

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I suppose," said Zelda, "that you are thinking very hard, that one simply has to have a mortgage; just as though it were measles or croup or scarlet fever."

"Oh, mortgages aren't at all serious—not necessarily fatal—if you don't take care or expose yourself before it's over."

"How does one contract a mortgage?" asked Zelda.

"I caught mine at college," said Olive. "We blew our substance on education. I just found it out recently. Mother has been carrying the burden of it all by herself. The subject isn't pleasant. Let us talk of something else."

"Where do you keep your mortgage?" asked Zelda, half-seriously. "How does one get at the beast?"

"Ours seems to be in a bank just at present," answered Olive, evasively. "That sounds formidable. But it's too bad that you have to move. Harrison street is the most charming in town, and she walks straight toward her door, at which she turned."

"It's splendid of you to let me do it. And please don't be late for dinner again to-night. It's a new trick of yours, and Polly doesn't like it at all."

Zelda went directly to the bank and sought Burton, the cashier, whom she had met several times at parties. He gave her a seat by his desk near the front window. He was sure that she had come to get a mortgage, but he was not sure of it.

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Dameron."

"No," she answered, slowly, "I am not here to get a mortgage."

"I have come from my father to speak about a business matter. He is very sorry that he can't come himself, but he has some notes here for collection, given by Mrs. Thomas Merriam to my father—He thought, or—I mean, they were to have been collected, but it was all a mistake about them. He wished me to say that nothing was to be done."

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Dameron."

"No," she answered, slowly, "I am not here to get a mortgage."

"I suppose it is," said Zelda, "but my father was very anxious that nothing should be done as I'll just take them along. Your bank is so big that some one might forget a little thing like this."

The young man hesitated and was lost. Zelda crumpled the papers he had handed her and closed her hat upon them.

"There's something else I have intended speaking to you about," she said, dismissing the notes carelessly. "You have had any new money in your bank for a long time, Mr. Burton. And old bills are perfectly horrible. I shouldn't think people would stand it—these old, worn-out bills. Suppose a new bank should start up with a lot of new money—you wouldn't last a day."

The cashier laughed; Miss Dameron had a reputation for saying amusing and unexpected things.

"I'll ask the teller to keep a fresh supply for you. We don't want to lose your account, Miss Dameron."

"Thank you, so much. And if father should come in, please tell him I have the notes. I might miss him, you know."

Zelda locked the mortgage and notes in her own desk, with no intention of showing them to her father, unless he should demand them.

"I will draw the notes from the bank and let the matter rest for the present, Zee, if you very much wish it."

"If that will save them further trouble, I will do it."

"I shall give the bank notes in a day or two," said Dameron, reluctantly. "He did not at all like the idea of having her visit him in his office, and to-day he was engaged with important computations. He wished to be rid of her, but she rose so suddenly that he was startled."

"Why, father, I couldn't think of troubling you with a thing of this sort when you're doing it as a favor to me! What bank is it? The one where I keep my account? Oh, I know them over there. I'm going down that way anyhow, and I'll tell them you don't want those notes collected. Thank you ever so much."

"No, no; I'll have to see about it personally. You mustn't interfere in the matter at all!" he almost shouted at her. But she had no idea of trusting him, and she walked straight toward her door, at which she turned.

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Cousin Daisy's Advice

By HONORE SISSON

Aloysia had always believed that Arles was the most important place in the world, because it was the only place she had ever known anything about. She had been born there, and had lived there every one of her twenty-six years of her uneventful life. Her mother felt just as she did. Her mother was a widow—a timid retiring little soul, who constantly hid herself in her home. She had made a few friends and acquaintances, with whom she was not very intimate, but they sufficed her. She went to church regularly, and sat very humbly in an unobserved corner. And Aloysia sat with her.

The girl reflected her mother's attitude toward the world in general. She trembled if she so much as touched elbows with Arles great ones. Sometimes as she sat downcast, apparently attentive to the preacher's every word, she was in reality observing the people about her. There was Mrs. Porcher in her stylish rustling black, who came late and walked up the aisle as if she owned the whole church edifice; and there was Miss Corbin, very haughty and very correctly gowned, who had gone to school with Aloysia, and had since forgotten her very existence; there was old Mrs. Blackney and Anna Morris and Miss Bush, the popular milliner, who advertised her wares by wearing a new hat every Sunday—all these were Arles best people, to be beheld with awe by such

as Aloysia and her mother, who were distinctly insignificant and unworthy of notice, who went nowhere and wore clothes fashioned badly from those which were passed on to them by a certain invisible cousin Daisy. In their simplicity, attributed great wealth, because she was able to have a new hat and gown each season. Besides sending them her castoff clothes cousin Daisy, whose husband was a lawyer in New York did not notice her. But their poor little claim upon her was their own pride and pretension.

Aloysia was conscious that she dressed badly and the people looked down on her for doing so. She and her mother owned their tiny house and had a bit of money in the bank. But they were never asked out or had any company. They read continually books from the public library, and there was an old piano upon which Aloysia had learned to play. She sang a little too, old-fashioned songs, which were suited to her light untrained voice. But what she and her mother really did was to make lace. They did exquisite work at absurdly low prices.

If Aloysia had but known, her life was uneventful enough. As it was, she made the best of it, and turned to her music and her books for her diversion. Sometimes as she played or read, vague, sweet dreams haunted her. For she had not come to twenty-two years without finding that she had a heart and a hero.

Her hero was Dick Churchill, big, blonde, good-hearted, good-humored. Dick who liked everybody and whom everybody liked, but who was as far beyond her reach as the farthest star. She always saw him at church and occasionally during the week, but he never saw her. There were too many pretty, well-dressed girls within close range of his vision. Yet somehow he did not tarry. It was said that he was waiting to get money enough to build a house before taking a wife.

The girls smiled at him in vain and Dick smiled back, aware of their smiles and knowing very well that whenever he got ready he could take his pick of the lot. Aloysia knew that too, but so long as he was unattached it was sufficient delight for her to admire the poise of his head and the clear brown of his cheek and the fine line of his chin as he sat sideways to her in church.

But Dick never knew. Nor would he have cared if he had. After all she was just a pale little young thing of a girl who wore abominable black hats that might have done for old Mrs. Jessup, who was 70 years old and dependent for the charity of the church.

Thus Aloysia lived, and it seemed likely she was to live thus for the rest of her remaining years, when suddenly her mother was stricken with a sharp little pain in her left side and within an hour was dead.

Aloysia's first thought was of her Cousin Daisy. The stress of necessity lent her boldness. She had a telegram sent telling Daisy what had happened and asking her to come. Then she waited in the blackness of awful grief and uncertainty. Next day Cousin Daisy came. She was a big, florid woman, full of energy and worldly wisdom.

"You did right to send for me dear," she said, for the sight of Aloysia's stricken face touched her heart, however deeply it was buried under folds of silk and lace. "You knew I'd come."

Canada's Anti-Strike Law

Provisions of an Act that is Both Practical and Popular.

Friendly settlements of labor disputes involving 57,000 workmen and effecting a saving in wages alone of more than \$5,000,000 are evidence that the Canadian industrial-disputes act works. The act provides, says Leslie's Weekly, that it shall be illegal for employers of a public utility or a mine to strike or for the employers to order a lockout until the issue involved shall have been investigated by a board, on each of which the disputing bodies shall have a representative and which shall be heard by an impartial third party.

Should the board fail to effect an amicable settlement it at once makes a public report, in which the issues are made known in plain language. After that they may strike if they wish. In those stubborn cases where an agreement is difficult to reach, public opinion is relied upon to compel an equitable settlement. In this respect the Canadian law differs from the compulsory arbitration of New Zealand, where the findings of the arbitrators are enforceable at law.

Without this compulsory feature admirably, for in seventy-four of the eighty cases thus far, or 93 per cent, the workmen were agreeable to accepting the findings of the board and did not strike afterward, though at present the act applies only to industries in the nature of public utilities—railways, telegraphs, telephones, mines, etc.—but so popular has it become with both labor and capital that it is now proposed to extend it to other industries.

How long shall we have to wait for our own country to grapple the strike evil and adopt some such method of dealing with it? Under a law similar to the Canadian act the great Philadelphia strike would have been practically impossible. After eight weary weeks of riot and bloodshed it was at last called off, leaving the traction company and the strikers just where they were before it began, instead of having settled any real issue between the two. But the strike did accomplish certain definite things. It served to embitter the feelings of each class toward the other, it put a great city and its environs to needless inconvenience, it fomented a general spirit of lawlessness, it resulted in injuries to hundreds of people and death to scores. In addition to this the traction strikers lost in wages \$450,000, the sympathetic strikers in the textile and other trades \$2,300,000, the Rapid Transit Company \$2,000,000 and other employers and business men generally \$12,000,000—a pretty costly experience in both human lives and in money. Could we ask for a more convincing plea for an anti-strike law than the record which this eight weeks' strike presents?

Unanswered Yet.

"How much is a kiss worth?" Ah, well; ah, me!

Though tearful news, I must break it; It makes all the difference in the world, you see.

Whether it's given or whether you take it.—Boston Herald.

Condensed.

"Do you use condensed milk at your house?"

"I guess so. We order a quart a day, and the milkman squeezes it into a can that holds about a pint."—Cleveland Leader.

Belleaire.

"Light weight is he?"

"Well, if he ever steps on a match he'll be blown to atoms."—Kansas City Journal.

CAP and BELLS

She was thinking of matrimony, while he could imagine nothing but Mosquitoes.

It was not long, but she had visions of becoming a summer bride and she was not backward by any means.

"George," she whispered, nestling closer on the moss-grown log, "this is summer."

"What of it?" asked George, somewhat mystified.

"Well, er—what does summer bring that begins with an M?"

Now, she was thinking of matrimony, but George was not. He sat in puzzled silence for a long while and then his face brightened.

"Oh, I know what summer brings that begins with an M."

Ah, at last! Her heart throbbed with expectancy.

"I knew you would catch on, dear. Now, what is it summer brings that begins with an M?"

"Why, mosquitoes! Ha, ha!"

And the look she gave him would have frozen radium.

Always Praises.

Gyer—That fellow Merriam reminds me of a tombstone.

Myer—Because he is dead set in his ways, eh?

Gyer—No; because he always has a good word for a man when he's down.

The Scapgoat.

Limpj Bill—I had to split up twice as much wood as usual after th' old lady would gimme a hand-out.

Blinky Bob—What's th' cause of it, Limpj?

Limpj—Th' increased cost of livin', I s'pose.

A Man of Sense.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband is a man of sense, anyway.

Mrs. Wazgs—Oh, is he?

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At the Resort Grocery.

"But you are charging just as much for your garden truck as they charge in the city," said the man to the summer resort grocer.

"Sh," said the grocer, "I know it, but it ticks the city folks to think they're getting it cheaper."

Locating the Villain.

"And who will be the principal villain of your production?" asked the friend.

"Oh, the first-night critic, I suppose," replied the manager, wearily.—Washington Star.

Enterprise.

Newsboy (to newcomer, as he turns around from signing hotel register)—Extra! Extra! All about your arrival and which hotel you're stopping at!—Harper's Bazar.

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"How do you conquer your elephant when he goes on a rampage?" I asked the menagerie proprietor.

"We avail ourselves of an experienced baggage man," he replied.

"An experienced baggage man?" I repeated with wonderment.

"Yes," he explained patiently, although it was evident that he was nettled by my stupidity, "we get a man who knows how to smash trunks."

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