

TO THE MEN WHO LOSE

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be ne'er so nobly planned,
And watched with jealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand,
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who after fierce defeat
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished banners never are unfurled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true world is not success,
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown onward
To press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this is the toast I choose;
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing,
Here's to the men who lose!"
—Unknown.

AMBER

At the sound of a footfall in the corridor he laid down his pen and leaned wearily back in his big armchair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow. There were diamonds at her throat and in her golden-brown hair. She looked radiant with pleasure.

"Shall I do?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands, palms downward.

He inspected her deliberately—critically, she thought.

"You will do well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"Faust! I am going with the Kendalls. Lawrence—"

He took up his pen with a slight gesture of impatience that effectually silenced her. Half the joy died out of her face. She stood a moment watching him as he wrote; then she went round and laid her hand timidly on his shoulder.

"John—" wistfully. She hesitated, hoping that he would look up or say something more; but he did neither.

"I—I am going now. Good-by."

"Good-by." It was the tone, not the words, that brought a sudden dimness into her eyes. She lingered still with her hand on his shoulder. Then she slowly removed it and stole out of the room.

As the curtain ceased swaying behind her the pen dropped and John Sarles covered his face with his hands. He heard a carriage stop at the curbing, and the front door close with a bang. He heard a man's voice and a man's gay laugh—both Lawrence Kendalls'; then there was a rumble of wheels and he lifted his head with a jerk. Something like a sob escaped him.

"Lawrence," she had said. It had come to that, then! Lawrence! John Sarles knew him well—knew how his handsome face and winning smile endeared him to the hearts of women—how he was sought after, petted, admired.

Ah, well, it was something, after all, to be born with a handsome face and straight, strong limbs. John Sarles looked bitterly at the crutch leaning against the chair and thought that because of it life had withheld much of its sweetness from him. Wealth and even a powerful intellect which put him in touch with the brightest thinkers of the day failed to make up to him for that.

He had been on the point of sinking into the self-imposed isolation of a proud, morose nature when Amber came—Amber, the little daughter of his only intimate friend, who, dying, had entrusted her to his care.

Soon the music of her laughter had chased away the ghostly echoes from the lonely old house and the light of her happy eyes brightened every room. Her books strewed the tables, her flowers filled the long unused vases, her gowns made bits of color against the dark walls as she flitted up-stairs and down.

Gradually all became changed because of her. New furniture replaced the old, new carpets covered the floors, the conservatory blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark recess of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood.

By and by the little girl became a maiden to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which men considered as well-nigh precious, and all the time that Amber was growing winsome and sweet and graceful John Sarles was growing old and wrinkled and gray. But his heart was as young as ever, and he loved Amber with all the pent-up force of his nature and he suffered agonies because of that love, feeling that she could never, never be his.

One day a handsome boy of good family came to ask him for Amber's hand. Poor John! He gave his consent and his blessings as well. What else could he do, not knowing but that Amber loved him? And while the boy was pleading his cause John sat in his study with as bitter a heartache as ever man had.

Presently the door opened, but he

didn't look up. And then came a sweet, sobbing voice and the pressure of two soft and warm arms about his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me so!"

He was suffocated with surprise, and joy and terror, but he managed to draw her around where he could see her face, which was rosy with blushes and persistently averted.

"Amber!" he cried. "Tired of you! Want to get rid of you, Amber!"

And then, reassured by his tone, she burst out, passionately—

"Yes, you must be, else you'd never have sent him to me, when you know I hate him—hate them all but you!" He drew her down on his knee at that and held her close in his trembling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes and childlike mouth, the round, soft cheek and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three. That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long, beautiful dream. Amber loved him and Amber was his wife.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbered John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worry. Once he had been positively harsh toward her. What else had he been to-night? And all the time his proud, sensitive nature was suffering to its utmost capacity.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth, though he could not see them. The wistful pleading in her voice had touched him to the quick.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffling the shiny hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her



"ARE YOU TIRED OF ME?"

how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or by look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling. And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way. What a fool he had been—how cowardly and unreasonable, to doubt his innocent darling even for one moment.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock? Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below?

John Sarles seized his crutch and limped a few paces toward the door, but stopped as it was flung open and the figure of an old serving man appeared on the threshold.

"Sir—" he began.

John Sarles' lips moved, but no sound passed them.

"Sir, I have come with sad news for you. There has been an accident—the horses ran away—and Miss Amber—"

He caught John as he reeled and fell and, answering the mute, awful appeal of those agonizing eyes, he concluded—

"Is hurt seriously, but not fatally. They have just brought her home."

Three months afterward, when bursting buds and freshly-sprouting grass proclaimed that spring was at hand, Amber was carried into her husband's study and propped up by pillows and cushions on the soft there. Her face had lost its roundness and its dainty color and the beautiful brown-gold hair was cut close to her head.

There was a great bunch of yellow roses on the table at her side, and she touched them lovingly, knowing John was watching her, and that he had placed them there.

Presently he came and sat down on the edge of the sofa—all their differences had long since been made up—and took her hands in his and held

them tenderly against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, though Amber's were clear enough.

"You dear old John," she said smiling, "I believe you feel worse about it than I do."

"Well, you needn't, you silly boy." She was silent a moment, and then she said, musingly, "Do you know, I believe I'm half glad—"

"Oh, my darling, to be lame all your life!"

"Yes; for, don't you see, we shall sympathize with one another more than we ever have? And, oh, John—"

"Yes, Amber."

"I never realized before how patient and dear you were until I was hurt. I think I love you better than ever, if that can be, and I am sure—quite sure—sure, quite sure, that this has been a blessed lesson for both of us, aren't you?"

And John, in his newer and clearer wisdom, dared not deny it.—Grit.

ODD NAMES FOR NEW COLORS.

Shades of Popular Fabrics Designated as Willow and Seaweed.

This season green is assertively in the lead for fabrics to be used for daytime wear and particularly in tailored costumes. Every shade known heretofore and a few additional ones are shown and called by names that appropriately designate the exact shade. The newest, says Vogue, are hemlock, willow, chartreuse, seaweed, Verte-de-Mer, bronze and ivory.

Venetian rouge is a deep and rare shade of red with just a tinge of brown, and terra cotta has a dusty tone not seen in this color before. It greatly improves it, as does the ashy tone given to the reddish plum color, which is known by the name rhododendron. Chataine is a deep red brown, very becoming to any type, and brun fonce corresponds to seal brown.

Moyen gris is a smoke gray. The paler tints for evening wear show a pale chartreuse, a pale sassafras and a pale smyrne. Crepuscul, lilac, bois de rose lichen, a light gray green and tanagra, a light cedar shade are the unusual hues, besides which all the colors known as evening shades are to be found. In these last cravette, which is a hue suggesting shrimp, is very captivating, and for dinner gowns or theater dresses there is a group, quite distinctive, of colors that remind one of old favorites, but differ by showing a grayer tone or a greener cast, or a note of purple, a difference decided though subtle. Of these tints rose crulee comes in two shades, one very pale, the other medium deep. The color is on the old rose order and has a soft glow, though toned on gray. Sauterne is a new and exquisite shade of amber, and champagne has a bronze cast, looking like seaweed dripping wet on the beach in the sun.

Aeroplane is a smoky blue green, and acier bruni is purplish gray, coming in two shades, and caca is a deep fawn brown. Etna is a smoky brown, and the new stone grays that are so scary are dingy, green gray.

Taupe is the leading shade in plain mesh veils, and those made of a wiry thread in the large, hexagonal style are unusually becoming to the complexion. Another mesh veil, of finer weave, is covered with flat velvety pastilles, square in shape, scattered over the surface at close intervals.

It is remarkable how satisfactory one may furnish one's entire wardrobe ready-made when only a few years ago anything out of certain standard colors had to be furnished by the dressmaker. The completeness of the stock of colored separate waists evidences this, it being possible to match any suiting in a variety of fabrics and models. Thus one may keep up to the modish fad for blouses of the same color as the skirt with little or no trouble. Prominent in the showing of a leading shop are embroidered net waists, the pattern in silk soutache braid. To show this off contrast is given by a white mousseline lining, over which the work stands out clearly.

Honesty.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misses Clahk," he said. "Yo kin seh a good w'd fo' me, can't yo? Tell 'em Ah'm homes, 'n sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat, an' say yo' thinks Ah'm homes." Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misses Clahk," he said, with a deep bow.

"When yo' come over to-morrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."—Success Magazine.

Milton's Reply.

Milton, besides being an excellent poet, could, if the occasion offered and circumstances demanded, make a sharp retort. In a letter to the London Spectator the writer quotes an anecdote which he found among some family papers. It was originally related by his great-grandfather in 1762.

King Charles II. had the curiosity to see Milton, and in the course of conversation said to him:

"God hath punished you for your malice, and so forth, to my father by taking away your sight."

"Aye," Milton is said to have replied, "but before I lost my eyes, he lost his head."

The Ingenue.

He—A philosopher says: "The only thing worth while in life is trying to do something you can't—and doing it."

She (sweetly)—Is that why you play bridge?—Life

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



The commendable thing about a bantam rooster is, that he puts every feather and toenail he has into his crow.

The part of a book that will do us the most good is the part that we put where an X-ray can't find it.

Law enforced is public sentiment doing its duty.

We should look up for help and then look down to help.

The man who has no God can never have very much else.

The religion that is ashamed of itself generally ought to be.

Men may come and men may go, but character comes to stay.

Nobody ever thinks much of the man who has a poor opinion of himself.

There are men who think that the real cause of original sin was poor cooking.

The time may come when the ragweed will turn up its nose at the Cedar of Lebanon.

The woman who marries a man to reform him has more faith in human nature than St. Paul had.

There are people who have such a feeble sense of humor that they cry when they go to the circus.

It is so much easier to knock a man into the middle of next week than it is to turn the other cheek.

The man who lives altogether for himself couldn't do anything that would pay less on the dollar.

PRIMITIVE ASTRONOMY.

Murder of Abel Pictured on Moon—Stars Lit and Extinguished Daily.

We have it on no less authority than that of Caesar that the Druids taught their disciples many things about the form and dimensions of the earth and the heavens and a body of doctrine on the motions of the stars. Even death itself was to them an astronomical fact. They held that from this life we pass to take up our abode in one of the heavenly bodies. That they firmly held to this belief is manifest from the fact that they had no objection to lending money to be repaid in the other world. They looked upon the passage from this life in much the same way as we regard a journey across the Atlantic.

There is no doubt that even now in various parts of Europe the views of the peasantry as to the heavenly bodies and oriental phenomena have changed but little from those of their predecessors of a thousand years ago. A Russian contributor to the Bulletin of the Astronomical Society of France has given the results of his observations on this point, extending over the last ten years. The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, center and south is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and moon, of three constellations of the Milky Way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being.

The moon, covered with ice and snow, is ever in flight from its brother the sun. Upon its disk may be seen unmistakably portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death by a pitchfork. Chill are the lunar rays, and woe betide the child of a man who shall sleep unprotected therefrom! From the horns of the crescent much useful information as to the forthcoming weather may be derived by the learned in such things.

The stars are lamps or candles which are lit and extinguished daily by the Eternal. A shooting star is the soul of one who has just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleonic war followed the great comet of 1811.

Lacemaking.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most people suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancée; but, war breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. While absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

A Great Reader.

"She's a great reader of books."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, she even reads the forewords and prefaces."—Detroit Free Press.

It is frequently difficult to corner a man who isn't square.

THE VOICES.

I hear the voice of the city

Calling again and again,
And into her arms there hastened
Millions and millions of men.

And I heard the voice of old gardens,
Of quiet woodland ways;
But few there were who would heed
them
In the rush of the busy days.

The cities grow old and vanish,
And their people faint and die;
But the gardens are green forever,
Forever blue is the sky.
—Charles Hanson Towne.

The Indian Idol

It was in our bachelor days and we shared a set of chambers in one of the London squares; when Browning had not attained the high rank in his profession that is his to-day—the dreaded Nemesis of all criminals, the expert to whom the detectives of Europe come for assistance and advice.

I had just returned from a week's holiday in Scotland to find Browning awaiting me on the platform at King's Cross. His face wore a worried look. "I've just driven down from Caddogan place. I've got an important case on."

"What is it?" I asked. "I'll tell you about it when we get home."

When the cab put us down at our chambers, he opened the door and led the way into our sitting room. Then he took off his overcoat and flung it across a chair.

"You know how strained the relations are between England and—that the House had three all-night sittings last week, discussing the situation?"

"Yes," I said.

"You know that a crisis has only been averted by the diplomacy of one man?"

"Lord Quinton—the foreign secretary," Browning poked the fire into



"I THINK HE WAS MURDERED."

a blaze, and then looked at me, the poker resting in his hand. "He was found murdered this morning, and I have been engaged on the case all day—called in by Scotland Yard."

"Have you any idea how the crime was committed, and why?"

"None; we are all working in the dark. There are four of us engaged on it; three men from Scotland Yard and myself."

Browning paused. "There are some extraordinary features about the case, features which contradict one another. At half-past 9 he had breakfast with his wife; at 10:15 he went into his study; at half-past he was found on the floor dead, a half-smoked cigar between his fingers. Death must have been instantaneous, since the look on his face was a normal one."

Browning flicked the ash off his cigarette. "We can really tell nothing until after the post mortem to-morrow. He may have died of heart failure; one of the men from the yard is inclined to that view. Personally, I think he was murdered."

"By someone in the employ of a foreign power?"

He was silent for a moment. Then, "I should like you to see his study; it's a perfect museum of curiosities. Carving from China, inlaid work from Japan and India. Standing in one corner is a most beautiful model of a pagoda, carved by natives; it must be worth hundreds of pounds. And his ash-tray is a bronze representation of a native god, holding a metal tray depicting the world."

The next afternoon at 5 o'clock Browning returned from the post mortem examination.

"I was right on one point," he said to me on entering. "Lord Quinton died from the effects of poison. The next thing is to find the murderer."

That evening we received a visit from Inspector Turnbull of Scotland Yard.

Browning handed his cigarette case across the table. "First of all, Inspector, I should like to hear your views—you smoke?"

The detective took a cigarette. "To be candid, Mr. Browning, I'm hanged if I know what to make of it."

"It is somewhat perplexing," he said. "If we sift all the evidence we have at our disposal, I think we can only come to one conclusion, and at any rate, as to the motive, as far as we can gather, Lord Quinton had no enemies; there was no one likely to do him any injury. He was happily married."

Browning smiled cynically. "True, every man is supposed to have a skeleton in his cupboard, but we have searched his private papers, and can find no evidence. No, we must go farther afield for motive. You know the political position as well as I do, Inspector."

Inspector Turnbull nodded. "But perhaps you have not heard of Kruegel?"

"The great secret service agent?" "But did you know he left for his own country the morning after the murder?"

"You did not tell me." "I should not dare to offer my poor knowledge to Scotland Yard," he said. "Besides, it was your place to find it out as much as mine."

We sat up discussing the case until past midnight, but with no satisfactory result.

Browning had been smoking in silence for a few moments. "Inspector," he said suddenly, "will you meet me at Lord Quinton's house at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and we'll go through the case together? I'll be Lord Quinton, and act as I think he acted on the morning he was murdered. It may give us a hint that will put us on the right track."

I went round next morning to Caddogan place with Browning, and there punctually at 10 o'clock we were joined by Inspector Turnbull.

For a few minutes the two detectives discussed the case together. Inspector Turnbull was absolutely stolid at times.

"I cannot for the life of me see what good it can do us to go through that play-acting," he said, when Browning suggested we should commence.

My friend smiled. "Then you must watch it just to humor me." A seriousness came into his voice. "It may all lead to nothing, but it may give us the very clew for which we are looking."

"Exactly," said the representative of Scotland Yard.

Browning walked to the door, and then returned, leisurely. In the middle of the room he stopped for a moment and lighted a cigarette. "I have no cigars, I never smoke them," he said. Then he continued to Lord Quinton's desk, sat down, and commenced reading some letters.

Browning rose impatiently to his feet. "I have omitted to do something Lord Quinton did that morning," he said, and fell to pacing the room.

He flung the end of his cigarette into the fireplace and sat down in an easy chair.

"You'll come round to my view, I think, in time," said Inspector Turnbull.

Browning leaped to his feet. For a moment he stood staring at me. Then, with a laugh, he crossed to the fireplace and flicked off the ash.

"Inspector," he said a second later, "I'm afraid I've wasted a lot of your time; I've been a confounded fool."

He crossed the room to where, at the Inspector's side, stood a small ebony table, on which rested, among other things, the ash tray, with its Indian idol.

Stooping down, he slowly and very carefully passed his hand along the rim of the tray.

Suddenly, from the mouth of the god there sprang a long, pointed needle. For a second we saw it, and then it disappeared again.

"You see now how Lord Quinton was poisoned," said Browning. He pressed the rim of the tray again, and when the needle appeared, held it between a pair of tweezers.

The needle was nearly three inches long, and not more than one-eighth broad at its widest part. It was flat and hollow, giving an easy means of access for the poison.

"What a fiendish idea!" said the Inspector.

The body was lying in a spare bedroom, and we immediately went upstairs to inspect it. There, on the right hand, just above the wrist, was a small puncture, lined in blue. It was so small as to be hardly noticeable, and had we not known where to look for it, we should never have discovered it.

The same afternoon the news of Lord Quinton's death was made public. Newsboys were passing beneath our window, shouting out the intelligence when Browning entered.

"We have found where and when Lord Quinton bought that ash tray," he said. "Three weeks ago he received a letter addressed from a road in Shepherd's Bush, saying the writer had a curio for sale and would be pleased to call and show it to him if he would care to see it with a view to purchasing it."

"Have you seen the letter?" I asked. "No. Lord Quinton