

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY.

He might have been an author and have written many pages to blossom for a little hour and molder down the ages.

He might have been an orator and wielded words of flame to illuminate the nation and to glorify his name.

He might have been a scholar with a string of high degrees, and have found some hidden meaning in a play of Sophocles.

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in the Sunday Magazine.

BILLY'S TRIUMPH.

By Aidney Street.

Miss Kitecat laughed. Now, when Dolly Kitecat laughed her charming eyes closed until only the long curled lashes were visible, her parted lips showed a dazzling row of teeth—and the effect was entrancing.

At least, so thought Alwyn Romaine, who had been fortunate enough to amuse her, and likewise thought poor Billy Darrell, whose pleasure, however, was mitigated by the fact that it was his brilliant companion who had caused it.

Alwyn and Billy were inseparable. They smoked the same brand of cigarettes—at least, Billy bought them and Alwyn smoked them—and they worked and played in unison.

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ambitions so well." Alwyn's appreciation, as a rule, consisted in airing his own—"And, old fellow, congratulate me, for I'm going to propose at the dance tonight, and you shall be the wish you luck. She's not rich, but she has some money and a nice little place in the country, where you shall come and shoot the birds, my boy."

Poor Billy's face grew as white as a sheet as somewhat roughly he pulled his enthusiastic companion out of the way of a passing hansom, but he set his teeth grimly and was silent, which however, did not affect his friend, who chattered graciously about his growing prospects of matrimonial bliss until they reached the door of Darrell's club, when Billy turned to his friend and said in a shaky voice, "Lo-look here, Alwyn, you are an old p-pal of mine, and I, I—er—wish you the best of everything. M-make her happy, old chap, th-that's all. No-don't trouble to come in. I've letters to write," and he darted into the lighted doorway. Alwyn stared after him.

"Well, what the—! How queer he looks; can it be possible he cares for Dolly himself?" he said with a laugh, and with a laugh dismissed the possibility. "Good old Bill! I wonder whether he'll rise a monkey just to help me over the arrangements," he said to himself as he turned up his coat collar and sauntered home to his tiny rooms in Bury street.

The jingle jangle of the bells on Alwyn's hansom speeding swiftly to Mrs. Scott-Bowler's magnificent house in Curzon street sounded to his infatuated ears as distant wedding bells. Yes, he ruminated, he had decidedly chosen well. Miss Kitecat understood him and his aims and his ambitions so well—which was not far from the truth—and on their—he meant Dolly's—income life would be free of the gross mundane cares which at present hampered the free expression of his genius.

Of course, the wedding would be expensive, but Billy! he would dedicate his first book to him, and with that magnificent idea his hansom drew up with a clatter in front of a house which radiated light and dance and song for the benefit of tea bouches in-titles, who according to custom lined the red carpet from the doorway to the curb.

In the hall he met Billy, his usually jolly face looking quite careworn and thin.

"Bravo, William," said the facetious Alwyn; "come to be in at the kill, eh? Has—er—Dolly arrived yet?"

"I do-don't know," said Billy mournfully. "I haven't been up yet. The Bowler woman st-starts up-beaming when any one gets on the first step and I can't be-beam myself up a long f-flight of stairs. I sh-shouldn't have a t-titter left at the t-top if I d-did."

"Never mind, old man," said Alwyn, cheerfully, taking his arm, "we'll face it together."

Mrs. Scott-Bowler swelled with satisfaction. Scott-Bowler's patent dye had justified its existence and had at last transplanted its owners from Tooting to Mayfair where they blossomed out gorgeously with a hyphenated name and a huge coat of arms. Oh, that coat of arms! It was ubiquitous. Visitors rested their weary heads on it embroidered on the pillows and came down next morning with its crimson imprint on their cheeks. It stared from the walls, hurt you when you sat down on a chair, and gazed vacantly at the ceiling from the middle of the hall carpet, but Mrs. Scott was satisfied. This was her first big dance, and the quantity of the quality exceeded her wildest expectations.

Alwyn and Billy, after emerging from the over-powering effect of their hostess' graciously welcome at once perceived Dolly careering about with a little soldier boy. Seeing them, she stopped her youthful warrior in midcareer and came laughing and panting up to them. Billy did not catch the quick smile of welcome she gave him before she greeted Alwyn, but with a bitter pang he saw Alwyn's impressive greeting, her answering gayety, and turned away. "I th-think I'll go and smoke," he said to himself sadly.

Alwyn had only done himself justice when he told Dolly their steps fitted to a noxy. They danced three waltzes together occasionally catching a glimpse of Billy's downcast face appearing and re-appearing among the whirling couples. "Oh, do look!" said Alwyn, jeeringly, as Billy brought his partner by main force out of the frying pan of a dowager's lap into the fire of the second fiddle, who and whose fiddle subsided with a nasal screech into a galaxy of ferns and flowers. "Poor Billy! he should have more respect for your sex than to dance with them. See all the dowagers' toes tacked in like

crabs when he comes along." Dolly laughed and Billy emerging breathless with an irate partner from the midst of the band felt a keen pang strike through his honest heart as he heard it. "Ah, well!" he thought wearily, "what does anything matter now? I'll cut-out all this to-morrow rot and go shooting somewhere."

Poor Billy, indeed! His eyes involuntarily filled as he saw his friend leading Dolly toward a secluded alcove, and he thought of his chance of happiness. "But then Alwyn's just the sort of fascinating chap the girls like; I wouldn't have b-been in it anyhow," he thought mournfully.

That dance came to an end, and the next, and still there was no sign of the snuffed Alwyn. Billy's dance with Dolly was the next on the program, and he desperately resolved to break in upon Alwyn's love making. "After all, he'll have her all his life," he said, "so my five minutes c-can hardly e-count."

As he expected he found Dolly leaning back on the settee in the alcove above the stairs, but to his astonishment she was alone.

"Excuse me, Miss Kitecat," he said, abjectly, "b-but I thought Alwyn was with you."

Dolly turned a rather tired little face toward him. "Mr. Romaine was here," she said, simply, "but he has just gone, and I was about to come and look for you. You cut my first dance, and you haven't been near me the whole evening. I'm very offended, and I won't dance with you, as I have had quite enough excitement this evening. But, dear Mr. Billy, seat your cheery self here for a bit and let me try and forgive you."

Billy with a puzzled look on his face sat himself down at her side, and then, turning his honest, manly face to hers, he said firmly in a low voice: "I-look here, D-Dolly—I may e-call you D-Dolly once, mayn't I?—and as you and Alwyn l-l-love each other, and he and I are such old friends, I shall have to learn how—"

"But"—Dolly broke in. "Hush!" said Billy, gently patting her hand. "I must say while I c-can what I've c-come to say, and th-that is g-goodby, Dolly; so forgive me every-thing t-t-onight—for I c-care for you and so—I am going away. I-I c-can't bear to stay, b-but I'm s-p-leased you're going to marry such a c-clever and g-good f-fellow as Alwyn. It's g-good-by, d-dear Dolly," said Billy desperately rising as he spoke. "I'll c-come back so-some day and stay with you b-both and shoot the b-birdies." He stopped, unable to continue, when Dolly exclaimed.

"Well, you and Mr. Romaine seem to have settled my future nicely between you. Mr. Romaine has indeed proposed to me, but, Billy," she continued softly, "I could never marry him, because—"

"N-never marry him? Oh, I know poor old Alwyn's t-too b-badly off, but, Dolly, see here," he said timidly, "d-don't be offended, but remember you've adopted me as a s-sort of brother, haven't you? I'm beastly rich, in f-fact, and it would be heaven f-for me to help you b-both. Do-do let me, Dolly. Give me my little share in your happiness. Do speak, Dolly! Ah, why are you crying? G-God knows I didn't mean to offend you," he said, his voice breaking.

Dolly pressed his arm. "Sit down again. Do, I don't know why I cried but—you are such a good fellow, Billy," she paused, and then turned to him with flushed cheeks.

"Well," she said, firmly, "Mr. Romaine tonight, at great length, asked me to entwine the music of my soul with his—the words are his, Billy, and," she continued wearily, "it took a dance and a half of emphatic declamation to assure him that I couldn't embrace the responsibility, literally or otherwise, but—and here Dolly's wet, mischievous eyes met Billy's loving ones full—"If you wanted very, very much to shoot the birdies, and if you really, really care, well—I couldn't prevent my husband shooting them, I suppose."

And she didn't.—New York Tribune.

The Best Pride. Lord Franard one afternoon during the Newport tennis tournaments last month talked most entertainingly to a group of ladies about ancestral pride.

"Ancestral pride is an excellent thing," he said, "but there are better things. We have long felt in Great Britain that there are better things. I heard the sentiment rather neatly expressed last season by a duchess.

"Here is a great family, but she was talking to a young marquis whose family is incomparably greater. He is a rather worthless, lazy, dissipated young marquis, and he boasted to the duchess about his people.

"I am very proud of my ancestry, you know," he ended.

"Yes," said the duchess, "and you have cause to be; but I wonder how your ancestry would feel about you?" —New York Herald.

Scottish Fishing Colony. A delegation of Scottish fishermen is now visiting Australia, and its members have proposed to Sir Thomas Bent, Premier of Victoria, the establishment of a fishing colony on Snake Island, some seventy miles to the southeast of Melbourne.

Traveling in Haiti Is Difficult

By Mrs. C. R. Miller.

TRAVELING over Haiti is a difficult proposition, owing to bad roads and lack of hotel accommodation. I went there on a little German freighter, and all night we lay off Port au Prince, waiting for the captain of the port's permission to land. About daybreak an officer paid a visit to the ship, examined our passports, and carried them away. It is necessary to have a special passport, issued by the Haitian consul at the port from which one sails, before a landing can be made on the island, and even with this in hand, if the president decrees otherwise, no captain would dare allow such passengers to leave the ship; so no one may land until permission is sent from the palace. After waiting three hours, word came that I might land on Haitian soil; so I descended the steps alongside the ship, climbed into a small boat manned by a native and two St. Thomas negroes, and we were off to Port au Prince. Nearing the shore I had my first view of a Haitian soldier—a blue and red-capped individual, whose clothing was ill-matched and anything but clean, while the gun he carried was of the type used in the Civil War. My camera attracted attention and I was soon surrounded by a crowd, and as I started toward the dilapidated merchant marine and opened up the instrument to make a picture, two soldiers came after me, gesticulating vigorously. It was practically impossible to understand them, for, while French is the language of Haiti, the common people speak a patois which embraces a mixture of French, Spanish and English. I finally concluded that I was wanted at the custom house, which proved to be correct. There my passport was demanded and thoroughly scrutinized, and after considerable discussion between two officers, who acted like characters in a comic opera I was allowed to go.—From Leslie's Weekly.

The Cent School.

By L. H. Sturdevant.

A CENT SCHOOL is so called because the children who come to it bring each one a cent, clutched tightly in a little hand, or knotted in the corner of a handkerchief, a daily offering. If the cent is forgotten, or lost on the way, the child goes home for another, that is all, and has a scolding for carelessness into the bargain. The littlet children go to it—used to go, rather, for indeed this should all be in the past tense rather than the present, the Cent School being a thing of the past and, as one might say, a great aunt of the present kindergarten, an old woman from the country, who is rather plain in her ways. Eunice Swain would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to school to be amused, but to work. She put them on benches in her kitchen, because it was warm there, and sat in the dining-room door, and taught them, or chastised them, as the spirit bade her. She taught the three R's, and manners, and truth-telling, and, above all, humility, impressing on these infants, daily, that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings.—The Atlantic.

Woman's Opportunity.

By "True Progress."

IT can be asserted without fear of contradiction that there is nothing of more importance than cooking. Not only is it important—vitally important—to the physical being but to the intellectual. Many a good poet or business man has been spoiled by indigestion. It goes without saying that many a marriage has been wrecked, ruined and utterly destroyed by the same cause. In view of this, is it not startling to think that at least three-fourths of the cooking in the world is bad and that half of this could safely be denominated vile? Who is to blame? Is it necessary to answer the question?

Well, then, here is a matter directly under woman's hand and properly the object of her care, which is crying aloud for attention. In devoting herself to it—and I say this in all seriousness—she will be conferring a thousand times more benefit upon mankind than ever she can hope to confer at the polls.

This Versifying Age.

By Bliss Perry.

THE body of tolerably acceptable contemporary verse is enormous. It shows a wide range of thought, and a commendable technique. In one department, at least, it has manifested a notable progress during the past five years; namely, in the poetic drama. Hundreds of men and women are now writing plays in verse. They are giving a new vitality, new imaginative possibilities, to the American stage. Our lyric poets are beyond counting. Mr. Steadman gathered the work of six hundred of them into his anthology many years ago. But this number does not represent a tithe of the persons who habitually or intermittently produce verse.

Yet how rarely, in the mass of lyric verse, does one catch the national note! More sonnets are written about John Keats than about the United States of America! —Atlantic.

Way Our Ancestors Dress Us

By Frank Crane.

NOE gentlemen wore sword-belts and gauntlets; these have disappeared; but their ghosts still guide all tailors, and two useless buttons are invariably sewed upon each cuff, and two others at the back of the frock-coats, of all afternoon males. Somewhere about 1753 a hatter named John Hetherington, of London, made and wore the first tall hat, now known as the silk, full dress, plug or stove-pipe hat. A horse saw him and ran away. The owner of the horse sued Hetherington, but lost his case, the judge doubtingly holding that an Englishman has an inalienable right to dress as ugly as he can. One time there was a king who had a deformed knee; he abandoned the knickerbockers which revealed the weakness of the royal leg, and took to long trousers. Hetherington and the king have long since end, and one at the other, from Paris to Tokio; and Lord-mercy! we aren't gone to their reward, but their ghosts still ride civilized man, one at one even laugh at the spectacle! —The Atlantic.

The Illusion of Night.

By G. K. Chesterton.

SOMETIMES fancy that every great city must have been built by night. At least, it is only at night that every part of a great city is great. All architecture is great architecture after sunset; perhaps architecture is really a nocturnal art, like the art of fireworks. At least, I think many people of those nobler trades that work by night (journalists, policemen, burglars, coffee shall keepers and such mistaken enthusiasts as refuse to go time till morning) must often have stood admiring some black bulk of building with a crown of battlements or a crest of spires, and then burst into tears at daybreak to discover that it was only a haberdasher's shop with huge gold letters across the face of it.—London News.

The United States Navy in 1909. The navy of the United States now stands, by common consent, second only to that of Great Britain, although its reconstruction was begun but fifteen years ago. This result has been attained by vigorous action and large outlay, especially during the last ten years. For the financial year 1899-1900 the total naval expenditure of the United States was rather less than ten millions sterling, and the vote for new construction and armaments was a little more than two millions; while the additions to the fleet made during that year consisted entirely of torpedo craft, of which the aggregate tonnage was only eighteen hundred tons. For the current financial year

the total vote for the navy closely approaches twenty-six millions, and the vote for new construction and armaments is about £7,800,000. The total expenditure on new ships and armaments in the ten years has been nearly sixty-three millions sterling. During 1905-1906 the expenditure on these items approached £11,400,000, an amount which has only been exceeded by Great Britain during the same period in the two years 1904-6. —London Spectator.

Mrs. Clubwoman—The disasters of married life. Mrs. Bridgwhist—I suppose she will have her husband on the platform as an exhibit.—Town Topics.

OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Escaped Terrors of Many Winters by Using Pe-ru-na.



Isaac Brock, 120 Years of Age. Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., is an ardent friend to Peru-na and speaks of it in the following terms: "Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peru-na, I have found to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH and diarrhoea. Peru-na has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people." Isaac Brock.

Nothin' to Kick About. Beauty, sighed the gazelle, is, after all, only skin deep! Well, we ain't kickin', replied the hippopotamus.—Puck.

Only One "Bromo Quinine" That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Puzzle for Congress. Congress cannot understand why President Roosevelt should have made that 90-mile ride. Unlike the congressman, the President does not get 30 cents a mile going and coming.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Grown in America. Most of the tobacco used in so-called Russian cigarettes—the far-famed brands of Turkey and Cairo, too—is grown less than 100 miles from Louisville, Ky., or within a like radius of Raleigh, N. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation. 10

An Anti-Lynching Governor. Progress of civilization is shown in Mississippi by the presence of a governor who declares not only that lynching must stop, but that if it is necessary he will stop it by ordering troops to shoot to kill. On the probability that this test of strength may come Governor Noel says frankly that "the time has come when there will have to be an armed clash between the military and the citizens."

The governor gives the reason for this declaration. In two cases he was deceived by the assurance of citizens and local peace officers and took slight precautions which were over-riden and the lynchings took place. That trick, he serves notice on mobs with a taste for the pleasant pastime, is of no more use. The troops will shoot to kill if it is necessary. If the sheriff will not give the order the officers in command must do so. Final ly Governor Noel states the principle that persons attacking jails and overthrowing the law are worse than the criminal negroes, and in addition are arrant cowards.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Meets Guns. The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda has melted down and converted into bullion the celebrated gold and silver cannon of Baroda. Of these costly but useless toys, the silver guns were the inspiration of a former gaekwar. In order to "go one better" than his predecessor, the late gaekwar had the gold guns cast, and mounted at a cost, it is said, of £100,000. They reposed in the state armory and were the wonder and admiration of all visitors to the capital.

NEW IDEA Helped Wis. Couple. It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes: "Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak, and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (delusion). "Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum."

"When we made it right we liked it and were relieved of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc. "These changes were not sudden, but relief increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee. "Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they boiled Postum according to directions on pkg., until it was dark and rich they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change. "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.