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 rushing 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 din-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.

Then 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 a hasty glance about, he learned that 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 unconventions This was the most beingus of crimes in the eyes of Patricia's grandmother who reigned on Beacon street in Boston, read Emerson and Professor James exclusively, and looked severely out upon a generally impossible world through her gold lorgnette. On the steamer her steely eyes, thus alded, had instantly pierced Channing's obvious external attractions, and had examined and vivisected 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 shudderedthere were such possibilities in the way of commerce there! Too horrified, at the time, for speech, she could only wave her lorgnette in despair. No wonder Channing was pleased at avoiding this "difficulty"

at Mrs. Orme's dinner, As he and Patricia walked speech lessly 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 and helpless.

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 luncheon and had actually sent him a able." sweet, shy little smile by the time they had stupidly gone through five courses-and then, most delicious of

memories-just then it had happened. By the time Channing had reached this recollection he was pushing in her chair for her at Mrs. Orme's table. For a moment he touched her white gown and his fingers tingled. The rfume of her roses intoxicated him and he half closed his eyes as he recalled that thrilling moment when Patricia, venturing out on the sloping deck after luncheon, had been roughly flung 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

Channing, with difficulty, drew out "yes" and "no," and nothing more from his shy neighbor. At the end of two courses he felt decidedly bored. ople were noticing that he and Patricis had turned their backs to each other and even the poised Mrs. Orme now and then shot an inquiring glance of distress at him. 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 intered, or else Mrs. Orme and all the sar

others will be shocked and talk about it. As you have a conscience, you need not say anything at all. Buthe 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 P4 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 weath er. But Patricia grew very pink and confused as he went on making love

to her under the very eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy. At first she smilled and nodded once or twice, but kept her red lips tightly closed, as though tarily. Then, suddenly, she picked up and very blue eyes. her place card and regarded the fat Cupid painted upon it.

"Do you know," she said to it, "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 men-girl smiled and Zelda smiled, too. tioned, all that I say, and if you can, all that I think as well."

She fiashed Channing a little glance through her long lashes—a look that smiling little love god.

mamma is coming to the reception put out her hand. after dinner, and, oh, when she sees a certain person, there will be such a Merriam?-please don't tell me that row, and I shall be snatched away, inn't right!" and she won't believe that I've not spoken to him. Dear little Cupid," she implored, "can't you live up to your reputation and come to the res. badly lost and don't remember the way cue and help me out?"

Under cover of the chatter and the conversing, felt quite alone, and were no longer watched.

"Dearest Patricia," Channing ex claimed. "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 lovenot, and can never, know a certain riam called good-night to them. instructed Cupid, "grandmother does person. He lives in Chicago, which is beyond the pale. He was never introduced properly."

"It's not all over, Patricia Ames," care if she is your grandmother and er of those breaks in the family give you to me properly."

tore 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

Go lovely rose she misquoted to the ceiling-Tell him who wastes his time and me, That now he knows. That—that—I love him so!

Then she brushed past him went out of the room.

Channing, with the rose in his hand, stories of the other men and only half answering when he was directly addressed. As soon as possible he went to the drawing-rooms, where the guests for the reception were already I want you! assembling. Across the great space he caught sight of frightened Patricta 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 nodding her her. Then, suddenly, she turned and Olive's door. swept penderously forward, bearing down toward Channing like a full-

rigged ship. frightened hare. The memory of the take my chances."

last chilling scene with her held him. "My dear Mr. Channing," Mrs. Ames was saying, "what a pleasure to see you again! I have just been talking to Mrs. Orme, one of my oldest and closest friends, and she tells me that you are the grandson of my dear friend, Bishop Ainsley, and that Governor Winter of New York, a remote connection of my own, is your uncle. You must come to see us at once. My granddaughter, Patricia, I am sure, will be glad to see you. We are staying at the Blanks' while we are in New York, and when we return to Boston I shall hope to welcome you often at my home on Beacon street. If you happen to see Patricia this evening," she turned to say, as she left him gasping some awkward words of thanks, "if you should happen to sines and books on the table, see Patricia, you may tell her thatadorable one had appeared alone at that-silence is not always commend-

> California Rich in Oil. In the last two years California. called the Golden state and the scene of more gold excitement than any other state in the Union, has produced greater value in oil than in gold. The value of oil to the producers themselves last year was about \$48,000,000, although positive figures are not yet available, while the production of gold was in the neighborhood of \$21,000, 000, or less than half. This great advance in oil value over gold is, it must be understood, in no way aided

gold. Wireless and the Railroads. The Electrician states that the Pennsylvania ratiroad officials are still making experiments with wireless telegraphy with a view to ascertaining its efficacy for railroad work, broke down the antagonism in Mrs. native forest trees were aglow with au-The mast in use for the tests is erected near Altoona, on the mountain, at again. a point 1,655 feet above the sea level, the receiving apparatus itself being 1,785 feet above the level of the ions stations along the Atlantic coast, as well as with various vessels at

Zelda Dameron-

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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ouse. She had lost her way and nak

bringing me home. She seemed rather

Olive sat down on a stool at her

nother's feet. She was afraid to show

too much interest in this new-found

cousin. Her mother was clearly puz-zled and troubled; the moment was

difficult; but she felt that it was im-

portant to determine their future re-

had that same impulsive way. In any

and theatrical, but no one ever thought

Ezra never appreciated it; and the rest

of them dropped us for countenancing him. But Zelda—what do you think

"She didn't give me time to think

CHAPTER VI.

Rodney Merriam and Morris Leigh-

on walked up High street to the Tip-

ecanoe Club, which occupied a hand

built by the Merriams who had after-

in the circular plaza about the

was notey and full of politics.

diers' monument at the heart of the

city; but he never went there, for it

young men fresh from college belong-

ed to the Tippecanoe, and Merriam

liked to talk to them. He was more

constant to the club than Morris.

though they often went there together.

The lazy blazing logs furnished the

only light. A chorus of good-evenings greeted the two men in unmistakable

ordiality, and the best chair in the

com was pushed toward Rodney Mer-

"Mr. Merriam, Captain Pollock; and

A young man rose and shook hands

had reached the age at which it seems

unnecessary to tax the memory with

you meet in a club, whether you know

"Captain Pollock has been telling

about it, but he won't tell.'

and the others rose.

declared Pollock,

to the reservation," said Baker,

Congrieve expects me for dinner."

the club, shook himself out of his chair

"I'll see that you find your way back

"That's very kind of you. And I'm

a sum young fellow, with friendly blue eyes, brown hair, and a slight

her graduates that is much more use-

Pollock had been the shortest man in

soldierly. The young man with whom he had spent an hour at the Tippeca-

noe Club had been gathered up by Ha-

ker, who had met Pollock somewhere and taken a fancy to him. They all

and Leighton, who went to the news-

paper room. But Merriam stared at

stopped at the club register which lay

open on a desk in the half. He put on

his eye-glasses and scanned the page

"Frank Pollock, U. S. A.

Rodney Merriam then walked to-

The next morning he called for his

norse early. He kept only one horse,

for he never drove; but he rode nearly

was usually out High street toward the

country; but to-day he rode down-town through the monument plaza and

gentleman of 60, riding a horse that

top, was not seen every day. Rodney

Merriam was thinking deeply this

morning, and the sharp rattle of his

Arsenal is a word that suggests dir-

been maintained through many peace-

ful years at Mariona, until the town in

park. The residences of the officers

and several massive storchouses were

at least, inoffensive to the eye. The

tumn color, and laborers were collect-

ing and carrying away dead leaves.

Merriam brought his horse to a walk

as he neared the open gates. A pri-

vate came out of the little guard-house

man gazed admiringly after the mili-

though he had often seen rider and horse before, and he knew that Mr. Merriam was a friend of Major Con-

tary figure on the thoroughbred

and returned Merriam's salute.

ful things, but the Arsenal that had

did not annoy him as it usually did

orac's hoofs on the hard pavement

ward his own house, tapping the side-

walk abstractedly with his stick.

every day when it was fair.

and when he got up to go presently,

ture:

the club together except Merriam

evening paper without reading it.

glad to have met you, Mr. Merriam

A number of men were sitting about

fireplace in the lounging-room

ome old brick mansion that had been

terms with Ezra Dameron,

of her?"

riam

дтопр.

Mr. Leighton."

one else it would have seemed strained

lations with Zelda Dameron now.

wanted a friend.

ed me how to find Jefferson street.

Merriam of Olive. "Nothing short of CHAPTER V .- (Continued.) "Pardon me-" Zelda brought her corse to the curb-but I've lost my miracle would account for it. "I met her down at the school

way. Can you tell me-The girl stepped to the curb and described the easiest way across town afraid a word would allp out involun- She was small and trim of figure and "Thank you," said Zelda, and Zen

started forward. "You are Miss Dameron," the teachr said, hesitatingly. "Yes." Zelda turned toward her in

urprise. 'it's been a long time since I saw The ou-as many as a dozen years." "I wish I could remember. I'm sor-

ry, 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, sent the blood racing through his and we played, you and I that is, in the yeins. Then her face clouded and she veins. Then her face clouded and she the yard, while our mothers talked. of it in Margaret. Every one always shook her head mournfully at the still You were a red dress and I thought said, when she did anything a little you were very grand."

The blue eyes were looking into the

she confided to the card. "Grand-mamma is coming to the recention dark ones. There was a moment of that; he wasn't like the rest of the "You are my cousin. Olive-is it-

> "Yes: that is just right." "I'm going to take you home, ou're ready to go, Cousin Olive. I'm She charmed me! I never saw any-

you told me to go. It's so exciting such an air of mystery-that doesn't neeting a long-lost cousin!" seem just the word, but I don't know Olive Merriam debated an instant, what to call it. She's adorable!" meeting a long-lost cousin! aughter and the subdued confusion of in which she surveyed her new-found a large dinner the two, apparently cousin doubtfully. She had started ome when the battle at the schoolouse door gave her pause. There was to excuse for refusing. Zelda had gathred up the reins, and waited.

"Do come! Zan isn't dangerousneither am L"

"Thank you. I'll have to come now o show that I'm not afraid." The boys lingered at a safe distance, ly, serious eyes, then glanced down and as Zelda drove past them at the again at the card. "You know," she corner, several of them snatched off their caps and grinned, and Olive Mer-As Zelda followed the route indicat-

ed by her cousin, she was busy trying to find a lost strand of family history that proved clusive. She did not at all remember her mother's brother, Thomhe muttered. "It's only just begun, as Merriam. She had never heard her If you think I'm going to give in to aunt or uncle speak of the relationship, her you are much mistaken. I don't and she surmised, now that she a Boston Ames. I warn you I'm go- nection that had already revealed raging to run away with you, if she won't god edges. It was growing late, and she put Zan to her best paces, until As Mrs. Orme rose, Patricia hastily presently they came out upon a broad paved thoroughfare.

"That's better," Said Zelda. 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 with the newcomers. Merriam did not idea where that is, so if I'm going know most of the group by name. He

"It's Harrison street." She described the route. "You're taking a lot of

trouble about me." "No. It's the other way around, I'd never have seen the court-house clock again if it hadn't been for you. And then—" they approached a cross street, and Zelda checked the flight of Zan the world and retaining a jealous hold coast was clear-"and then"-she loosened the rein and the animal sped forward again-"I've been looking awfully hard for a friend, Cousin Olive, and

"You are kind-but you don't understand-a lot of things," said Olive Mer-riam. "You and I can't be friends.

"I don't care for any reasons," Zelda. "But they're not my reasons-they're other people's! That's our house there, where the shades are up and a light is

in the window." "I don't care what other people say about anything"-and Zelda brought stately head as if something pleased | Zan to a stand at the curb in front of

"Td ask you to stop-

"I'm going to stop," said Zeldasee you quite on your threshold. Zan could have turned and rus like a stands without hitching, usually. Fil

> Harrison is only a street in minia-ture. A poet wrote a song about it that made it the most famous street in Mariona. The houses there are chiefly one-story-and-a-half cottages. and in one of these, which was saved from intrusive eyes in summer by a double line of hollyhocks, and which had at its back door at seasonable times a charming old-fashioned garten, lived Olive Merriam and mother.

Olive threw open the door and Zelda stepped into a sitting-roomhad no hall-where a coal fire burned cozily in a grate. The room ran the length of the house; the woodwork was white; the floor was pine, stained dull red and covered with rugs made of old carpet. A student lamp with a green shade stood on a table in the The ink was fresh on the last signaenter of the room. There were magashelves in the corners held other books. An elderly woman looked up from the paper she had been reading as the door opened. A cane lay on the floor beside her and told the story of the lines of

pain in her face. "Mother, this is Zelda Dameron, She has brought me home," said Olive.
"She didn't want me to at all, but I made her let me," said Zelda, crossing the room and taking Mrs. Merriam's

then struck east over the asphalt of Jefferson street, where a handsome old hand. The woman bent her eyes-they due like Olive's-upon the girl with a was remembered with pride at Lexinggrave questioning. "You are Margaret's daughter-

are Ezra Dameron's daughter," said "Yes, and I didn't know about you at all until I found Olive to-day. by a falling off in the production of I didn't know that any Merriams any where lived in a house like this. Why, it's a home. I'm going-but tell meits growth leaped over the government stone walls and extended the urban

that I may come back again." There was something so sincere and wistful in Zelda's tone as she spoke, standing between the firelight and the lamplight; something, too, in the glance of appeal she gave the little room, that Merriam's eyes. She put out her hand

shall be glad to see you." Olive followed Zelda to the steps, and ocean. Communication already has saw the runabout turn in the narrow street and whiri away. She watched it until Zelda's erect figure passed like a flash under the electric light at the cor-

ger and disappeared into the dark be-"What miracle is this?" asked Mrs. grieve, the commandant. The soldier ye."-Tit-Bits

continued to stare after Rodney Mariam, curious to see whether the visitor would bring his hand to his hat as he seared the flag that flapped high over-He was not disappointed; Rodney Merriam never failed to salute the plors, even when he was thinking hard; and he was intent upon an idea

this morning. The maid who answered the bell was not sure whether Major Congrieve was at home; he had been packing, she said; but the commandant appeared at

once and greeted his caller cordially.

Major Congrieve was a trifle stout, but his gray civilian clothes made the best of a figure that was not what I had been. He was bald, and looked much better in a hat than without it "You'll pardon me for breaking in on our packing. I merel came to registe a kick. I don't seem to know an of called her by name—she seemed to re-member me, and then she insisted on the local news any more until it's stale. I've just heard that the Arsenal has been sold and I want to say that it's pitiful; she said she was lonesome and an outrage to tear this place to pieces. "It is too bad; but I don't see what you are going to do about it. I've al-

cident is closed as far as I am con-"To give us an active post in exchange for the Arsenal is not to do us a kindness. We've got used to you gentlemen of the ordnance. Your re-"She is very like her mother. It pose has been an inspiration to the gave me a shock to see her. Margaret

mmunity."

though

ready got my walking papers. The in-

"No irony! The town has always we've had no chance for repose."

odd, that it was just like Margaret the powers at Washington knew you Dameron. Your father hadn't any of here. "Oh, yes, they did. They wired me Merriams. He tried to be on good every few hours to count the old gun n the storehouse, until I knew every piece of that 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," body like her in the world. She has "But I'm sorry you're going to leave. We never quite settled that little question about Shiloh; and I'm convinced that you're wrong about the Fitz-John

Porter case. "Well, posterity will settle those

"Hiess me, I must be going! This rates. "Not in the least; only I've another ward lost his money. Merriam usually went there late every afternoon to look over the newspapers, and, to talk to the men who dropped in en their way home. He belonged also to the Hamilton, a much larger and gayer club know him. that rose to the height of five stories

"I'll be very glad, some other time," said Merriam. ome from?"

'He's a Southern boy. Father was a Johnny Reb. Another sign that the war is over and the hatchet buried." Pollock, did you say? Tennesse family? I seem to remember the name "I think so. Yes. I'm sure. I look-ed him up in the register." (To be continued.)

HAUNT OF THE PTARMIGAN.

Rarely Descends Below 2,500 Feet-Arduous Climb to Their Nests. Of all our mountain birds the ptartops in winter as well as in summer, and when all other bird life has been compelled by the severity of 'he weather to descend to more shelterd quarters the hardy ptarmigan seems almost to revel in the arctic conditions new burdens. It was, he held, good and scorns to leave his s'orm-swept club manners to speak to all the men strongholds, Seton Gordon says in the them or not. The youngsters at the Field.

For this reason he is of special interest to the ornithologist, and a day at his haunts is always worth the i bors of an arduous climb, for the ptarmigan rarely descends even during the about the Philippines," said one of the heaviest snowstorms below the level "We've been trying to find out of 2,500 feet. As the writer, accomchether he's an imperialist or how panied by a mountaineering friend, set out at daybreak for a favorite "That shows his good judgment," haunt of the ptarmigan, a hard frost said Merriam. "It shows that I want to keep my held the whole countryside firmly in its grip and the snow, partly thawed by a mild westerly wind on the pre-And I'll be cashlered now for certain. if I don't get back to the Arsenal Ma

eding day, was frozen as hard as iron. On the lower grounds the covering Baker, who had brought Pollock to was not continuous, but on the sheltered sides of the hill were deep wreaths, and to our west the snow lay deep and unbroken. Passing a small locton nestling in a birch wood we found it thickly covered with a beau-It was a soft voice, and as they went out into the hall, Merriam looked at tiful sheet of smoothest Ice, suggesting to our minds the national game the owner of it with interest. He was of curling, for many ideal rinks could have been marked out on the lochan's surface. Soon we passed a mountain moustache. His carriage was that of the drilled man. West Point does not quarry, where ample evidence pointed to the fact that a kestrel used the spot give a degree in the usual academic as a roosting site and the hillside also sense: but she writes something upon yielded a good many grouse, some alful for purposes of identification. Frank ready paired, but the majority in his class; but his scant inches were all

coveys and packs. Loch Davan, far beneath us, was

some rocky ground on our left, and tanzas, Cuba. careful stalking enabled us to get within a few yards of the bird and NURSE OF KING GEORGE to obtain a snapshot of him. He was crouching low on the ground and harmonized with his surroundings in a truly remarkable manner.

When he took wing the great beauty of his plumage was very obvious, a few black feathers in the tall 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.

Glasgow invitations are nothing if fairly long separation. "Man, Tam," says one, "whaur in a

the airth has ye been bidin' yersel'? I havena seen ye for an age." "Weel, Jeems, I've been doon Gougood boxing gloves, an' if ye come the limelight. doon any day I'll knock the face aff



KNAPP HAS BIG TASK ENFORCE RAIL LAW



KNAPP, chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, faces a task that would stagger many men, although he is small of stature will go at the and carry out the

ident 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. little girl's death was a sad blow to been so good to me and mine that As chairman Mr. Knapp naturally will be in the thickest of the fray. While duties, I realized that family trouthe ratiroads are not expected to give bies, should there be any, would never "But the Spanish War passed over and never touched you. I don't believe battle they are always fighting for be suffered to come to my ears until their rights and have brainy men it became quite imperative that they 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 "I suppose it would," said Merriam.
Who was thinking of something else.

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 questions without us. And would you run amuck or that the new law will nind walking over to the office with be used to club indiscriminately all railroads that propose an advance in

The law, the president pointed out, was not passed for the purpose of termaster's department, who has been lowering rates, or even of holding all sent out to take charge of the new post rates where they are at the time of He's a nice chap; you must the passage of the law, but rather for the purpose of equalizing rates and keeping them so far as possible in "Which way does he tune with business conditions at all

Mr. Knapp, whose duty it will be to guide the commission in its work of 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 migan alone remains on the mountain of the most genial of public officials in Washington.

> SOLDIER OF FORTUNE MUST GO TO PRISON



WILLIAM W. PITTMAN, an Uncle Sam has

been looking careman's case, but it is unlikely that very long." 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.

In the pen pictures of these adventurers drawn by novelists like Richard Harding Davis is presented a life that nearly every American boy who her wedding day is most dangerous," has the real red blood would like to said Mrs. Rechtin severely. lead. To be a soldier of fortune would be about the height of the ambition of should not-er-salute his bride?" seven out of ten youths from 12 to 20 | naked her visitor. years of age.

Think of joining a fillbuster expediding guests should not kiss the bride tion aid starting out to overthrow a and subject her to risk of getting congovernment. Sounds nice doesn't it? But the experiences of three Ameri- lation. can youths in Central America recently have been anything but pleasant.

Pittman has been found guilty of conspiracy against the government of their pupils to abjure kissing. partially ice bound, but large waves Nicaragua by a court martial. He were rolling across the expessed sur- was captured by the Madriz army re- hazardous the work of street cleaners face of the water, showing that a cently and was charged with laying and laundresses; so the organization strong wind was blowing on the low mines for the revolutionists. Pittman will seek members on the highways grounds. We put up many mountain has led a life of adventures since boy- and in the laundries. hares, which seemed to rival the snow hood. When 15 years old he left his in their snow-white fur, but shortly home in Massachusetts and has re church clubs, card clubs and literary after leaving the 2,000-foot level the turned home but for brief periods of clubs will be asked to join and to grouse flushed were now few and far time. He served six months in the between and at length we entered the Boer war in Africa, herded sheep in domain of the snow-white ptarmigan. Australia, spent some time in Mexico We first became aware of the close and was a member of the crew of the tention to lovers," said the president. proximity of these birds by a deep United States transport McPherson guttural croaking proceeding from when that ship was wrecked off Ma- thrilling in romance and poetry. But

NOW LIVES IN VERMONT



tion of Mrs. Ann

throne. Then it was noised about that it was at the breast of November. Mayest thou, for the love Mrs. Roberts, who was living with of me, live for ever!" her brother, Richard W. Edmunds in not hearty. Two friends met after a Poultney, 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 rock way a guid while. Come doon life for years and did not relish the lines, but you can put in four more an' see me sune. I've got a set of fact that she had been thrown into

To interviewers, however, she explained how it was that the new king | ner!"-Tit-Bits

of England became her charge on the day of his birth on June 2, 1865. Re-

garding her experience she said: "Soon after my departure from my own home, for I had left my own child to be nursed and cared for by an older sister, who, with servants, also managed the household, my baby was taken ill, but the fact was concealed from me. One of the royal doctors called to see her every morning at my home, but she passed away on the eighth day and I was told that my his friends say he beautiful child was dead.

"I shall never forget that hour! The work like a giant cruel news brought me instantly to my knees on the floor of the royal policy of the pres- nursery, and it seemed to me that I would never again move from that position, for I felt that I had been transformed into a block of cold and inantmate marble on the instant. Yes, my me, but having accepted such grave should.

"The loss of my own beautiful child had that effect on me regarding my little charge that I almost grew to believe that he was really and truly my own child. I was kept in this position for about 11 months, and when my services were no longer required King Edward, at that time prince of Wales, sent for me from the nursery and was pleased to tell me that I had not only won his own esteem and that of his beautiful princess, but was also es teemed and respected by all the royal household.

"This heavy gold brooch that I am now wearing was then presented to me by Princess Alexandra herself, and she then told me that I was privileged at all times to refer to the little prince as 'my boy.' "

CINCINNATI WOMAN IN FIGHT AGAINST KISSING



M RS. L RECHcinnati, national president of the world's health organization, says she will keep on struggling until she obtains an abatement of that awful menacekissing. In every part of the world, says Mrs. Rechtin. there are deaths

ing 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 kiss-American soldier ing is merely the habit of centuries. of fortune, faces There was a time when all the world

every day which can be cited as com-

a term of at least kissed everybody they met," said Mrs. ten years in the Rechtin. "There was a time kissing was quite the thing, but that tentiary at Mana- day has passed. I think that kissing Nicaragua should be done away with entirely. "It is essential to the welfare of the people of this nation to have the anti-

fully into Pitt- kins pledges worn by every school girl and school boy in this country before A special campaign for each month

has been mapped out by the Anti-Kisaing league.

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

"Er-do you mean a bridegroom

"I mean that the relatives and wed-

The custom of kissing a bride on

sumption," returned the foe of oscuin August fathers and mothers will be urged not to kiss their babies. In Heptember teachers will implore

October, the less kissing the less

In November women belonging to wear their badges at club meetings.

"And in December, with its Christmas weddings, we shall turn our at-'My life for just one kiss,' sounds distillusion is found in the hospitals, whence lovers follow each other to the grave in a few short months.'

A Babylonian Love Letter.

The oldest love letter in the world dates from three thousand years ago, a king is the that is, before Anthens was of any imclaim to distinc portance, or Rome, about the time when David and Solomon were kings. Roberts, who is it was found not long since engraved living in the little upon a tablet, after the manner of the village of Poult days when records and accounts were ney, Vermont. Few kept on bricks. Its author was a genpersons in that tieman of Babylonia, and it explains part of the coun- itself: "To My Bibi, Simil-Marduktry knew of the May Samas and Marduk, for my happlfact that a foster ness, grant unto thee a long and promother of a king perous life. How art thou? lived among them to me! I have come from Babylon, but until Edward VII I have not found thee there. This has V ascended the greatly grieved me. It is absolutely necessary that thou shouldst come in

The Lure.

Lady-I want to put in this adverdisement for a cook. It will go in three lines, won't it?

Cierk (after counting)-No, madam, We'll have to charge you for four

words, if you wish. Lady (suddenly inspired) -Say: "Policeman stationed opposite cor