

The sanguine inventors are promising a liquid air trust which will leave nothing of the ice trust and coal trust except a mass of shattered debris.

A desire for foreign conquest—a wish to capture prizes now held elsewhere—appears to have taken a deep root in the hearts of American college athletes.

The ex-queen of the Hawaiian Islands and the ex-king of the Samoan Islands might organize an aristocracy that would set the pace so far as genuine royalty is concerned for the western hemisphere.

General Wood prefers to stay in the army at a moderate salary than to become governor of a trolley car company at a large one. He says there is something in life beside money. He is right, and he is as refreshing and courageous in saying so as he was when he first did business with the Spaniards.

If the purpose of the giver of the "America Cup" was to finally secure the best form of vessel for sailing in coast waters that purpose seems to have been fulfilled in the fact that both the American and British vessels built for the coming contest are substantially of the same type, with similar appliances, and the contest is likely to be decided by a mere chance difference in the traveling of the vessels, or in the happening of the wind. It is worthy of note that both vessels are absolute departures from the characteristics of the "America" and the competitors from whom she won the trophy originally.

Lord Rosebery, who is a very rich man, gives it as his deliberate opinion that "the one great advantage of wealth is that when those you love are sick or weak or aged you can call to their assistance the best medical advice and you can make a change of climate." This analysis and its conclusion have the advantage of novelty. They are well worth thinking about. They remind one of the story of the famous and rich man of genius who was being congratulated upon his "success in life." He said: "Ten years ago I was miserably poor, starving with my wife and my invalid child in a garret. A few dollars would have saved my wife's life, would have prevented my child from being an incurable cripple and invalid. The fame and the wealth I have now never permit me to forget, but remind me every day and every hour."

Conversation is decaying and we are degenerating into unsocial silence, observes a writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. This is not a negligible danger. Man's chief duty—his unending duty—the proper aim of life—is to talk. Soldiers fight, statesmen plan, artists paint, poets rhyme merely that they may talk and be talked about. Men live nobly in order to have fine topics of conversation. Books are written not so much to be read as to be talked over. The decay of conversation is a ready-made subject for the critically minded man. The divergence between the written and spoken language is growing wider every day. We talk in a sort of telegraphic slang. No sane man would think of introducing into his conversation the phrases and words of the written language. Very little of the spoken language gets into print. In the end the books will beat the tongues.

The idea that anyone who has ever been familiar with the delight of driving an intelligent and spirited horse will surrender that pleasure for that of guiding a soulless machine can only have occurred to a man city born and bred, and thus deficient in half the knowledge and experience which makes for the happiness and health of the race, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The cheapening of horses, which will come from the general use of automobiles, will extend the possibilities of driving to many persons to whom horses have been hopeless luxuries heretofore. The bicycle has already begun that process and many people in the country now own horses who could not have done so at the exalted prices which prevailed ten years ago. The change is bound to go further, and although it will injure the horse breeders it will still leave a market for horses of blood and breeding. The demand which is left will be for horses of the best quality, and the good horse will come into more honor for the qualities which no machines can possess, and the poor horse will no longer be worth his keep when the automobile shall have been made cheap. So long as these machines cost from \$400 to \$6000 each the horse need not fear their competition outside the busiest of city streets.

POSTPONED.

[Anyone at all familiar with farm life knows that when the old dog becomes blind, toothless and helpless, it is the sad but human duty of the farmer to put an end to his sufferings; it is generally done by taking him off to the woods and shooting him. Although the new dog quickly wins his place in our affections, the old is not soon forgotten, and more than one story begins: "You remember how old Fido..."]

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up, We got another brindle pup; I lows its tough an' mighty hard, But a toothless dog's no good on guard, So trot along right after me, An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail— We ain't a-goin' for rabbit er quail; Sides, you couldn't pish a bird no more, Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore, An' that's why I loaded the gun today— Yer a-gittin' cross an' ic the way.

I been thinkin' it over, 'tain't no fun, I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done; Got sort of a notion, you know, too, The kind of a job we're goin' to do, Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way? Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once was, hey!

Frisky dog in them days, I note, When yeh nailed the anaek thief by the throat; Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his food, So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup; Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog— Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog; But I can mind when you was spryer, 'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire— It don't seem possible, yet I know That was close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair was long and thick When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the creek, An' it came in handy that night in the storm, We dodded to keep each other warm, Party good dog, I'll admit—but, say, What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack, Er what'll I say when I git back? They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk, An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk; But the sound won't carry beyond this hill, All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still!

There, that'll do steady, quit lookin' my hand, What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand; I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be— Must be the age's the matter with me, An' that stich in the back—what! gitten' old, too? The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an'—yeh.

—Charles E. Baer, in Philadelphia Press.

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

Tragic-Comic Experience of a Woman Reporter.

She had just come—"out of the back woods"—they told her when she mentioned the place. Of course she did not call it "the back woods." She spoke of it reverently by the tender name of "home," and usually there were tears in her eyes when she mentioned it. But no matter; it was not New York, therefore it was "the back woods," they told her when she asked for work.

"What can you do?" asked the first editor, and he did not take the trouble to look up or to stop the pencil that was scriawling over the paper in front of him.

"Anything you would give a woman to do," she answered.

"Nothing," he said.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," he said, surprised into looking up by her prompt departure, but she was gone.

"Bring any stuff?" asked the next one. He was too busy to waste words.

She handed him the little flat manuscript silently.

He fingered it a second. "I don't want it," he said.

"Thank you. Good afternoon," she said.

"G'd afternoon," he said.

For the next she had to mount to the eleventh story, and she looked dubiously at the sign in the little ante room: "We do not undertake to preserve or return unsolicited manuscripts."

But when the editor came out he looked at her really as if he saw her.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but just now there isn't a thing in sight. Let me have your address, and if I hear of anything I'll be glad to give it to you."

Of course she knew what that meant, but still she was grateful for the courtesy. In her part of "the back woods" people had time to be courteous, and this man left a pleasant memory that made her almost hopeful of the next.

"What you want to do," the next one said, and he was very nice about it, "is to get a place on a magazine; I wouldn't advise you to go in for newspaper work. What you want is a magazine."

"What I want, yes," she said, smiling, "but probably not what I can get."

He smiled, too, very pleasantly, but still he did not quite like her correcting his grammar. The next chanceed to be rosy and round and bald. He was reading a note when she went in, and he held it in his hand while she talked. Presently it reminded him of something.

"Why, the very thing," he said, briskly. "Here's a note from my wife. Just reading it when you came in. Quite a coincidence, surely. You see, my wife has a friend who's a—er—literary lady, gives talks, lectures, or some such things. Now, this—er—literary lady is going over into Jersey, to Orange, in fact, to give a talk before a club there, the Ultra Matrons, you know, and my wife wants me to send somebody over to report it. But, of course, I couldn't do that, you know." He looked up over his glasses as if he needed confirmation, doubtless because he was defying his wifely instructions, so she mildly said:

"No."

"Of course not," he went on, having taken heart of grace from her approval. "Of course I can't send anybody out of the office for that, but my wife says—" he hesitated a moment, then broke off with: "Now, how would you like to run over and do this lecture for us? Not much in it for you, of course; we couldn't use more than a stick at the outside; but better start at that than at nothing. It's the opening wedge you want, you know. What do you say? Let's see; round trip ticket to Orange would cost you 50 cents; both ways on the elevated, ten; that's 60. Not much in it for you. What say? Will you do it, or not?"

"I'll do it, thank you," she said.

"That's good," he said, folding up the note in a relieved sort of way.

"Thank you. I'll tell my wife."

"See here," he said, as she was leaving, "better take this card and call for the literary lady in the morning and go down with her. She'll put you through."

She thought he looked like a cherub; she lived to learn he was a prophet. She took the card, had herself awakened early the next morning and called for the literary lady at the hour ap-

pointed. She wasn't up; call again, the boy brought back the message. She called again. Literary lady had decided not to go so early; call again. She called again. Literary lady was dressing; would be down. She waited. Literary lady came by and by in a great rush.

"So glad you are going with me," she said, and then raced her to the elevated station till both were fairly out of breath. They regained it, however, on the way down to Christopher street and started on a fresh race to the ferry. The gate was closed, so the literary lady walked up and down impatiently and finally bought a paper at the newsstand just as the gate opened. When they had found seats on the boat she unfolded the paper and turned to the woman's page. The first thing that caught her eye was her own name.

"I see I'm to lecture before the Ultra's," she said, smiling. "Good gracious!" she broke off suddenly.

"What is it?"

"Why, gracious me," said the literary lady, "the notice says there will be a reception after the lecture, and look at this gown! That's what they meant when they kept telling me to dress up! A reception in this thing!"

It was only a plain tailor gown.

"Gracious! I wonder if they told me and I forgot?"

The young woman felt quite sure she had forgot, but she didn't dare say so.

"What would you do?" asked the literary lady.

"What can you do?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," said the literary lady.

"Then I'd try not to care," said the girl, philosophically.

The literary lady evidently tried not to care, but she failed, and her face bore a careworn look. When they were seated on the train the girl thought she had forgotten, but she had not.

"I'll tell you," said the literary lady, grabbing her arm, "I am sorry to trouble you, but I'll have to get you to go back for my gown. I simply can't attend an Ultra reception in this. I know I forgot. But you must go back and take a later train over, the next if you can. My satin skirt is in the bottom bureau drawer; the waist is in my trunk; it isn't locked. Hurry, you must get it for me."

The train was beginning to move, but she followed the girl to the rear platform and called to her as she jumped off.

"My room is second to the left on the third floor."

The girl was almost convulsed with laughter at the humor of the situation. She caught the ferryboat back, but had to wait at Fifty-ninth street for a Sixth avenue elevated. When she got to the house she pushed the bell frantically, but got no response. Once, twice, thrice again, but still no answer. Moments were precious. Finally some ladies opened the door and went out. The girl seized the opportunity and went in. There was no one in sight. She went upstairs and to the second room on the left, third floor. She knocked dubiously, not knowing whom or what she should find. No response. She opened the door and entered. Books and papers everywhere; evidently this was the literary lady's room.

She found the satin skirt in the drawer without any trouble, but had to light the gas to look in the trunk. Beside, there were two trunks, and there was no way of knowing which. Suddenly it occurred to her the possibility that someone might come in, discover her prowling and mistake her for a thief. There was not a person in the house who knew her. She rang the bell, meaning to explain to the maid. Then the impossibility of being able to explain to a maid who had never seen her suggested itself, and she locked the door. That very act made her feel like a thief, and she crept about stealthily, fearful half lest the maid should not come, half lest she should. She waited breathlessly; no one came. After much searching she found the waist and made up the package in a newspaper. There was not a bit of string anywhere, so she snipped off the curtain cord and tied it up. Now, the question of making an exit was an important one. Surely she could not get away with that big bundle without being seen, but get away she must. It

suddenly came to her that she might be mistaken either for a laundress or a sewing woman, and in that hope she opened the door, but in spite of herself she could not keep from feeling guilty and trying to steal out noiselessly. When she got to the door it seemed as if she could not get it open, and when the outer one slammed to noisily behind her she thought surely discovery was at hand, and she could not restrain herself from running down the steps and, indeed, to the elevated station at the corner. If a voice had by any chance cried "Stop, thief," she would have collapsed. She even glanced furtively around at the people on the car. What if that harmless-looking little man in the corner should turn out to be a detective? Really she could not compose herself. For one thing her bundle was too big, and for another she feared she would miss her train. When she got off the elevated she looked behind to see if the little man in the corner was following her. She bought a ticket to cross the ferry and asked the time of the next train to Orange.

"Do you want a ticket to Orange?" the man at the window asked.

"No, I have one," she said.

"Then why don't you cross the ferry on it?" he asked. She felt that he suspected her and snatched her bundle and ran.

When at last she was seated on the train, with the big bundle in her lap, feeling fairly comfortable for the first time, her eyes fell to scanning the newspaper that enclosed the precious gown. Suddenly they were caught by the notice of the lecture. Heaven! It was to be at 2.30, and she was then on the 1.30 train. She had never been to Orange before; she knew no one; she had no idea where the literary lady was to be found. If she was not at the station to meet her, all was lost.

She looked out eagerly when the conductor called her station, but the literary lady was not to be seen. She struggled across the platform with her bundle.

"Drive me to—the club," she said desperately to the cabman who came to her assistance.

"What club?" he asked.

"The Ultra's," she said.

"Oh, the hall," he answered, and she thought she was saved.

She pictured vaguely the consternation she would create by bursting into the hall in the midst of the lecture possibly, but by this time she was physically exhausted and mentally blank. She paid the cabman intuitively and had started up the stairway before which he had stopped when she thought she heard voices calling and a heavy step running toward her. At last she was pursued. But save the gown she must and would. Springing up the stairway she burst open the door into the hall. The platform was empty, but there was a noisy hum of expectancy running through the crowd. At first she heard nothing distinctly. Then a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice behind her said:

"Give me your bundle, miss."

She looked up at the blue coated policeman, who had come up behind, and fell in a faint at his feet. When she revived she was lying on a rug in a little white plastered room. The window was open, the cold snow-laden air from without was blowing on her, and a sweet-faced, gentle woman was bending over her, holding a bottle of smelling salts to her nose.

"Are you the matron?" she asked, feebly.

"The what?" asked the woman.

"The matron?"

"No."

She waited a moment. "Then were you put in, too?" she said.

"In what?" the woman asked.

"In prison," she said, shuddering.

"Why, this isn't a prison, child," the woman said with a smile. "Why did you think you were in prison, pray?"

"For stealing that gown," said the girl.

"Why, you didn't steal the gown, did you?" And the woman burst out laughing.

"No, but I thought they thought I had, and the policeman arrested me."

"How very funny," the woman said, still laughing. "Why, he was only getting the gown to take to the literary lady, who was waiting at the milliner's across the way to put it on. She saw you come and got him to run after you. But how very funny."

"But where's the gown now?" the girl asked.

"Why, the lady has it on and is speaking away; don't you hear her?"

"Then for heaven's sake let me get out and report her," said the girl, struggling to her feet.

"Not before you've had this cup of chocolate and a sandwich," the woman said, putting them before her.

"I am hungry," she said.

"Of course you are; that's why you fainted."

When she went out by and by and saw the literary lady in all her glory "arrayed like one of these," she felt repaid for her excitement over the gown.

That night when she got back to town she took in her "stick" to the office, and credit for that amount was duly given her on the books. But somehow one of the men in the office had gotten hold of the adventure, so he made a full column story about it, with a picture of her with her big bundle just as she fell at the policeman's feet. So, to put it mildly, her fortune was made.—Philadelphia Times.

A Very Funny Sight.

"I love to make visits in the morning."

"Do you?"

"Yes; all the other women are busy cleaning house, and it is so funny to see them try to act glad to see me."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Large checks or fancy plaid skirts in this style are among the smartest worn this season. The skirt may be made



WOMAN'S CIRCULAR SKIRT.

with or without a centre front seam, and close fit around the hips is accomplished by three small darts taken up at the waist line. The stylish flare at the foot (where it measures nearly four yards) is produced by its circular shaping, and the fulness at the back is disposed in backward-turning pleats that meet over the placket finished at the top of the centre back seam. Buttons are placed on the edges of the pleats that close with loops of cord over the placket.

Camel's hair, serge and fancy plaids, Scotch clan tartans and those in French colorings are all very fashionable, being worn with jackets or basques of a plain color that correspond to the darkest or most prominent

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