

THE TRAMP FLOWER.

Betty grew within a garden, Long ago, Tended by old-fashioned fingers, Trained just so!

Her perfume was pretty Betty, Long ago; In her perfumed gown of lacework, Made for show.

But their fickle fancies wavered, Long ago; And a rival flower won them, Ah, the woe!

Thrust from out her native garden, Long ago; Betty crept upon the highway, There to grow.

She that was so fine and dainty, Long ago; Tended by old-fashioned fingers, Trained just so!

Someone's Letter

"You and I have always been such good comrades, Peggy, I am going to tell you something," Adams began, leaning forward to obtain a better view of Miss Bruce's pleasant features.

"Only a little while ago, as I was coming along the beach, the wind caught a scrap of paper and whirled it around so near that I grabbed it, and had read it, before I realized what I was doing.

"What a conceited thing to do," Peggy retorted, smiling. "Girls write lots of nonsense."

"This wasn't nonsense, if you please; it rang true. I mean to find out who that girl is," he declared.

"I believe you are half in love with her already," she insisted mischievously. "Perhaps I am," Adams admitted calmly.

"Oh, Mr. Adams," they heard in affected tones, as Violet Sincell hurried to where they were seated on a ledge of rocks near the sea. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting long."

"That's all right," said Adams, fidgeting. "We're going sailing, Peggy. Won't you come along?"

"No, thank you. I hope you will have a pleasant time." She waved her hand in farewell, and returned to the Bruce cottage, at which she and her father were entertaining a small party composed of Emory Adams, a young lawyer whom she had known from babyhood, and his mother, besides her two friends, Violet Sincell and Bernice Shaw.

Sea and sky were a soft, cool gray, the light changing from moment to moment. By the time Violet and Adams returned from their afternoon's outing an impalpable curtain shut off the ocean from view, rain began to fall, and the waves dashed thunderously against the rocks. A constraint seemed to have arisen between Violet and Adams, and, after dinner, Miss Sincell, pleading fatigue, went to her room. The remainder of the party were engaged in a game of bridge, with the exception of Peggy and Adams.

Miss Bruce, who Adams thought looked very well in a soft, white gown, seated herself at the piano and began the Brahms Wiegand, while he leaned against the instrument, listening to her playing. Suddenly she raised her brown eyes from the keyboard to his face, "his strong features framed in smooth, lustrous hair."

"You look worried, Emory?" she observed. "Did you and Vi have a quarrel this afternoon?"

"Oh, bless you, no," he hastened to say. "She was frightened at the fog, and once she clutched me around the neck and nearly upset the boat. She is a nice girl, and an awfully pretty girl; yet I think I should feel relieved if I knew that she didn't write that letter."

and forget that you ever saw her. It doesn't mean for your eyes. "Probably that would be the most sensible course," he agreed, giving Peggy's hand an affectionate squeeze, as he recollected how often she had teased and sympathized with him. When he was in his own room he opened his memorandum book and took out the folded scrap of paper to reread the simple confession. He started to tear it into pieces, but something deterred him; he replaced it, half ashamed of his sentimentality.

"What are you young people going to do today?" queried Mr. Bruce, after breakfast the following morning. He was a rotund gentleman, a favorite with Peggy's friends. "Come out to the quarry this afternoon, if you've nothing else on hand."

"Perhaps we will," Peggy answered; "we want to go to Gloucester to shop this morning, if you will let us have the automobile."

"I can do without it, I guess," he said, pinching her ear gently. "You'll look after them, won't you, Adams?" "What am I, a mere man, when girls are on shopping bent," he rejoined gaily. "I'll do my best, Mr. Bruce."

Their departure was made in high spirits. The short distance was traveled in good time, and Adams left the girls at a milliner's, with the understanding that he would meet them in two hours at a drug store.

He visited one or two shops to make a few purchases on his own account. Then, as considerable time remained, he went to the library, where, in the reading room, his eyes fell at once upon Bernice Shaw.

"I thought you were buying frills and furbelows with Peggy," he remarked in surprise, sitting down in a chair beside her. "I dropped in to read an article a friend of mine has in this magazine. I want to tell him I've read it, when he asks me."

Miss Shaw appeared disturbed by his presence, turning the leaves of her magazine without reading them. Adams glanced over the articles in question, and retired in a discomfited frame of mind, as he had hoped for a quiet little talk with Bernice.

As he lounged on the beach behind a summer hotel he pondered deeply over the mystery of the authorship of that confession. Perhaps Miss Shaw's embarrassment was caused by her consciousness that the letter was in his possession. Certainly he was in a predicament, for he was obliged to own that he did not feel either one of the two girls would satisfy him in a wifely capacity.

When he went for them Peggy said Bernice was not coming then, but would come later by trolley. By the time the hour arrived when they were to visit the quarry, Violet excused herself on the plea of fatigue, and Bernice had not returned.

"There will be only you and I," said Peggy dubiously; "perhaps we would better wait until another time."

"There is no reason why we should not go," Adams replied. "It won't be the first walk we have taken together, by any means."

"They sauntered along in a merry mood, Adams thinking that, after all, there was no girl quite like Peggy. When she married, things would hardly be the same, he reflected. The idea did not suit him; he became more serious.

"I think Bernice expected to meet Mr. Totheroh," Peggy confided; "it isn't announced yet, but I don't mind telling you they are engaged."

"Really!" Adams replied, absently. "He is a good fellow; I know him well."

"Don't be so glum," Peggy answered after a little, when significant silences were punctured by remarks on the weather and the scenery. "If you are still worrying about Vi, I will tell you that I saw that new boarder we met at the Ocean View going out with his camera shortly before she decided not to join us."

in. There was a dull roar, and a granite ledge was riven apart. A block fell precisely where she had stood. The color died out of Peggy's face, Adams drew her hand within his arm. "Steady, dear Peggy," he said tenderly. "Forgive my roughness. I hope I didn't hurt you."

"It didn't matter. I—I don't know how to thank you," she stammered. In the twilight they walked home together, both sobered by the danger Peggy had escaped; Adams quite as much by the new knowledge of his own heart.

"Little girl," he said, abruptly "I didn't know how much you meant to me until I thought I was going to lose you. I've fallen in and—out of—love a number of times, as you know; but I am done with trifling. I belong to you; please, Peggy, will you marry me?"

A crimson wave replanted Peggy's pallor. After a brief silence, she murmured: "I never thought you cared for me—in that way. What about the girl whose letter you found?"

"Really, I don't care who she was," he returned impatiently. "Don't you love me, dear?"

Peggy's dark head dropped until he could not see her eyes. "I may as well tell you," she avowed, "that I wrote that letter."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Was Sticking Down. The late James A. Bailey, famous as the successor of P. T. Barnum, once accepted an invitation to a dinner tendered to a bride and groom among the "freaks" of his circus. He was late in arriving and found the company politely awaiting him. There were living skeletons, dwarfs, Cretaceous, snake charmers, the girl that spoke seven languages and had two heads which made fourteen languages in all, the "dog-faced boy" and others. Beaming upon them with paternal air, the happy manager acknowledged the genial "Hello, pop," that went around the frowny board.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting," he said, taking his place at the table. "I believe there are several new additions to the company. Is this the groom?"

"No," replied a deep voice from the full beard addressed, "I am the bride."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bailey. "I did not recognize the bearded lady. But, tell me, which is the groom?"

"I am," proclaimed a very thin voice. In astonishment Mr. Bailey glanced up at the figure towering near his elbow.

"I congratulate you, my man," said the manager. "Sit down, let us on with the feast—sit down."

The guest addressed at once began to ascend seemingly until his head was in the neighborhood of the canvas roof, from which height he looked down and said: "I was sittin' down, pop—I was sittin' down!"—Success Magazine.

The First Boy Journalist. When the library of ex-Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania was sold recently, there turned up among other odd volumes a complete file of the first magazine edited by a boy. It was bought by Mr. Beck, formerly assistant attorney general of the United States. This unique volume was entitled, "The Juvenile Port-Folio and Literary Miscellany." It was named for one of the earliest American magazines. Its editor was Thomas G. Condie. Young Condie's father was the publisher for one year of a monthly magazine for adults, and was engaged for many years in the general publishing business in Philadelphia. His son, who was born in 1797, had a natural fondness for the business, and in 1812, when he was 15 years old, founded his own monthly.

The "Juvenile Port-Folio" consisted each issue of four pages, a little larger than eight by five inches, and with two columns to the page. The editor made a house-to-house canvass for subscribers, and a list of more than six hundred of them is printed in the bound file.

The magazine had a life of a little more than four years until young Condie graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and began the study of law. Although Condie has often been referred to as the founder of juvenile journalism, this is the first time evidence has been found to support that title, as the other files of his paper have disappeared.



At Grandpa's. I'd rather be to grandpa's house Than any place I know; For grandpa says I am his boy And grandma loves me so.

I'll go barefooted in the grass And do just as I please; I'll paddle in mud puddles and I'll climb the biggest trees; I'll slide down on the banisters; I'll shin up every door; I won't be scolded when I track Up grandma's kitchen floor.

When I get down to grandpa's house I'll be a boy again. Folks ain't afraid of freckles there. Nor loathe 'bout the rain. I'll ride the horses bareback and I'll walk on ev'ry fence; No one'll scold me when I tease My pants—see, that's my business!

I'd rather be to grandpa's house Because I have such fun, And I'll be awful sorry when Vacation time is done. I like to be at grandpa's house And be a boy once more. Where I don't get no scolding when I track up grandma's floor. —New York Sun.

A good scale for weighing letters may be made by any one without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about fifteen inches of it. Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard to the other, the latter to serve as a



A HOME MADE SCALE.

platform, plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut. The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.

This scale is somewhat crude, but it is good enough for all practical purposes.

The Right Kind of a Boy. The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, father looked rather grim, and mother tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget undeniably cross; when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his coat and boots in the hall, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly. His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

Current Cake. The heading of this paragraph will be sure to attract the attention of the boys and girls, for of course they all like currant cake. By this is meant the cake that has little black specks all through it, which look for all the world, like dead flies. If you will pardon the expression, everybody calls it currant cake, but the little black specks, you will probably be surprised to hear, are not currants at all, but a kind of raisin, made from little grapes that grow in the island Zante and in other Greek islands. The way they came to be called currants is rather

strange. In olden times they were called "corinths," because they grew in great profusion near Corinth, and either from that fact, or from the name "currants," as they were sometimes called, came our word currant. So "currant cake" is really "raisin cake," but it's good, no matter what you call it.

Not an Easy Task. A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office. And entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Well, I hae heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last two kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty, but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

The Telegraph Plant. There is a queer shrub growing in India, whose tri-lobed leaves move in a way much like railway telegraph signals. The two side leaves rise and fall alternately, for a time, and then are still, soon starting into motion again. The leaves are most active in the early morning. Sometimes many of them are in motion at once; at other times, only a few of them are; which shows that their action does not depend on the wind.

Prosperity in Egypt. Building Operations in Progress in Many Parts of Cairo. The charming residential town of Cairo of ten years ago I found disfigured by huge blocks of buildings five stories high; enormous hotels built and building; where was then park is now studded with villas; tramways everywhere, even out to Cheops pyramid; motored carriages along, followed by clouds of dust and heralded by the deafening sounds of horn or hoot, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. All the constructions are higgledy-piggledy, without line or order. Huge ungainly blocks alongside of unpretentious residences; buildings being torn down or foundations being laid. The conversations overheard were mostly of the price of plots of land, or the rise or fall of shares of companies floated or being floated, or of people who had become millionaires or expected to become such.

One realized at once that one was among a community intoxicated with success in the feverish excitement of speculation. The luxurious hotel, opened only some seven years before, was, while I was staying in it, sold to a company for \$150,000. Its proprietor (the seller), reputed to be a millionaire, is laying the foundations for a still grander hotel, on a site which was once a prince's palace.

Two well-authenticated transactions will give a fair conception of the enormous rise in the value of property in the best part of Cairo. A small villa erected some twelve years ago, at a cost of about \$3,000 found a purchaser recently at \$32,000. A property purchased for \$17,000 eight years ago was being treated for while I was in Cairo at \$150,000. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that property in what was the residential part of Cairo has increased in value during the last five or six years eightfold to tenfold. The price of land there may be said to vary from \$40 to \$82 per square meter (3.1 yards), equal to the value of land in the crowded parts of the city of London.

In Alexandria a nearly similar appreciation in the value of town lands has taken place. Lands toward Gabari, which a few years ago were only of a nominal and prospective value, have recently changed hands at fabulous rates. The site of the Victoria College, bought about ten years ago for \$1,500, was sold at the beginning of this year for \$100,000.

Questions About Birds. There is still a great deal unknown about the birds migrating. Why do they leave when there is still food enough for all and pleasant weather? What tells them, or how do they know, winter is coming—a season of cold and famine? What birds migrate and what journey by themselves? And how do they know their course?—St. Nicholas.

On to Him. "You know," said Bragg, "I expect to spend my vacation on a steam yacht."

"How foolish!" exclaimed Knox. "Why don't you take a rest instead of looking for extra work? Besides stoking is such a hot job."—Philadelphia Press.

Positive. "Are you sure that the studies your son is pursuing are really useful?" "Positive," answered Fatime Corntosel. "Anything is useful that will keep Josh from goin' out an' gettin' into fights with the neighbors."—Washington Star.

"Puppy love" is always so serious at the time that the victim wonders afterward how he ever recovered so quickly.

Every young man in love with a pretty and incapable girl, underestimates the time it will take to learn how to cook.



If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face. —Chicago Daily News.

Anthropology Instructor—What effect has the climate on the Eskimo? Student—Cold feet.—Harvard Lampoon.

Officer—Seen anything of my baggage, sentry? Sentry—She's waitin' round the corner for ye, sir.—Regiment.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?" "No. Let's hear it." "Sorry, but it can be told only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—So they got married and went off in their new motor car. She—And where did they spend their honeymoon? He—In the hospital.—London Tit-Bits.

Footie Lighte—Has your sister a strong part in the new piece? Miss Sue Brette—Why, yes; she has to carry around one of those heavy spears!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Kelly—'Tis another of them soovynear post cards from me darter Maggie—the fourth this month, begorry! She sends me wan ev'ry toime she changes her place.—Puck.

Anxious Mother—I hope you are not thinking of marrying young Clarkson. He spends every cent he earns. Pretty Daughter—Oh, well, he doesn't earn very much.—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you ever talk back to your wife?" asked the solicitous friend. "Sometimes," answered Mr. Meekton; "a very little; just to show her that I have not gone to sleep."—Chicago Daily News.

Tommy—Does it make any difference if baby takes all his medicine at once? Baby's Mother (in horror)—Good heavens! Of course it does! Tommy—But it hasn't made any difference.—Punch.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

"Any accident in your motor trip through Italy and France, Morgan?" "Nothing worth mentioning. My wife was thrown out and bruised a bit, but the machine never got so much as a scratch."—Life.

"So Jack's been made secretary and treasurer of the company, has he?" "Yes. He has to copy all the letters, and take all the deposits to the bank, and, oh, Mary, I'm so proud of him."—Harper's Bazaar.

Church—I like to see a man who can forget an injury. Gotham—Well, there's that neighbor of mine; he's suing the railroad company for an injured leg, and every once in a while he forgets to limp!—Yonkers Statesman.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?" "Naw; I don't read 'em," replied the lad.—Canadian Courier.

"But to my mind," said the clerical tourist from the East, "a plurality of wives is unspeakable." "Huh," snorted the good-natured Mormon. "I never even heard of one wife that was unspeakable."—Philadelphia Press.

Young Lady—You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. Professor von Spleer (hired for the occasion)—I play accompaniments sometimes. "Accompaniments to singing?" "Accompaniments to conversations."—Tattler.

Waiter—Mr. Brown's left his umbrella again, sir. I do believe he'd leave his head if it were loose. Robinson—I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.—Ally Sloper.

Church—See that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose? Gotham—Yes; I know him. Church—I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone? Gotham—No; he's hunting for an automobile garage. I believe.—Yonkers Statesman.