

ELECTRICITY: THE GODDESS OF THE AGE.

Her head is held among the stars,
Her feet are on the sea—
An airship with its whirling blades
Is poised upon her knee;
An auto tire is round her neck,
A trolley at her side,
And miles of insulated wire
About her waist are tied.

The lightnings of the wireless flash
Around her giant form,
Her brow is veiled in clouds of dust,
Her voice is like the storm:
She puts a harness on the world,
It moves at her command,
And all the secrets of the air
Are prisoned in her hand.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

LOST AND FOUND.

By MARIE STURTEVANT.

I have faithfully kept my promise never to divulge to my sister Louise the adventure that befell me at our first memorable dinner at Lily Carter's, nor the identity of the prim waitress who served us on that occasion. And no one but Mrs. Carter and the person directly involved ever knew of the loss and subsequent history of my pearl scarfpin.

Brief mention must be made of my eldest sister's inordinate and sinful regard for the details of household management, for thereby hangs this tale. Her own home is perfectly ordered, and thus entrenched, outside the application of the adage concerning dwellers in glass houses, she justifies herself in cavilling at the domestic peccadilloes of her friends. Not one that is not afraid to entertain Louise. I knew that Mrs. Carter was quaking over the prospect of our dining at her house. She was a boarding-school friend of Louise's and had married a poor bank clerk, and this was Louise's first visit East since Lily had set up house-keeping.

We were to go out early in order to be driven about the suburbs before dark. My sister had preceded me, and as I was on my way from the station, alone, I detected a short cut to the house by way of some vacant lots. Grip in hand, I sprang upon the banking which sloped abruptly from the sidewalk, and upon reaching the top noticed a girl, hesitating on the brink, as if dubious about trusting herself upon the slippery surface; for it was the winter season. After passing her, I paused, with an instinctive desire to be of assistance. She was the prettiest creature I ever saw. Her blond hair fluffed out from beneath a boyish seal cap which matched her rich coat. Upon the soft curve of one cheek, where the coquettes of old used to wear their patches, a small brown mole enhanced the fairness of her skin. She threw me a confiding look from her gray eyes which were shaded by wonderful black lashes, and tentatively stepped upon the icy slope. Then her feet began to slide.

"Quick!" she cried, and extended one hand in my direction. With more zeal than caution I was at her side, the impetus of my leap precipitating us at a break-neck pace down the bank, across the slippery sidewalk and into the street. With a hurried, "Thank you so much," in a sweet voice, she disengaged herself from my support and was gone.

I adjusted my hat and coat collar with a pleased though regretful smile, and, with a habit I have, felt for the pin in my scarf. It was gone! And then I remembered with vivid distinctness the violent pressure of two small hands against my chest as we made our mad descent. It was a valuable pin, and I was sorry to lose it. But my deepest regret was on another account.

"What a charming maid," this in a stage whisper by Louise to Mrs. Carter. "Has she been with you long?"

"Not long," Mrs. Carter had time to respond before the girl re-entered the dining-room. I glanced up without interest. Her hair was blond, parted primly in the middle and drawn smoothly away from her forehead. Upon the curve of one very pink cheek, where our colonial belles were wont to wear their beauty patches, was a small, brown mole. So my lady was a professional thief gaining entrance to this house disguised as a servant!

The dinner was a success and the servant perfect. Louise beamed approval and Mrs. Carter basked therein. After coffee in the library, I found some pretext for leaving the room. Listening stealthily at the pantry door, and hearing the faint clink of china, I entered. She was seated independently on the top of a pair of portable steps, finishing an ice. Her face blanched when she met my condemning gaze, and she sprang to the floor. Her beauty smote me to the heart.

"I know everything," I declared in a dramatic whisper. "If you will leave at once I will not expose your position!"

"How did you know?" she breathed, wide-eyed.

"It is quite apparent," said I, dryly, "especially after the theft of my pin."

"Oh!" she gasped. "It's you, is it?"

"Yes, it is I," grimly. "However, it is upon my friend's account that I come to you, not my own."

"Why don't you tell your friends?" she defied.

I felt myself growing red.

It is a man's pride to have a reason for his acts. I then realized that her

beauty's appeal to my sympathy was my reason now.

"You are young," I replied, severely. "I trust this is your first offense and that you will reform."

She covered her face with her little hands and for a moment her shoulders shook gently. But the eyes that she raised to mine were tearless.

"Since you are so kind I will tell you the truth. I did not steal your pin. It caught—it caught in my pompadour! You will find it advertised in the evening paper."

Was this clever ruse to throw me off? I looked at her keenly.

"You don't believe me!" The gray eyes flashed.

"I do believe you, and I ask your pardon. But—I can't understand your position here—as a servant!"

"Is it necessary that you should, Mr. Barrows?" It was the icy voice of my hostess. Being now without defence I looked the picture of guilt.

"When I need any detective work, Mr. Barrows, I will call upon you—perhaps. Until then, kindly refrain from annoying my servants!"

It was evident she thought me smitten by the charms of her table girl. So I was—yet—was a well-meaning young man ever in a more awkward position?

"Nonsense, Lily! Mr. Barrows does not deserve such abominable treatment! And I'm not your servant!"

"Oh, Daphne, think what you are saying!" implored Mrs. Carter of her mutinous maid.

"I don't care. You'll have to tell him, Lily. I'm sure he can be trusted with our secret."

How blessed for that!

Then they told me how Mrs. Carter's lack of a waitress had been supplied by her cousin Daphne. Knowing Louise as I did, I could appreciate the situation, and after mutual assurances of forgiveness and confidence our strange session in the pantry broke up.

When my sister returned to Chicago a few days later, I did not accompany her, and in due season the pearl scarf pin was fashioned into an engagement ring for the loveliest girl in the world.—Boston Post.

The Tight Little Isle.

An Englishman's pride in his own country is both admirable and humorous at times. In a very good Western story in Gunter's, entitled "The Remittance Man," Preston Ward, the writer, has his hero apostrophize England in these words:

"I see a place where the grass is green—so green; you don't know green, Tom, till you see English grass all rolled and pampered and trimmed for hundreds of years by my father and my father's father, and their fathers back—so far. And there's hedges—trim hedges, Tom, not a great rugged, cruel mountain ridge that notches the horizon. English hedges you can see over best when a good old Irish hunter lifts his front legs to take them. It takes your breath, that lift, it does. Maybe a little trout stream plays for a while through the green—so green—grass; it's an English trout stream—never blustering nor making a fuss about itself like the mountain fellows here. And the whole country's filled with trees—English trees. Great oaks that have lived in our places since we, and that guard the old homes and the old families and make them what they are. They're not afraid to stretch out; they don't get ashamed and stunted at a timber line; there's no scrub oak nor shrubs nor cactus in my England. And all the places are laid out in straight lines, and all the families are straight like the lines, and the hedges mean that this is mine and that is yours, but we won't quarrel about it, for we're all Englishmen. Oh, it's a tight little place, Tom; and it sometimes cramps fellows like me and chafes us mortal sore, and sometimes we—we, we aren't as straight as the oaks, and they make us ashamed to listen to the English breeze whispering through their English branches. But it's tight little England—my England, Tom! And that's what I see down there in the mountains. It's calling me home; calling me, calling me home like the echo we catch up here."

The Parson's Trap.

By JAMES W. WORKS.

A certain local preacher who lived in Western New York in my boyhood days cultivated a small farm in addition to his clerical duties and was accustomed to trap mink, muskrat and similar "small deer." He was brought before a board of deacons of his church on a charge of attending his traps on Sunday. He explained by saying that on one occasion he was taking a walk. It chanced to be Sunday morning, and also he had casually passed near one of his traps. In the jaws of the steel trap he discovered a live mink. As the poor creature was badly mangled and suffering, he, out of humanity, took the animal out and knocked it in the head.

This seemed to be satisfactory and the charge was about to be dismissed when Deacon Cobb sprang his trap: "Parson, did you set the trap again?" With a deprecatory wave of the hand easy to imagine but difficult to describe, the parson replied: "Deacon, I just barely set it."

The manufacture of rattan furniture is beginning to attract attention in the Philippines.



SCENE IN THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS, THE LAST HOME OF THE DODO.

The average student of geography knows that the island of Mauritius lies in the Indian Ocean, about 600 miles east of Madagascar, and that it belongs to England, but he might not be able to tell whether Mauritius is notably distinguished from a score of other islands lying in the southern hemisphere, although the name Mauritius calls up before two classes of minds pictures almost as vivid as does the fateful names of Elba or St. Helena.

One of these classes consists of the lovers of romantic literature all over the world, to whom the name Mauritius suggests the tender and pathetic idyl of "Paul and Virginia," of which this island was the theatre.

The second, and much smaller class, are the paleontologists, or students of extinct animal forms, to whom Mauritius is memorable as the last home of the dodo, a grotesque and clumsy bird, with only rudimentary wings, which appears to have been extirpated about the year 1650.

In an elaborate and costly work on the dodo, published in London in 1848, under the patronage of Prince Albert, is found the following quaint description of the dodo, taken from Sir Thomas Herbert's Journal of his visit to Mauritius in 1626:

"The dodo comes first to our description. Here (and nowhere else that ever I could see or hear of) is generated the dodo (a Portuguese name it is, and has references to her splendour), a bird which for shape and rareness might be called a Phoenix (wer't in Arabia); her body is



THE DODO. Facsimile of a drawing supposed to have made from life by Zanen.

round and extremely fat, her slow pace begets that corpulence; few of them weigh less than fifty pound; better to the eye than stomach; greasy appetites may perhaps commend them, but to the indifferently curious, nourishment but prove offensive.

"Let's take her picture; her visage darts forth melancholy, as sensible as nature's injurie in framing so great and massive a body to be directed by such small and complemental wings as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to prove her a bird; which otherwise might be doubted of; her head is variously drest, the one half hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other perfectly naked; of a whitish hue, as if a transparent lawne had covered it; her bill is very hoked, and bends downwards, the thrill or breathing place is in the midst of it; from which part to the end, the colour is a light green mix with a pale yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as diamonds; her clothing is of finest downe, such as you see in goss-lins; her trayne is (like a Chinese beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, and black, and strong; her talions sharp, her stomach fiery hot, so as stones and iron are easily digested in it; in that and shape not a little resembling the Afric ostriches."

But one living specimen of the dodo was ever known to have been seen outside of Mauritius. This one was brought alive to Europe by a Dutch navigator, and exhibited in London in 1639. The evidence of this is contained in a manuscript in the British Museum by Hamon L'Estrange, and is as follows:

"About 1638, as I walked London streets, I saw the picture of a strange fowle hung out upon a cloth and my

self with one or two more then in company went in to see it. It was kept in a chamber, and was a great fowle somewhat bigger than the largest turkey cock, and so legged and footed, but shorter and thicker and of a more erect shape, coloured before like the breast of a young cock fesan, and on the back of dunn or deare colour. The keeper called it a dodo, and in the end of a chymney in the chamber there lay a heape of large pebble stones, whereof hee gave it many in our sight, some as bigge as nutmegs, and the keeper told us shee eats them (conducing to digestion)."

A distinctly plaintive note in all the literature extant concerning the dodo excites curiosity and compassion. In his introduction to the dodo book, from which these extracts are taken, this feeling is appealed to by the author as follows: "We cannot see without regret the extinction of the last individual of any race of organic beings whose progenitors colonized the preadamite earth."

An analysis of the reason for a specially compassionate interest in the dodo would seem to show that it is founded on the strikingly grotesque character of the bird, taken with the fact that nature had been cruelly unkind to her in the matter of equipment for self-defense. She could neither run nor fly, but was, as one traveler expressed it, "a specimen of gigantic immaturity, a permanent nestling clothed with down instead of feathers, and with wings and tail so short and feeble as to be utterly unsubservient to flight."

Of this cruelty of nature the dodo herself appeared to be sensible, and to show it in "her visage," according to the account of Sir Thomas Herbert. At any rate, it made the extinction of the dodo, after the discovery of the island of Mauritius by the Portuguese about 1505, so swift and complete as to give it, to one interested, a flavor of tragedy. The last of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth made an era of geographical discovery, when even sea was filled with the barks of explorers and marauding buccaneers in search of new worlds. To these ruthless food hunters the dodo fell an easy prey, while the domestic animals which accompanied civilization wantonly devoured her eggs.

In the narrative of one of these explorers, William van Wert Zanen, who visited Mauritius in 1602, he speaks of killing fifty dodos and taking them on board his ship, where they were salted. Assailed thus, both in front and rear, what wonder that the dodo's visage "darted forth melancholy," or that it gave up the unequal struggle? The cut here shown accompanied Zanen's narrative, and is supposed to be from a drawing made by him.

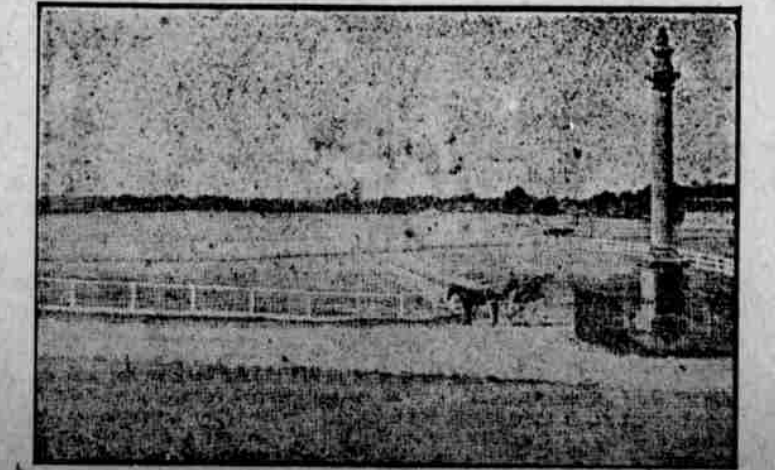
The scanty relics of the dodo, amounting to little more than fragments of a head, a leg and a foot, can be found only in the treasured collections of nations, while the paintings made from life of this despised and martyred bird by Roelandt Savery are beyond price. — From Youth's Companion.

Greased Gander Games.

An old time game was to tie a gander's legs to a long, slim, springy hickory pole. They picked out the toughest old honk they could find, plucked all the feathers off the head and neck, and then greased liberally with hog's grease. As the gander hung high over the big road, at so much, say, ten cents a try, a man mounted on a bareback horse rode by at full gallop and tried to pull off the dodging, greasy gander head. This may seem easy, but is one of the toughest tricks a man ever pulled off. Men and grown boys are more apt to pull themselves off the horse than to pull the head off; pulling off its head meant taking home the goose.—New York Press.

It is announced that the "Emperor" violin, which is part of the Hadcock collection in London, will soon be sold. Its value is estimated at \$50,000. It is claimed to be the best specimen of the work of Antonio Stradivari (1649-1737).

WOLFE'S MONUMENT ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.



Living in a Glass House.
Alice and Nick and a few poodle dogs
Were seated at home last night;
The flames burst forth from the crackling logs
And their glare was warm and bright;
"Daddy is after those naughty French,"
Cried Alice in delight;
"It's good for them, too; they have no defense."
And her pride was a pretty sight.
"Race suicide is a terrible thing,
As Daddy has often said."
Her eye was clear, her voice had a ring—
Then Nicholas raised his head.
He hid down his paper, then took it up,
His words had a meaning sting;
For he said, as he kicked the nearest pup:
"Yes, it's a terrible thing."
—Theodore C. Ditrich, in New York American.

Feminine Amenities.
Violet—"I wouldn't want to stand in your shoes."
Miss Smallfoot (cooly)—"You couldn't."—Brooklyn Life.

Power of Suggestion.
Angry Man (at the telephone)—
"You go hang yourself, Smithers!
(After a pause) Do you hear me?"
Central—"Your party hung up!"
—Puck.

Thump! Thump! Thump!
Mrs. Heck—"Your carpets are so fresh and bright looking. What do you use to clean them?"
Mrs. Peck—"My husband."—Boston Transcript.

Unsatisfactory.
"Have you seen the Washington Monument?"
"Yes," replied the New Yorker.
"It's a pretty tall building, but what's the good of it without any offices for rent?"—Washington Star.

For the Asking.
"Pardon me, Governor," began the interviewer, "I—"
"Certainly, certainly," replied the Tennessee Executive, reaching for a blank. "What are you guilty of?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Unreasonable.



Mother—"Tommy, what's the matter with your little brother?"
Tommy—"He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."
Mother—"Is his own cake finished?"
Tommy—"Yes'm, and he cried while I was eating that, too."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Something Visible.

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."
"Yes, sir. About what price?"
"Well, at such a price that I can say: 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"—Fleggende Blätter.

One Kind.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"Were there two of every kind went into the ark?"
"Yes, my boy; two of every kind."
"And was there two suffragettes?"
—Yonkers Statesman.

More Appropriate.

Society Woman—"I see by to-day's paper I am referred to as 'one of fashion's butterflies.'"
Her Husband—"Considering the way you go through your clothes, I should think 'moth' would apply better."—Stray Stories.

Technically Speaking.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the woman who discusses everybody.
"It seems but a little while since he asked for her hand."
"Yes," replied the rude man. "He got the hand all right. But it turned out to be a misdeal!"—Washington Star.

Tenses.

"So you think your new production should appeal to admirers of both the old and the new."
"Yes," replied the theatre manager; "the leading actress is a woman with a future and the heroine of the story is a woman with a past."—Washington Star.

Desperate.

Maud—"Jack proposed to me last night."
Mabel—"Poor fellow; so he did keep his word after all."
Maud—"Why, what do you mean?"
Mabel—"When I refused him last week he said it would cause him to do something desperate."—M. A. F.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, headache, dizziness, spells tell of disordered kidneys. Neglect of these warnings may prove fatal. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure sick kidneys.

Mrs. W. B. Conway,
117 Railroad St.,
Punxsutawney, Pa.,
says: "I was in such poor health I could scarcely attend to my housework. My back ached as if it were being pulled apart, and my feet and ankles were badly swollen. The kidney secretions were in terrible condition. I was extremely nervous and my heart palpitated violently. Short use of Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me and soon my whole system was renovated."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Queen a Good Shot.
The queen of Italy is one of the finest shots in Europe, not only in comparison with her own sex, but as against all comers. In her girlhood she was a great huntress, but she no longer hunts; she now has an unquenchable aversion to killing anything, and, though she still shoots, it is only at clay pigeons or some such mark.—Indianapolis News.

ROCKEFELLER'S NAME WILL LIVE

Harriman's Will Fade From Human Mind, But Oil Magnate's Never.

Pale Alto, Cal.—In President David Starr Jordan's address to the graduating class at Stanford University, the subject of which was "The Wealth of Nations," reference was made to the lives of E. H. Harriman and other great financiers in drawing the lesson that man's success in life is not measured by what he does for himself, but rather by what he does for humanity.

"In those matters in which the permanent wealth of nations is concerned, in the long future of mental and spiritual development, the name of Harriman," said Dr. Jordan, "finds no place. The name of Newcomb in the same connection will stand in larger letters among those who by life and influence have made this world a broader and a better one."

Continuing, he said: "The name of Rockefeller will not suggest Standard Oil or the association of monopolies. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research represents one of the wisest and most far-reaching uses to which any man's money can ever be put."

Government By Commission.

David T. Watson of Pittsburgh is one of the leading lawyers of Pennsylvania, as well as a leading Democrat. It is said he strongly favors the general adoption of the commission form of government for cities, not only as a means of securing greater economy of administration, but of bringing about needed civic reforms.

Government by commission brings responsibility nearer to the mass of the people. Responsibility is now dissipated and lost in a multitudinous divisibility. The elector is burdened with so much choice that he has a choice.

Mr. Watson and Dr. Woodrow Wilson are on the right track. Fewer elective officers and the short ballot point the way to the reinstatement of popular rule and the end of the boss system.—Philadelphia Record.

Character in Handwriting.

A sceptic of graphology recently tested the skill of two professors of the art. To the one he submitted the handwriting of Vacher, the notorious criminal, the slayer of peasant women. The professor without hesitation pronounced the writer to be a good, tender-hearted and lovable person, who would be sooner or later the victim of his altruism. A psychologist tested another professor with Rostand's writing. He would say nothing until he learned the day of the birth of the writer. He was told August 1, 1868. After some deliberation the professor declared that the writer would be guillotined in 1910, and that the sensation created would eclipse that caused by the production of "Chanteclair."—London Globe.

FEED CHILDREN

On Properly Selected Food. It Pays Big Dividends.

If parents will give just a little intelligent thought to the feeding of their children the difference in the health of the little folks will pay, many times over, for the small trouble.

A mother writes saying: "Our children are all so much better and stronger than they ever were before we made a change in the character of the food. We have quit using potatoes three times a day with coffee and so much meat."

"Now we give the little folks some fruit, either fresh, stewed, or canned, some Grape-Nuts with cream, occasionally some soft boiled eggs, and some Postum for breakfast and supper. Then for dinner they have some meat and vegetables."

"It would be hard to realize the change in the children, they have grown so sturdy and strong, and we attribute this change to the food elements that, I understand, exist in Grape-Nuts and Postum."

"A short time ago my baby was teething and had a great deal of stomach and bowel trouble. Nothing seemed to agree with him until I tried Grape-Nuts softened and mixed with rich milk and he improved rapidly and got sturdy and well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.