# THE IVORY GIRL

By Margaret Carruthers.

HENRIETTA DOANE drove her car leisurely along the smooth, hard road keeping perilously near the parking along the sides. Her eyes feasted eagerly upon the familiar features of the landscape, the rich level fields, the line hedgerows, with now and then little glimpses of the sound beyond.

The quiet of the country was beautiful and Henrietta always returned to it with a sense of filial affection. Here she belonged. For in some mysterious way we always do belong to the place where our life begins. It had been a rather rainy summer and the rich green of everything about her was part of a luxuriant peace and rest. The flower-scented moist air blew refreshingly against her face and she threw up her veil taking deep breaths. When Henrietta could no longer stand the noise and dirt of the city she rode out here among the fields and flowers for rest and quiet. As she neared the top of a steep little hill her car puffing and chugging laboriously, she saw some distance ahead of her a man on horseback. He too rode leisurely. "Perhaps he belongs here," thought Henrietta, as she noted the easy grace with which he sat on his splendid animal. Gradually she gained upon him until finally she came up alongside of him, with a noisy whiz and buzz that frightened his mount and set him rearing and plunging.

Henrietta slackened speed until the frightened beast could be quieted. But it was too late. With a final lunge he sent his rider flying through the air, landing him squarely in front of Henrietta's car. She twisted the steering gear frantically, throwing the huge machine violently to one side of the road and bringing it to a sudden stop. She sprang out and went to the assistance of the fallen rider.

"Oh, it's nothing," he answered, struggling to regain his feet and composure. "A slight sprain, nothing serious," he said, smiling bravely.

Henrietta gave all her attention to the injured foot. She brought antiseptic bandages and arnica from the emergency case at the rear of the car while he removed the shoe and stocking. Calmly and silently she performed the surgical duties, her "patient" watching her intently.

"Now," she asked, her voice all tenderness, "where shall I take you?"

He pointed to a castle-like house fronting the sapphire-colored bay. He refused her further assistance, and hopped on one foot to the panting car. He guided her across rustic bridges, through little clusters of wooden forests, over smooth shaded drives. Oxeyed daisies and stalks of early golden rod flashed here and there along the edges of well-kept paths. "A veritable fairyland," mused Henrietta. Her attention must for the most part be given to operating her car and she did not see the earnest gaze of her companion.

At last they drew up before the door, which was opened by a pompous butler in red livery.

"Won't you come in?" he asked. "My sister is away, but you could have tea and rest awhile. You must be tired."

Henrietta thanked him, mumbling something about an engagement for dinner, threw on the power, and was gone. As he stood staring after the disappearing car, he suddenly remembered that he didn't even know her name, and it also occurred to him that he had not told her his. What if he should never see her again? "Why didn't I ask her?" he thought.

He remembered the calm, inscrutable marble beauty of face and form that recalled tales of the old northern sagas. The ivory pallor of her skin, the bronze red shimmer of her hair that waved in close silken ripples over the temples and ears and was gathered up again like a crown of red gold on her head. Her great luminous gray eyes were instinct with the spirit of reminiscence as though on the verge of melting in some consenting dream. He was glad now that he had not asked her name. He did not wish to incur the suspicion of inquisitiveness. To him she seemed at once the incarnation of all his life had hitherto missed or craved. A bachelor, rich, blase, and caring nothing for society, he was constitutionally of a somewhat sour reserve and resentful self-consciousness. His mood had won him few friends, and its demonstration had speedily estranged such as had been attracted to him. Not until the car had disappeared completely in a cloud of dust did he remember his sprained ankle.

Henrietta sped cityward through faint gathering twilight mists, vaguely conscious of some new exultation. She wondered who he was and how mother nature produced her effects. Through the gathering shadows she saw dimly outlined a large heavily-built man, with rough-hewn features that possessed a rude symmetry of their own. But it was the eyes that gave the granitic face its rare refinement and distinction, for the expression of his light blue thick-lashed eyes was so exquisite that it had for Henrietta the effect of perfume and suggested some choice blossom in the crannied wall far up and out of reach.

As she neared the ferry her dreams fled, giving place to the more prosaic things of life. She was due at the Colonial club for dinner at 8 and it was already 6:15.

A month later, Robert Livingston sat in the spacious smoking-room of the Iris club. The embers of a half spent grate fire threw a softened color over pictures, furnishings and the ruddy blonde face of Robert who sat dreaming before it.

"Hello, Bob," how's the foot?"

"Glad to have you back with us. No place like a fellow's club, eh, Bob?" The newcomer moved up a chair and sat down. He was Arthur Gorham, whose only responsibility was the spending of the enormous income left him by his thrifty, crusty old father. Most women dislike him, an attitude which

he endured with equanimity. His eyes held a gleam of knowledge which invariably repelled those of the fair sex, whom it did not conspicuously attract. The only woman ever truly loved by him had died and her death had made his tragedy. He was of the minority, who never forget, though few people would have suspected his deep sorrow from his conversation.

He moved to a more comfortable position and looked squarely at Bob, who had not shifted his gaze from the fire.

"Tell me, Bob, how did you come a cropper, you who have hitherto been considered invincible, or unsettable, which is better."

"Oh, a beastly automobile," but the lines of his face softened as he added, "and a girl, a deucedly pretty girl, Gorham. Shimmering red hair, melting gray eyes, a complexion like polished ivory, and as calm and refreshing as a June breeze. After the fall she patched me up and took me home."

"And you didn't ask her name, Bob?"

"Ask nothing. Why she was gone before I could thank her, and I've been searching for her ever since."

"Any clue, Bob?"

"Absolutely none, and every one I ask about her seems to think I am some sort of an escaped lunatic; but, Gorham, I tell you I must find her."

"And if you find her, Bob, what then?"

"Why, I would marry her, of course; that is, if she were willing."

"Why, Bob, I believe you have gone crazy, clean daft. Here you are promising to carry a woman you don't even know. Never heard of anything so ridiculous. Come, old fellow, brace up, don't be foolish. Forget this ivory girl you have been dreaming about."

They smoked for a moment in silence then Bob remarked:

"For true encouragement there's nothing like an old friend."

"What's an old friend for except to tell unpleasant truths that no mere acquaintance would dare to utter. Far be it from me, Bob, to be unduly gloomy, but I do hate to see you going on this way. We've been pretty good pals, you and I."

"Well, Gorham, why shouldn't we go on being good pals?"

"Because you have succumbed to nature while I, resisting her, am by way of being an outcast. In future we shall differ as radically as the romancer differs from the realist."

Bob shrugged his shoulders irritably.

"Great God, Gorham," he exclaimed, "do you think love robs a man of his reason as of his independence?"

"Certainly not. It only shifts his viewpoint, rather feminizes him. You have yielded to nature and nature is feminine—as proof—her laws and their lovely lack of logic. It's only another demonstration of the truth of the old adage, 'woe to the conquered.'"

"And have you no advice to give to the conquered, oh, valiant one?"

"Advice is the cheapest thing in the world and is worth no more than it costs in most cases."

Both were lost in silence for some time. It was Gorham who spoke first.

"Come on, Bob, let's go to a show and shake this mood of yours."

Bob only grinned and nodded.

"The Players, by Harry Doane, has its premier tonight at the Lyceum. A good play by a clever writer, they say. Grace Lyons has the leading role, and she's always worth going to see."

They called a cab and were soon in front of the theatre. Their only chance to get seats rested with the speculators. Gorham calmly submitted to their method of highway robbery and they were soon wedged into the narrow little seats, Bob looking every bit of his discomforture. Methodically he turned his program and waited for the curtain to go up.

Gorham, who rather plumed himself on his social connections, began picking out the notables to Bob, who was plainly bored and disinterested.

"There are the rich Craigies in the lower right box, and in the upper right the Stuyvesants, and there in the box left the Spencer Beekmans and the lovely Gwendolin Carew, and ——"

"And who?" demanded Bob, leaning over and staring fascinated at the box indicated by Gorham, his breath coming in quick little gasps.

"Why, that is Henrietta Doane. Her pen name is Harry Doane. We shall be indebted to her for this evening's entertainment."

Here Gorham halted at sight of Bob's face. It was lighted by a soft color that came and went and the cold blue eyes seemed ready to melt as they rested tenderly, longingly on the occupant of the box.

"That's my ivory girl, Gorham. Then, as though in a dream he repeated —"shimmering red hair, melting gray eyes, and a complexion like polished ivory."

"By jove, Bob, she is pretty. I met her at a musical at Miss Carew's. I'll present you if you wish."

Then the curtain rose. Bob gave very little attention to the stage. He only knew of the play that it dealt with the fellow who had fallen in love with a girl at the sea shore who made of him the plaything of an hour. The soreness of the affront to his self esteem urged him from the dull apathy of despair into a sullen resolve to woo oblivion. He attached himself to several clubs, a set of gentlemanly rook, ever convivially inclined. The end of the act showed him (moved by a subconscious notion of keeping his name decent) off for South America, the land "par excellence" of unburied shades.

They left their seats at the end of the act and made for the lobby. There, standing in the foyer surrounded by an admiring crowd, very much like a queen holding court, Bob thought, stood "the ivory girl." She was too busy receiving the congratulations of her friends to notice Bob, who was worming his way to her side. It was Miss Carew who saw them first. Then Henrietta turned around, their eyes met.

"Miss Doane, Mr. Livingston."

She bowed and extended a slender white, slightly trembling hand. A warm rich color mounted the ivory cheeks, and a soft gleam of recognition crept into the clear gray eyes. Visibly embarrassed, she managed to stammer. "Mr. Livingston, I have often wondered if you were able to be about again."

As Robert Livingston made his way to his seat his heart beat wildly and he was conscious of but one thing—she had thought of him—wondered how he was.

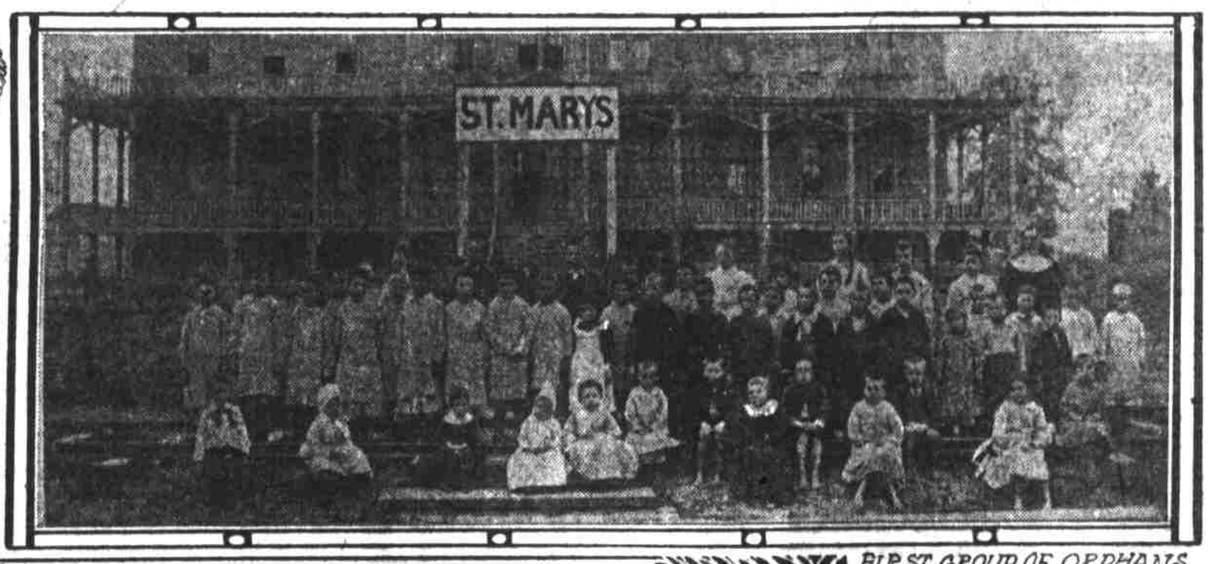
As their cab turned up Fifth avenue toward the club, Bob suddenly asked:

"Say, Gorham, what became of that fellow after he got to South Africa. Miss Doane will be sure to ask me what I thought of the play."

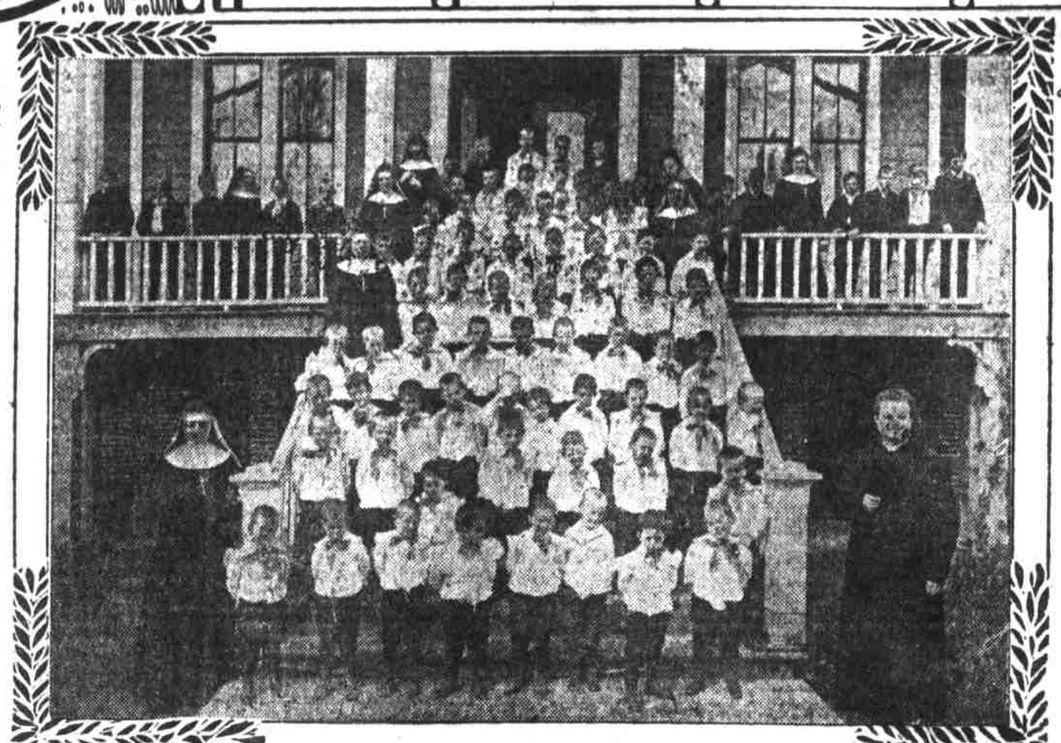
# CARING FOR THE ORPHAN GIRLS AND BOYS

## St. Mary's Home Where Friendless Youngsters are Reared to Become Useful Men *and* Women--Taught Practical Trades

"GRANDMA" THIELSEN




FIRST GROUP OF ORPHANS TAKEN IN 1893 GIRLS WERE ACCEPTED AT THAT TIME.



GROUP OF ORPHANS SHOWING SISTERS AND FATHER A.A. MOORE RECENT SUPERINTENDENT

LEFT alone to fight the battle of life, without food or shelter; nearly 800 Oregon boys have been raised to honorable, useful manhood through the untiring efforts of a little band of kind sisters and energetic priests of the Roman Catholic church. The women are the sisters of St. Mary, who conduct St. Mary's home at the station of St. Mary, 10 miles south of Portland on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, near Beaverton.

Since St. Mary's home was founded in 1871 by the late Archbishop William H. Gross, it has grown to be a mighty institution, a little city of religious and educational homes has sprung up, and its good influence has been felt throughout the northwest. From a modest little home for orphan boys the original institution has become an imposing four-story structure. Near the home a convent for the sisters of St. Mary has been erected, and recently an academy for girls and young women was founded. Modern conveniences have been adopted as fast as they have been perfected and every building in the colony is equipped with the conveniences which tend to increase the comfort and broaden the minds of the boys and young women who are placed in the care of the good sisters.

### Comfortable Home.

St. Mary's home is now a four-story structure 220 feet in length and 120 feet wide. In the basement are kitchen, dining hall and play rooms for the children. The top floor is utilized for dormitories and the others contain the class rooms, chapel and sewing room.

Besides St. Mary's convent and the new girl's academy there are many other buildings in the little colony. A modern water system supplies the institutions from three fine wells. A steam pumping plant is used to supply the force for the system. This plant likewise affords opportunity for the older scholars to study steam engineering and as no chance to broaden the minds of the boys is overlooked by their instructors, many hours are spent in explaining this branch of study.

Modern sewage and drainage systems have been installed by the institutions and the site is as healthful as could be found in the world.

An electric plant supplies the light for all the buildings, heating plants have been installed which are modern in every particular, and there are also warehouses, granaries and outbuildings of various descriptions.

Far from being satisfied with the great good already accomplished plans are now being made for an industrial school. This institution will be erected near St. Mary's home and as soon as the youngsters cared for by the sisters become old enough they will be placed in the hands of the Jesuit fathers whose skill as educators is unsurpassed. Here the boys will be taught useful trades and will go out in the world fully equipped to care for themselves.

### One Hundred Boys.

There are 100 boys enrolled at St. Mary's home at present. These youngsters range in age from three to 15 years, the majority being under 10 years old. They are recruited from the divorce courts, the slums and the streets, and many a little chap who is now wearing good clothes and receiving the best of motherly care, cannot remember a mother or father or of anything but kicks, cuffs and rags, before he fell into the hands of the benevolent sisterhood. Foundlings, orphans, children whose parents mistreat them and those left homeless by a decree of the courts, are all welcomed with open arms by the good sisters. They are cared for with tenderest care until such time as they become competent to manage their own affairs, or a good home is found for them with some childless couple. When a suitable home cannot be found for the youth leaving St. Mary's home he is often apprenticed to some kind employer who becomes responsible for his welfare until he attains his majority. Greatest care is exercised by the sisters in selecting homes for their charges and the most careful examination is made of references which are inevitably demanded.

### Taught Farming.

Employment tending to prepare the boys for their future struggle is given them at the schools. As soon as they grow old enough to learn a trade they are placed in the care of Joseph Finta, foreman of the 600-acre farm, or go into the light plant, water works, or laundry. They are taught with painstaking care by the heads of the various departments and gradual masters of the branch they have undertaken to learn.

Rev. Father Tompkins is superintendent of St. Mary's home while Sister Alexandea is sister superior. Both are loved by all the boys, whose hearts they have completely won by untold kindness. Another member of the big "happy family," who is loved by all the boys and whom they will remember to their dying day, is good "Grandma" Thiesen. She has been with the home since the days of its early struggle for life, and the boys who have been raised by her firm but kindly hand declare St. Mary's would not seem complete without her. It is Grandma Thelsen who cares for the littlest boys and babies and she has "mothered" them all with unsurpassed affection and success.

All is not study and work for the boys at the home and the girls at the institute nearby. Spacious playgrounds have been provided and the scholars are encouraged to take plenty of healthy exercise. The thoughtful heads of the institutions have even gone so far as to provide against winter storms and summer storms. The home has a large playhouse for the boys and the girls' academy is provided with a modern gymnasium and auditorium. Many jolly times are enjoyed by the 100 youngsters at the home. Marbles, tag, hopscotch and baseball pass away their idle time on wings of lightning speed. The girls play suitable games and take the keenest enjoyment in their gymnasium exercise.

### Keen Rivalry.

Keen rivalry has sprung up between the boys at the home and the girls at the academy on one point. When "exercises" are to be held each wishes to surpass the other in the merit of their entertainment. On Washington's birthday the boys at the home were to give an entertainment at the auditorium. The program was to occur in the evening. The girls prepared an entertainment also and announced that it would occur in the afternoon. When the boys heard of this they grew determined that the fair sex should not surpass them, and now stoutly maintain that they were victorious. The girls will not admit this, but they say that both programs were of much higher class because of the friendly rivalry than they would have been otherwise.

Until 1902 St. Mary's home was supported by subscriptions from open-hearted people who recognized the value of the good work. In that year the legislature made partial provision for the institution. Under the present law all orphans and children who have but one parent living, receive approximately $4.20 each month, providing they have not received aid from parents or friends.

Friends of the institution have come to its aid liberally from time to time and in 1902 it became possible to open St. Mary's academy. Its growth has been rapid and this term there are 85 girls upon its register. Of this number 60 are boarders, the remainder being day students. The school is admirably situated for this class of pupils, being near the railroad tracks upon which four trains pass each way every day.

### Frog Catchers.

From the Washington Herald.

"St. Paul and Minneapolis are the largest frog markets in the world." This to gourmets and restaurateurs no doubt highly interesting bit of information was given by William J. Jamison of Chicago, a wholesale game and sea food dealer.

"I believe there were about 5,000,000 frogs slaughtered the last year. About seven or eight years ago no frogs were shipped out of Minnesota. Now the business amounts to more than $100,000 a year.

"A wonderful industry has grown up in St. Paul and Minneapolis in supplying the United States with frogs' legs. Frogs are found in other states, of course. In the south the supply will probably never become exhausted, but there are no frogs like the Minnesota product for the epicure. This is attributed to the clear, cool water which is found in Minnesota's 10,000 lakes, in which the frogs live and have their nests.

"The frogs breed very fast, and as it only requires a couple of months for them to attain full size it is easy to understand how almost impossible it will be to exhaust the supply to be found in and around the various lakes and ponds of the state, which probably number 100,000 breeding places. Unlike that for oysters, there is a good demand for frogs' legs all year round, and it is necessary to hunt them in the winter time, when the ground is frozen to the depth of two or three feet and the ice covers the ponds to the thickness of from 24 to 36 inches.

A labor colony at which work may be given the unemployed of New York city and state is provided for in a bill now before the New York legislature. An all-the-year-round colony is planned under state control, where the colonists will be able for one thing to raise enough agricultural products to feed the 26,000 inmates of state institutions.

# WILL WAR'S TERRORS FRIGHTEN US INTO PEACE

(Continued from First page of this section.

vidual productive power which, compared with that of the race as a whole, represents from 7 to 10 per cent of the world's annual output of food, clothing and luxuries.

With Russia beating her starving thousands into silence under the knouts and the gun butts of her million soldiers, with Great Britain garnering as many as she may of her living skeletons in London to send them afar that they may crush the incipient revolts of her starving millions in India, with China eternally on the defensive against her own hungry hordes, whose sole incitement to uprising is the griping in their bellies; with Germany using her legions to crush out sedition in her capital, can the world of ever-increasing hungry mouths afford to sacrifice from one fourteenth to one tenth of its food?

It was Great Britain that led the recent abortive Hague campaign of peace. Emphatic in their refusal to disarm as were the other great nations that are not yet glutted with conquest, all admitted that patent, painful fact that their readiness for war costs them more than their territories can bear or their populations can afford.

Yet Germany straightway laid out a naval program imposing enough to raise riots in Berlin. And Great Britain rejoined with plans for three improved Dreadnaughts, a couple of heavily-armed cruisers, half a dozen smaller cruisers and a dozen torpedo craft and submarines.

And Hudson Maxim, in the United States, invented motorite.

Such a little thing as that! Motorite? And he announced that he would put it at the disposal of the United States.

What is it? Simply a new explosive, contrived by the world's greatest contriver of explosives, which will detonate under regulated control like gasoline.

Not one thousandth part as picturesque as antiquated nitro-glycerine, but one thousand times more efficient, for the discovery of a controllable explosive has been the dream of science since nitro-glycerine first blew its scores of victims sky high to flesh shreds and bone splinters.

It was the apprehension that this country might furnish some such surprise as that under the stress of danger —some terrible novelty in warfare as effective as the Monitor and Merrimac were in their crude era—which has left the United States immune from attack, ever since its mechanics' shops and chemists' laboratories ripped the first hole agape in Sydney Smith's famous declaration that nobody in Europe was aware of the name of an American author, painter or inventor.

Motorite, as briefly described by its inventor, is one of those surprises, developing under no pressure of need, arising in the common course of a research conducted by the specialist who was seeking an improvement upon the Whitehead torpedo. He has adapted it to a boat model, which it propels with apparent perfection of efficiency. Maxim says of it:

"My motorite driven torpedo will easily carry sufficient motorite to drive it at a rate of speed of more than a mile a minute as against 35 miles an hour, the speed of the best other torpedoes now in use, and also to a distance more than double the range of the present torpedoes driven by compressed air. My semi-submarine torpedo boat will have a speed of about 60 miles an hour when driven by motorite and going into action. The motive power of both my torpedo and my semi-submarine torpedo boat is absolutely new to water navigation."

What, in the light of an engine so destructive, becomes of the battleship leviathan, whose millions of expense are so grudged a burden upon the resources of the world?

Even the battleship's best defense, her sharpshooting ability, cannot avail against a motorite-driven torpedo boat propelled by a series of explosive jets at the speed of 60 miles an hour and attacking by means of irresistible torpedoes, self-driven, more swiftly than a mile a minute and having an effective range of more than 10 miles.

The torpedo boat itself as planned by Maxim is to be semi-submarine, while the torpedo remains entirely submerged.

The world's record in naval marksmanship may be broken and made again, as it was made over by the cruiser Maryland at Magdalena bay in February, with an average even more wonderful than that, of 8.43 hits a minute on a 10-knot speed at a target 12x21 feet 1,700 yards removed.

But a semi-submerged torpedo boat 10 miles away firing wholly submerged missiles at a speed faster than a mile a minute is more than invulnerable. It is unhittable.

Meanwhile the day of the submarine has but begun. The announcement by Secretary Metcalf that he would sign the contract with the Lake Torpedo Boat company for a submarine of 500 tons displacement and 161 feet long—larger than any torpedo boat proper we have or are building—together with the recent voyage of submarines along the shores of the Atlantic coast, tell the story of the year's advance in that new and terrible class of warship.

It has been estimated, while the house committee on naval affairs was paring down the naval secretary's demand from four battleships to two, that the United States, if we would be really safe by sea, must have at least 16 battleships on the Atlantic coast, 24 at the Mexican gulf and the Caribbean; 16 along the Pacific coast and 16 in the Philippines—72 in all.

With $700,000,000 extended for their construction—with the nation giving up the productiveness of 1,400,000 men, the support of families amounting to 7,000,000 of its people for a year—what might become of all those imposing fleets were we to send them abroad to wage war or were some enemy to send such fleets here to conquer us?

Our coast defense guns, most of them 12-inch and one 16-inch, hurling missiles no ship can withstand and shooting further, straighter and more quickly than the battleships themselves, must make seaports impregnable, if the modern science of war is any science at all.

But even with the coast defenses of the nations negligible, what part shall the submarine play against the mighty fleets that cost so cruelly? and what part shall it play against the cities it should so well defend? Hear John P. Holland, who built America's first submarine:

"The submarine boat is indeed a weapon against which no means that we possess at present against can prevail. She can pass by anything above or beneath the waves, destroy wharves and shipping and warships at will, throw shells into the city when suitably armed, and then make her way out again to sea.

"She can lie for days at the bottom of the harbor, leaving only when she has used up all her stored power except what is required to carry her back to the open, where she can come to the surface, a mere speck on the water, and renew her power.

"If we had a fleet of submarines big enough they could protect New York harbor completely against an attack by the combined surface attacks of the world. But our shipping and our city would still be at the mercy of our enemies if they had even one submarine manned by a fearless crew of experts.

"You could not mine against her, for she would counter-mine. You could not close her harbor against her, even with a network of torpedoes and chains stretched across the Narrows reaching from the surface to the bottom of the channel. From a safe distance she would simply send a torpedo against the network that would blow it to pieces, giving her all the passage-way she wanted to go in and out.

"You could not chase her with a fleet of your own submarines, because you could more easily find a needle in a haystack than a 65-foot spindle in a place like New York bay. And if by accident you did find her, she would be out of sight in a flash."

It is a deadlock. The advance of science, the universal rivalry in quest of something which shall destroy the destroyers, the ultimate, impassable Thule in the evolutions of war, seems to have been attained at last. It is a gulf of absolute nothingness, a total paralysis wherein a few deadly dragon flies of submarines swoop and whirl, terrible in their touch, yet harmless in their blindness.

The sea which throughout the generations has conferred dominion of land at last turns recreant to the merciless human brood of conquerors.

Over the land the aeroplane and the airship hover, preparing the annihilation of the embattled hosts, yet awaiting their own fatal plunge from foes of their own soaring breed, until in the air, as in the sea, the deadlock comes back again.

Man's courage and man's mind, so often doubted and so constantly supreme over the most dreadful engines and contrivances, seem to have worked out finally to the logical end of their indomitable powers.

The end is nothingness for the attainment of the prime evil of man's so hideously distorted world—war.

But each year seems nearer the final overthrow of war, because each year witnesses such advances in the invention of war's deadliness and such a new burden of debt to prepare for conflict that it seems the possibility of war must soon end because of its own possibilities of evil.

### Not Water Enough.

From the Chicago News.

It was at a christening ceremony, and the mild minister took the squalling infant in his arms.

"The name?" he murmured, dipping his long, slim fingers into the font.

"Charles Louis Augustus Rembrandt Frederick Henry Napoleon White," answered the young father, calmly.

"Dear, dear!" murmured the minister, turning to the sexton. "A little more water, Mr. Holyrood, if you please—a little more water!"