WANTS TO LEAD THE SIMPLE LIFE

These are the Ambitions of Mabel Estelle Long, the Daughter of Well-Known English Professor of Agriculture—A Remarkable Woman

By Ellis Ellsen.

LONDON, June 2.—Miss Mabel Estelle Long is a young English woman with a purpose in life—or rather two purposes. She wants to lead the simple life and she wants to wed an American. Whether these two ambitions will ever be realized in one harmonious dream of bliss is a question which the future alone can answer. But unkind fate, in the form of the Dorking district rural council, has recently upset her plans for the simple life here by declaring that her Arcadian abode had been erected in defiance of no end of its bylaws, and prosecuting her before a board of luxury-loving country magistrates who decreed that she should be fined $10 for her heinous offense. But if she carries out the threat she made to me before this happened she will soon be off to America where the pursuit of unconventional happiness and an idyllic husband can be undertaken free from old fogey restrictions.

Miss Long is a remarkable young woman. She has youth—she is only three and twenty—brains, good looks, courage, robust health and plenty of muscle. Her father, Professor Long, is a well-known agricultural writer. He is said to be a relative of the American naturalist of the same name on whom President Roosevelt laid his big stick for writing stories about animals that weren't true. But the English Long sticks to turnips and cabbages and other humble products, and indulges in no fanciful flights of rhetoric concerning them. Wherefore he has achieved a reputation as an accurate, if somewhat ponderous and tedious authority.

Like Her Father.

From her father Miss Long inherited her taste for the things of the open-air and out-door life and from her mother or some other ancestor she got imagination. She studied horticulture in the Countess of Warwick's school and subsequently became a teacher there. Her family lived for years in the old manor house at Newdigate—a place with a moat, and lots of historic associations attached to it, and some people say a ghost, too. Her father fell ill, and tiring of the isolation of the country life, sold the place to an American who was seeking something antique. Then he moved to Reigate which is a modern and up-to-date town and quite fashionable. The change was not at all to Miss Long's liking. For well-to-do conventional folk, their teas and prejudices and small talk, she cared nothing. She preferred the society of cabbages and turnips. The closing of Lady Warwick's school had meanwhile deprived her of her position and her independent spirit chafed against a life of dependence.

She decided to do something on her own hook. In the vicinity of the old Manor house was some 18 acres of waste land, overgrown with trees, scrub and brush, with one or two little streams meandering through it, which belonged to her in her own right. Here she resolved to start a poultry and fruit farm, and carried out her resolution despite the protests of her family. There was no building on the place and with the aid of a village carpenter she constructed for herself a primitive little two-roomed bungalow in the midst of a dense copse. Here with no other companion than a mongrel terrier she kept house by herself. She cleared portions of the ground and mostly with her own hands set out 500 plum and apple trees and some 2,000 gooseberry and currant bushes. She invested some money in fowls and turkeys and in that way got her poultry farm underway.

Life Was Hard.

It was a hard life, but she enjoyed it, and reveled in the prospect, too, of making her venture pay some day, for through all her idealism there runs a strong vein of practicality. Then a newspaper man discovered her and wrote her up. That set the surveyor of the Dorking rural council on her trail. In England, it seems, nobody can put up a dwelling of any sort—and in many places not even a pig-sty—unless the plans are approved by some Jack in office. The surveyor knew that no plans of Miss Long's bungalow had passed under his vigilant eye. So he went to look it over and see if there wasn't something wrong about it. He found a structure about 20 feet long by 10 wide, constructed of match-boarding and roofed with felt, divided into two rooms by a flimsy partition.

Just how many bylaws he said it violated I forgot. But there were a lot of them. It had no water supply for one thing, for Miss Long had been content to get that necessity of life from a near-by spring. Also it lacked those modern conveniences and appliances without which, according to rural councils, nobody has the right to live. And above all the girl had been guilty of the awful crime of treating the Dorking rural council with contempt by putting up a dwelling without obtaining its consent. It mattered not that Miss Long was in ruddy health, and that neither she nor her makeshift house constituted a menace to the scattered community's physical well being. There was not another house within a mile of her bungalow. But bylaws are bylaws and must be rigorously enforced without discretion or discrimination. So the machinery of blind justice was set in motion with the result already stated. To put up a dwelling that will conform to the rules and regulations of the rural solons who hold sway over the district will cost from $750 to $1,000. As Miss Long can't command that much money it probably means the end of her simple life there. But it may lead to the finding of her ideal American husband sooner than might have been the case had not the Dorking rural district council swooped down upon her.

Partiality for Americans.

It was before this happened that I had a talk with Miss Long. It was a casual observation which led to the discovery of her strong partiality for Americans and further questioning elicited the frank and unblushing confession that one of her chief aims in life is to marry a man of that nationality some day.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "an American once picked me up in his arms and fondled and petted me. I have long since forgotten his name, but his kind voice, his strong and manly face and fine figure have haunted me ever since. And to wed some such man has been my ambition ever since—well, a woman would understand when. I don't ask that he should be rich. In fact, the type of American I have in mind would not be apt to be a rich man. From what I have read about them and the way they make what they call their 'piles' your very rich Americans are anything but a credit to their country. My ideal American is a very different sort. He is strong, fearless, truthful, looks the world in the face, understands nature, can work with both hands and brain, scorns the shams and humbugs of conventional society and values most in life the things that are really most worth living for. That type of man I am convinced is more often found in America than in England because conditions there are more favorable to the making of him."

It is devoutly to be hoped that Miss Long will run across the American of her dreams some day, but it will take some hunting to find him. And what a tragedy it will be if he should turn out to be sweet on some other girl!

Planned New Work.

"When I first came here," she said, "and was confronted with the necessity of providing myself with some sort of habitation I thought at first of trying to get hold of some discarded railway carriage, but considering the expense of getting such a vehicle conveyed here I came to the conclusion that it would be cheaper to run up a shanty myself.

"I am not, as you may imagine, of a nervous temperament, and with my dog doing sentry duty and a double-barreled shotgun by my bedside I feel as safe at night as a king in his castle. I broke a pane of glass while building the place, but as I am fond of fresh air and the hole serves the purpose of a letter-box I have not thought it worth while to have it mended.

"I can't afford much outside help. Nearly everything I do myself. I dig, hoe and weed, kill and pluck my poultry, take my produce to market, groom my pony, keep the harness and trap clean and mow my own hay. I generally begin the day by a trip across the meadows to a pond, clear, cool and deep, and throwing aside my dressing-gown, plunging headlong therein. How refreshing and invigorating, is this dip, especially when the ground is white with snow and frozen hard! It fits me for the arduous toil and duties of the day. The life on the whole is glorious. But during the dull days and nights of November, I confess I yearn sometimes for other society than that of a dog, poultry and books and papers."

Miss Long had already heard that the Dorking rural district council was after her. "If they succeed in preventing me from living here," she said, "I shall pack up my traps, burn the place down and skip off to America."

"And find your ideal husband?" I asked.

"Perhaps," she answered with a gay laugh.

PRETTIEST WOMAN IN NORWAY

Here is the pretty girl—her name is withheld—who will represent Norway in the Chicago Tribune's International Beauty Contest.

The States *of* the United States and all Foreign Countries are represented in the great beauty competition.

GREGORY'S LOVE STORY

By A. L. Wentworth.

NOW THIS is the story of Gregory Kelly, of Gregory Kelly, bon vivant, man of the world, most sought after leader of cotillions in New York, and mine own familiar friend. He was not so old when he died, but that even this generation can remember him before those gray hears gave him "such a distinguished look," and he took to making those sudden trips to the south of France every year, when all the world was moving in the other direction. Every one knows that he never was distinguished for his brilliancy, and scraped through college—somehow, and left the halls of his Alma Mater more learned in the things a young man ought not to know than in the studies laid down in the curriculum. Poor old chap, he never was "brainy," and he knew it just as well as the next man, but he was always ready for an escapade—proposed by someone else—and we patronized him and spent his money in those days just as we continued to do later. All the world knows this, and all the world will laugh and shrug its shoulders at the idea that the jolly Greg they all knew should ever have nursed a secret grief.

But, they ask, where were you the winter you went abroad together, when he came back with those white hairs—you never were anything but acquaintances before. And then I beg the question and fly. I can see the heads of the dowagers nodding together, and know they are busy with scandal of their own invention, for no one would believe if I told them that we spent that winter quietly in a little village by the sea, and that in all those months Gregory never wasted a sigh on the dinners and dances or the gay world which whirled along without him. I cannot say the same for myself, for I found it dull, but then I was not absorbed in a wife, who—

Yes wife—and the best loved and worshipped wife of all my acquaintance, though she was but a chorus girl and the scum of the streets. And it is that you may know the Gregory Kelly I knew that I tell you this.

It was in the shadows of "the Little Church Around the Corner," that he first saw her. I was on my way there to make a sketch of a certain little arch which my mother wished to have reproduced in a little church she was putting up in the Adirondack camp where we spent our summers, when he buttonholed me, brimful of a new cotillion figure he had invented the night before. To my mind it bore the impress of his condition when the idea struck him, but then, you know, I am not a dancing man, and the rest of the world took it up with enthusiasm when it appeared. Well, he went in to wait for me, and as the "little church" was new to him, wandered around quietly studying the decorations and reading the tablets until I was finished. We were just about to leave when a step behind us made us both turn. It was a pitiful, childish figure we saw, bedecked in the style of dress which marks the soubrette—a strangely incongruous figure to appear from these dim shadows, and a thin, childish face under the rouge and paint which strove to hide the story so plainly told by those bright, hollow eyes. She shrank away from Gregory's ready smile, and hurried down the walk while we were speaking to the curate who followed her from the sacristy. A common case, he said, in answer to some remark I made, a child brought up in the theatres and the streets—ready for sale to the highest bidder. A hemorrhage, a few weeks in the hospital, and then "discharged incurable," to await the death which they told her bluntly was only a few weeks off.

In her misery of fear at the great unknown, she had drifted into the little church where he found her in a dead faint. He had tried to help her, but—poor child, she was too ignorant even to know of any life but the one she led, though she seemed willing enough to do anything he told her. She would probably receive such care as her companions could give her, until one of them should close the sightless eyes and her body be lost and forgotten in the long rows of some Potter's field.

Gregory's rosy face grew pale and drawn as he listened to the tale, and the curate's acceptance of the bill he tarried behind to shove apologetically into his hand, scarcely made it brighter. When we emerged into the brightness of the street, the cloud was still there, and the only words on his usually ready tongue were "the pity of it, the pity of it." However, that night all trace of trouble was gone and he was the same old Gregory.

It was about two weeks later that he sent me a note asking me to spare him an hour that afternoon. I went with him to the little house where he had established her under the charge of a motherly trained nurse, and before my bewildered senses had taken in the meaning of it all, I had witnessed the marriage. The poor child had fallen away even in that short time, and the absence of "makeup" made the face in the pillows more pathetic than ever as she clung feebly to his hand. When in the sober common sense light of the street, I attacked him for his idiocy calling up "the old name," and the gossip which would rage among his friends, he reddened and blurted out: "Well, I'm the last of the family, and there's no one to be hurt by it, and I couldn't ask that dying child to give up her one hope of salvation." When I still would have persisted he silenced me with, "It's only for a little while, anyway, so shut up." Which was as near as he ever got to explaining the pressure of his hand and the tears in his eyes at the words "till death us do part." Well, I saw plainly enough how it was with the poor fellow, and followed his advice. He did have sense enough to keep the thing quiet, and the marriage notice was published in a little journal which none of his set were likely to see. The doctor said that a sea voyage and a warmer climate might prolong her days, so we sailed for France the next week in a slow sailing vessel.

Yes, I went too. I was thinking of taking a run over anyhow—and I didn't think old Greg ought to be alone when

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She rallied under the influence of the voyage and care combined, and when we were settled in the little village I spoke of, she was able to be brought out sometimes to lie under the trees in the sunlight, while the nurse and I tried to explain to her the new world of birds and flowers, or the good chaplain from the little mission church talked of the things we dared not touch upon, and Gregory sat by always to anticipate her slightest whim. She was content to lie quietly among the pillows watching us all from beneath those long lashes, with a wondering look that passed from face to face, deepening always into a strange adoration as it came to Gregory. She scarcely ever spoke of any of us, but one day when I brought her a handful of flowers, she caught my hand and drew me down to her. The words came slowly between her pauses for breath. "He," she never called him by his name, "had been so good to her"—like an angel from heaven—and she never could summon courage enough to tell him that she knew it. When it was all over would I tell him so, and take care of him. Somehow when she spoke it never thought of the Gregory Kelly of New York and Newport with his gay laugh and endless talk of cotillions, but of the stern-faced man whose thoughts centered around that tiny form, and I choked before I could give her the promise she asked.

The next day when I came back from the post with a sheaf of letters forwarded from Paris, in my hands, I met the nurse standing in the doorway wiping away the tears which fell slowly down her cheeks. In the garden beyond I could see Gregory kneeling by the couch with the little figure gathered in his arms as though he would breathe his own life into that still form. That quavering voice echoed in my ears: "You will take care of him," until the air seemed full of the sound, as I pushed the awestruck servants aside and stepped out to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

We left her in the shadow of the chapel, and together we went off on that hunting trip from which I brought back so many horns and skins though I am a notoriously poor shot.

The next winter he was back in his old place, just the same old Gregory apparently, except for the gray hairs which excited so much comment. Two years later when Margaret Worthington was breaking her heart over young Lancaster who jilted her and went off to China with another man's wife and all the bank funds, he offered her his hand and fortune adding as she hesitated that if she wished they would leave the question of hearts to be discussed later. She thought of the smiles and covert speeches with which her dearest friends had greeted her of late, and accepted him. He never offered to take up the deferred question of hearts nor did she, though they saw rather more of each other than many married people of my acquaintance. All the world remembers their marriage, the event of the year, and the drawn look on his face, not like that of happy bridegroom, when he took her hand for the vows which should make them man and wife "till death us do part," but only I knew that his thoughts flew back to a quavering voice so unlike Margaret's clear, composed tones, and the piteous clasp of a hand which had trembled in his at that other marriage.

He gave Margaret everything she wished and, rather to her astonishment, for she had heard the tales of the scandalmongers, was ever as courteous and attentive a companion as she could have wished. He left nearly all his great fortune to her absolutely, which should have satisfied her, for she married again within a year—to a celebrated writer with whom she must have more in common than she had with Gregory, but she has always resented one bequest which she never could understand in a man who made no professions of religion of any kind. He left a goodly sum to the English Mission church in a certain French village, "the income to be devoted to keeping in order the church building and all graves in the churchyard." And I have not the slightest doubt that he signed his name with the last good story on his tongue, while the lawyer wondered if he could not be serious even when such an important matter as the signing of his will. Such was Gregory—and as such will all this world continue to think him, whether or no they hear this story—which they will probably not believe. "They all knew Gregory."

Little Gun Kills a Grizzly.

To kill a big grizzly bear weighing nearly 800 pounds with a .32 caliber revolver is something that few men accomplish and very few would care to attempt. Yet that is the unusual feat which Dr. A. McKay Jordan accomplished while visiting some mining claims he is interested in near Jedway, the skin of the bear dressed by a local taxidermist. The eight small bullet holes in the skin are in themselves proof of his unique experience. Of course it is very doubtful if the bear would ever have been bagged had he not been caught in the water and practically at the mercy of Dr. Jordan and his friends.

They were taking a load of supplies to a new camp in a small boat and while passing through a channel between two islands which was only a couple of yards wide came upon the bear swimming across the channel. They headed him off from the shore despite the animal's angry snarls. Dr. Jordan was the only one of the party who had anything in the shape of a firearm, and that was only a revolver with .32 short cartridges. He emptied one load of these at the half immersed bear, but the bullets had little effect except to glance off the hard skull and make the animal redouble his efforts to get away from his pursuers and reach shore.

Dr. Jordan and his companions got closer to the bear with their boat, and in the meanwhile the revolver was loaded up again. Two more shots were sent into the animal at short range, and finally one right over the temple, fired from a distance of less than 10 feet did the trick. The bear doubled up as the bullet crashed into his brain. The bear was so heavy that the four men in the boat were unable to drag him on board and the carcass was towed ashore to be skinned.

Strange Cliff Caves.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Bottomless pits are facts, not fancies, according to Professor E. A. Martel, the French geologist. He declares that this term may be applied to cliff caves whose lower part has been cut off by the erosion of the valley below, thus turning them into tunnels, through which the valley may be seen.

The most remarkable abyss of this kind which the savant has seen is the so-called hole of Plataty on the summit of the eastern ridge of Vercors, above Clelles. At about 5,100 feet a horizontal orifice opens suddenly like the mouth of an ordinary cave, which it probably once was. The bottom has been cut off, demolished by the immense erosion of the vast basin of Treves to the east, 2,300 to 3,300 feet deep, on which the present lower orifice of the former cave opens out in a superb arch 26 feet high. From the railway between the stations of Clelles and Percy, on the line from Grenoble to Veynes, it is seen 2,800 feet in the air like a pinhole near the summit of a limestone cliff. It was from the car window that the extraordinary aperture was discovered.

In Belgium, in the cave of Dukes hole, one may descend and contemplate the windings of the Lesse, holding to the shrubbery to avoid being precipitated into the river 250 feet below. In the chalk cliffs of Etretat there is another evidence of an incompletely destroyed cave whose remaining upper entrance doubtless soon will appear.

He Buys Women's Gloves.

From the New York Sun.

He sat at the women's glove counter in the department store waiting patiently until the struggling women buyers would release a saleswoman. Finally one came to him.

"I want a pair of tan gloves," he said.

"Four yourself?" the girl inquired.

"Certainly," he said.

"Gents' gloves third counter to the right," she announced.

"I know that," said the man, "but please won't you let me buy them here? You see, I've got a small hand and I can get a much better fit in women's gloves."

"Certainly," said the saleslady, and she brought out gloves and gloves until she found what he wanted.

"We never had a man buy gloves at this counter before," she said in the intervals of trying on, "but I'm sure I don't see why more men don't buy women's gloves. You can do ever so much better in the small sizes, seven or under. Now, there you have a perfect fitting glove and I know they don't keep them that small at the gents' counter here."

"I learned the trick a long while ago," said the man as he waited for his change. "A young woman suggested it. She was a sensible girl, and if there were more like her you would do a big business with men here."

MARRIED OR SINGLE

By Karl Edtlingen.

MY friend Fritz and I were enjoying our coffee on the hotel plazza. We had both come to Baden-Baden for a short vacation. Fritz and I were friends ever since we were very young, and we have never had a quarrel. We had sworn a solemn oath somewhat like this: May I become intoxicated from one glass of beer if I ever tell you talk about things not worth talking about, if I ever tell you anything which will bore you, or if I ever talk to you when I knew that you do not feel like being talked to. We had kept this oath, and it is undoubtedly because of that that our friendship has lasted through so many years.

This afternoon we had absolutely nothing to talk about. It was about 3:30 when we sat down to have our coffee on the plazza, and now it was nearly 5:00, and neither of us had said a word. Our nerves were resting and we were sleeping with open eyes.

Suddenly Fritz woke up: "Look at that peach over there."

"Where?"

"Over there! That one in the red dress!"

In one of the linden promenades a beautiful young woman was walking. She was a blonde, not too stout nor too slender, and walking alongside of her an elegantly dressed elderly gentleman.

"Isn't she chic," Fritz exclaimed.

"I should say so, and for a married woman she is dressed wonderfully well."

"How do you know she's married?"

"Because I see she wears a marriage ring."

"That is no proof. I'm convinced that she's not married."

"Why do you think so?"

"I know it. Besides, the gentleman is carrying her coat, and married men don't do that. At least they don't carry their own wives' coat?"

"Not even when the wife is as beautiful as this one?"

"You talk like a foreigner," Fritz remarked.

"Look how lovingly he looks at her. They're not newly married, they're too calm for that. Evidently she is his mistress."

"I don't believe that. Do you want to bet?"

"I'm ready, let us bet three bottles of Moselle wine."

"That's a go. I only make this condition, that we must not ask anyone, not look at the list of arrivals, but keep our eyes on them until something that they do proves to us whether they are married or not."

"Very well," Fritz replied.

Fortune seemed to favor us. The mysterious couple stopped, talked together earnestly for a moment, then turned towards our hotel, came up on the plazza and sat down at the table next to ours.

"Don't you want to put on your coat, dear? It is getting cold," he said.

"Yes, please," she replied.

The gentleman stood up and helped her to put on her coat, then sat down again.

"Thank you, dear."

We continued looking at them.

"I have almost won my bet," Fritz whispered. "A married man will never offer to help his wife put on her coat, and a married woman would never say thank you, dear. Judging from my experience, I had to admit that he was probably right, but something happened to change my prospects. Without asking the lady's permission, the gentleman took from his pocket a cigar and lit it.

"Look at that, Fritz. If she were his mistress he would have asked her politely if she objected to smoking. A man never asks his wife that," Fritz nodded.

"I must admit it looks suspicious."

The waiter came up to the couple and asked them for their order.

"Please give me a cup of coffee and my wife—what do you want, dear?"

"I will take coffee, too."

Fritz smiled. "They're as single as it's possible to be. Why did he say my wife? Just that the waiter might hear it. Of course, she's not his wife. Besides, she ordered exactly the same as he did, and a married woman would have hesitated for at least five minutes before she would choose either tea or cocoa or chocolate."

"You're right, I'm afraid they're not married."

"You're afraid only. It is hard to convince you, but you will soon know for sure."

The waiter brought two cups, then disappeared and returned with a coffee pot and cream pitcher.

"Give me cream, please," the lady asked, "my husband drinks black coffee."

Fritz squeezed my hand.

"I'm sorry for you old fellow. Did you hear? 'My husband.' Why, even the waiter smiled."

"I can't make out this couple," he admitted. "Hardly have they proved by one thing that they are single, when they do something which proves just as conclusively that they're married."

"Let us wait. Surely they will give away themselves some time. Those two people are not married. I raise the bet to five bottles."

His confidence in his own judgment was punished the very next moment. The man called to the waiter: "Waiter, bring me the Frankfurter Zeitung."

"Donner Wetter! Instead of entertaining her, he reads the paper. Only a married man could do that. The idea of neglecting a beautiful woman like that. As a punishment we ought to flirt with her."

"I'm always ready to punish all crimes against the fair sex," he exclaimed unselfishly as ever.

Fritz winked at the beautiful unknown. When she noticed him looking at her she frowned and looked at him angrily. Fritz smiled in his pleasant way, and she said loud enough for us to hear: "Look at that monkey over at the next table staring at me—"

"Oh, never mind that young fool," the gentleman said and kissed her hand.

"They are single," Fritz whispered triumphantly. "There is no longer any doubt. A married woman would not get angry because a man tried to flirt with her. She would simply feel happy that men were still noticing her. Besides she would never dare to disturb her husband for such a trifle when he was reading his paper and still less would the husband kiss her hand. I have won the bet. Do you admit?"

Now, had the bet been three bottles I should probably have given in, but five bottles, 20 marks was rather too much.

"If the next thing they do proves them to be single I shall throw up my hands."

"I can wait," Fritz declared, sure of his victory. He had to wait for quite a while. The gentleman calmly continued reading his paper, then he laid it down and said to the lady:

"Where do you want to go tonight, dear?"

"He asks her! Of course, they're single!"

"Wherever you want to go, dear," she replied.

Fritz was jubilant. "Didn't I tell you they were single?"

"They play 'Othello' tonight, and you are so fond of Shakespeare," the gentleman said.

Fritz clapped his hands. "To please her he will even go to see a tragedy. Of course there's no longer any doubt they are single!"

"But I know, dear, that you would rather listen to the band in the park," she replied.

Fritz clapped my back and said: "You may just as well order the wine."

"Oh, it is all the same to me," the gentleman replied, throwing away his cigar butt and lighting a new one.

Calmly the lady took the cigar away from him, broke it in two and put the ashes into the ash tray, saying with a smile: "Now, dear, you know you have already smoked your four cigars today."

The man didn't reply. He accepted the thing as something quite to expect and continued to discuss where they should go in the evening.

"Well, Fritz?"

Fritz looked at me sadly. He was about to swear, but he controlled himself and stammered: "I have lost. A man will only allow his wife to do a thing like that. Waiter, bring us five bottles of Brandenberger en bo."