

Heredity or Self-Making, Which?

By Kate Gannett Wells.

Marcella had never forgotten the day she discovered she was only an "adopted." She could still hear the scornful tone with which Jimmy Jones, in shoving her sled down the Long Path on Boston Common, had announced the fact to a group of boys. She remembered also that a tall, handsome lad had offered to drag her sled up the hill, and had told her she'd come out all right in the end, which ever since she had been trying to do.

On that day she had gone home sorrowfully, and asked what it meant to be adopted, only to be petted in reply, and made happy for the moment. Yet she had lain awake at night wondering and vowing to her little self that never again would she go coasting, and she never did.

Marcella had a long memory, a hot temper and an investigating turn of mind. So she looked up the word "adopted" in the dictionary, and declared to herself that Jimmy Jones had told her such an awful lie he ought always to be punished for it. Then she began to fancy that people pitied her instead of loving her as they did other girls; and she felt "fried," to use her own expression. Everything seemed to grow worse and worse for her, until one spring day on account of her carelessness at school she was sent upstairs to the sub-master for admonition. "Poor child," she overheard the teacher say, "she may not be wholly to blame; for no one knows what are her inheritances."

"My mamma will give me just as much money as other girls have," declared the child, indignant at misapplied compassion. The sub-master, an excellent man without imagination, was shocked, and passed her on to the master, who had no time for little things, and sent her home until she should have leisure. As Marcella left the office, she turned on him, with all the latent wildness of her nature, and the pent up woes of her heart bursting from her childish control, exclaiming: "I hope you never will have time, for I shall pray God to get you drowned in vacation. You don't know how to keep school."

Before the master could summon his wits to reply, she had rushed downstairs and out into the street, hatless, to run home. But a police officer espied her, and caught her by the arm. As she tried to escape, her boy protector of the winter seized the hand, which she had thrust forward for a pull at the officer's sleeve-strap, saying, "Let her alone, Cop; she's a neighbor of mine and all right."

As the lad was rather a favorite of the policeman, who knew boys better than often did their fathers, he consented, after a few words, to leave the frightened child in the boy's care. She refused to go home. So Hal took her to a vacant lot, and in a place dear to all children's hearts they sat down, Marcella finding comfort in stubbing her boots into the sand and refuse. Hal, however, was embarrassed, and fervently hoped that no one would discover him with a pretty, hatless girl. The silence between them had lasted long enough for him to insist on speech. "What's up?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Marcella, recklessly. "Things always have to begin; and it began, you know, that day last winter!" Hal nodded. "Well, it's spread. I'm not popular. I'm an adopted. The dictionary and mamma and papa don't agree. When I used to get mad I just got marked like anybody else. Now they take to excusing me, because of what they call heredity. Everybody has got that, only mine is different. Miss Smith said I could not help being careless, and called me 'poor child.' I told her I could help it, but I wouldn't. So she sent me upstairs to the sub-master, and he sent me along to the master; and I just up and at him. That's all." And she swallowed hard, for she did not want to cry before a boy.

Then Hal did just what he had had no notion of doing three moments before; he put his arms round her, and she laid her head down on his knees and cried, just what she did not mean to have done. But both of them started up as they heard the well-known whoop of boys coming round the corner, and each nodded to the other, comrade-fashion, and disappeared at opposite ends of the parkway. Marcella went home, and said nothing. Hal went down town, and called on Marcella's father at his office. "It's none of my business," he began in helter-skelter fashion.

"What isn't?" asked Mr. Lord, with whom Hal was on friendly terms.

"Why, whether she is adopted or not. I am going to marry her just the same as soon as I'm in business; but you ought to tell her she's an adopted, and not let the story sneak out the way it does and have her pitied when she gets mad—just as if she couldn't help it, for of course she can."

"What are you talking about?" asked Mr. Lord, so sternly that the boy quickly recovered his senses and manners, and begged pardon, but with grim insistence told what he knew—how Jimmy Jones had hated Marcella, because she snubbed him and would not take his spruce gum, and that somehow he had found out from the aunt with whom he boarded, who

had once lived in a hospital and had taken care of babies, that Marcella had been one of them. So Bob whispered it all round, just to spite Marcella.

"And you believe the story?" said Mr. Lord.

"Yes, and Marcella believes it, too, because, when she asked you and Mrs. Lord, you did not do anything but hug her and give her candy. That's just the same as saying it was true. Then, lately, you are always excusing her when she is naughty—I guess she is most of the time—and saying she can't help it; and once she overheard you say you were afraid of heredity."

"How do you know this?" demanded the man.

"Because Marcella told me herself; because sir—promise me you won't tell, never" (Mr. Lord nodded)—(the boy stood on tiptoe and whispered into Mr. Lord's ear), "because I'm one of those babies, too, and I know how it feels. Only," and he spoke louder, "the folks that took me always told me what I am, and that it depended on me what I got to be, because heredity needn't count. Most folks don't know it, and, if they do, they can't surprise me. You see Marcella didn't know, and she didn't like being surprised."

Mr. Lord looked searchingly at the lad, and then out of the window. Turning, he laid his arm on the boy's shoulder, saying: "Don't speak of this. I trust you. Come here to-morrow."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was hot-headed." And, taking up his cap, he left the office. In vain did Mr. Lord try to balance his accounts. Across them ran the great mistake he and his wife had made. Hal was right. Marcella ought to know, hard as it would be now to tell her.

Years ago he and his wife, in their childless loneliness, had adopted the child. His logic had wanted her early to know the truth; but his wife's selfish craving for childish affection had kept them silent, lest Marcella might not love them as much, if she knew she were not their own daughter. Now the Nemesis had come through the girl's suffering, and Mr. Lord insisted that she should be told.

"Tell her then yourself," yielded his wife, at last. "It will be the saddest day of her life."

"It will be the beginning of the best years of her life. One can't go on living a lie," he replied.

He went upstairs to find the child curled up in the broad window-seat, looking at the moon. He drew her towards him; for he loved her more, if possible, than did his wife, and understood her far better. "Papa," she asked before he spoke, "am I an adopted?"

He held her close with kisses on forehead, eyes and lips as he answered, "Yes." The silence seemed long and cruel to them both. She shrank in his embrace as if she were in pain, but he would not let her go. When quieted by his tenderness, he told her how her own parents had died, and how he and his wife had taken her from the hospital to be their own blessed little girl, and that there had never been a day since she came to them that they had not rejoiced she was theirs.

"Are you sure you don't want to get rid of me, when they poke fun at me at school?" she questioned.

"Never," he answered; "but why didn't you tell me they did so?"

"Because, first, I thought they did it just to tease me; and, when I did try to ask, you and mamma gave me candy. I threw it away, though, just as soon as I got upstairs. Then I heard mamma call me 'poor child.'—Mr. Lord shuddered as she spoke—and you said you were afraid heredity counted. I looked up the word in the dictionary; but, when the teacher talked to me about inheritances, I just pretended she meant money. I wouldn't let her know I saw through her. O papa, I'm the miserable little girl ever was adopted. I don't belong nowhere. I don't see why I got born." And the child sobbed as if her heart would break.

Very tenderly and slowly, so she could understand each word, her father explained to her that she was truly their child, and that heredity needn't count, if it held aught else than final good for her.

The girl listened, at first stupidly, then comprehendingly. "Papa, if I can begin to-morrow and not go to that horrid school any more, perhaps heredity needn't count—that's what you said. Perhaps I needn't get mad so often. Please don't give me any more candy, not for a whole year; and I'll try to get ahead on heredity, if I've got it bad."

"You haven't. We three, you, mamma and I, will try together for a year, so that trying will make a nice little inheritance to hand over to next year."

"That will be fun," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, forgetful of her sorrow for the next hour. But it returned to her as she woke in the night, until she made up her mind to begin at once, on the inheritance, and so fell asleep.

The next afternoon Hal went to Mr. Lord's office. What the two said to each other was never known till years after, when Hal asked Marcella to be his wife.

"It isn't heredity, so much as love in the home and will-power in one's self that counts for good," said Mr. Lord to his wife, as Marcella and Hal drove off on their wedding journey.—The Boston Cooking-School Magazine.

Three hundred tons of tobacco are distributed annually among the sailors of the British navy. It is sold to them at cost.

LOVELY WOMAN ON THE WING.

A New York Correspondent Unveils the Mysteries of the Ladies' Waiting-Room

By M. S.

Nowhere in this wide world, perhaps, does the floss and jetsam of human femininity ebb and flow in such a ceaseless tide as in the Grand Central station, New York. And if you cherish any a priori concept of a consistent type of lovely women here is the place where you descend beneath the waters of disillusion to come up washed and made clean.

Death as a leveler is a hide-bound blue code as compared with the five-minute-before-train-time revelations of the ladies' dressing-room.

Whatever is selfish or unselfish in human nature, this hustling for trains, elbowing your neighbor out of your way, crowding into the line out of your turn at the Pullman window, brings to the front in a woman's manner more than in a man's, because a woman loses her self-control when she travels. She is always nervous and excited for no more specific reason than that she is catching trains and has to run on schedule time. She may have an hour and a half to wait before her train is called and knows that this is by the big clock in the waiting-room, but she wears a hurried, harassed look and breathes in short chest breaths for fear she is going to miss it. Now a man will look at his watch, set it by the railroad time and—but that's another story.

In the outside general waiting-room a woman may sit and appear to possess her soul in patience, but within the sacred precincts of the dressing-room she keeps the Recording Angel busy. A woman can not spend five minutes here, without un-lacing her innermost character.

In this bustling crowd nobody knows anybody else, so it is just her bed rock nature that comes out, her manners after twenty centuries of civilization being still so thin a veneer that the least bit of elbowing jostles all courtesy out of the reckoning.

It was a long weary wait we had settled down to, but when the five hours were over we were as much sadder and wiser about our sex as a lifetime of casual intercourse would have left us.

The curtain on this scene of disillusion was raised on the six-o'clockers. These women were, on the whole, a well-dressed, interesting-looking lot, out-of-town shoppers for the most part who had spent the day struggling over bargain counters, dressmakers and the supercilious "saleslady." All were tired to the bone, of course, some keeping their own counsel, but many frankly garrulous over their trials during the day.

Each woman as she entered the dressing-room paused a fraction of a second to locate the mirror, and thirty-seven of the first thirty-eight women who entered made straight for it. Now the waves of disillusion begin to roll over you.

The soul of a woman shines through the way she does two things: says her prayers and "does" her hair. There were a home-going few who seemed satisfied when they ascertained the fact that their hats were straight—which meant being very much awry—readjusting a refractory lock of hair, gave a pat to a collar and a jab to a tie or a jerk to a belt.

Next were those just coming into the city. Here comes a woman who walks up to the mirror, puts her foot on a chair—the lower rung thereof—and takes from her stocking a powder-rag. Glancing furtively at her fellow-travelers to see if they are looking, she dabs the rag at her nose and each cheek, rubs it down hastily, readjusts her veil and, with a satisfied though somewhat apologetic air, turns away and is lost in the crowd.

An increasing boldness as to type, we notice, runs through these varying degrees of "making up." The next woman is younger than her predecessor, and to her the travel-traces are more objectionable. She is better dressed, her hat tilts at a more aggressive angle, and her manner is more assured. In a "it's-none-of-your-business" manner she walks up to the mirror and lays down her umbrella and porte-monnaie. There is a swish of silk linings, a glimpse of open-work lisle thread, a French-heeled foot, and with due deliberation this fair bird of passage asserts the stores in her stocking. These are a few banknotes, the inevitable powder rag, a tiny comb, a pate-brun pencil, and a bit of a rouge sponge. She takes off her hat and veil, hands them to the white-aproned maid in attendance, and into the serious business of over-lay she plunges. She has come from Bridgeport and is on her way to Chicago. What does she care who watches her? With careful forethought she dampens her fingers with her tongue and massages cheeks and nose just enough to give the powder a fair hold. Then on goes the powder in generous dashes. Now quick with the rouge! Coolly enough she went at it when it was only powder she was applying, but what woman ever possessed the courage of her convictions to the extent of confessedly using rouge? One cheek gets a trifle rosier than the other and there is a bit of a smudge on the lower lip—the light is not good in her corner, so she does not see it. Grabbing her hat and veil, she ceremoniously adjusts, readjusts, jabbing

hat-pins, and tying her veil is gone through with absorbing interest. The reflection in the mirror gives back a rosier, brighter face as she nods approvingly toward it, but the improvement, although she does not guess it, is not the artificial color, but the air of self-satisfaction she now wears. She has still an hour and ten minutes to wait, but she is getting nervous and restless. She is so afraid that she is going to miss her train because—she doesn't know just why, but she is sure she will.

Tired women with children are, of course, numerous. The fact that she has one little tottler clinging to her and another in her arms is no bar to the little woman from Derby coming into town to see the store windows. She, with her New England thrift, has risen early, dressed all four of the children, cooked the breakfast and washed up the dishes by candle-light and come in to town to do a round of "window-shopping." All day she has been doing it industriously, now she is going back to her village tired, nervous, over-wrought by the noise and excitement. The children, also tired and out of sorts, have every one misbehaved in various ways, been punished pro tem and threatened with something more lasting when they reach home, and are therefore peevish and sullen. But she will do the same thing next year in the same way, except she may have a fifth olive-branch to care for. As she lays the baby down, the tottler, sticky and dirty-faced, sets up a howl for a little mothering. A middle-aged woman, motherly-looking and plainly dressed, from whom one might expect human things, turns, glares at the tired little woman, the howling tottler, the fretful baby and the sulking older ones, draws aside her skirts and turns her back upon the disconsolate family party, and mirabile dictu it is the young woman with the roses-of-her-stocking cheeks who is touched by the scene and tries to amuse the little howler.

It is so much cheaper than to go to a hotel, that even women of pretensions to form stop in the station dressing-room instead of going uptown to a hotel. Here they have a maid at their disposal—a thirty-eighth of one at least—so here they make their toilet for the nonce. One woman who is going to stay in town all night has worn her "nightie" under her blouse and petticoat so she may be encumbered with nothing but her card-case. To the usual kit in her stocking she has added her tooth-brush, so she is ready for a week's tour.

The little thirty-eighth woman who comes into the dressing-room and does not look at the mirror, sinks listlessly into a deep chair and lets her umbrella lie where it fell. Eyes turn curiously or sympathetically toward her as their owners' hearts direct them. Women offer her a stimulant from their bags, and every woman who has a bag has a bottle in it, it would appear. But incidentally discovering it through the kindness of their hearts, it were not fair to discuss it.

As others come and go the little thirty-eighth woman is forgotten. The ceaseless tide sweeping young and old, high and low, rich and poor, has run the gamut of human experience between two train-calls. After about twenty minutes' utter devitalization little thirty-eighth arouses herself and looks at her watch. Now to business! This is no trivial undertaking to be met in the free-for-all mirror where the light is not strong enough. Slipping into a corner near a window she takes the hand-mirror, before which she draws up a second chair. Off comes her hat, out comes her hair-pins, up comes the notion-stock from her stocking. She is beginning with the process of over-lay in its first stage when we turn our interested eyes to a group of young girls who troop in arm in arm, fresh as the roses of May. Here is no need for powder-rag and rouge. It is on a tour of inspection they penetrate this sacred precinct. Ethel notices Gladys' chewing gum with the soul-content nothing else can give. "Oh, where do you keep it?" she asks in surprise. "I keep it in my hair," rosy young Gladys answers innocently; "I don't ever put it in my stocking any more; I don't think it's nice."

Meantime the work of the thirty-eighth has gone steadily on. The pins having been taken out of her hair, a fluffy pompadour and a coil were carefully laid on the chair in front of her, brushed and fluffed, the thin gow on her head skinned into a flat little knot and the false "crowning glory" carefully replaced.

We might have asked if there has been some sort of black magic here had our eyes not strayed at intervals to the window where the process of rejuvenation was going on. Fluffy

THE CHARM OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

In December, 1800, a few days after Congress had for the first time met in our new metropolis, it was one morning sitting alone in the parlor, when the servant opened the door and showed in a gentleman who wished to see my husband. The usual frankness and care with which I met strangers were somewhat checked by the dignified and reserved air of the present visitor, but the chilled feeling was only momentary, for after taking the chair I offered him in a free and easy manner, and carelessly throwing his arm on the table near which he sat, he turned towards me a countenance beaming with an expression of benevolence and with a manner and voice almost femininely soft and gentle, entered into conversation on the commonplace topics of the day, from which, before I was conscious of it, he had drawn me into observations of a more personal and interesting nature. I know not how it was, but there was something in his manner, his countenance and voice that at once unlocked my heart, and in answer to his casual inquiries concerning our situation in our new home, as he called it, I found myself frankly telling him what I liked or disliked in our present circumstances and abode. I knew not who he was, but the interest with which he listened to my artless details induced the idea he was some intimate acquaintance or friend of Mr. Smith's and put me perfectly at my ease; in truth so kind and conciliating were his looks and manners that I forgot he was not a friend of my own, until on the opening of the door Mr. Smith entered and introduced the stranger to me as Mr. Jefferson.

I felt my cheeks burn and my heart throb, and not a word more could I speak while he remained. Nay, such was my embarrassment I could scarcely listen to the conversation carried on between him and my husband. For several years he had been to me an object of peculiar interest. In fact my destiny, for on his success in the pending Presidential election, or rather the success of the Democratic party (their interests were identical), my condition in life, my union with the man I loved, depended.—From "Washington in Jefferson's Time," by Margaret Bayard Smith, in Scribner's.

Thunderbolts.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning that fitted it exactly, so you can see how big it was. This is called a 'fulgarite,' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand, it plunges downward for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus by its great heat it forms a glass tube of precisely its own size.

"Now and then such a tube, known as a fulgarite, is found and dug up. Fulgarites have been followed into the sand by excavations for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash. But fulgarites are not produced alone in sand. They are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth, and frequently existing as a thin, glassy covering on the surface.

"Such fulgarites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock is so soft and porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle green glass formed from the fused rock.

"Some wonderful fulgarites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca, in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."—New York Press.

Porpoises at Play.

A remarkable photograph of half a dozen porpoises, playing under water, just ahead of the bow of a steamship traveling at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, has been published by a correspondent of Knowledge, Mr. C. H. Gale. The sea was calm and the photograph was made by leaning over the bow of the vessel. Mr. Gale calls attention to the singular fact that the porpoises, while easily maintaining their position ahead of the ship, showed no apparent effort or motion of body, tail or fin. Yet he thinks that they were not carried along by movement of the water in front of the vessel, because air-bubbles were seen rushing from their backs, and the photograph shows the effect of these bubbles by the white streaks on the backs of the animals. Sometimes they rolled over sidewise, but always maintained their position.

The Sun.

One hundred years ago the diameter of the sun was four miles greater than it is now. One thousand years ago the sun's diameter was forty miles greater than it is at present. Ten thousand years ago its diameter was four hundred miles greater than it is to-day. The present diameter of the sun is 860,000 miles, and if this diameter were to shrink to-morrow to the extent of 10,000 miles the change would not be appreciable to common observation, though a much smaller change would not elude the delicate astronomical measurements.

German children convicted of serious offenses numbered in 1905, 48,003; in 1906, 51,232, and in 1907, 55,216.

The eleven London gas companies supply among them 46,403,852,000 cubic feet of gas to 1,101,896 consumers.

The use of snake venom is increasing in the practice of medicine, and its price is soaring upward rapidly.

The latest expression in the word crop of 1908 is "notel." It was first used in Cincinnati and means a person who has no telephone.

A young inventor of Lyons, France, is said to have solved the problem of the transmission of electrical energy without the use of wires.

A Paris paper complains that no journalist has yet been buried in the Pantheon, and mentions as representatives of the craft who ought to be there Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Paul Louis Courier, Armand Carrel, Emile de Girardin and Louis Veulliot.

In Jamaica tuberculous disease is extremely uncommon among the whites. When it occurs in negroes, they quickly succumb to it.

The fossil remains of a Plesiosaurus have been unearthed at Talcahuano Bay, Chile. The body of this marine reptile of bygone age was forty-five feet long.

The eight-mile carriage road to the summit of Mount Washington being for sale, it is proposed to form a company to purchase it and run an automobile stage line over it for the accommodation of tourists.

