

Nan's Experiment.

By CECILY ALLEN.
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"The foundations of our social system are rotten to the core!" announced Nan, leaning forward in the great wicker chair to watch the progress of the little Italian across the velvet lawn.

Her brother Bob sank even more deeply in his own cushioned chair and studied the smoke curling upward from the tip of his very good cigar.

"I told Uncle Henry this would be the inevitable result of sending you to a western co-ed college. The social system here is quite good enough for me."

Nan's broad forehead was puckered in a thoughtful frown.

"Now, take that young Italian fellow of yours, for instance! What puts him in a different class from you? The fact that his father had not enough money to feed his big family and your father had too much money for the good of his two children."

"Really," remarked Bob, with eyes dancing. "I never noticed any complaints from you about superfluity of cash."

"Give that man a Fifth avenue tailor, a valet and a motor car and he would pass muster in our set shoulder to shoulder with you."

"I don't know about that," pursued Bob. "He might eat with his knife!"

"Not after he had been told it was wrong," said Nan, with conviction. "Suppose he were wearing corduroy for shooting instead of digging excavations. Suppose he were wearing shirt sleeves on a tennis court or the links instead of in your employ. He would be a gentleman, one of your equals. He would look not a whit different from what he does today, but we would accept him socially where today we regard him as our inferior."

Bob cast amused glances at a corner in the porch roof where two birds were busily building a nest among the vines. "And this is the modern woman—the effect of the higher education," he murmured.

"It might have been the birds, cooling and contended, or it might have just been the love of mischief which some men never outgrow even when, like Robert Darnton, they can count iron gray hairs by the score above each temple. At any rate, he sat up very suddenly and determinedly and regarded his sister quite seriously.

"Have you the courage of your convictions? Are you willing to put your theory to the test? Will you let me invite my foreman here as an equal, provided, of course, that I secure the stipulated Fifth avenue tailoring, the 'man' and the motor?"

"Good gracious, Bob, you move so suddenly!" suggested Nan.

"No time like the present, and I insist that any one who attacks our social system should prove its rottenness when she has the opportunity. I will invite my foreman here as a guest. I will agree that he is properly coached for his part (it would not be fair to turn him loose on our unsuspecting guests without some training), and then I will wager you a diamond sunburst against a crocheted tie that you ask me to put him out of the house before the week is up."

Nan's glance traveled once more across the expanse of green lawn. The little figure of the Italian was just disappearing behind a clump of shrubbery. Well, in appearance, at least, he could do the house of Darnton no discredit. Anyhow, why should a girl who was planning settlement work for the fall shrink at the thought of having one "case" in her home for a few days? She would have to live among them—in the fall!

"Well?" inquired Bob, watching her lovely, changeable expression with appreciative eyes.

"Let him come!" she answered, with assumed nonchalance and—there was no denying it—something of pleasure that she was to meet again the glance of the Italian's wondrous brown eyes. Standing on the lower step of the porch, he had looked a veritable young god. "Only you are not to tell him that the idea, the theory, is mine."

So did Vincenzo Pantozzi join the innermost circle of the social set graced by the Darntons—came also a rakish yellow racer of foreign make, a man versed in all the mysteries of the tailoring world, and a wardrobe which was a credit at least to Bob Darnton's generosity.

On one point Vincenzo stood firm. He must be permitted to leave the house every morning in time to join his workmen who were building the marvelous Italian garden at the lower end of the estate. If the fair chateaine often shared his early breakfast, her zeal as a sociological student was to her command.

Barring a few times when Vincenzo gripped the wrong table utensil in his nervousness or dropped his spoon or fork, he did very well at table, and there was no need of dread on the part of his hostess when the elaborate week end dinner was scheduled.

"It is marvelous what imitative creatures we all are," she observed mentally one morning. She had ordered the early breakfast served on the side porch, and the scent of honeysuckle was all over.

And then Vincenzo, looking up, caught something—he did not know just what—of her calm gray eyes and

promptly proceeded to upset a squat pitcher of cream.

Every night Vincenzo came in from the embryonic Italian gardens to be shaved and dressed by the stolid Englishman provided by his host.

If there were no guests for the evening Bob went a-calling on his neighbors and the fair chateaine found herself spinning in the moonlight beside the pseudo owner of the rakish yellow car, who was taking to luxury and the social career as a duck takes to water.

To be sure, Bob suggested rather heartlessly that the week end party had best be postponed. It is one thing to conduct a social experiment, he remarked, and another to explain it when the experimenter was a charming young woman. And the experimented one—well, there was no use talking! Vincenzo had proved no slouch!

And on the evening of the sixth day Bob came home from the city late. Dinner had been served. The porch was deserted.

No, Miss Darnton and Mr. Pantozzi were not out motoring. The gentleman (what nice shades of meaning a stolid faced servant can put into a simple phrase) had gone away in his car alone and Miss Darnton was in bed, room, quite ill with a headache.

Headache notwithstanding, she burst into her brother's study directly the servant had gone back to the rear of the house. Her face was quite pale. Her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy from the center of dark circles.

"I've come to acknowledge my defeat, Bob," she said bitterly. "I'll start your tie in the morning, and I wish you would see that Vin—Mr. Pantozzi leaves the house before I start the tie."

"Whew!" gasped Bob. "What has he done? Eaten peas with a spoon or demanded macaroni uncut?"

Nan leaned wearily against a chair and her mouth drooped.

"It has been a dreadful mistake Bob. He didn't joke about it, dear. Vincenzo—tonight—he has fallen in love with me!"

Bob leaned back in his chair and laughed heartlessly.

"Which goes to show," he gasped between paroxysms, "that your theory is entirely correct. He fell right into our life, our ways. He is one of us. I don't know a heart free man in our crowd who would not fall in love with you—if he had the opportunities of seeing you in your most charming, womanly moods, as poor Pantozzi has. Don't blame him for that! It's a bad theorist who won't accept the results of her own experiments."

"I didn't think you would take it like this, Bob. I thought the honor of the family—"

Bob bit his lip.

"Did he say anything that reflected on the Darnton honor?"

"No-o. He was lovely, but a bit hysterical. He said—well, you know what they all say—that I was the one woman—that he was unworthy of me—that he would not have placed me in such a false position—but he should love me always—and then he jumped into his car—your car, I mean—and went down the drive like mad."

"He didn't happen to say that he thought it a shame for a pretty girl to lose by trickery the best sunburst Tiffany could put up, did he?"

"Bob," gasped his sister, leaning heavily against the table, "did he know?"

"Everything, my dear! Vincenzo is a chap I met in Paris, the younger son of an old Roman family who have nothing but chapels and marbles and paintings which the state will not permit them to sell, and Vincenzo was studying architecture with the laudable intention of earning a fortune to keep the confounded chapels and relics in the family. I gave him his first commission, and he has retaliated by demanding the hand of my only sister. That's gratitude for you! I'll send him packing in the morning," said Bob, with assumed fierceness. Then suddenly a figure all in white nestled against his broad shoulder; a slim arm crept around his neck.

"I'd—I'd rather you wouldn't, Bob. I need a new sunburst worse than anything else in the world, except"—

"A glimpse of Pantozzi's face at this minute—and there's his car!"

Artemus Ward's Accomplishment.

On the occasion of Artemus Ward's professional visit to London, which occurred not long before his death, J. E. Preston Muddock says in his book, "Pages From an Adventurous Life," that the American humorist's advertisements of his "show" were as full of funny surprises as the lectures themselves. One that tickled the general public was this:

Artemus Ward delivered Lectures Before All the Crowned Heads of Europe ever thought of delivering lectures.

And an excerpt from his lecture on "Drawing" is quoted by Mr. Muddock as a particularly delightful bit.

"I haven't distinguished myself as an artist," Ward said in his inimitable way, "but have always been mixed up in art. I have an uncle who takes photographs in his spare moments, and I have a servant who takes everything he can lay his hands on at any moment."

"At a very tender age I could draw on wood. When a mere child I once drew a small cart load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. It was a raw morning. The people of the village recognized me. They said it was a raw turnip drawing. That shows how faithfully I had copied nature. I drew their attention to it, so you see there was a lot of drawing in it."

"The villagers, with the wonderful discernment peculiar to villagers, said I had a future before me. As I was walking backward when I made my drawing, I replied that I thought my future must be behind me."

WINNING A COAT.

The Clever Scheme That Was Worked by a French Thief.

A Frenchman had been attending the Comedie Francaise, and after the performance he took a gloomy byway in order to make a short cut to the Boulevard Montmartre. He noticed as he hastened through the dark a slight tug on his coattail, but to this he paid no attention. When he reached the bright boulevard, however, he found, to his great mortification, that one tail of his clawhammer coat had been cut off. He notified a journalist of his loss, and the next morning an account of the odd theft appeared in the Figaro. That afternoon a man in a blue uniform called on him.

"I come, monsieur," the man said, "from the bureau of police. We have captured a suspicious character who had in his pocket a piece of fine black cloth. Let me have your mutilated coat, sir. If the piece fits it, we will know that we have apprehended the man who robbed you."

The other surrendered his coat, and from that day to this he heard no more about it. The pretended official was, of course, the thief, who had adopted that aduacious means of getting the coat in order to attach to it the purple tinsel tail.

Who Knows?

Allie tolled slowly up the stairs, paper and pencil in hand, ready to ask questions of the first person she encountered. Being just six, she was at the inquiring age and endeavored to make everybody's life a burden to them.

The first person she encountered was Bridget, the upstairs girl.

"Pwease, Bwidget," she piped, "gif me ve letters of ve afabit?"

Slowly and impressively Bridget complied.

"An' now, Bwidget," proceeded Allie, "pwease gif me ve letters vat ain't in ve afabit."

Bridget thought. Then she thought again. She was puzzled.

Finally she said:

"I'll tell ye tomorrow," and went down to ask cook—London Queen.

The Colonies—in English Eyes.

The average Englishman, and it is surprising in what numbers he exists, has a vague conception of colonies generally. He has some hazy notions of Virginian plantations and transportation settlements and crown colonies where a peppery military man of the old school takes up the white man's burden by holding autocratic sway over unclad barbarians. The conceptions are more often than not fifty years behind the times.—Sydney Lone Hand.

The Oldest Jury.

The oldest Greek poet has left us a picture of what the jury was in his time. The primitive court is sitting, and the question is "guilty" or "not guilty." The old men of the community give their opinions in turn. The adjudicating democracy, the commons, standing round about, applaud the opinions which strike them most, and the applause determines the decision. Such was probably the earliest form of jury.

The British Drama.

It is absolutely true that the British public goes to the theater to be amused, not to be instructed. It considers that it pays its money to be amused, and it sullenly resents the presence of any powder in the jam. It is when this attitude changes that the great renaissance of the British drama will arrive.—London Graphic.

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