

AN OLD MAN ON YOUNG SHOULDERS

BY LONDON CARTER.



JUST MAZED THE FRENCH PROFESSOR THROUGH MISTAKE

DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING AMERICAN WITH LESS THAN A HUNKLEY AND YOUNG?

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IN the Grange there is mourning and woe. Horror has fallen upon it—something bordering on disgrace and possible newspaper notoriety, and—Lady Howard, forgetful alike of dignity and cosmetics, places both elbows on the table and sobs alone.

Breakfast is forgotten, the rolls and the toast and the eggs are growing cold, and still her ladyship sobs unrestrainedly—unbecomingly.

"Oh, Algernon! it can't be true! It's impossible!" wailed she, alluding to the contents of the letter which Sir Algernon is reading with contracted brow.

Lord Algernon, the eldest son of the house, is about 40; tall, broad and conspicuously, but not aggressively, well groomed. In manner, like all Englishmen, he is reserved and courteous, while about him there is a subtle but permeating something which endears him to all with whom he comes in contact.

Just now his brow is cloudy while he reads the news which has outraged his mother. "Yes; it is inconceivable," says he, "but then things always look so much more serious when in writing, and the child is almost here by this time don't you think it is kinder, better, more charitable in every way to delay judgment and even opinions until she can speak for herself? Oh, cheer up, mother," said he encouragingly, "after all it may only be a childish prank, and there are always two sides to every question, and she is young, very young."

"Two sides indeed!" exclaimed Lady Howard wrathfully. "Did you ever see anything American with less than a hundred and young? Why, at her age I was a mother, whereas now she is condoned for being expelled in disgrace

from school. Oh why, why," continued she, wringing her hands, "with all the His that my flesh has fallen heir to, was I ever persuaded into adopting an alien."

Just then the door opens and another son, Captain Curtis Howard, enters the room, and seeing his mother's state of excitement he asks in amazed tones what in heaven's name has happened.

"Happened!" exclaimed Lady Howard. "Why, it's that girl again! Some people who are not well-bred occasionally achieve good breeding, but in this instance it seems impossible to even think—deceit—upon this—er—piece of mis—er—the next time one of my brothers or relatives decides to run off and marry, I trust he may invade anything but America!"

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about, nor am I clever at guessing, but what I do know is that 'ill breeding' and 'indecent' are words which, from no standpoint of justice, could be connected with Evelyn. What's she supposed to have done, any way?" asked Curtis stanchly, and with marked emphasis upon "supposed."

"Oh, only a trifle," said Lady Howard sneeringly. "Just gotten disgracefully expelled from the most aristocratic and select school in England, that's all!"

"Well, what for?" asked Curtis, persistently, to whom Evelyn was the embodiment of every possible fascination and virtue.

"Just mazed the French professor, through mistake, after having first done his best—panalogue," said Lady Howard, modestly lowering her eyes. "However, it's not so much the cause but the effect of the escapade that is so likely to humiliate us, and from all places to be expelled from 'Gunston."

The very institution breathes social distinction and refinement, and I had at least hoped for some satisfactory results, from such surroundings, even if from absorption only. And what am I to write Miss Ould, the principal?"

Just then her horse's hoofs are heard on the gravel. Curtis promptly disappears and in a few moments returns, leading the accused, who by no means looks a culprit, dejected or even repentant, but smiling, lovely and radiant.

The occupants of the room turn expectantly as Evelyn enters, but there is no warmth or eagerness in their welcome.

Evelyn stops suddenly in the center of the room, her brow puckered, as if in amazement, then her face clears as though by magic, and a smile seems to literally ripple over her face.

"And so, after all, you did get Miss Ould's letter?" she said to the aunt. "Now, what a pity to have worried you so unnecessarily, continued she, in sympathetic tones. "Because finally matters were more than satisfactorily settled and—"

"I would think the same feeling of consideration which would prompt your keeping me in ignorance of your—er—escape, would have regulated your conduct in the first instance," said Lady Howard, witheringly, "and of all places to be returned from, 'Gunston,' where only the slits can go, and—Miss Ould! how can I ever face her?"

"Return from 'Gunston,' indeed! Why, aunt, you speak as though I were a package of tea, and as to the embarrassment on your part when meeting Miss Ould, why, the boot's quite on the other foot. Tables turned, you know. From sheer mortification Miss Ould has now gone into solitary confinement, after

having apologized to, and reinstated all the girls."

"There, mother," said Sir Algernon, "do you see, there is another side, after all."

"Let's have it, Evelyn," said Curtis, encouragingly.

"Well, tell me just how much you know and then I'll begin where you leave off."

"We don't know a dog-gone thing, except that you have given the French professor pneumonia."

"No such thing," interrupted Evelyn. "He compromised on 'la grippe,' and wasn't altogether my fault, anyway. It was simply a case of him or me, and I retired in his favor, that's all, and if it had been any one else, Miss Ould wouldn't have gotten so 'all-fired' angry anyway, but she's awfully sweet on him, you know, and—"

"For the land's sake, wrinkle your brow, scratch your head, concentrate your thoughts and explain what has really happened, for this strain is telling on my nerves," said Curtis.

"Far the land's sake, you know it was a hazing episode," said Evelyn, smiling as though proud of the sensation she is creating. "The seniors had soaked—I mean drenched—all the juniors but me."

"Yes, and you?" asked Curtis.

"Well, thanks to the imaginative mind and being a born imitator, I had for weeks managed, by means of 'both fair and foul,' to elude and circumvent the hazers, but last Monday night was the crisis. Things seemed to be closing in about me, the bath tub was already filled with cold water, the windows were sealed in the next room and plans were laid to inveigle me to come to that floor—but Maud Randolph, one of the juniors whom I had befriended, warned me

just in time, so we told Professor Young that Miss Ould wished to speak to him immediately, then my friend rushed off through a side hall and mysteriously confided to the hazers that this time, by means of disguise I had appropriated the professor's clothes—"

"The lights were low, the hour close upon midnight when the waiting girls—the hazers, saw me, as they supposed, tipping toward them—then at a signal they rounced upon their victim and rushed him into the bathroom, at another signal down went his perfumed dignity into cold water and such screams as 'Eggs blue!' 'Le bon Dieu!' 'young ladies—er—vat does this mean?' 'desist—desist, I tell you.'"

But the girls, thinking that their victim was still impersonating Professor Young, were merciless, and not until the struggling form had ceased to struggle were the lights turned on, when there lay poor 'Parles-Vous' too numb to even gasp—by this time Miss Ould, hearing the screams, comes hoochy-cooching down the hall and—"

"Did they retreat?" asked Evelyn scornfully, in answer to a question from Curtis.

"Well, 'rapid transit' wasn't a patch to their movements—you couldn't see them for dust, while Miss Ould, in her red wrapper, followed like 'The Sunset Limited.'"

"For the life of me, I can't see why you came in for most of the blame," said Sir Algernon incredulously, and in tones as near laughter as he thought his mother's patience would

allow—"couldn't you have pleaded 'self-preservation?'"

"Yes, but apart from that I was 'caught in the act'—er, I mean in the professor's breeches," said Evelyn, totally unabashed, "and in my mad rush to elude the hazers I suddenly turned a corner and went headlong into Miss Ould's—er 'central division.'"

"You talk like a penny illustrated," said Lady Howard witheringly, and who, in justice, it may be said, had schooled herself to dislike Evelyn that her present girlish description was totally unappreciated, save from the standpoint of ugliness. "And may I ask," continued her ladyship, "how Miss Ould, a lady of the old regime, could so generously overlook such hoydenish conduct. It is certainly a most flattering tribute to her friendship for me—"

"I think in this instance," said Evelyn calmly, "that her generosity was solely based upon self-interest, for there were subsequent developments in the case which defy a boyden."

"Now for the 'bonne bouche,'" cried Curtis. "Let's have it, Eve. What did the old sister do?"

"I think," said Evelyn innocently and wrinkling mysteriously at Curtis, "that this is a time when even the 'old regime' needs shielding—it is really kind to remain silent, you know, and then, too, perhaps she can't help loving the professor."

"Oh come back to earth and tell us how you got your reprieve," said Curtis in exasperated tones.

"Well," said Evelyn, "the day after the 'baptism' the Aesthetic summoned the 'entire school.'"

"The Aesthetic—Miss Ould, our principal, you know, and just before the appointed hour the girls called a meeting, when it was decided that we should appear before the 'tribunal' one by one, instead of collectively, so that each sentence would be interrupted. For some reason I headed the list, and when leaving the room a senior said impressively: 'Now, no smiles, because even on ordinary occasions the Aesthetic doesn't like them, and today our only hope of salvation lies in being intense; a nervous shudder if you like, a few tears of joy over 'Parles-Vous' recovery, but above all things appear silent, repentant, submissive; then as the sermon continues look hypnotized, rapt, lifted far above the earthly things of life.'"

"Yes, dear, and then you went downstairs," questioned Sir Algernon enthralled.

"Yes, I went down all saturated with the proper feelings, but unfortunately, I was a few minutes ahead of time, and being only an 'American hoyden,' and unaccustomed to aesthetic atmospheres and 'old regimes,' I made the terrible 'faux pas' of entering the public drawing-room unexpectedly, I mean without knocking, and there sat Miss Ould and I saw—ahem!—reinstated the girls forever and aye."

"By jove! was the aesthetic on her head?"

"No, replied Evelyn sweetly. "There was nothing more abnormal about the situation than an 'Ould' head on young shoulders."

Mystery of Animal Intelligence

I COULD never attract field mice by playing on the violin, and only the other day on the road near my home at Sale I noticed that a goat manifested signs of wishing to stop before a grind organ. Its master pulled the string by which it was led, but it tugged at it so persistently that at last he stopped, and the goat, listening with evident attention, turned its head, writes the Countess Martinego Cesarso in the Chicago Tribune.

From ancient time certain divine and human personages have been supposed to possess peculiar powers over shy and savage animals. Balaam had a prediction for pathers. Perhaps all the stories of the sea and animals originated in the simple belief that gods, like men, had a weakness for pets. In Hindu mythology Gundhya attracts a whole forestful of beasts by reciting his poems to them. Music has real influence on animals; it is probable that the sweet flute playing of the snake charmer is an aid in obtaining desired results.

Power of Orpheus.

The power of Orpheus to subdue beasts was one reason why the early Christians took him as a type of Christ. Of all the prophecies which were believed to refer to the Messiah none so evaptivated the popular mind as those which could be interpreted as referring to his recognition by animals.

Thomas, "the Israelite philosopher," author of the pseudo Thomas which is said to date from the second century, appears to have been a Jewish convert. A curious feature in these writings is the scarcity of anything actually origi-

nal. The most original story to be found in them is that of how when the little Jesus clasped his hands and caused his sparrows to fly away. This pretty legend penetrated into the folklore even of remote Iceland.

The little child of Isalah's prophecy was the cause of troops of wild beasts being convoked to attend the infant Christ. Lions acted as guides for the flight into Egypt, and it is mentioned that not only did they respect the holy family, but also the asses and oxen which carried their baggage. Besides, the lions, leopards, and other creatures "wagged their tails with reverence," although in these animals are of the cat species in which wagging the tail signifies the reverse of content.

Romance of the Unknown.

This is the subject of an old English ballad, "The King of the Wild Beasts." King of all wild beasts. Sad rhymes they are, nor, it is said, is the sense much better. Yet hundreds of years ago in English villages, where perhaps only one man knew how to read, this doggerel served the end of the highest poetry; it transported the mind into an ideal region; it threw into the English landscape deserts, lions, a heavenly child; it stirred the heart with the romance of the unknown; it whispered to the soul: "Afar is a fairy land, and beyond is the bosom of God."

A single passage in the New Testament connects Christ with wild animals; in Saint Mark's gospel we are told that after his baptism in the Jordan, Jesus was driven by the Spirit into the wilder-

ness, where "He was with wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto him." In the east the idea of the anchorite who leaves the haunts of men for the haunts of beasts was already fabulously old. Many tired brain workers have recourse to mountain ascents as a restorative, but these can rarely be performed alone, and high mountains with their immense horizon tend to overwhelm rather than to collect the mind. But to wander alone in a forest day after day, without particular aim, drinking in the pungent odors of growing things, fording the ice-cold streams, meeting no one but a bird or a hare—this will leave a memory as of another existence in some enchanted sphere. We have tasted an ecstasy that cities cannot give.

Wherever there are solitudes there are friendships between the recuse and the wild beast.

All sorts of stories of lions and other animals that are on friendly terms with the monks of the desert have come down to us in the legends of the saints. St. Francis of Assisi constantly treated animals as creatures endowed with reason. Birds in great quantities had alighted in a neighboring field.

Preaching to the Birds.

"Wait a little for me here upon the road," the saint said to his companion, "I am going to preach to my sisters, the birds." The birds stretched out their necks, fluttered their wings, opened their beaks, and looked at the preacher with attention. When he had done he passed in the midst of them and touched them with his habit, and not one of them

stirred till he gave them leave to fly away.

Schopenhauer mentions with emphatic approval the Indian merchant at the fair of Astrachan, who, when he has a "turn of good luck, goes to the market place and buys birds and circumvent the myrtles. This being done, I resume my pen."

(At this point I chance to see from my window a kitten in the act of annoying a large snake, probably an itongo. It requires a good five minutes to induce the kitten to abandon its quarry and to carry the snake to a safe place among the myrtles. This being done, I resume my pen.)

Who can doubt but that these men whose faculties were concentrated on drawing nearer to the eternal, vaguely surmised that wild living creatures had unperceived channels of communication with spirit, hidden rapport with the fountain-of-life which men have lost, or never possessed? Who can doubt that in the vast cathedral of nature they were awed by "the mystery which is in the face of brutes?"

Besides the need of love and the need to wonder, some of them may be said to pity. Here the ground widens, for the heart that feels the pang of the meanest thing that lives does not beat only in the hermit's cell, or under the rackcloth of a saint.

Something Dropped.

Your English friend drops his 'a, doesn't he?"

"Yes, we were talking last night about love, and he said it was a lost heart."

Demand for a shorter day and an adjusted wage scale have been presented by the firm and organized the Pennsylvania railroad, which it is declared, maintains a 12-hour working day, and has no less than 84 different wages.

Rainbows and Riches From Refuse

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bath of alizarin, will emerge with different colors—a fact that was mentioned by Pliny.

When Mr. Perkin adopted in his dye factory business the discovery of two German scientists that an artificial color could be made from the coal-tar product, anthracene, the dyeing and color-painting industries underwent a revolution.

Previous to that time anthracene, like coal tar, had been considered a worthless thing. Some of it was sold at a dollar or so a ton for use as a car grease. In a little while, however, it was bringing \$500 a ton.

As one result, the cultivation of the madder plant, once an important industry, has dwindled to practically nothing. In 1858 England imported 15,000 tons or more at a cost exceeding \$5,850,000, but 20 years later the importation had shrunk to 250 tons, representing less than \$10,000.

Still another valuable product of coal tar is phenol, or carbolic acid, which is almost indispensable in the medical world because of its antiseptic and disinfecting properties. From it comes a series of coloring matters, ranging from the bright yellow of picric acid to red, orange, brown, and so on.

Aniline, which furnished the dyers of the world a new basis upon which to work, was obtained originally from the lodige plant. All the aniline now used for the production of the innumerable colors of dyeing material is a derivative of benzine.

Two years after Perkin had opened

new paths to wealth through his discovery, his former chief, Professor Hofmann, produced the magnificent color known as magenta, or aniline red. Previous to that time magenta was very expensive; it was used in liquid form and cost \$25 a gallon.

After this discovery came a number of others in rapid succession—blue, violet, green, yellow; all the hues of the rainbow, in fact.

Surprising, indeed, is the amount of coloring than can be obtained from coal-tar products. About 13 gallons of the tar come from a ton of good canal coal. This will yield one pound of benzine, one pound of toluene, one and a half pounds of carbolic acid, six pounds of naphthalene and half a pound of anthracene.

The fine blues, violets, greens, yellows and orange come from benzine; magenta and brilliant blues from toluene; reds, browns and pinks from carbolic acid; reds, yellows and greens from naphthalene and Turkey red from anthracene.

A single pound of coal will yield an ounce and a half of tar, and from this it is possible to obtain dyes that will color flannels, three-quarters of a yard wide, to the following lengths: Turkey red, 4 inches; magenta, 3 inches; scarlet, 1 1/2 feet; orange, 2 inches; yellow, 5 feet; violet, 3 feet.

In England alone, the home of Perkin, over 10,000,000 tons of coal are used annually for gas-making, so that the extent of the dye-manufacture industry can be imagined.

This once despised and rejected coal tar has also become a corner-stone in

the temple of medicine. Its derivatives are being extensively used to cure human ills.

For assuaging fevers, antipyrene is effective and is cheaper than quinine. It has been used with success in treating typhoid fever and influenza.

Thallium, another coal-tar drug, has special potency in mitigating yellow fever; phenacetin is used for headaches, chills, neuralgia and whooping cough.

Sulphonal is popular with travelers, especially those in countries where hardships and fatigue are the common lot. It produces a deep, quiet sleep, lasting seven or eight hours, from which the person awakes refreshed and strengthened.

Cause for Indignation.

From Smith's Weekly.

The train was about to depart when a stout old lady ran onto the platform in haste. The obliging guard pounced upon her, fairly lifted her into the carriage, and as he slammed the door the train steamed out of the station. The first stopping place was 20 miles up the line, and when the train arrived the guard observed the old lady stepping out of the compartment in a state of boiling indignation.

"You nearly missed it, mum," he said. "Missed it? You silly ass!" fumed the old lady. "I didn't want to come by it at all. I simply wanted to post a letter in the late tea box on the train. And now, perhaps, you'll tell me who is going to pay my fare back. Talk about the intelligence of man, I'd rather have a donkey to deal with!"