

CUPID TO THE RESCUE

By JEAN CARMICHAEL

Channing had come within an ace of being late at Mrs. Orme's dinner. The clock had struck half-past seven while he was rucking upstairs two steps at a time, to throw off his coat and hat, and as he entered the drawing-room to greet his hostess, the disapproving butler followed close at his heels, and immediately announced dinner. When Mrs. Orme said to him hurriedly, "You'll take out Miss Patricia Ames, Jimmy, I believe you know her," he could only gasp, "Oh, certainly," and wonder what would happen.

Thus he saw Patricia, of whom he had not so much as caught a glimpse for three long dreary weeks, adorable little Pat, with whom he was madly in love, and who, as he was sadly aware, had promised never to speak to him again. And Pat was honorable and literal. On seeing him she turned pale, and when he offered her his arm, she was all but petrified with fear. But there was no escape. It was awkward enough, yet it was impossible for them to take Mrs. Orme into their confidence at the last moment and beg for an exchange of partners.

In spite of the situation, however, Channing quietly exulted, as he felt her little hand trembling on his arm, and he exulted the more, when, after Patricia's dragon of a grandmother, her only relative and chaperon, was not dining at Mrs. Orme's that evening. It made one difficulty less, and Mrs. Ames had been a difficulty for Channing, a frosty and forbidding one. A month had passed since he had met Patricia, while they were crossing from Liverpool. Met—that was their final mistake, for their meeting, to say



Held It to Her Lips, Her Eyes on Channing.

the least, had been unconventional. This was the most heinous of crimes in the eyes of Patricia's grandmother who reigned on Beacon street in Boston, read Emerson and Professor James exclusively, she looked severely out upon a generally impish world through her gold-rimmed spectacles. On the steamer her stately eyes, thus aided, had instantly pierced Channing's obvious external attractions, and had examined and visaged his soul. When later she found that he not only did not live on Beacon street, but was not connected with known dwellers thereon, she was shocked enough. But when she further discovered that he was not even from Boston, but an inhabitant of Chicago, she shuddered—there were such possibilities in the way of commerce there! Too horrified, at the time, for speech, she could only wave her hand in despair. No wonder Channing was pleased at avoiding this "difficulty" at Mrs. Orme's dinner.

As he and Patricia walked speechlessly down the long hall that led to the dining-room a thousand tender memories flashed through his mind. Within one hour after leaving Liverpool, he had fallen violently in love with Patricia, as she sat opposite him at the table in the dining-saloon. But whenever he had so much as glanced in her direction he had been met by a stony stare from her watchful grandmother and as he knew none of the few choice spirits on the boat whom Mrs. Ames admitted to her sacred circle he felt hopeless. Fortunately for him, however, on the second day out a storm prostrated most of the passengers, among them Mrs. Ames. Since she could not reasonably forbid Patricia's eating, the adorable one had appeared alone at luncheon and had actually sent him a sweet, shy little smile by the time they had stidily gone through five courses—and then, most delicious of memories—just then it had happened.

By the time Channing had reached his chair for her at Mrs. Orme's table. For a moment he touched her white gown and his fingers tingled. The perfume of her roses intoxicated him and he half closed his eyes as he recalled that thrilling moment when Patricia, venturing out on the slipping deck after luncheon, had been roughly swung straight at him. If he had not been there she would probably have gone overboard, as the ship careened. For one blissful moment he had held her in his arms.

Channing, with difficulty, drew out a "yes" and "no," and nothing more from his shy neighbor. At the end of two courses he felt decidedly bored. People were noticing that he and Patricia had turned their backs to each other and even the poised Mrs. Orme now and then shot an inquiring glance of distress at him. He was inwardly vexed and in desperation turned boldly to Patricia.

"This is a horrible bore," he said, "and I am going to talk to you, and you've got to listen and look interested, or else Mrs. Orme and all the

others will be shocked and talk about it. As you have a conscience, you need not say anything at all. But—" he lowered his voice—"it's immense, simply ripping, just to be near you, Pat. You look adorable in that white gown. I never saw you in evening dress before, you know, and I'd like to pick you up in my arms and run away with you."

Channing controlled his expression in some unaccountable way and to anyone looking on he might have been making conversation about the weather. But Patricia grew very pink and confused as he went on making love to her under the very eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Underly. At first she smiled and nodded once or twice, but kept her lips tightly closed, as though afraid a word would slip out involuntarily. Then, suddenly, she picked up her place card and regarded the fat cupid painted upon it.

"Do you know," she said to him, "that I am not sorry to see a certain person again. I'm talking to you, you lovely pink cherub," she explained. "But you may tell him, the certain person, whose name cannot be mentioned, all that I say, and if you can, all that I think as well."

She flashed Channing a little glance through her long lashes—a look that sent the blood racing through his veins. Then her face clouded and she shook her head mournfully at the still smiling little love god.

"There will be a horrible row later," she confided to the card. "Grandmamma is coming to the reception after dinner, and, oh, when she sees a certain person, there will be such a row, and I shall be snatched away, and she won't believe that I've not spoken to him. Dear little Cupid," she implored, "can you live up to your reputation and come to the rescue and help me out?"

Under cover of the chatter and the laughter and the subdued confusion of a large dinner the two, apparently conversing, felt quite alone, and were no longer the object of attention.

"Dearest Patricia," Channing exclaimed, "I don't care. I'm going to steal you away from your dragon grandmother. Can't Mrs. Orme tell her that I'm respectable?"

Patricia looked up at him with lovely, serious eyes, then glanced down again at the card. "You know," she instructed Cupid, "grandmother does not, and can never, know a certain person. He lives in Chicago, which is beyond the pale. He was never introduced properly."

"It's not all over, Patricia Ames," he muttered. "It's only just begun. If you think I'm going to give in to her you are much mistaken. I don't care if she is your grandmother and a Bostonian. I'm going to run away with you, if she won't give you to me properly."

As Mrs. Orme rose, Patricia hastily took a flower from her corsage bouquet and absently held it to her lips, her eyes on Channing. Then, in the confusion caused by the women leaving the table, she slipped it into his hand.

"Go lovely rose," she whispered to the ceiling. "Tell him who wastes his time and me, that now he knows. Thank you so!"

Then she brushed past him and went out of the room. Channing, with the rose in his hand, smoked nervously, not listening to the stories of the other men and only half answering when he was directly addressed. As soon as possible he fled to the drawing-rooms, where the guests for the reception were already assembling. Across the great space he caught sight of frightened Patricia sending him a warning glance, and at the same moment saw the cause of her terror. There, standing near their hostess, he beheld the tall and commanding form of Mrs. Ames of Beacon street. They were talking animatedly and Mrs. Ames was smiling, actually smiling—he had never seen her smile before—and Zeldia brought her stately head as if something pleased her. Then, suddenly, she turned and swept ponderously forward, bearing down toward Channing like a full-ripped ship.

For a moment he was terrified and could only wave her hand in despair. No wonder Channing was pleased at avoiding this "difficulty" at Mrs. Orme's dinner.

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Pardon me—Zelda brought her horse to the curb—but I've lost my way. Can you tell me—"

The girl stepped to the curb and described the easiest way across town. She was small and trim of figure and had very blue eyes.

"Thank you," said Zeldia, and Zen started forward.

"You are Miss Dameron," the teacher said, hesitatingly.

"Yes," Zeldia turned toward her in surprise.

"It's been a long time since I saw you—as many as a dozen years."

The girl smiled and Zeldia smiled, too.

"I wish I could remember. I'm sorry, but won't you help me?"

"It was when you were a little girl—so was I, but I was older—and my mother took me to see your mother, and we played, you and I, that is, in the yard, while our mothers talked. You wore a red dress and I thought you were very grand."

Merriam of Olive. "Nothing short of a miracle would account for it."

"I met her down at the school-house. She had lost her way and asked me how to find Jefferson street. I called her by name—she seemed to remember me, and then she insisted on bringing me home. She seemed rather pitiful; she said she was lonesome and wanted a friend."

Olive sat down on a stool at her mother's feet. She was afraid to show too much interest in this new-found cousin. Her mother was clearly puzzled and troubled; the moment was difficult; but she felt that it was her duty to determine their future relations with Zeldia Dameron now.

"She is very like her mother. It gave me a shock to see her. Margaret had that same impulsive way. In any and theatrical, but she felt that it was her duty to determine their future relations with Zeldia Dameron now."

"I suppose it would," said Merriam, who was thinking of something else. "Well, posterity will settle those questions without us. And would you mind walking over to the office with me—"

"Bless me, I must be going! This was an unparadise hour for a call."

"Not in the least; only I've another caller over there—Pollock, of the quartermaster's department, who has been sent out to take charge of the new post site. He's a nice chap; you must know him."

"I'll be very glad, some other time," said Merriam. "Which way does he come from?"

"He's a Southern boy. Father was a Johnny Reb. Another sign that the war is over and the hatched buried."

"No irony! The town has always been so good to me and mine that we've had no chance for repose."

"But the Spanish War passed over and never touched you. I don't believe the powers at Washington knew you were here."

"Oh, yes, they did. They wired me every few hours to count the old gun in the storehouse, until I knew every piece of the old scrap iron by heart. If we'd used those old guns in that war, the row with Spain would have been on a more equal basis."

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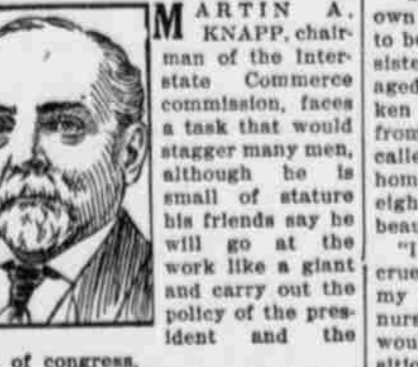
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PROMINENT PEOPLE

KNAPP HAS BIG TASK TO ENFORCE RAIL LAW



MARTIN A. KNAPP, chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, faces a task that would stagger many men, although he is small of stature his friends say he will go like a giant and carry out the policy of the president and the aims of congress.

It is the new railroad law that gives Mr. Knapp and his associates on the commission much concern these days. As chairman Mr. Knapp naturally will be in the thickest of the fray. While the railroads are not expected to give battle they are always fighting for their rights and have brainy men looking out for their interests. On the other hand, are the shippers. Here's where the complaints come from and the most trouble develops.

Mr. Knapp went to the summer White House at Beverly, Mass., a few days ago and had a conference with President Taft concerning the new law.

President Taft went exhaustively into the provisions of the new law with the chairman and later earnestly pointed out that there need be no apprehension that the commission will be used to club indiscriminately all railroads that propose an advance in rates.

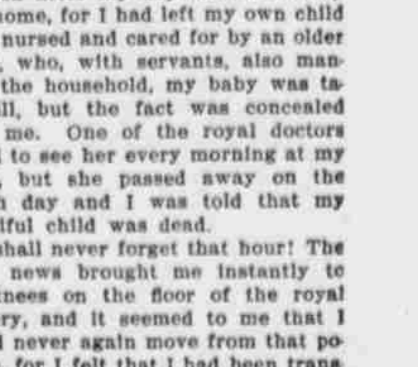
The law, the president pointed out, was not passed for the purpose of lowering rates, or even of holding all rates where they are at the time of the passage of the law, but rather for the purpose of equalizing rates and keeping them so far as possible in tune with business conditions at all times.

Mr. Knapp, whose duty it will be to guide the commission in its work carrying out the Taft plan, is a native of New York. He was born at Spafford, November 6, 1843. He was first appointed a member of the Interstate Commerce commission in 1891 by President Harrison; reappointed by President Cleveland in 1897, and again selected for the position by President Roosevelt in 1902. He was a lawyer of note before entering the government service and is regarded as one of the most genial of public officials in Washington.

William W. Pittman, an American soldier of fortune, faces a term of at least ten years in the government penitentiary at Managua, Nicaragua.

Uncle Sam has been looking carefully into Pittman's case, but it is unlikely that he will interfere in any way with the enforcement of the penalty to be inflicted upon Pittman unless the Nicaraguans should decide to put him to death as they did Froce and Canton recently.

CINCINNATI WOMAN IN FIGHT AGAINST KISSING



MRS. I. RECHLIN, national president of the world's health organization, says she will keep on struggling until she obtains an abatement of that awful menace—kissing. In every part of the world, she says, there are deaths every day which can be cited as coming from kisses, and kissing has come to be not a mere popular salute, but a terrible evil that must be stamped out.

Furthermore, she says her efforts have led hosts to forego osculatory pleasures.

"People should remember that kissing is merely the habit of centuries. There was a time when all the world kissed everybody they met," said Mrs. Rechlin. "There was a time when kissing was quite the thing, but that day has passed. I think that kissing should be done away with entirely."

"It is essential to the welfare of the people of this nation to have the anti-kiss pledges worn by every school girl and school boy in this country before very long."

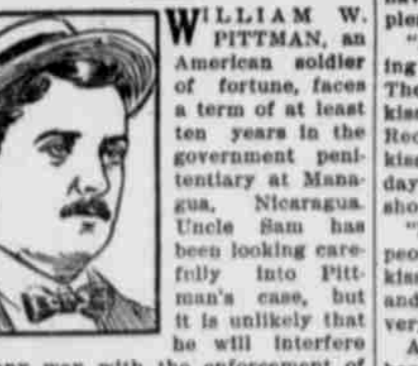
A special campaign for each month has been mapped out by the Anti-Kissing League.

Mrs. Rechlin said many prospective June brides had joined the organization. On their wedding day, these brides wore the club badge in full view.

The custom of kissing a bride on her wedding day is most dangerous," said Mrs. Rechlin severely. "Er—do you mean a bridegroom should not—er—salute his bride?" asked her visitor.

"I mean that the relatives and wedding guests should not kiss the bride and subject her to risk of getting contamination," returned the foe of osculation.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MUST GO TO PRISON



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In the pictures of these adventures drawn by novellists like Richard Harding Davis is presented a life that nearly every American boy who has the red blood would like to lead. To be a soldier of fortune would be about the height of the ambition of seven out of ten youths from 12 to 20 years of age.

Think of joining a filibuster expedition and starting out to overthrow a government. Sounds nice doesn't it? But the experiences of three American youths in Central America recently have been anything but pleasant.

Pittman has been found guilty of conspiracy against the government of Nicaragua by a court martial. He was captured by the Madrid army recently and was charged with laying mines for the revolutionists. Pittman has led a life of adventures since boyhood. When 15 years old he left his home in Massachusetts and has returned home but for brief periods of time. He served six months in the Boer war in Africa, landed in Australia, spent some time in Mexico and was a member of the crew of the United States transport McPherson when that ship was wrecked off Matanzas, Cuba.

HAUNT OF THE PTARMIGAN

Harely Descends Below 2,500 Feet—Arduous Climb to Their Nests.

Of all our mountain birds the ptarmigan alone remains on the mountain tops in winter as well as in summer, and when all other bird life has been compelled by the severity of the weather to descend to more sheltered quarters the hardy ptarmigan seems almost to revel in the arctic conditions most to revile in the minds of the soldiers who often went there together.

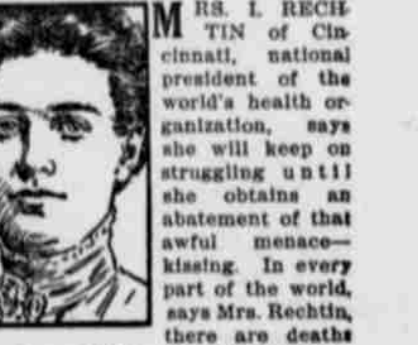
A number of men were sitting about the fireplace in the lounge-room. The lazy blazing logs furnished the only light. A chorus of good-evenings she put Zeldia to her best advantage, until presently they came out upon a broad paved thoroughfare.

"That's better," said Zeldia. "I'm sure I should never have found the way out alone. I don't believe I was ever down there before. Please let me drive you home. I haven't the least idea where that is, so if I'm going wrong—"

"It's Harrison street." She described the route. "You're taking a lot of trouble about it. I'll have to come now to show that I'm not afraid."

The boys lingered at a safe distance, and as Zeldia drove past them at the corner, several of them snatched off their caps and grinned, and one Merriam called good-night to them.

NURSE OF KING GEORGE NOW LIVES IN VERMONT



TO HAVE nursed a king is a claim to distinction of Mrs. Ann Roberts, who is living in the little village of Poulney, Vermont. Few persons in that part of the country knew of the fact that a foster mother of a king lived among them until Edward VII died and George V ascended the throne. Then it was noised about that it was at the breast of Mrs. Roberts, who was living with her brother, Richard W. Edmunds in Poulney, that George got his first food.

Right away Mrs. Roberts became a person of interest in all New England and many curious persons have called to see her. She had lived a retired life for years and did not relish the fact that she had been thrown into the limelight.

To interviewers, however, she explained how it was that the new king

When he took wing the great beauty of his plumage was very obvious, a few black feathers in the tail setting off the spotless white of his wings and breast. We obtained a pretty photograph of a ptarmigan's foot marks leading through the wet snow to a small pool of water, and ample traces we found that the "fresh" of the previous day had been felt even at this altitude of close on 3,000 feet, for there was practically no snow on the summit plateau and numerous frozen pools of water showed how the snow had melted.

Cordially invited. Glasgow invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation.

"Man, Tam," says one, "whar in a' the airth has ye been hidin' yerself? I havanna seen ye for an age."