

"Kola; Twenty-Three"

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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"My child, are you sure?" Mrs. Creston ejaculated with a nervous lift of the brows.

Alice Moore, her daughter, six months married, sat up suddenly, digging her fists baby-fashion into much-swollen eyes. She was an uncommonly pretty young woman, but had wept and raved herself out of all comeliness in the hour she had waited for her mother. Mrs. Creston had answered a tempestuous summons, expecting nothing more than the usual after-honeymoon quarrel, and been stunned by a demand to take her daughter home at once.

"As sure as one can be over the 'phone," Alice said, her voice breaking on every word. "To think Joe should act so! I—I wouldn't mind—so much—if it was anybody young and pretty—but to slight me for—that hateful old thing!"

"You forget you haven't told me," Mrs. Creston coaxed.

Alice had sunk back among her pillows. From them she said: "She's a Miss Smith—of all names—Joe knew her years ago it seems—and actually, she behaves as though he belonged to her. He has made me have her here—well, at first I didn't mind—though I never really liked her. Still, she was so plain, and ever so much older than he was—I couldn't well object. And she has a nice house of her own, and one meets good people there—the sort I do want to get in with. Her cook is an artist—I said in fun, I meant to steal the cook away—then Miss Smith came back at me, laughing hard.

"Do—if you can. Then I can take Joe with a perfectly good conscience."

"I must say that was bold," Mrs. Creston interrupted bridling.

Her daughter went on: "Joe laughed as much as any of us—but he hasn't been quite the same ever since. I told him, coming here, I thought she was an old cat—and he said: 'What a pity more women aren't catty.' But the next day he brought me a new ring, and the day after took me to the opera—so I overlooked things until last week. Then he had box seats for the Savoy—and I simply couldn't lift my head—you know what may headaches are—how I can't bear anybody about me. I told Joe he must go—and he did—and took her—then today—I—She broke off, shuddering strongly, her hands over her face.

"Well! Mrs. Creston encouraged.

Alice sat up again, her hands to her forehead. "You'll take me home, of course—and—have a lawyer to see about a separation. I'll never agree to a divorce—it would please them too well."

"Alice! Can't you tell a straight story!" Mrs. Creston asked sharply.

Again Alice shuddered: "I'm coming to the worst part," she said dropping her hands. "This morning she called over the 'phone—rather made her maid call—that in itself was suspicious. When I answered I could hear her, indistinctly, prompting the girl what to say. And the girl said: 'Oh! Mrs. Moore, please tell Mr. Moore, the moment he comes home, he is wanted amidships—kola; twenty-three. He'll understand—you won't forget?' Then, of course, I asked, 'who wants him?' and the answer was: 'Just a family friend. But be sure to send him—unless you do, he'll lose a great chance.' You see they have an understanding—talk in cipher as it were."

"What did you answer?" Mrs. Creston asked.

Alice bridled. "I hung up the receiver with a bang," she said, beginning to beat a tattoo upon the carpet.

Her mother sighed, knitting her forehead, but after a minute said: "Well! There's nothing for it but to wait and watch. As sure as Joe Moore commits himself fully, home you come. I wish, though, you could get such splendid alimony."

An hour later Joe, the culprit, and the ensnaring Miss Smith stood considering covetously three particularly fine rugs. Each was unique after its kind—together they were the pitiful wreck and remnant of a poor gentleman's collection. The collector was in a hospital, and would never leave it alive. Miss Smith had somehow found out about him, and was doing her best to save his pride. He had friends willing to bury him, but he wanted to bury himself, as well as to pay hospital charges.

The rugs, well sold, would do both—Joe, who had a house to embellish, a wife to pamper, could not spend money to better purpose. They had talked it over before Joe went West on a flying trip. The purchase was to be kept a profound secret from Alice until her birthday, next month, when the rugs would be spread out to surprise and delight her. She had no discriminating rug knowledge, but was mightily impressed with the fact that to own rare ones was a sort of hallmark of artistic plenshing. Miss Smith liked her negatively, albeit she had the usual woman sense that Joe, her some-time protego, had chosen rather ill.

It was to keep the secret inviolate the cipher call had been agreed on. Miss Smith thought she knew women, but it had not dawned upon her that Alice would be jealous. She had made the call urgent because another possible purchaser had appeared with a

dealer at her elbow to prompt and stimulate bidding.

Joe had got the message through his office, to which his friend had sent it as well as his house. He touched the silkiest of the rugs caressingly, saying rather low: "It feels like Alice's hair." Then blushing, "You don't mind. Remember I haven't seen her for three whole days."

"No, I don't mind in the least; bridegrooms ought to stay foolish a year at least," Miss Smith said, picking up a second rug. "This is mine," she went on. "Two are enough for you. I'd limit you to one, only I'm cramped for rug space."

"I'm going to pay for the three," Joe said calmly. "Please, ma'am, you take choice."

"You are a fool, Joe—in spite of being sensible," Miss Smith answered, laughing softly. "You can't give me things now you are married—not though I did more than half bring you up."

"Why not?" Joe demanded. "I'll make three thousand out of this western business, and it came through you—"

"Alice will need it all—and more. In fact, my son, you'll learn in time, that 'all and more' is the motto of matrimony," Miss Smith interrupted.

Joe gave her a hurt look. "I don't believe it—asking your pardon," he said, stoutly. "It may be with some wives—but Alice! Alice is as generous as sunshine."

"I hope you are right—there may be exceptions," Miss Smith said, waving him good-by as they left the meeting place.

When he was out of sight, she smiled—at first with merry malice, then somewhat sadly. As she walked on something haunted her—the banging of the receiver on the hook. She had some way caught it, as one catches weird sounds at the end of messages. Being, wise in women ways, also full of leisure, she decided to see Alice right away.

Thus she encountered Mrs. Creston upon the steps. That lady's frigid, yet reproachful eyes, told her that she had done well to come. Smiling



"This Morning She Called Over the 'Phone."

EXPERIENCES OF LUCINDA

Queer Way in Which She Unintentionally "Swiped" Hatpin From Another Woman in Car.

"Girls," said Lucinda, "I certainly did have an extraordinary experience this morning in a Madison avenue car. Crowded, this car was, full of people, but it seemed not quite so full at the middle, and so I worked my way there, gently; the best I could."

"Standing about a third of the way down the car on the right was a woman who was holding on to a strap and facing outward, so that her back was toward me as I worked along past her. She was about the same height as I, and when I passed her my hat caught on hers and it seemed to cling there for a minute, but then it got free and I passed on, to reach up for a strap myself when I had got just beyond her, and then what do you think?"

"When I raised my arm up to reach for the strap, there, lying on the top of my arm was a hatpin, a hatpin from the hat of the woman I had just passed! When my hat caught in her hat it caught under the head of that pin and drew it out and snapped it forward just so that it lodged on my arm."

"Well, I handed the hatpin back to her and she smiled and I smiled and that's all there was to it; but really now, wasn't that extraordinary?"—New York Sun.

FORMER EDUCATION OF GIRLS

Giance at the Methods of Sixty Years Ago Shows Great Advance of Present.

When one realizes the state of female education sixty years ago, its progress as evinced today is marvelous indeed.

In the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the policy of "seeming," rather than of "being," was followed throughout—languages and society manners were considered all important—there were no games and the only form of exercise was that of walking, with riding for the wealthy girls.

The schools were small and suffered from bad classification in consequence, as classes had to be made up from girls of widely differing ages, while "teaching" consisted of hearing lessons "got by heart," often without any explanation.

When one reads the report of an examiner of a girls' school only 30 years ago, that "many girls showed a great aptitude for mathematics, but parents discouraged continuance of sound education after the age of 12 or 13 in order to 'keep the girl feminine,'" the change in the popular estimation of women's capacity is indeed marvelous.—Christian Science Monitor.

Danger Ahead.

Because the motorman would not heed their expostulations, but kept the car jerking along within bumping distance of the back of the slow-moving wagon which bore a "Danger" sign, half the passengers got off rather than take chances on being blown up in the explosion that was sure to result from the apparently inevitable collision. Out of respect for their determination to save life and limb even at the cost of another carfare the motorman stopped the car and asked if they were willing to give him another trial on his promise to drive cautiously.

They were, and piled into the car. Two minutes later the dangerous wagon pulled off the tracks and allowed them to pass. Then they saw for the first time the name of the combustible material that had driven them into a frenzy of fear. The wagon was an ice wagon.—New York Times.

Mixed as to Names.

A young woman, who has a treacherous memory for names, had a droll experience not long ago.

She had encountered in a railway station a face that seemed familiar to her. She remembered that she had met the young man at the house of a friend some weeks before, but for the life of her she could not recall his name. Finally, however, when the young man stopped to shake hands, she asked:

"Surely this is Mr. Tombstone, whom I met at Mrs. Walker's."

The stranger smiled. "You're right as to our place of meeting," said he, "but somewhat twisted as to the name—I am Mr. Stonegrave!"

Improve Machines.

The occupation of large punching machines used in boiler shops and similar establishments has been greatly improved in efficiency and economy recently by a simple system of electric control. These machines heretofore have been operated by a foot attachment, but this is cut out entirely and the push button placed at a point where it is much more accessible.

Two men can, by this arrangement, do the work formerly requiring three, and the work is said to be done in a much more accurate manner.

Mistaken Identity.

Smifkins was, to put it mildly, a boaster, and when he was giving Brown glowing accounts of the fine holiday he had had in Paris Brown suspected that the veracious Smifkins had been no further than Folkestone. He didn't say so, however.

"And what do you think? Smifkins rattled on; 'as I was strolling along the Rue de Rivoli one afternoon a pal didn't agree, for years came up and said: 'High old chap, is that you?'"

"And was it I?" asked Brown.—Ideas.

MISS GAZZAM DISCOVERS AND WEDS SWEETHEART



And now the dove of peace has come to rest on beautiful Marble Mansions at Cornwall on the Hudson, where dwells she, who, until the other day was Antoinette Gazzam, the \$3,000,000 heiress who has long searched for her soul mate. The quest has ended; all worry and disappointment are over, for the ideal companion has been discovered in the person of Charles B. Galvin, an employee of New York city, who is engaged on the aqueduct and says he is a civil engineer. Miss Gazzam and her soul mate were united in marriage.

The bride, who is still a young woman, has already been in the limelight, brought into publicity by the results of an earlier search for a spirit affinity. When a young girl she became interested in the psychologic and this interest was increased by the death of her mother. Reaching womanhood, she decided that the astral bodies should point out her true soul mate, and thenceforth the hunt was on. But the way was not to be smooth. Going west to Los Angeles, she consulted a psychic clairvoyant, Marshall Clark by name, who soon undertook to prove that he, and he only, could satisfy her soul longings. All might have been well if Mrs. Marshall Clark had not been thrown on the screen, but her appearance was the signal for a moving picture show in which Miss Gazzam was the puppet thrown around by the infuriated wife.

Still Miss Gazzam was not convinced that the astral bodies had made a mistake. Clark started for Reno to get a divorce, but before going he queered himself by declaring that at last "he had the right pig by the tail." Not so. Miss Gazzam then and there decided she was not predestined for Clark, and returned to her home, sadder but much wiser. Quickly Mrs. Clark marshaled her forces and brought suit for \$150,000 for the alienation of her husband's affections. Less than a year ago Miss Gazzam settled the case by paying \$25,000 to soothe the wounded wife, who in turn swore not to sue for divorce, not to prosecute the deluded affinity searcher further, and that Miss Gazzam's relations with the clairvoyant had been quite proper.

The first chapter ended thus. As to how she became acquainted with Mr. Galvin and discovered in him her real soul mate, the bride refuses to state, though she declares "it is really very romantic."

The soul affinity is described as a sturdily built man of about 35, simple in his language and manner, and having the appearance of a very practical person. Miss Gazzam's father, once a state senator in Pennsylvania, now lives in Philadelphia. The young woman inherited her fortune and the estate at Cornwall from her mother, who died a few years ago after having obtained a divorce. The ideally matched couple will have a honeymoon tour including Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, after which they will tour Europe.

THE FIRST LIGHTNING ROD

Bohemian Priest Antedated Franklin in Experiments With Conductor for Lightning.

Though Franklin will continue to receive the honor that is his due as the inventor of the first practical lightning rod, the study of atmospheric electricity goes back at least to the time of Tullius Hostilius, who perished in an attempt to "draw fire from the sky." Cicero, in one of his orations against Catiline, calls attention to the destruction of the gilded statue of Romulus by lightning as of evil omen. A lightning bolt vividly described by Virgil in the eighth book of the *Aeneid* damaged the hind legs of the bronze Capitoline Wolf, and the visitor to the Capitoline Museum today can still discern the marks upon the metal. A learned priest by the name of Divisch is said to have erected the first lightning conductor in Europe. He set it up at Prenz, Bohemia, in 1754, and it was 130 feet high. Through the Emperor Stephen and the Empress Maria Theresa publicly proclaimed their confidence in the inventor, a most disastrous drought that afflicted the country a year later was ascribed by the superstitious populace to the new fangled device, and Divisch was compelled to take it down. It is not probable that Franklin was acquainted with Divisch's experiment.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it today.

In usual liquid form or in chocolate coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

AS TOLD IN PLAIN ENGLISH

Real Truth About Young Man With "Excelsior" Banner, and That Lamb of Mary's.

"Excelsior" is a poem about a young man who walked one winter evening through a village in the Alps. The hotel keeper stood in his door and told him the rooms were all taken, but anyhow the young man knew he didn't have enough money for tips. So he went on. He carried a banner reading "Excelsior." One theory is that he was a drummer for an upholstery house and the other is that he was a demented breakfast food inventor. He was found next morning near the top of the mountain and his relatives were notified.

Mary had a lamb that she spoiled by overfeeding and cuddling. She took it to school with her one day and the lamb bothered the spelling class, so the teacher kicked it out of the front door. Not having any sense of direction, it blatted around the schoolyard until finally the teacher sent Mary home with it and told her if she ever brought it again there would be trouble. Next spring Mary's father sold the lamb on the rising market.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A New Napoleon Statue.

Gen. Niox recently discovered in the State statue repository a bronze statue of Napoleon I by Saurer, of which the Invalides only possesses a plaster replica. Yesterday work was commenced in the courtyard of the Invalides on the removal of the plaster statue, which is to be replaced in a few days by the bronze original.—Paris Press.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807.

over 100 years ago; sales increase yearly; wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Depended on the Dog.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard dog up the road "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer by. "I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

Coroner's Verdict in India.

For quaintness it would be hard to beat the verdict returned in India on a man whose fate it had been to as sauge a tiger's appetite. "That Pand so died of tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death."

FASHION HINTS



This afternoon gown of velvet, which is quite the thing for dress wear, shows a pretty waist effect. The lapels are of satin, put on wrong-side-up fashion. The overskirt arrangement is also novel.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN WHO HEADS MILITIA OF IDAHO



The governors of the various states have founded a wise expedient to place at the head of the state militia men whose trained army experience fit them to jump into the saddle at any moment in the event of mob disturbances or factional fights that are liable to at any time break out and get beyond the power of the police. The state militia, or National Guard, is a vital civil-military arm of the people, says Human Life, standing for law and order between the peaceful civilian and mob rule.

Brig. Gen. A. M. Rowe, who holds the title of adjutant general of Idaho, is one of the old guard, who, responding to the first call of Lincoln, in 1861, fought through the Civil war from its very beginning until the last bugle call. Most of his service was in the Army of the Cumberland and he participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Rocky Face Ridge, and Resaca, becoming totally disabled, his right arm being permanently disabled by a shell wound in the last fight.

Before enlisting in the war, Mr. Rowe was a school teacher in Portage county, Ohio, and having given four years to his country, he again took up his study, and entered the preparatory department of Oberlin college, Oberlin, O. Having graduated, Mr. Rowe again took up his favorite profession, and for many years continued in educational work as principal in the high school at Steubenville, O.; as superintendent of schools at Huron, S. D., and as superintendent of the school at Little Falls, Minn., and Payette and McCammon, Idaho. Mr. Rowe was chairman of the department of graded schools and academies of South Dakota's educational exhibit at the World's fair at Chicago. During these years of educational activity, he was an enthusiastic worker in the Grand Army of the Republic.

For That Heartburn

and smothering sensation after eating you really ought to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It acts quickly, tones the stomach and aids digestion, thus removing the cause of the trouble. Always keep a bottle handy for just such cases. It is also for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver troubles, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. Try it today.



Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence R. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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THE BEST MEDICINE
for COUGHS & COLDS.

Mean Trick to Play on Rival. A characteristic anecdote is told of Cherubini, the most jealous of the irritable genus of composers. He had been prevailed upon to be present at a conference, and during the first acts, which were much applauded by the public, he had kept a gloomy silence. The third act was less favorably received, and a certain passage especially seemed to cast a cold blanket over the spectators, when the old maestro, to the astonishment of his friends, was seen to applaud heartily. "Do you really like that duo?" asked one of them; "I should have thought it was one of the poorest and coldest in the whole opera." "You idiot," answered the maestro, with genuine naivete, "don't you see that if I did not applaud 't he might possibly cut it out?"

Too Quick With Scorn. That marvelous story of the British expedition to New Guinea, with its discovery of a new pygmy race, reminds a writer that in the past stay-at-home people have sometimes erred in treating travelers' tales with scorn. There was, for instance, the description by James Bruce in 1770 of the barbarous Abyssinian custom of eating raw meat cut from the living animal which was ridiculed by everybody. Yet Bruce has even recently been proved right. When Paul Du Chailu explored equatorial Africa in 1861 and described the wonderful gorillas and also the nation of dwarfs there he was discredited none too politely by the British Royal Geographical society. Yet subsequent explorers amply vindicated his veracity.

No Cause for Complaint. Customer—I ordered a gallon of Irish whiskey last week, and I find that what you sent me was made in New York.

Dealer—Well, I don't see where you have any kick coming. Isn't New York Irish enough to suit you?

One Theory. "I wonder why the doctor always wants you to stick out your tongue?" "Probably to cut short a lot of gab, my dear."