

### LOADING ON A SUMMER DAY.

The lazy boy sprawled on his back and squinted at the sky,  
Wishing he were the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high;  
For day was leaping swiftly, half way from dawn to noon,  
And the breeze it sang, "O, lazy boy, what makes you tired so soon?"

But the lazy boy was silent, and he slowly chewed a straw,  
Vaguely mindful of the thrush that whistled in the haw,  
And half aware of the bleating sheep and of the browsing kine  
Far scattered over slumbering hills to the horizon line.

Happy, happy was the boy a-dreaming sweet and long,  
Fanned by the breeze that tossed the haw and ruffed the thrush's song;  
For the whole glad day he had to loaf, and himself together,  
While all the mouths of nature blew the fates of fairy weather.

The year's great treadmill round was done, its drudgery ended well,  
And now the sunny holiday had caught him in its spell,  
So that he longed, a lazy lout, up-squinting at the sky,  
And wished he was the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the wages of the strong;  
Sweet is the hum of labor's hire, and sweet the workman's song;  
But once a year a lad must loaf, and dream, and chew a straw,  
And wish he were a falcon, free, or a catbird in the haw!  
—Independent.

### Cupid with a Jimmy

**W**HEN John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was settled by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one-sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistle-down intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord by the way—and went her usual pace of bullying and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that—what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world, but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive, and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it, the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell her best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, adoring, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went downtown to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid, and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old-time vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old-time tactics, Mrs. John would in turn comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge. John's heart would sink and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against anyone, he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went out for a walk. Sometimes he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipation.

One Sunday afternoon, when he and his old friend were discussing some particular exciting college scrimmage that had taken place fifteen years back, the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"  
"Yes, John. And won't you come some, please. I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's and everybody in the building is out and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peering out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'am, I'll go through your window."  
The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocketbook while she clambered from one window to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the floor below were unlike those heard when Hendrick Hudson played ninetails in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window, and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with: "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe, go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And the silver's all gone, and the household, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes."

John continued to read his Spencer. "That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes. "John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here?"  
John smiled sadly.

"You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"  
"Well—ll—ll," he drawled uncertainly.

"I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick, or the baby, or my grandmother's set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here. Honest, I'm not!"

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining-room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscles swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar-scarer. God bless that man that stole those things downstairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after. Or had for a week, as the burglar only took place that far back.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### DIVORCE CASES DRAW

#### CURIOUS CROWDS FLOCK TO CHICAGO COURTROOMS.

All Sorts of Types Ranged in Exhibition—Busy Bodies Prominent Among Visitors—Stern and Gentle Sees Have Their Own Fancies and Follies.

When Moses was building up a system of laws for the government of his people he decided that it should be lawful for a man to write his wife a bill of divorce and send her out of his house if she proved to be disappointing, but he made no provision for the wife to shut the door against the husband. But customs as well as laws have undergone a radical change since Moses' time. The rule in these degenerate days is to recognize the fact that woman has reached about as great a distance from the jungle as man has, and another fact is made clear that four women undertake to send their husbands out

women who have no interest there except to feed their minds upon the stories that fall from the witness stand. Perhaps so, and perhaps not, many of them belong to the ranks of the legally separated, but, if their facial expression, either in repose or in expectancy, indicates anything, it says they do belong there, and even the casual student of human nature would be constrained to congratulate their late matrimonial partners on their escape from such barbarians.

Every Saturday morning the crowds at the court house elevators waiting to be carried up to the several courtrooms remind one that it is domestic scandal day, and if anything else is wanted to convince one of that fact, a glance at the excited faces will furnish evidence. It is pulling and hauling to secure the most available seats, and when they are secured these faces say, "Now, ring up the curtain." Meanwhile and during the lulls a woman may be seen plying her knitting needles, and a man here and there scanning faces, as if trying to make a selection for a wife—his third of



A CHICAGO DIVORCE MILL IN ACTION.

of the house to one man who tries the game. And because the one will not move out at the bidding of the other the strong arm of the law is appealed to to expedite the going.

Nor are the ethics of tearing matrimonial ties into tatters considered a whit more seriously at this day than they were thousands of years ago. In fact, it was not very much of an ethical question then, nor is it now. Then it was wife ownership by the husband, and to-day, according to the secular laws, the relation between husband and wife is largely one of dissoluble partnership by petition by either one of the parties in interest to judicial authority. The judicial authority orders that the partnership be continued or dissolved, and when the court has spoken its decree is enduring if the dissolution of the partnership is commanded, but if not the belligerents surely will continue the battle in another judicial ring.

**Hear Cases on Saturdays.**  
The Chicago courts, says the Chronicle, devote Saturdays to hearing divorce cases, and the mills of these judicial gods go at a very rapid rate, but not carelessly or with indifference. Doubtless very many people will be amazed when told that 3,000 divorces are granted every year by the Chicago courts, and as they hear such cases only one day in the week it is found that after deducting holidays the weekly average is great. It is ascertained, too, that four-fifths of the petitions are filed by women, and nine-tenths of the charges are drunkenness, cruel treatment and abandonment.

Nearly all men applicants for divorce make charges against their wives under the guise of "incompatibility." Only occasionally, except in cases of abandonment, does a defendant let the case go against him or her by default. There seems to be a streak in the nature of such people that forces them to wind up their matrimonial relations by flinging mud, so that the other one shall go out into the world besmirched with suspicion and branded with letters that spell "vicious," "devilish," "beastly," "fiendish." When such cases are on the boards the crowd of spectators is always large, for the play deals only in perfidy, hypocrisy, falsehood, mud-flinging, cussedness and human depravity.

It is said that some men and more women are afflicted with a mania to attend funerals, and that it matters little to them whether it be a funeral of a friend, an acquaintance or a stranger. It is enough for them to know that it is a funeral, and that they are "in it" and enjoying the pleasure of the mournful occasion. But however much a funeral may charm some people, one must go to a divorce court when facts which should not be voiced in public are being told.

There the article that gladdens the heart of such people most is given out raw and by wholesale. There these virtues find the supreme heights of their hearts' delight in pathetic, in brutal and in coldly indifferent recitals of the misfortunes of husbands and wives.

A study of the faces of the habitués of divorce courts is likely to make one believe that the process of evolution has been reversed in them, and that they are grinding at the mills of involution, the gist of which is hearts that are happiest when misery, disappointment and cruelty are hurling others to and fro in the slough of social and domestic slime and filth. Such habits are mostly women—

fourth, more or less. So the divorce court is a place not only where matrimonial ties are severed, but also where they are originated.

Whether men are, on the whole, more manly than women are womanly has always been an open question, but it is true, according to the records of the divorce courts, not only in Chicago, but everywhere else, that the average man will bear about every indignity before he will face the publicity of a divorce trial. It is equally true that nearly all men will avoid making the charge of faithlessness if something else can be used to secure the desired end. He has a thousand times greater horror of the public knowing that he "has been fooled" than a woman has for her husband's faithlessness. The science of social economy shows that to be true. Still, there are exceptions, of course, which are to be expected as long as a man and a woman are to be found here and there who do not hesitate to break up their marriage relations deliberately and purposely.

But when such cases come before the divorce court, if the judge has had much experience, the court knows them almost immediately. The first



MILLIONAIRE TO WED HEIRESS.

of the parties in interest is almost sure to present a telltale facial expression and unnatural nervousness and anxiety in which the court sees a conspiracy, and many is the divorce refused on that ground, but only the judge and his God know the real why.

#### Wonderful Memories of the Blind.

The acuteness of their memories seems to be a compensation for the blind. One of the visitors to the reading room for the blind in the National Library at Washington expressed a desire to learn to use the typewriter. There was none provided, so Mr. Hutcheson very kindly sent down his own. The girl sat down to the machine, and had explained to her the position of the letters and the keyboard slowly read to her twice. She practiced for a few moments, and then wrote a letter in which there were only three mistakes, a feat which it would be difficult for a seeing person to surpass. One afternoon Mrs. Ward, the Kansas vice regent of the Mount Vernon Association, read in the pavilion. While doing so she repeated Iron Quill's well-known verses on Dewey's victory, beginning, "Oh, Dewey was the morning." Later in the afternoon one of the blind listeners

brought to her a complete copy of all of the verses, which he had remembered from hearing her.—Woman's Home Companion.

#### GREW HIS UMBRELLA STOCK.

**Infinite Pains of a St. Louisan Bestowed Upon a Maple Sapling.**  
A guest of one of the principal hotels yesterday exhibited a curious and beautiful umbrella handle to a party of admiring friends. It was a crook of silver maple wood, bearing the natural bark, and its ornament consisted of three heavy gold bands, or rings, encircling the shaft at equal distances. What made it remarkable was the self-actuated fact that the bands had been put on when the branch from which the handle was made was part of a living tree, and much smaller in diameter. The wood had grown through and around the confining metal and bulged out at either side, producing an odd and striking effect. "It took me four years to get the material ready for this umbrella handle," said the proud owner. "I live in the suburbs of St. Louis and have several fine maple trees on the premises. In 1893 the idea occurred to me, and I had a jeweler make me three rings, which I slipped over a small branch and tied at the proper distance with cords. I had to select a very diminutive branch, because otherwise the twigs would have prevented the rings from going on, and I picked out one pretty high up so it would be out of the way of pilferers. Then I waited patiently for nature to clinch the bands by process of growth. I said nothing about the experiment, and the family often wondered why in the world I climbed that tree so often. I am a traveling man, and whenever I returned from the road I would lose no time in taking a look at my prospective umbrella handle. It was slow work, however, and the fall of 1897 had rolled around before I finally cut the branch. Then I turned it over to an expert, who kept it ten months longer, seasoning and polishing it, and bending the upper end into the crook, which was done by a process of steaming. The result is what you see. I am convinced it is the only thing of its kind in the world, and I take good care to keep it away from umbrella thieves."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### YOUNG VANDERBILT TO WED.

**His Bride-to-Be, Elsie French, Is of an Ancient Family.**  
An important society event at some still undetermined date will be the marriage of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, head of the Vanderbilt millions, and Miss Elsie French, whose engagement was recently announced.  
Young Vanderbilt was born in 1877 and graduated from Yale in 1899. He was making a tour of the world and had reached Japan when his father died. Returning home, he found that his father had passed by his eldest son, Cornelius J., and had left the entire fortune of \$100,000,000 to himself. Very generously, however, Alfred Gwynne disregarded this arrangement and turned over some \$7,000,000 to his brother. This action was a noble one. A family feud over the distribution of the Vanderbilt interests would inevitably have affected many innocent persons who were interested in Vanderbilt properties. It seemed proper and correct enough to settle all dispute by giving away a king's ransom, but how many young men are there just out of college who could have done it so quickly and so gracefully. Alfred Gwynne is a mod-

#### NO MORE THE GRAND MANNER.

There are no longer gentlemen of dignity and breeding. The "grand manner" has gone from the world and the world seems to have put out at its departure. "Time was when it was a token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship was adorned with it. It was held up to man as a model of nobility; manners were pass muster in polite circles; literature being. It did duty for a whole lot of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a very simple theory of society and upon a man's life. If men are to wear beauty and successes lightly, the backbone of case will come into prominence, and they will study to amuse, and so that social fitness which our great-grandmothers adored, those low and smirking which their granddads doted on, and the whole pleasing science of the beau monde.

The tear of sensibility may be deepened over its tomb, but there can be no question of its revival. The most admirers can do is to write the history of its fall. It belonged to the days when wealth, leisure, culture and all the good things of life were confined to a class, and it dropped and withered at the advent of democracy. Our modern seriousness and our modern business-like air killed it, and it chose the easiest of weapons. It might have survived frank opposition; it could not endure being made to look ridiculous.

But with the rubbish went what was admirable. At its best this grand manner meant an exuberant vitality, a genuine zest for life. Its exposure might fall, but they failed gallantly. It all worked out to a kind of intense self-respect, which might be ludicrous, but was rarely ignoble.

Most great men have been many-sided, but with the gentlemen of the grand air it was a social duty, and traces of the process must be hidden from sight.

Disraeli was almost the last of the "grand manner" discipline, and the abuse of him which was current for a long while shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affection it was, though a charming one, sometimes a noble one. Versatility never be abolished, but a pretense of ease and insouciance and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry and haste, and for the most part we frankly confess that dignity is a nuisance and an anachronism. But the other side of the thing—the taste for a liberal culture—shows signs of revival and we may expect a return to the grand manner, brought up to date and purged of its silliness. London Spectator.

#### OVER STAIRS

The chance of two finger prints being alike is not one in fifty-four billion.

There are nearly two thousand stitches in a pair of hand-sewed boots.

San Diego, Cal., has a lemon grove covering one thousand acres. It is supposed to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, with 170 acres.

Eighteen thousand bills and judicial resolutions were presented by members in the last Congress—12,968 in the House and 5,853 in the Senate.

Table Mountain, Cape Town, South Africa, is a magnificent natural curiosity. It is nearly four thousand feet in height and has a level top about three square miles in area.

Wedding festivities in Cairo, Egypt, usually continue for three days, during which time there is constant feasting and jollification. The guests are expected to remain while the festivities last.

In the western part of British Columbia is a novel railway, two miles in length. The rails are made of trees from which the bark has been stripped, and these are bolted together. Upon them runs a car, with grooved wheels ten inches wide.

At Bosco Reale, on the slopes of Vesuvius, near Pompeii, excavations have brought up the most remarkable paintings of the Roman period yet discovered. In the grounds of the large villa a great peristyle and four large rooms have been unearthed, the walls of which are covered by twenty large frescoes of rich coloring and careful execution. The figures are life size.

**A Belligerent Archdeacon.**  
Canon Bellairs, of England, who recently, was an old enemy of the belligerent Archdeacon Denison. He was a school inspector before the act of 1870, and East Brent was in his district. The archdeacon objected to government inspection of his school, and the children to slug some lines of catechism when his brother clergyman appeared, and at last wrote to Mr. Denison, telling him that he would put the village horse pond if he dared to show his face in that part of Somerset.

**Hunting the Ditch.**  
The revolutionist leader was getting ahead of his men in the wild treat.  
The private who sprinted just as the heels managed to say: "Why do you run? I thought you bragged that you would die in the last ditch."  
"I will—I will, my boy; but the ditch is some distance away, and I must hurry if I keep my word."  
And the little band of heroes continued to annihilate time and distance.—Baltimore American.