

The Yellow Flag

By F. Frankfort Moore

FOR goodness' sake let us cross over to the other side of the deck and talk it out," said Geoffrey Crossdale as he stood with Ellice Townley leaning against the rail of the Amazon. "Here is that chap Norman coming up as usual."

"Oh, no, we are all right here," said his companion, "and as for Major Norman—"

"Ah, think that this is our last hour together," said he in an earnest, low voice, "our last hour—our very last—forever! Yes, I shouldn't wonder if it would be forever, only—oh, Ellice, we can't part in this way; we must have something more to go upon. Come across."

She made only the slightest possible demur; it would have required a closer observer than any of their foolish fellow passengers to perceive the tiny frown that beautified her mouth before she followed him languidly across the deck to the quiet side.

They found themselves in their old relative attitudes.

"How good you are!" said he, shifting an inch closer to her and looking down at her very lovingly.

"Ah, no," said she; "I am not; I am only that I should like to—well, you know that I like you—"

"Like me? Like?"

"Yes, indeed, I do like you very, very much, only—"

"Ah, that only. If I were going on with you in the Amazon I think that I could manage to cut that word 'only' out of your sentence, which it is at present disfigures, but owing to this so-called cricket I'll have to go south while you go north. But you will be true to me, will you not, Ellice?"

He moved another inch or two nearer to her.

"I'll be true to myself," said she, with some emphasis. "Cannot you see how wicked—worse than wicked—how ridiculous, it is for you to talk after less than a fortnight's acquaintance of my being true to me?"

He frowned slightly and glanced round to where Major Norman was intently watching the diving boys. "But you will be true to me all the same," said he, turning again to Miss Townley and moving closer to her two inches this time. "You will be true to me and to yourself at the same time. I wish I could persuade you that you can only be true to yourself by being true to me."

"Ah," said she, "if I could only persuade myself, but that is just the difficulty! And, you see, I don't want to persuade myself—"

"You don't want to persuade yourself? Oh, Ellice!"

"How dense you are! Cannot you see that the instant persuasion comes in—the instant it is necessary for persuasion to come in—there is something wrong?"

"But you know that I love you?"

"I know that you think you do."

"But I do, I do, with all my heart."

"Well, I do believe that you do. No, don't come an inch nearer to me. Listen, listen to what I have to say. I tell you frankly that I like you—yes, very much. No, stay where you are. It is one thing to like you very much and quite another to love you very much, and until I find out that I love you very much I shall—well, I shall continue to like you very much."

He did not appear to be particularly well satisfied.

"What can I do to make you sure?"

"Ah, if I were only going on with you to St. Thomas I might have a chance, but here I am leaving you today—leaving you today."

"Well, that's something," said she, "something in your favor."

"Good heavens! In my favor?"

"To be sure—very much in your favor. You see, I shall be left alone to fight out the matter myself, and I do mean to fight it out to the bitter end. No, I don't mean that. I mean the—"

"To the sweet end?"

"Well, perhaps."

"My own?"

At this moment Major Norman strolled across the deck and ventured to call the attention of Miss Townley to the three masted American schooner which was coming round the point of the island. He wondered if Miss Townley would like her camera brought up from the cabin, but Miss Townley said that she had spoiled at least a dozen films by having yielded to the temptation of snapping white-sailed schooners, and she thought that would suffice for the present. Major Norman then ventured to hope that Mr. Crossdale would not forget to wear his colored spectacles, not merely when on shore, but also going ashore in the launch. The glare from the water was, he said, very trying. Mr. Crossdale silently wondered if he should find the glare as trying as he did Major Norman. And perhaps Miss Townley guessed what was in his mind, for she looked first at him, then at Major Norman, and gave a quiet little laugh.

Both men looked at her; neither of them was smiling. Geoffrey Crossdale wondered if that laugh meant that she had already decided the question which was in her mind. And that is precisely what Major Norman wondered also.

Then the steersman screamed like a sea eagle, and the last passenger for the shore, Geoffrey Crossdale by name, hurried down the steps and into the boat.

When about twenty yards from the side of the Amazon, steaming ashore, he looked up to the spar deck. He saw that Ellice Townley was there, leaning over the bulwarks, watching the progress of the launch, and by her side was Major Norman. Major Norman also seemed to be interested in the departure of the boat. Geoffrey felt that he never wished to see Major Norman again.

Geoffrey Crossdale had been a true lover for close upon ten days. He was the first bowler of the cricket team which Lord Glastonbury was taking out to the West Indies. He had come aboard the Amazon with his heart full of cricket, and now he was leav-

ing the ship to play the first match at Barbados with his heart full of love. A happy accident, as he thought, had placed him on the best day of the voyage by the side of Miss Townley, who was setting out with her father on a two months' winter dodging tour of the West Indies. The ship had scarcely got out of soundings before he became aware of the fact that he loved her as he had never before loved a girl, and he had done a pretty fair amount of loving in his time. Only on the evening previous to the arrival of the steamer at Barbados the moon was very nearly at the full, and there was a great amount of phosphorescence in the calm water—had he surprised her, as he thought, by a declaration of his love?

She had listened and had actually seemed quite interested in it, all but then she had firmly assured him that, while she had always liked him in the way of friendship, she could not conscientiously say that she could at moments not think of him as a lover; she would not go so far as to say that it was impossible that she could ever do so, but still—well, the fact remained the same, that although she had been aware of his reputation as a fast bowler for some years, she had known him personally for less than a fortnight. Yes, she certainly admitted that she liked him very much indeed, and perhaps—

There was no doubt in Geoffrey's mind that Major Norman was over head and ears in love with Ellice. Just like his impudence, Geoffrey thought. The idea of an old fool like Norman— he must have been thirty-six if he was a day—fancying that a girl like Ellice Townley would think for a moment of such a creak as he was preposterous. Geoffrey made up his mind that he would keep an eye on Norman as long as he could.

It was impossible for him to think with any degree of pleasure upon Major Norman's sitting by the side of Ellice Townley during the remainder of the cruise among the islands. This privilege was, of course, denied to Geoffrey himself owing to the fact of his having to leave the Amazon in order to play at Barbados. The Amazon was going on her tour through the northern islands as far as St. Thomas, collecting the mails, and would be back at Barbados in a fortnight, and as Geoffrey would by that time have returned from playing in the matches at Grenada and Trinidad he would have an opportunity of learning from her own lips if his hopes had any chance of being realized.

Critics said that he had never bowled more viciously than he did the next day when he took seven wickets of the local team for forty-eight runs. If the captain of his team could but have known it he would have encouraged all his bowlers to have love affairs of considerable dubiousness.

Geoffrey did not do quite so well at the match at Grenada, for by that time he had begun to think less harmfully of Major Norman. At Trinidad, however, he fancied he noticed in the crack batsman of the island team a resemblance to the major. He took that batsman's middle stump the third ball, and the off ball was picked up by the simple exactly nine feet three inches— he measured it with his tape—from the pitch.

He returned to Barbados in a fortnight covered with glory. And on the morning when the Amazon was expected to return to her anchorage he rose shortly after sunrise and hastened down to the sea front to inquire if the steamer was yet in sight. He was disappointed, he was dismayed by the mendacious crowds of negro boatmen that she had been for some hours in the bay and that nothing would give them greater pleasure than to run him aboard. Having had, however, some previous experience of the barbarian Barbadian boatmen, he thought it better to make certain before concluding to accept any of the kind offers. He left the men clamoring on the bridge and hastened to the mail packet office. There he learned that the steamer would not be in for at least another hour. He felt it very hard to have to return to breakfast at his hotel.

When he next got back to the beach he had his binoculars in his hand, and by their aid he had no difficulty in discovering the stately form of the Amazon swinging at anchor in the bay. Hastening back to the quay side to get a boat, he met an official of the mail packet office who wore a grave face, but not nearly so grave as was Geoffrey's own when he was quietly informed that the newly arrived Amazon was flying the yellow flag, having been at Martinique, where a case of yellow fever had been reported.

"What does this mean?" he inquired.

"It means that no one here will be permitted to go aboard and return to the island," said the official.

The official shrugged his shoulders and went to the launch. The Amazon was in quarantine for the day, and in the afternoon the steamer which was to take him to Jamaica would leave the anchorage.

The terrible truth was forced upon him in a moment; it would be impossible for him to have the interview with Ellice to which he was looking forward which had sustained him through the trying fortnight of their separation.

"Was there ever a more ridiculous system than this of the quarantine?" he inquired of the official. "The stupidity of it! The antiquity of it! The barbarity of it!"

The official shook his head. It was a great nuisance, he admitted, but there was nothing for it but to submit.

"Nonsense! Submit!" cried Geoffrey. "Heaven's above! The whole affair is preposterous! Do you fancy that I will submit to the ridiculous red tape of a one horse colony like this? Do you really seriously think that I will be content to remain in this steaming little hulk when I want to see my—"

"To see my friends aboard the Amazon?" the official interrupted his shoulders and stifled greatly indignantly.

"You may see them as much as you please," said he, "but it will have to be through a telescope. Red tape or yellow lightning, any color you please, will be sufficient to prevent your having any communication with the ship that is in quarantine."

He took off his hat and walked away. Geoffrey had no difficulty in

perceiving that he did not like to hear Barbados alluded to as a one horse colony.

What was he to do? Was he to wait for another fortnight he should have returned from Jamaica by that time— before receiving his answer from Ellice?

What else was he to do? He said some further very nasty things regarding the island and its overzealous health officer; but, after all, this did not help him to see more clearly what course of action he should adopt. He walked slowly through the blinding white streets, through the dense masses of grinning negroes, to the Bridge town club, and, standing gloomily at one of the windows which commanded a view of the harbor, he rested his hand on a large brass telescope on a tripod stand which was there evidently to enable visitors to adopt the only alternative to a visit to the quarantine hospital, the alternative which had been suggested to him by the mail company's official.

In an instant he had adjusted the instrument and was focusing it upon the Amazon. It was a powerful telescope, he found out by bitter experience, for at the end of the tube he perceived as distinctly as though they had been ten yards away two figures standing, looking over the bulwarks. The one was Ellice Townley; the other was Major Norman.

There they were, just as he had seen them last, only now she was talking to Major Norman, full of animation. Geoffrey had never been beside her when she had that look upon her face. She was listening, absolutely listening with interest, to the stuff that that boomer Norman was pouring into her ear! In another instant he saw that Major Norman was smiling, actually smiling, while he looked into her face, and then—great heavens!—she was actually smiling in response.

He could stand it no longer. He picked up his hat and ran down the steps of the clubhouse, knocking down a negro waiter who had the impertinence to be ascending at that moment. He hastened down to the quay side and, without making any preliminary contract, got into a boat and told the grinning crew of two men to put him aboard the Humbler. The Humbler was the name of the steamer in which he had traveled from Trinidad, and it was lying about two cable lengths beyond the Amazon. They took the oars with alacrity, and it was not until the boat was well outside the concrete blocks of the breakwater that he became aware of the fact that he was aboard the smallest and the worst of all the wretched craft in the harbor. It was as crank as a "dugout" and as frail, once or twice he feared that he should never reach the side of the steamer for which he was steering, and the name of which was the Amazon.

When by dint of careful manipulation of oars and rudder he found himself under the quarter of the steamer flying the yellow quarantine flag, he looked up to the spar deck. There they were, still, only seated now and with their backs turned to him, and—yes, there could be no doubt about it—the two deck chairs were close together, but every as a matter of fact, they could not have been closer without overlapping.

He halted them from below, but it seemed that they were so engrossed in their conversation as to be incapable of paying any attention to him. He halted them again. The fourth officer at the head of the hand rail sternly warned off his boat. His boatmen were working nastily. They reminded him that their contract was to put him aboard the Humbler, and this contract they meant to perform. He had said nothing about fooling round a steamer flying the yellow flag. He had wives and families. He got rightously angry and shouted back at them to lie on their oars. They made a gesture that was full of insolence and began to row once more. The boat was drifting past the Amazon when under the force of the inspiration of a moment Geoffrey sprang from his place in the stern sheets and made for the nearer boatman with the rudder yoke. With a yell both men covered under the gunwale till their combined weight at the same side almost caused the frail craft to be swamped. Geoffrey saw this and knew that his moment had come. He threw all his weight upon the same gunwale, and in another second the boat was swamped and he was in the water, striking out vigorously for the hand rail of the steamer which was flying the yellow flag. He thought he might safely leave the boatmen to look after themselves, which they did. They swam like fishes and set about righting their boat with easy confidence.

Glancing at the Amazon, he saw that the lower deck was crowded. Men were standing by one of the boats ready to lower it, and there were at the foot of the hand rail stood Ellice Townley alone. She had descended even before the fourth officer could get down and stood there pale and eager. He noted with delight her paleness and her eagerness, and then he saw two men running down the steps, one with a life buoy, the other with a boat hook. They paused at the foot. They saw that he was all right.

And so he was. He swam to the platform of the ladder and, waiting his opportunity, scrambled up on the grating, the water streaming off him in rivulets.

He squeezed the water from his hair and laughed, frolicsome.

She did not laugh. She put out a hand to him.

"Geoffrey," she said in a low voice, husky with emotion, "are you safe, you are safe, thank God! If you had been drowned I should have died."

He still held her hand and looked into her face. Then he gave another laugh.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said. "Clumsy rascals, those boatmen. Let us get on deck; I feel like a drowned rat." Then he turned to the officer a step or two up the rail, saying, "I suppose I may go on deck without infringing the regulations of the yellow flag."

The officer laughed, an entirely unfeigned laugh, and led the way up to the crowd of congratulatory faces on the deck.

It was in a duck suit borrowed from Major Norman that Geoffrey half an hour afterward heard Ellice say they were alone in the saloon. "I did not

know it until that moment when I saw you struggling in the water, drowning, as I thought for a horrible moment, but then I knew—I knew the truth—I knew what was in my heart, what is still in my heart. Oh, Geoffrey, I do believe it was always there."

He took her hand.

In the Postoffice.

A funny story is told of an Oxford man, now a distinguished cleric, who had a passion for practical joking. He was and is a large man, of solemn aspect, and he went into a postoffice and asked the clerk if they kept stamps. The clerk, with a tolerant smile, admitted that they did, but was a little taken aback by the next question: "What sorts do you keep?"

"All the values, sir, that are issued, from a halfpenny to a pound," he replied, whereupon his would be customer shyly intimated that he would like to look at some penny ones.

The clerk, with something of an air, produced one of the huge sheets which hold some 20 shillings' worth of stamps and spread it on the counter.

"There you are, sir," he said, "if you want penny stamps there are some."

The customer appeared dazzled with the display and seemed unable to take his eyes off the stamps. He looked and looked, and at last, after a careful examination, which had comprehended every part of the sheet, he pointed to a stamp in the middle and murmured:

"I think I'll have that one, please."—*Tribune.*

CONGRESSMAN MANN.

Author of the Bill Abolishing Panama Canal Commission.

Representative James R. Mann of Illinois, who introduced in congress the bill abolishing the Panama canal commission and giving its powers to the president, won a reputation while in the Chicago city council as an enemy of the saloon.

E. H. Sothorn, who is co-star with Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire this season, tells a story about his father who was famous years ago as Lord Dunsinore.

The elder Sothorn was a firm believer in the noisy audience. He considered that the play patron, if he was pleased with the entertainment, should demonstrate his pleasure. On one occasion he was playing in a small town where the manager of the theater had recently been to New York. He had visited the Madison Square theater in New York, and that time under a somewhat unbecoming man, where dim light prevailed in the auditorium and loud applause was deemed decidedly in decorous. The manager returned to his town and gave a "quiet tip" on what was "the real thing" in New York theater matters. Sothorn and his company played the first act without evoking a laugh or a "hand." When the curtain fell he listened for the customary yell, but there was only silence—awful silence. Then, before the second act, he gathered his company and said: "We don't seem to be hitting 'em at all. We must pitch in for all we are worth in this act." Star and company worked like Trojans, but apparently without result. At the end of the second act the local manager went to Sothorn's dressing room and began to congratulate him on his success and to tell him how delighted his audience was.

Sothorn interrupted him. "Don't gush," he said. "Why, I haven't heard any laughter or applause."

"Laughter! Applause!" returned the manager proudly as he drew himself to his full height and thrust his hand behind the best folds of his coat. "I should hope not, indeed! There was one man snickered, but we put him out."

Joseph Jefferson tells the story of a theatrical manager who met the representative of an opera company.

"Mr. Puffball," said the manager, according to the New York Times, "when you play at Konoke visit the Hotel Inury. The hotel serves a splendid dinner at 50 cents a plate."

"Thank you for the suggestion," replied the other gratefully. "We play there next week."

"How is this?" demanded Mr. Puffball a week later. "I am charged 75 cents a plate, while the Oriental High Step per company, which played here last week, had to pay only 50 cents."

"My friend," retorted the landlord convincingly, "those other people charged me but 50 cents to see their show; you demanded 75 cents."

Henrietta Crossman, who is now playing in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," is very much afraid of fire and has good reason for such a feeling. She is the daughter of an army officer. Much of her girlhood was spent at posts on the frontier. Oftentimes her father took her and her mother on expeditions into wild parts of the country.

On one occasion her father was at the head of a battalion of infantry and engineers sent by the government to establish a temporary post along the line of a proposed railway. The troops had planned to erect temporary wooden structures for their better comfort during their sojourn at the point and had completed the excavations for the cellars, but were still living in the tents, when one night a prairie fire came sweeping down on the camp.

The soldiers were quickly ordered into an adjacent patch of woods to tear off limbs and branches, and armed with these, they were formed into a line and advanced toward the oncoming line of fire. The few women and little Miss Crossman were placed in one of the cellars as a protection from the smoke, which rolled over them in volumes. The fire had almost reached the camp when a current of air which came down a valley carried it off to the right, and the camp was saved at the moment when despair possessed all.

Years afterward Miss Crossman was

Tales Told By the Thespians

MISS ELEANOR ROBINSON, who has made such a success in "Merely Myself," comes of a family of actors. Her grandmother, Mrs. Evelyn Cameron, was a member of Macready's company, and her mother, Midge Carr Cooke, is playing Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Robinson does not share the popular prejudice against the number thirteen. "So far," she said recently, "I have been my lucky number. I was born on the thirteenth of the month; there are thirteen letters in my name; I was graduated on the 13th of June; left New York on the 13th of August to take my first ride in a sleeping car. I made my first appearance on any stage in San Francisco on the following 13th of September. Thirteen was the lucky number of the leading man in the company with which I played. I made my first hit in "Arizona" on the 13th. It was the thirteenth day when I made my first New York debut. It was followed the same season by two other debuts, all made on the 13th. I rarely go to a hotel that I do not get room 13."

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SECOND RENAISSANCE.

Another Revival of Art, It is Claimed, is Needed.

In order to reform our present stereotyped methods of art we want a second renaissance. For long years we have done nothing but turn out from our colleges young men stuffed with useless scientific lumber, and they very quickly lose it all, and there is nothing to take its place. This is not to be wondered at when throughout Europe there is such a heyday of art in our education. It may be replied to me that the inventions of science compensate for the deficiency, but these inventions are almost exclusively if not quite a mere increase in the power of the bodily senses and faculties—the telegraph and that of the tongue, the telephone in that of the ear, the railway in that of the legs, the photographic science in that of the eye, and these inventions leave in literature the more intellectual part of the individual. Your portrait can be taken, your voice boxed up—this is extraordinary—but the soul which is in the head, is forgotten.

And yet the means for altering this state of things is near at hand, is before our eyes. We have still the same nature that inspired those anonymous sculptors to give us the Gothic; we still have a sufficient number of Gothic masterpieces intact, so many specimens of nature, as I have said to show what can be done by the man who starts with his vision open to her teaching—Auguste Rodin in North American Review.

Robert Burns' Muse.

Robert Burns, though he had the choice of such works as the Spectator, "Locke on the Human Understanding," and Pope, together with old plays of Shakespeare, which formed the staple reading of his home, nevertheless owed most to an old collection of songs. "This," he says, "was my vade mecum! I porled over them during my rest or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender and sublime from affectation and fashion. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is!"—*All the Year Round.*

The Great Difficulty.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business."

"Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble."

"What's that?"

"Getting other people to mind theirs!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Gems In Verse

The Bravest Soldier That I Know.
The bravest soldier that I know
Carries a wooden gun.
The battles he fights are long and fierce,
And he was never known to run.
No matter how strong the enemy is
Or how loudly his cannon roars,
And such fearful things as bursting shells
This soldier of mine ignores.

The sword he carries is made of tin,
A marred and twisted blade.
That faithful service has performed
In many a desperate raid.
When all alone this soldier of mine
Bobby set out to fight.
To a thousand strong, determined men
And put them all to flight.

A public street this soldier rides,
Faithful, strong and good;
It has no need of food or drink,
For it is made of wood.
Oh, they're a valiant, fearless pair,
Fighting to them is play.
For this soldier, you see, is my only boy,
And he's four years old today.
—Thomas Holmes in Trenton State Gazette.

Is It You?
Some one's selfish; some one's lazy;
Is it you?
Some one's sense of right is hazy;
Is it you?
Some one lives a life of ease,
Doing barely as he please,
Drifting idly with the breeze—
Is it you?

Some one hopes success will find him;
Is it you?
Some one proudly looks behind him;
Is it you?
Some one full of good advice
Seems to think it rather nice
In a "has been's" paradise—
Is it you?

Some one trusts to luck for winning;
Is it you?
Some one craves a new beginning;
Is it you?
Some one says, "I never had
Such a chance as Jones' had,"
Some one's likewise quite a cad—
Is it you?

Some one's terribly mistaken;
Is it you?
Some one sadly will awaken;
Is it you?
Some one's working on the plan
That a man should be a man,
Doesn't help to make the man—
Is it you?

Some one yet may "make a killing,"
And it's you.
Some one needs but to be willing,
And it's you.
Some one better set his jaw,
Cause to be a man of straw,
Get some sand into his craw—
And it's you.
—Haitimore American.

Hiawatha's Childhood.
Then the little Hiawatha,
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whenever he met them.
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens,"
Forth into the forest straightaway
All alone walked Hiawatha,
Proudly with his bow and arrows,
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Oriole,
Sang the bluebird, the Oriole,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
—Longfellow.

True Glory.
Man, what to thee is fame or puff
When thou dost own the evening star?
Let all thy thoughts be set on this:
The struggle that arises within.
Oh, rather master of thyself,
Than victor of a thousand wars!
—Edward King in *Edinburgh's*.

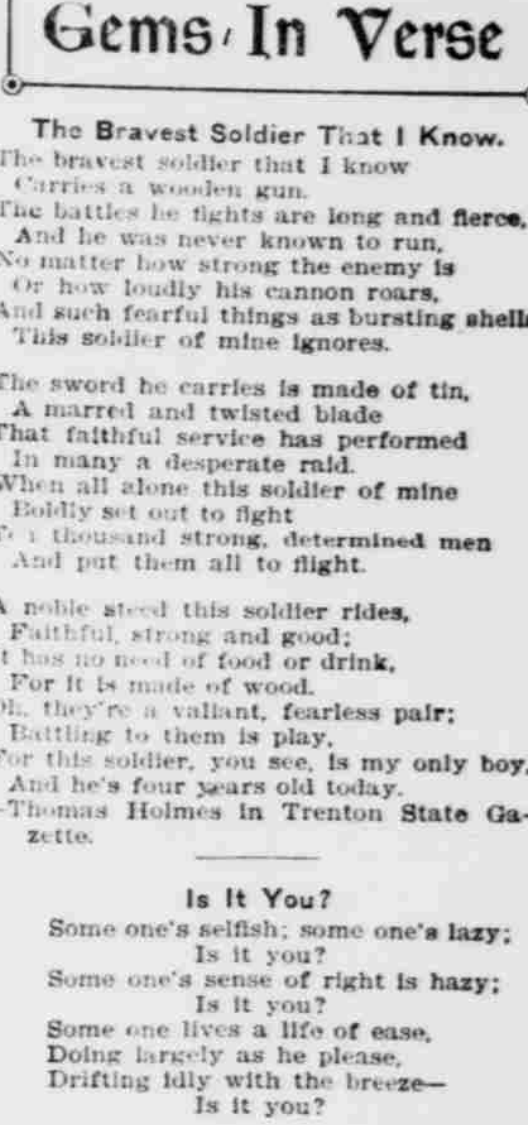
BEEES IN WAR.

Two Instances in Which the Insects Were Used as Weapons.
The beekeeper, holding a number of bees in his hand, said he led the way through the alprays; "Bees in the past were used as weapons of war. In the siege of Themiscyra, for instance, they played a very important part. The Romans in this siege made mines in the ground, and the enemy, opening the mines from above, threw in upon the Romans bears and other wild animals, together with swarms of bees. That chased the Romans to flee howling."

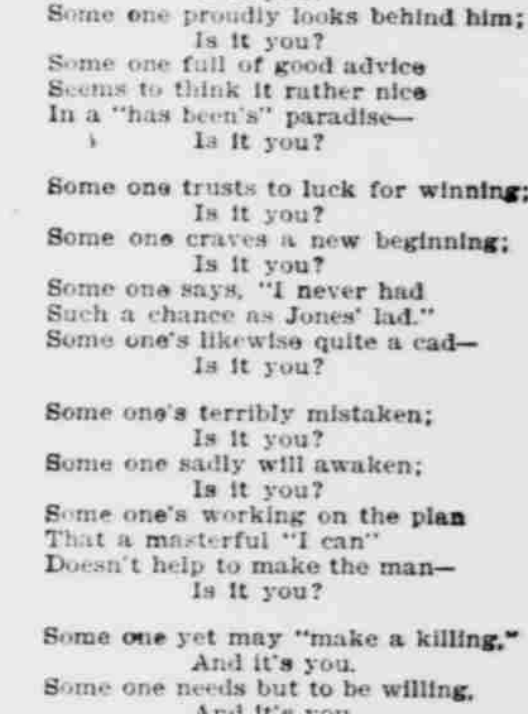
"Here in my notebook is another account of the use of bees in war. It is an extract from an Irish manuscript in the Bibliotheque Royale at Brussels, and it tells how the Danes and Norwegians attacked Chester and were repulsed, thanks to the use of bees by the Saxons and their allies in the town. "The Norwegians," read the beekeeper, "silenced by hurdes, tried to pierce the walls. Then what the Saxons and the Gaelish did was to throw down large rocks, by which they broke down the hurdes over their heads. What the others did to check this was to place large posts under the hurdes. What the Saxons did next was to put all the beer and water of the town into the cellars of the town, to boll them and spill them down upon those who were under the hurdes, so that their skins were peeled off. The remedy which the Loelchans applied to this was to place hides on the outside of the hurdes. What the Saxons did next was to throw down all the beehives in the town upon the besiegers, which prevented them from moving their hands or legs from the number of bees which stung them. They afterward deserted and left the city."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Climate and Politics.
The climate of Australia is the chief factor in fashioning Australian politics. If it is advanced it is because the sun there has forced an early development. Girls here reach maturity two or three years earlier than in America, and countries count by generations. Meanwhile perpetual summer and continual sunlight are sapping individual energies. Even the Americans who come here soon lose their sustained hustling is a physical impossibility. Let him spend three or four years in the country, and he will cease to wonder at the laws for an eight hour day and the early closing of shops. The winter is only another summer—cooler. It is true, but not cool enough to be invigorating.—*Burriss Graham in Booklover's Magazine.*

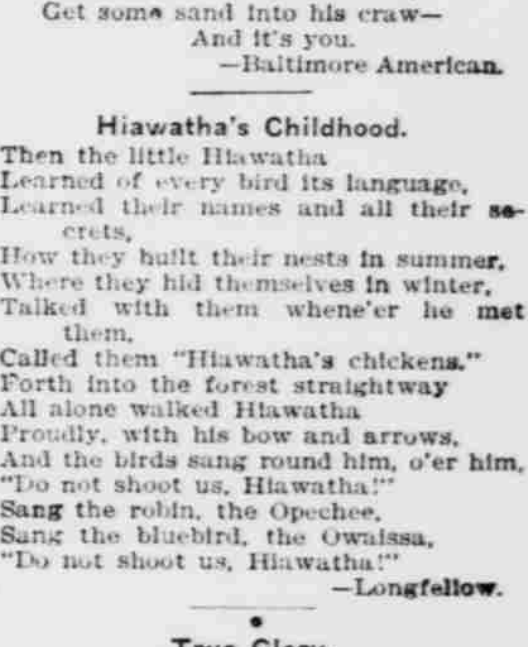
Odd Russian Custom.
Eight days after a baby is born in Russia its hair is shaved by a priest. This is snipped off in four places on the top of the head to form a cross. The baby's godfather collects the shorn down, pinching it up with wax from the tapers. It is then thrown into the baptismal font. If the little pellet sinks there is great sadness in the baby's home, for the Russians believe that the child will die before a year has passed.



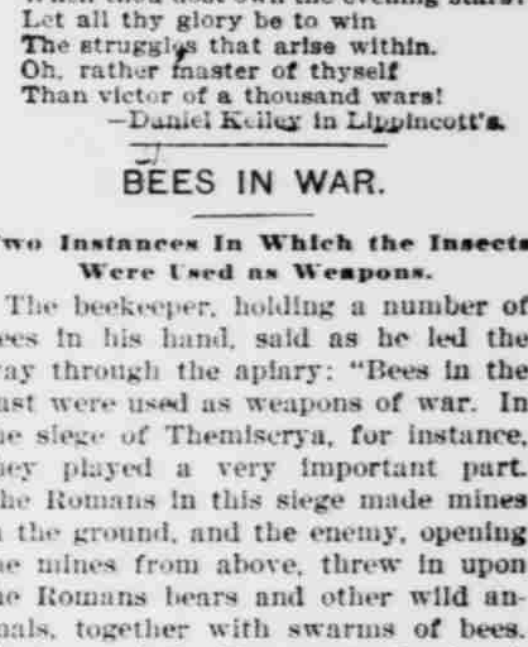
ELEANOR ROBINSON.



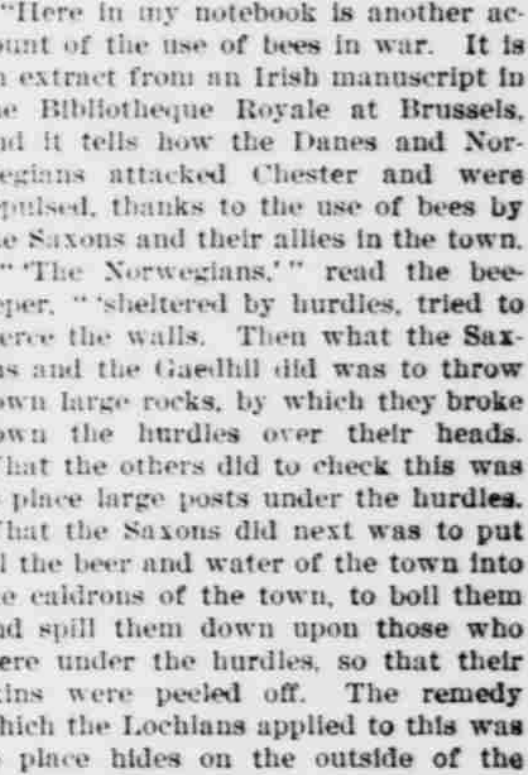
FRANK DANIELS.



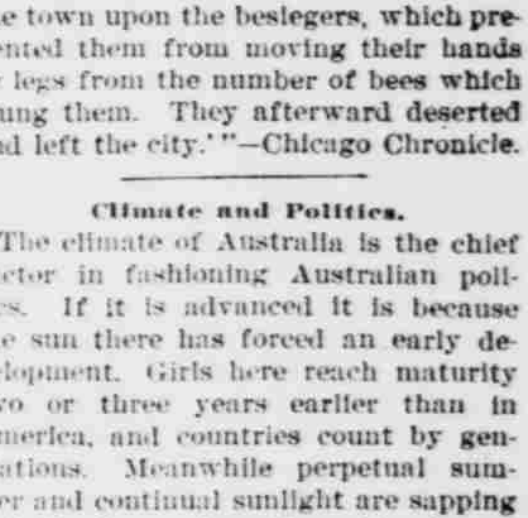
RICHARD GOLDEN.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



MACLYN ARBUCKLE.



HENRIETTA CROSSMAN.