamlet among the Yorkshire woods. After morning service the old clerk came up to him and observed: "So ye calls them 'Saulms,' do ye? Noo, we never knew what to make o' that 'ere P.' We allus calls 'em 'Spasms.'"—London Scraps.
Her Prize.
Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear—fish! I was bear hunting.—London M. A. P.

NEWS FROM MAINE PLEASED BERRY

Gubernatorial Nominee Elated Over Democratic Victory.

HE ATTACKED TARIFF BILL
Independent Republicans Quit Keystone Party, Disgruntled With the Bryanite Outfit.
[Special Correspondence.]
Philadelphia, Sept. 20.

An exhibition of partisanship which started and disgusted the few independent Republicans present was given by William H. Berry at a meeting in this city a few nights ago, when the Keystone Party nominee, unable to suppress his jubilation, spoke exultantly of "the good news from Maine."

Not only did he express intense gratification over the Democratic victory in the Pine Tree State, but he followed this up with an attack upon the Republican tariff and the Taft administration, which so incensed Republicans that the little coterie that were there left the hall, determined to have nothing further to do with his candidacy.

Yes, Berry had "heard the good news from Maine," and his old-time Democratic spirits were revived; he could not help but rejoice in a triumph for a party with which he fought for so many years. While he is a bolter this year from the Guffey Democratic state organization, Berry still holds allegiance to the national Democracy, particularly to the Bryan wing of that party, for which at Denver he deserted Guffey for Bryan.

Could Not Stand Berry.
In this city, especially, Berry's nomination upon the independent ticket at once estranged thousands from that movement who might under certain conditions have been inclined to favor an independent Republican for governor. Others who at first declined to say what attitude they would take in the campaign, have since come out squarely in favor of the full Republican ticket.

This was the logical outcome of the revelations as to Berry's financial dealings with Guffey, followed by Berry's erratic course upon the stump, his flamboyant and rambling oratory culminating in his sensational and uncalculated attack upon the newspaper men of the state simply because they published the facts relating to his getting money from Guffey, the same Guffey who was himself a heavy borrower from banks in Pittsburgh holding state funds, of which Berry was the custodian for the taxpayers, and Berry's gratuitous insult to every Republican in his public recitations with the triumphant Democrats of Maine and his denunciation of the framers of the new tariff act, in which the industrial, farming and business interests and the welfare of every wage earner of the Keystone State were safeguarded by the two Republican United States senators and all of the Republican members of the lower house from Pennsylvania.

Berry's admission at a public meeting here "that there was not a dollar in the treasury of the Keystone Party" simply emphasized the fact that substantial men, men of affairs, property owners and business men, to whom the importance of electing a safe and sane man to the governorship appeals most strongly, will have nothing to do with his candidacy or the hybrid combination of disappointed and cast-off politicians back of the Keystone Party.
Desertions on Every Side.
Berry talks and acts like a man who knows he has not got a chance to win the governorship. He admitted in his West Philadelphia speech last week that when he accepted the nomination he had no idea of being elected. Developments since the Keystone ticket was put in the field all show that his candidacy has been constantly getting weaker rather than stronger. Desertions of independent Republicans and Democrats from the Berry movement are noted every day. Resignations from Keystone Party committees are being announced on every hand, and newspapers which gave encouragement to his cause at the outset have since either turned in for Tener, the Republican, or Grim, the regular Democratic nominee. While Berry still declares he is a Democrat, there are not a half dozen Democratic newspapers in the state now favoring his election, and there are about a like number of so-called independent newspapers for him.
First Test of the Air Pump.
The first public test of the air pump was in 1854 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Wellington's Cool Interview With a Murderous Maniac.
One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library table quite alone his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander in chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance. "The duke was of course a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and, looking up, he asked, 'Who are you?' 'I am Dionysius,' was the singular answer. 'Well, what do you want?' 'Your life.' 'My life?' 'Yes; I am sent to kill you.' 'Very odd,' said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. 'Not at all, for I am Dionysius,' said the stranger, 'and I must put you to death.' 'Are you obliged to perform this duty today?' asked the commander in chief. 'I am very busy just now and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient today.' The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. 'Call again,' continued the duke, 'or write and make an appointment.' 'You'll be ready?' 'Without fail,' was the reply. "The maniac, awed doubtless by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words and half an hour later was safe in bedlam.—London Graphic.

FULL OF GRATITUDE.
But the Little One Had a Queer Way of Expressing It.
Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness. Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude. "Papa, what flower do you like best?" she asked. "Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess." "Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Exchange.

Tennyson's Tactlessness.
Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings. Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it for fear his hostess might be vexed. On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm. "I heard you like these, so I brought them," he said genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

Women's Time Schedules.
Few women speak of a train starting slightly off the even hour, as the 3:02 train, for example, or the 3:12 "Three" will do. It bothers a man a heap to go hunting for a 3 o'clock train by feminine directions when it is a 3:12 train. For some women "3" will do for the 2:54 train; it's near enough. Then the man following feminine directions, unless he is on his guard against these pitfalls, is lost. Probably if it weren't for his business training, which teaches a man that 3:02 is not 3, not 3:01, not 3:01½, not 3:01¾, but 3:02, he'd be better natured about women's time schedules.—Boston Post.

The Soft Answer.
Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling," said the noisy one after a five minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.—Argonaut.

Warmth Not Wanted.
"This would be a pleasant world if people put more warmth—genuine warmth—in their letters," said the man of sentiment. "I don't agree with you," replied his worried friend, "there was a warmth about some of the business letters I got this morning that I didn't at all like."
Not a Question of Etiquette.
Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Can I help you to some more soup, Mr. Dumley? Mr. Dumley—No, thanks. Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly)—Don't refuse, Mr. Dumley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup. We're not particular people here. Mr. Dumley—Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam; it's the soup.
Consolation.
There had been a little quarrel after the honeymoon. "And just look at my pretty linen collar," sobbed the young wife; "the tears have trickled down and wilted it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling." "Indeed I have," laughed the big husband; "I'm going to fix things up." "How, George?" "Why, the next time I go downtown I am going to buy you a waterproof collar."—Chicago News.

Snapshots At the Politicians

If you had not looked up the record of Charles E. Townsend of Michigan, who recently defeated Julius C. Burrows for the senatorship, and was asked to hazard a guess as to his age you could not come within a mile of it. With his clean shaven face he looks to be a man of forty or under, but as a matter of fact he is just fifty-four, having been born on Aug. 15, 1856. It was only as far back as 1895 that Mr. Townsend was admitted to the bar and began to practice law in his home town, Jackson, Mich. He had been born on a farm in Jackson county and attended the public schools there, having a year in the literary department of Michigan university when he had about reached his majority. He has the hardy constitution that allows him to overwork himself whenever long hours and concentration of effort are necessary in a congressional situation or in a legal case.

Mr. Townsend's sudden appearance in the limelight of publicity was in his first term of congress, when his attitude on the subject of rate legislation brought him into close relation with the president, placed him in a conspicuous place in the house of representatives and gave him a national reputation greater than that for which many of the older members have worked for a lifetime.

Robert M. La Follette, who was renominated to the United States senate recently, rose from a farmer's boy to the governorship of Wisconsin, serving three terms in that office. He is a man of the people, having been born in a log cabin in Wisconsin fifty-five years ago and having spent his early years in lowly surroundings. He was



Photo by American Press Association. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

aspiring, however, and managed to obtain a good education and was admitted to the bar in 1880. That very year he was elected district attorney of Dane county and was re-elected two years later. After that he was given three terms in congress, serving in his last term on the ways and means committee and framing several schedules of the McKinley tariff law. He was defeated in 1890 and then practiced law for ten years before he was again summoned to the service of the people. Senator La Follette is a graduate of the Wisconsin university, but he came perilously near not being. Although a painstaking and earnest student and enjoying the respect alike of the faculty and the student body, he never stood high in his classes. On final examination he fell slightly below the mark prescribed for graduation. Just before this occurred he won chief honors in an interstate collegiate oratorical contest, thereby bringing glory and renown to the great institution at Madison. At that time the university had as its president John Bascom, than whom this country has produced no more profound philosopher or broadly learned man generally. President Bascom called the faculty together and made a fight for young La Follette. He pointed out that, while La Follette's examination showed that he was a little deficient in some branches of the curriculum and that thus his average was not up to the arbitrary standard prescribed, he was still one of the hardest working students ever at the university, had reflected credit upon the institution in the big oratorical contest and would continue to do so in after life. By a narrow margin the faculty by vote reversed its decision against La Follette and granted him a diploma.

A Necessity.
Judge—Why did you burn your barn down just after getting it insured? Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and an insurance too.—Meggendorfer Blatter.
To Live long It is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.
Nothing Miraculous.
"You had rheumatism in your right leg for years and were cured of it in an instant? How?" "By being accidentally mixed up in a train wreck. My right leg is a cork leg now."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dry Farming Congress

By JOHN T. BURNS.
[Secretary Dry Farming Congress.]
TABLE as a world convention of practical agriculturists will be the fifth dry farming congress in Spokane, Wash., Oct. 3 to 6, when the foremost crop experts, farmers and horticulturists will discuss the various phases of this method of tillage and give their actual experiences in working out the principles. Indications are that more than 2,500 accredited delegates from various states and provinces in America and ten foreign countries and several thousand others who are interested in scientific farming will be in attendance.

The congress will deal with dry farming so extensively and in such a way that the farmer who spends the four days there will receive a fairly good education in the several methods. Coming as it does after a season of unusual drought, this convention is attracting unusual interest, as the farmer who has heretofore given the subject of dry farming only a casual thought is now turning with the new interest that is aroused by the instinct of self preservation to dry farming principles.

When the congress opens it will be possible to determine in dollars and cents the losses sustained by the people of the United States and Canada and elsewhere through the dry weather, and the reports will also be available of the success of this year's work conducted by the agricultural colleges, experiment stations, demonstration farms, individual farmers and corporations. The government and state experimental stations have proved that dry farming can be carried on profitably where ordinary farming methods have failed to produce a crop. Irrigation was looked upon as a theory fifteen years ago and only remotely considered a commercial possibility. The government's vast expenditures, amounting to millions of dollars, have definitely proved what has in the in-



JOHN T. BURNS.

tervening years been worked out by the irrigationists—not only the commercial possibility, but the absolute necessity, of irrigation as a commercial asset in the west. Five years ago dry farming, then but little understood, although, in truth, practiced for several hundred years, was derisively received by many as a land agent's myth created as a means

Inherited.
"And now," said Professor Lamb, hunter as he greeted Henry, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere's sake for it." "I know he has," replied the naïf parent. "He inherits it from his mother."
Dividing Her Wealth.
"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy." "Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot."

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