

SHAKE HANDS WITH FATE.

'Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world,
It is scarce worth while at all;
Its sorrows cling and its friendships sting,
And even its joys will fall.
But dear is life for all its strife,
And love is better than hate;
You'll find a grace in the surliest fate
If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right in
your glance
And your lips in a curve to the sky:
A spring in your walk and a ring in your
talk,
Sure, hope will not pass you by.
The path that you will winds over a hill,
But it leads to an open gate;
So trill you a song to lure love along,
And just shake hands with fate.

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf,
'Tis in yourself is God;
And you'll never stray from yourself
away.
God's light or the devil's prod,
Whatever your mind you'll meet in kind,
And what is yourself create;
The world will view what is really you—
Therefore, shake hands with fate!
—Leslie's Weekly.

JASPER DANE'S CALLER.

THE door creaked very slightly,
but it jarred on Jasper Dane's
nerves. He looked up with a
frown.

"Is this Mr. Dane?"

A young woman was framed in the
doorway.

Jasper's frown slightly faded as he
caught sight of her. She was a pretty
young woman and charmingly gown-
ed, and she wasn't more than one and twenty.
Jasper avoided the woman's gaze of
his paper. He couldn't have told
what the young woman in the doorway
wore, but he recognized the fact that
it was a combination that seemed to be
just suited to her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?"

Jasper, pencil in hand, bowed again.

The young woman advanced into the
apartment.

"You are much younger than I sup-
posed you to be," she said.

Jasper's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to
take that as a compliment," he said.

He even smiled. Then the pressing
character of his work reminded him.
His features stiffened. He raised his
pencil again, and looked at the girl se-
verely.

"It's the very first time I was ever in
an editor's sanctum," she said, as her
glance took in the dingy walls and the
littered desk.

"How can I serve you, madam?" in-
quired Jasper.

The girl looked at him and she looked
at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down.



"SORRY MY JUDGMENT SEEMS HARSH."

Jasper sighed and stared at the half-
written sheet before him.

"Are you sure it is the editor you want
to see?" he asked. "The society editor
is at the lower end of the hall. So are
the musical editor and the art depart-
ment. So is the dramatic editor."

"I came to see you," said the girl.

Jasper slightly flushed.

"Thank you," he said. "I am on ex-
hibition at all hours. Is that all?"

The girl shook her head.

"Do you own the paper, too?" she
asked.

Jasper frowned.

"No," he replied. "I believe it is gen-
erally understood that Mr. Linas Lam-
son is the paper's owner."

"The railway president?"

"One."

"Boy?"

"No, a girl. A little girl who is study-
ing abroad."

"How old?"

"I don't know. Mr. Lamson speaks
of her as his little girl." Jasper was
gettingidgety.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you
have not told me how I can serve you."

"No," she said, "I haven't."

A brief silence followed.

"Am I to infer that you are getting
up a society directory?" Jasper inquired
with a slight flavor of sarcasm.

"No," said the girl, "the inference
would be wrong. Nor do I want my
portrait on the society page. No, I have
no tickets to sell and no subscription
paper to sign. I came here to see you.
A dear friend said: 'You must see the
editor of the Dispatch. He's well worth
your while.'"

"Am I reckoned among the leading
sights of the town?" he asked.

"No," the girl gravely replied. "You
come between the geyser fountain and
the zoo."

Jasper laughed.

"And do you come up here to tell me
that?" he asked.

"That for one thing," said the girl.

"I don't suppose my presence here bother
you in the least, does it?"

"Madam," said Jasper, "I am a reck-
less user of the truth. Your presence
prevents me from attending to my du-
ties."

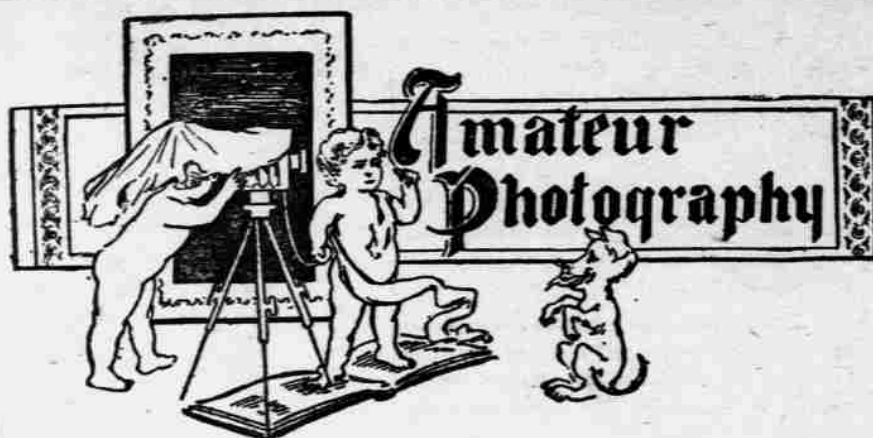
"Perhaps this is your busy day?" said
the girl, innocently.

"All my days are busy days."

"Then, of course, it is just as con-
venient for me to call to-day as any
other day," said the girl.

Jasper looked at her with a comical
expression. He was a little near-
sighted, and, as was his custom with
callers, he had scarcely given her an
appreciative look when she entered.

Now, at shorter range, he saw that she
was much prettier than he at first sup-
posed. She certainly was a very charm-



Amateur Photography

To give your photographic parapher-
nalia a thorough overhauling and clean-
ing up. If you use a hand camera, take
off the front and clean out the dust
that you will be surprised to find it
contains. If it is a larger instrument,
see that there are no parts that re-
quire reblacking. The nearest shoe-
maker will give you a little "dubbing"
that will improve the bellows if rubbed
into the corners that are getting hard
and inclined to crack. Go through your
negatives and throw away all those
that are useless. Overhaul your stock
of solutions and throw away all that
are not in good condition and properly
labeled. Examine your trays and
washing boxes and give them a coat of
enamel if thought necessary to guard
against rust or decay. Go carefully over
your source of dark-room illumination
and see that there is no danger from
any stray beams of white light or an
unsafe ruby light. Finally, make a
resolution to the effect that you will
expose fewer plates and secure better
results than you did last year.—St.
Louis and Canadian Photographer.

The recent action of the Paris Salon
in admitting photographs in competi-
tion at its next exhibition is bound to
exert a stimulating and very beneficial
effect upon photography all over the
world. Up to the present time photog-
raphy has been barred from all Art
Exhibitions and has been classed as a lib-
eral and not as one of the Fine Arts.
Mr. Edward Steichen, of Milwaukee,
however, a very prominent amateur,
whose work has won him universal

praise and many prizes in strictly pho-
tographic competitions, is to be credit-
ed with having won the laurels in this
case, some of his recent work having
been accepted by the Salon to be hung
at its next exhibition. When it is re-
membered that the Salon is composed
of the most conservative artists in the
world and that its gates have been
jealously guarded against the admis-
sion of anything but works of the high-
est merit, the importance of this inno-
vation, to the camera worker, will at
once become evident.

The snap shot fiend will soon be a
thing of the past. Amateurs to-day
are putting brains into their pictures.
While brains and work are necessary
to make artistic pictures, a good outfit
is also essential. The box should be
one with a focusing arrangement and an
automatic time and speed combinators,
but the most important of all is the
lens. It is better to have a good lens
and cheap box and shutter than a fine
box and shutter with a cheap lens. It
is also advisable to own two lenses—a
wide angle for interior and confined
places, and a rectilinear. The rectilin-
ear lens should be of high speed and
not too long a focus, for all around
work. A high grade combination lens
is very desirable, which by removing
one combination give a very long focus
with remaining combination—is at
times very important. The subject of
lenses is an inexhaustible one, and we
will endeavor to treat this subject in
some future article.

ing girl. A troubled look came into Jasper's
eyes.
"I beg your pardon," he said, "but
may I remind you that you haven't
stated your business with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes with a
clear, frank gaze. Then she slightly
smiled and slowly removed an elastic
band that held the small package she
bore in one neatly gloved hand. Jasper
took quick advantage of her averted
gaze to pull down his cuffs and make
a quick pass at his wrist.

"I have written something," she said,
"and I want to submit it to you."
Jasper felt himself weakening. Ordin-
arily he would have taken the manu-
script, and, hastily scribbling the writ-
er's address on it, would have tossed it
aside with the remark that he would
communicate with the writer by mail
concerning it—and then he would have
resumed his work. Now he hesitated.

His pencil dropped from his fingers. He
straightened up a little.

"What is the nature of the article?"
he asked, in what he fancied was an
indifferent tone.

"I sent an article," said the girl.

"Do I look like a person who would
write an article?"

She seemed to challenge his scrutiny.

Jasper couldn't resist the temptation.

He leaned a little farther back.

"It isn't always possible to judge by
the appearance," he said.

"But I fancied article writers were
always old, and—fussy, and—and
cranky," said the girl.

"There are exceptions," said Jasper.

"I suppose you know," said the girl.

"But it isn't an article,"

"You arouse my worst fears," said
Jasper, as the girl spread out the manu-
script.

"I think I understand what you
mean," she said.

"I'm glad you do."

"And I'm afraid your worst fears are
confirmed," she said.

Jasper sighed.

"Then it is verses?" he said.

"I supposed it was poetry," said the
girl.

"They always do," said Jasper.

The girl looked up at him with a
pretty grimace.

"You are not a bit encouraging," she
said.

"It's the better way," said Jasper.

"And yet you write verses yourself,"
said the girl. "And get them printed,
too."

"Perhaps it is because I haven't a
friend honest enough to dissuade me,"
said Jasper. "I have had no time for
that sort of nonsense lately, however."

"That's a pity," said the girl.

"Don't think to soften me in that
way," said Jasper.

"I like those lines beginning, 'She
came upon me unawares,'" said the
girl. "I know them by heart. 'She
came upon me unawares, I turned and
she was there.'"

"I beg your pardon," cried Jasper.

"It is your lines that are under consid-
eration. Pray produce them."

The girl gave him a sidelong glance.

"Did she come upon you unawares,
Mr. Dane?"

Jasper caught the glance and slightly
flushed. His look grew troubled again.

"I live in hopes," he said.

"That's eulogical," laughed the
girl. "It shows you are not sure."

"I must object to your manifest in-
tention to throw me into a sentimental
mood," said Jasper. "It will not help
you."

The girl laughed and passed the manu-
script to him.

"I know you will like it," she said.

"Why are you so certain," Jasper
asked.

"Because I haven't written on both
sides of the paper," said the girl.

Jasper bent over the manuscript to
hide his smile. Then his look changed.

The smile faded. He read the lines with
great care. Presently he looked up.

The girl had been regarding him in-
tently. She met his eyes with an in-
quiring glance.

"You want me to be frank?" he said.

"Of course."

"The lines are quite too sentimental."

QUEER NIGHT THEFT.

WEALTHY BANKER WAS ROBBED WHILE HE SLEPT.

Through the Efforts of a Detective
the Mystery of the Losses Was
Solved in a Manner Most Unex-
pected All Around.

"Shortly after I was put on the 'fly
force,'" said the old detective, "the
chief sent for me. On entering his office
I found there a man I recognized as a
banker of repute. Since then he has
become famous. The chief told me to
listen to the story, for it was my case.
The story was brief. The banker kept
some personal securities in a safe at
his own home and some were missing.
They had disappeared one by one at re-
gular intervals. The one singular
thing was that on one occasion he had
set out to watch the safe all night, and
between 3 and 4 had dropped asleep
for half an hour. In that half hour
another had disappeared. The loss was
a combination, the secret of which, so
far as he knew, was wholly his own.
"I went up to his house and made a
careful examination without hitting on
any theory that would seem to unravel
the mystery. So I said to the banker that
he must go right along in his mode of
living, do nothing to let any inmate in
the house suppose they were under sus-
picion or observation, and that I would
conceal myself and watch the safe. For
I was satisfied that the thief was one
of the family, and I fancied it was the
son, who was a high roller.
"This the banker agreed to, and
helped me rig up a place where I could
conceal myself. I began the watching
that night, but nothing came of it for
five nights. On the sixth the banker
went out to a dinner party, but he was
back home shortly after midnight, and
the house quieted down by 1 o'clock.
An hour and a half later I heard a
soft step in the room adjoining the li-
brary and presently a form stole into
the room, and going to the safe, swift-
ly unlocked it and abstracted a single
security, closing the safe again.
"The room was so dark that I could
distinguish only the outlines of the
form, but the darkness enabled me to
follow the thief as he turned from the
safe. I did so, and with a step as
stealthy as his own. He led me through
the adjoining room, out into the hall,
down the basement steps and into a
lumber-room, where there was an old
box for firewood. To this box the thief
went, and, lifting the cover, put the se-
curity in it.

"Then he turned, and so quickly that
he nearly struck me, and hurried up
the stairs. I was close behind him and
at his heels when he climbed up to the
second story, where there was a night
lamp in the hall, giving sufficient light
for me to recognize the features of the
man who had taken the security. From
here he turned into a room, closing the
door after him. I went down into the
library and found the easiest chair for
a nap.
"The next morning the banker ap-
peared for breakfast I took him down-
stairs, saying to him: 'Examine that
box and see what you find.'
"To his amazement he found every
one of the missing securities and some
papers besides which he had not
missed. He was dumfounded. After a
moment's hesitation he turned to me
with a severe and most stern air and
asked:
"Who is the thief?"
"You are," I replied, complacently.
"He started violently, and for a mo-
ment I thought he would strike me. But
he asked, instead, ferociously:
"What do you mean by that?"
"Only that you are a sleepwalker,"
I replied. "That's all. I followed and
saw you take the paper and place it
here."
"He stood still, as one paralyzed.
Then he said:
"Keep my counsel. Say nothing."
"A week later he sent for me to his
office to tell me that his physician had
told him it was a case of dyspepsia,
and that when he had come to look
back he found that it was only after a
late-course dinner that a paper had been
missed. Then he added:
"You've been discreet so far. Con-
tinue to be, and you will see that you
will not lose by it."
"I continued to be, and that's the re-
ason why I have retired so early, can
drive down the road just as fast as
a stepping pair as anyone does, and can
have an automobile if I want one."—
Brooklyn Eagle.

EFFORT OF MAPPING A BRAIN.

Scientific Tests to Discover Control of
Limbs and Muscles.

Eminent surgeons have long endeav-
ored to find out precisely what parts of
the brain control the various muscles
and limbs of the body, with a view
of ascertaining the correct new ways
of treating diseases of the nervous sys-
tem. Sufferers from such complaints,
especially such as cause interruption
of the muscular action, may have rea-
son to bless the memory of certain
great apes who have co-operated un-
selfishly with and without being con-
sulted by some British scientists and
surgeons in a series of privately con-
ducted experiments to demonstrate new
facts about the brain, says the London
Leader.

Though the scientific partnership
was fatal to the apes, they lived re-
spected, and died universally respected,
and their photographs will be handed
down in medical history. Studies of
the brains of the higher apes have
shown that their composition was suf-
ficiently like that of man to justify the
belief that investigations made on these
brutes would furnish knowledge about
the human brain. To understand the
experiments thoroughly it is well to re-
member that the brain may be roughly
divided into two great portions—the
frontal and the occipital—which are
separated by the fissure of Rolando.
This fissure extends across the top of
the human head and down on each side
at about the region of the temples.

All that part of the brain which lies
in the front of it—that is, the brain
that is over the eyes and fills out the
frontal region of the head—is known as
the frontal lobe. This frontal lobe, it
has been found, does almost all the
work of ordering and controlling the

motion of the body and the exercise of
its various physical functions. It is
the great central telephone exchange,
or, to use another electric term, the
great power house where the subtle, in-
tangible fluid of thought is converted
into a tangible working force and
thence transmitted at varying pressures
along the feed wires of nerves to the
various engines of the heart, arms, legs,
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GOOD Short Stories

On one occasion at a dinner at Balliol
the master's guests discussed the ca-
reers of two Balliol men, one of whom
had just been made a judge and the
other a bishop. "Oh," said one, "I
think the bishop is the greater man.
A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You
be damned,' but a bishop can say, 'You
be damned.' " "Yes," tersely remarked
the master, "but if the judge says 'You
be damned,' you are hanged."

Sir Henry Irving declares that once,
when he was playing "Othello" in a
small town in the then Washington Ter-
ritory, his audience was composed for
the most part of miners. "When we
came to the handkerchief scene, where
Othello demands the handkerchief of
Desdemona many times," he says, "I
noticed that the audience was becom-
ing exceedingly nervous. About the
third time the demand for the handker-
chief was repeated a large Irishman
in the rear of the house shouted: 'Wipe
your nose on your sleeve, you nigger,
and let the play go on.'"

Frank Reilly, a track-walker, was the
victim of a peculiar accident at Port
Costa recently. He was standing near
a switch to a siding on which freight
trains generally wait for the passenger
trains to pass. He saw a young lady
walking on the siding, and, believing
her to be in danger, gesticulated ve-
hemently to cause her to step from be-
tween the rails. She, in her turn, see-
ing the oncoming freight train, mo-
tioned back to him that he was in dan-
ger. As the train came nearer both
became the more earnest in their shout-
ing and gesticulating, while neither
thought of stepping off the tracks.
Reilly proved to be in the wrong. The
freight, instead of taking the siding,
went straight through. While he was
still trying to cause the young lady to
get out of the way of supposed dan-
ger, the train struck him from behind,
hurled him from the track and break-
ing his right arm in two places, badly
cutting his head and bruising his side.
He will recover.

Apropos of the death of John W.
Mackay, the New York Herald remarks
that one of the notable episodes of the
residence of the Mackays in Paris was
that which connected them with Meis-
sonier. The great French artist was
commissioned by Mr. Mackay to paint
a portrait of his wife for the sum of
seventy-five thousand francs. When it
was delivered the Mackays decided that
it was entirely unworthy of the sub-
ject and of the painter. "I wanted a
Meissonier," he said, "not Meissonier
painting a slovenly imitation of Can-
dide." This criticism was indorsed by
some artists who had seen the picture.
It was said that the French artist,
deeming anything to be good enough
for Nevada, took no pains with the
work, that he had produced it after an
insufficient number of sittings, and had
hastily painted in the hands from one
of his models. Furthermore, the por-
trait showed a woman ten years older
than his subject. Many French artists,
however, indorsed the work. His
friends gave Meissonier a dinner as a
vindication, and the French press and
public were for a time clamorously in-
dignant. The indignation rose to a cli-
max when it was reported that Mrs.
Mackay had thrown the picture into the
fire. "This was not true. It was hung
in a small room, with its face to the
wall. To-day it has an abiding place in
Carlton House, Mrs. Mackay's London
mansion.

The Knocker.
She had a little hammer.
She used it with a will,
She knocked at everybody;
They couldn't keep her still;
She knocked about her neighbors
If they were friends or foes,
She knocked about the table,
And knocked about her clothes.

She knocked at hubby's smoking,
About his snoring, too;
She knocked about his whistling,
And so, perhaps, would you;
At last the Reaper claimed her,
Her course on earth was run;
Her husband then considered
Her knocking days were done.

But hubby went one evening
To see a spirit show,
Where always in the gloaming,
The spirits come and go,
He heard a spirit knocking—
"My wife," he said, "I'll bet!
Now, isn't she a wonder?
By gosh! she's knocking yet!"
—Yonkers Statesman.