

SHADOW OF A MAN

Adventurer's Ancient Vigor, Lured by a Glimpse of Heaven, Seeks Its Lost Might.

By R. J. PEARSALL.

It was a strange thing. Jonas Flint was coming home from work, and the old, familiar trees cast their familiar shadows far ahead of him, and the birds sang the same songs, and the breeze fanned his forehead in the same comforting way, and there was the same little house at the end of the path, and the same smiling face to meet him.

Yet there was something altogether different, and when he came to consider earnestly what it was, he found that, curiously, he was not himself; that he was outside of himself, and regarding himself from a distance, and a very great distance, too. This realization disturbed Jonas very much, and he strove to recover possession of himself, as it were, but could not.

The effort caused him confusion and indistinctness of vision, so he desisted, and contented himself with watching this man who was, and yet who was not, himself. Thus resting, he was enabled to come closer, and, if not to regain his identity, at least to enter into some of the thoughts and feelings of his double.

Jonas was a well set-up man, somewhere around thirty. He had clean-cut features and a square jaw, and was dressed in the garb of the better class of American workmen.

As he approached the house a pretty face appeared in the window and as quickly disappeared, and his wife, who had been the sweetheart of his school-days, stood in the door.

"What do you think?" she began, and then her lips were checked by the wifely greeting that made Jonas Flint's heart beat faster. "What do you think? See here."

She led him through the house—a short enough passage it was—and out through the back door; and there were a dozen fluffy little chickens presided over by an important, jealous-eyed old hen. "They just hatched this afternoon. Aren't they cute?"

They were cute, but far more attractive to Flint's eyes was the little figure of his young wife.

"But you must be hungry," she said, "and tired. And supper's ready."

And supper was ready—the finest supper spread on a tea-table just big enough for two in a pretty little dining-room just big enough for the tea-table. Jonas, sitting with his wife across the board, felt that he was the happiest man in all the world.

"I was tired. But I couldn't stay tired here. Nelly, this is home."

"You like this place better than other places, then?" she inquired naively, knowing his answer beforehand.

"Other places! Let me forget them. Here, in this house, with you, it is Heaven. I have wandered for years, Nelly, but I never really knew a happy hour. No, nor a happy moment."

Supper over, they sat on the porch, she sewing, he blowing great rings of smoke into the air.

He grew drowsy, his head fell forward, his eyes closed, then opened, then closed again.

He was asleep. He woke.

The sun was shining fiercely in through the hole in the wall that served as a window for the miserable little room in which he had slept.

His ears were vexed by the jabbering of the native women. Through the half-open door he could see them pass and re-pass.

They were almost black, their features were those of negroes; they were dressed in horrible deshabille.

There was an indescribably dirty odor in the air.

So vivid had been his dream that he could not for the moment realize that it had been a dream, and that this was reality. When he did, he rose, cursing volubly.

He took a long draft from an evil-smelling vessel and made his short toilet. Dressed in white trousers and the thinnest of undershirts, he left the room, and, in company with half a dozen people, one negro, one "chino" woman, and the rest natives, he ate breakfast.

Dried fish and poi composed the meal. It was served in half-clean dishes; still, he ate heartily. Years of usage accustomed one to anything, and a dream is but a dream.

Still, Jonas could not get this out of his mind, though he tried hard.

After breakfast, he went down-town, as was his usual custom.

He had not had the feeling for years, but when he walked through the rows of squalid shacks that formed the quarter in which he lived, all dirty, dilapidated, and suggestive of nameless things, disgust filled him.

He strove to quiet his memories, but could not. His old home in the States, Indian summer, the walks with Nelly in the quiet, sweet-smelling lane, the—kiss. A virgin kiss he had known to be, filled with the matchless splendor of a young girl's first love.

The next day he had left her. He had awakened a great love, and then left it to die. And so, wronging her, he had ruined himself. He saw it now—quite plainly.

And at that moment, so strange in this world, he saw her.

He was just on the margin of the Chinese business district, and the carriage in which she was seated, in company with another and older woman, passed swiftly in front of him, across the street, and was gone. But he recognized her in that glance.

True, she had changed much. When he had seen her last she was a girl of nineteen, now she was a woman of twenty-five. She had developed with the years, grown more beautiful. That was to have been expected, but what surprised him was this, that, though she was not the Nelly of his remembrance, she was so unmistakably the Nelly of his dream.

Then—it may have been a hallucination—there appeared in front of him the image of the man of whom he had dreamed. The figure—his own—approached rapidly. Its eyes were fixed on Flint's. They searched his soul, they questioned, they pleaded.

The Thing seemed to make an effort to speak. It spread out its hands with an imploring gesture, and then passed on. When Jonas turned to look at it, it was gone.

"It wasn't a man," he said half aloud. "The shadow of a man—of myself? No, it wasn't even that. I imagined it. That was all."

But he couldn't make himself believe that. The dream, the unexpected glimpse of Nelly, and the apparition seemed all too closely connected for any one to be lightly explained away.

An explanation flashed upon him. He had prayed for another chance. Was he to have it? Had the dream been meant to show him, not what might have been but what might still be?

He straightened himself, and his step quickened. Then he relaxed into his old, slouching gait. Then the roused white that still remained in him asserted itself.

His jaw set firmly, and there came a light into his eyes that had not been there for years. He saw Ah Poo, a wealthy Chinaman who owned a large macaroni factory, approaching. The Oriental was about to pass with a bland nod of recognition; but Flint acting upon the spur of the moment, stopped.

"Nice day."

"Belly nice."

"Ah Poo, I want job. Understand? I want trabajar. Sabe? You give me job?"

The Chinaman's smile grew more bland, even cheerful. He recalled several friendly little games he had had with Flint in which Chinese duplicity had not availed against white shrewdness. "Wantee work? You bloke? Boosted, eh?"

He passed on, every feature expressing his enjoyment of the situation.

Flint glared after the slipshod figure, but after a moment turned to go on his way. But a white man, who had overheard the conversation, stopped him.

"Hey, there; wait a minute. I heard what you asked of that heathen. What can you do?"

"Well, it's a hard graft, working with these gugus. But a white man for me every time, if I can get one. My name is Hawkins. I run the Honolulu steel mills. Come down tomorrow morning at seven o'clock, and I'll give you a job, if I have to fire a dozen Kankas. You know where it is?"

"Yes, sir."

Jonas Flint walked on unseeing. All that day he struggled with himself. Was it worth while? he asked a thousand times. But he slept in a strange bed that night, and at seven reported to the mills for work.

When the quitting hour came, he asked for and received his pay—two dollars for the day's work. He walked out of the mills as though he were escaping from an inferno. Work is the real test of a man.

A voice hailed him.

"Why, Flint, where's you been? And what've you been doing? You sure look done up. Come, let's have a drink."

Flint drank once. Then he drank again and again.

Then, arm in arm with his friend, he started homeward, toward unwashed Palama.

A couple of women were walking ahead. Passing on the outside, Flint brushed against one of them, and, leaning over, leered drunkenly at her.

She shrank away with a frightened face, and the leer froze upon his features, for it was Nelly.

There was a noise behind him, and a vigorous fist knocked him from the sidewalk into the ditch. Lying flat on his back, he met the late eyes of his late employer.

"You puppy!" Hawkins cried. Then he turned to the two ladies.

"Let us go on," said he. "This dog isn't worth noticing."

Another and younger man, who had come up with Hawkins, gave Nelly his arm, and the two couples walked off.

Jonas Flint got up—his companion had vanished—and tottered up the street alone.

Party Frocks for Little Girls



THE three simple dresses pictured here, worn by little maids from six to nine years old, set forth the most approved lines on which frocks for children are made. They are of fabrics most in demand for occasional wear. They are made in the same designs as the simple clothes for daily wear, but show more latitude in the matter of decoration.

At the left of the picture the little miss is arranged in a party frock of messaline. It could hardly be more simply cut if it were a gingham school dress. It is a plain slip with parallel tucks running lengthwise at the front and back. They, with the shaping of the underarm seams, provide the scant fullness of the skirt. At the termination of the tucks small rosettes of velvet ribbon are used as a finishing touch. The neck and sleeves are ornamented with an applique of heavy lace.

At the right a plain close-fitting slip fastens at the left side. It is made of a figured crepe, in white, finished with a sailor collar and bow in black satin and a sash of black satin ribbon. The sleeves are very short and ornamented with four narrow tucks at the bottom and finished with a piping of black satin. The fastening is managed with small crochet buttons and buttonholes above the waist line. Below this the hem in the material is stitched down. Very long black stockings and low slippers with straps

are worn with this somewhat abbreviated garment. A little greater length and amplitude would improve the skirt.

Fine plain organdie or dimity or the best grades in lawn are suited to the dress shown in the middle of the picture. It is also a one-piece slip, with the fullness provided for by deep plaits laid over the shoulders in the back and front. The skirt is bordered with a wide band at the bottom, of printed organdie, showing plain and figured stripes alternating, and the sleeves are finished with one plain and one figured stripe of the same material. The figures appearing in the border are calculated to captivate the childish fancy. Conventional figures, like snow crystals and much conventionalized little dogs and birds interspersed among them characterize this bit of decoration, only suited to a young child. The sleeves in this dress are elbow length. The neck is finished with a band of the figured fabric. A round collar of princess lace forms the finishing touch for this little dress-up affair. Half-length socks and low canvas shoes are worn with this as with almost all other summer dresses.

In adapting these designs to American children they are improved by cutting them knee length and allowing slightly more fullness at the bottom of the skirt.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Simple Coiffure for Any Occasion



ONE of the loveliest of the new coiffures is pictured here. It is shown decorated with an extravagant ornament of paradise feathers, for evening wear. The style is not elaborate and might be adapted as one suited to all occasions.

There is a small pompadour of unwaved but fluffy hair extending from temple to temple across the forehead, with a very light fringe as a finish. The mass of the hair is parted in the middle of the back and combed forward at each side. It is held loosely and braided in two braids, which begin at a point just above the ears. These two braids require all the hair excepting the ends of that portion which covers the pompadour. These ends are spread over the crown of the head at the back, concealing the part, and pinned down to be concealed by the braids.

The braids are brought across the back of the head and are pinned to place. In hair of average length the

end of one braid will extend to the beginning of the other, the two forming a double braid across the back of the head. But the arrangement of the braids must depend upon the length of the hair. If it is very long they will be coiled and pinned down at the back of the head or wrapped about it. The feature to be noted in this coiffure especially is the fact that the hair is brought forward so that the braids begin above the ears.

To dress the hair in this way successfully requires that it be first made fluffy. A small support is needed to keep the pompadour in place. A scant supply of natural hair may be dressed in this way by using two short switches in the braids at the sides.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Bride of Pearls. One of the dainty new evening capes is made of lace, wired to stand out about the face and fastened under the chin with a bride of pearls.

OLIVE TREE AN INSTITUTION

As Important in Syria as is the Cow to People of the Countries of the West.

The trees in a Syrian garden are an important and practically necessary part of the nutrition of the people. Combined with grain in the form of coarse bread, the tree-products make a balanced and wholesome ration. For large elements of the population, at least one meal a day is commonly composed of bread and walnuts. The walnut is rich in both protein and fat, so that this combination virtually duplicates in nutrition our occidental sandwich of bread, butter and meat. The oil to which the scriptural writers so lovingly referred is still important in that land, and the olive tree that produces it is almost as useful to the Syrian as the cow is to the American. The cow gives butter and drink, and the olive tree gives butter and food. When the workman on the Mediterranean goes from home for a day's labor, he often takes a pocketful of olives and a piece of bread for his lunch. Remove butter, breakfast bacon, and fat meat from our vocabulary, put olive oil in their place, and we shall begin to think the thoughts of Mediterranean cooks. Once cooks and palates are educated, the blood does not know the difference between the rich globules of fat that come to it. It is fat that the human system wants, and it makes no final difference whether it comes from butter, bacon, lard, olive, coconut, goose, or bear. Fat is fat, once it is in our blood. The source from which we shall get this fundamental of nutrition depends in part upon our bringing-up, but eventually our getting it depends upon the ease of winning it from our environment.—J. Russell Smith, in the Atlantic.

Who Discovered the Kangaroo?

Mr. W. B. Alexander of the Western Australian museum at Perth, W. A., has recently corrected a popular mistake in the history of natural history. The discovery of the kangaroo family is generally credited to Sir Joseph Banks, and is supposed to have occurred during Captain Cook's first voyage in 1770. This date, it appears, is nearly one hundred and fifty years too late. When the Dutch East India company's ship, the Batavia, under command of Captain Pelsart, was wrecked on the Abrolhos islands in 1629, the survivors encountered among other strange things the Dama Wallaby, the first member of the kangaroo family known to Europeans. Captain Pelsart described it as a species of cat about the size of a hare, noted its remarkable hind legs, and described in considerable detail the abdominal pouch for the young and the use of it.

Services on the Roof.

Efforts to maintain religious worship through the summer months on the plane of comfort and freedom from oppressive heat have resulted in two churches here holding Sunday evening services on the roof gardens of their parish houses. In both cases the experiment was a success, and it was determined to continue the innovation during the hot weather. We hear other towns complaining that they have no church roof gardens; but services in some places have been held with success and in comfort on church lawns, and very impressive and beautiful many of them must have been. Whether the roof or the lawn is the place, the plan to surround worshippers with more comfort than the church itself admits is an excellent one, deserving of emulation.—New York Press.

Romance of Old Clothes.

Florence Hull Winterburn, author of the recently published "Principles of Correct Dress," believes that the American woman who does not care for dress is not only unfeminine but "unpatriotic." A particular tenderness for old gowns is shown in every station of life, declares Mrs. Howe. "From the daughter of the millionaire, who has a sentiment for the Doucet gown she wore when John first admired her, down through the social scale to the old West Virginian mountaineer who musically whispered, as she hung the mate to her one other calico frock on the clothes-line, I allers liked this unbetter'n any frock I have—that undercurrent of esteem for garments, as intimate partakers of one's life, obtains in the minds of our woman."

Her Only Fear.

Sir Thomas Lipton tells this story of a lady and her husband who were crossing the Atlantic for the first time. Their steamer encountered terribly rough weather, and they were both very unwell. As they lay in their berths watching the luggage rolling about on the floor of the cabin and listening to the bangs and bumps and the shouted orders on deck, they thought their last hour had come. Suddenly, from the wife's corner, came a feeble voice just audible above the noise "John," she said, "John, do you think the people at home know where our life insurance policies are?"

To Get Benefit From Vacation.

Good health begins in the heart. The ozone of the sea may make the blood tingle with new life, but the surf never reaches the spirit except as a transient stimulant. The peaceful mind, like a ship swinging to an anchor dropped into the deeper sea, is immune from the greater dangers. When you go away on your vacation take that feverish mind with you, and the spirit that needs the divine sunshine.

WIT and HUMOR



START OF ARKANSAS FIGHT

Fort Scott Man Resents the Remark of Stranger That He Was Raised in a Barn.

A Fort Scott man walked out of a building the other day and left the screen door open. A stranger sat inside and he looked at the open door with a swarm of flies coming in. "Shut the door," he shouted in his loudest and roughest tones. "Were you raised in a barn?"

The Fort Scotter meekly closed the door, then a tear trickled down his cheek. The man on the inside felt sorry. He walked up to the local man and put his hand on his shoulder. "What's the matter, brother?" he asked in sympathetic tones. "Did I hurt your feelings?"

The Fort Scott man wiped his eyes gently. "No," he replied. "I was raised in a barn and every time I hear a mule bray I always think of home." It was right there that a little boy yelled "Fight!"—Fort Scott Tribune.

OUR ILLS.



"Most of our ills are purely imaginary."

"Yes. But when you eat mushrooms and develop toadstool symptoms there is usually something more than imagination to be reckoned with."

A Rural Solomon.

"The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Slithers," said the judge at Slithers' trial for violating the motor ordinances at Crickett's Corners, "and in view of what ye've said, and with some truth, about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your sworn testimony, I've decided not to fine ye \$50, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, judge," said Slithers.

"We try to be square, Mr. Slithers," said the judge; "and, instead of the \$50 fine, we're goin' to sentence ye to work on them roads for ten days, in the hope that your superior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em considerably better."—Harper's Weekly.

Political Laurels.

A palatial touring car had attracted the attention of a visitor to Boston, and he asked his friend:

"Who is the man seated in that large car?"

The Bostonian glanced in the direction indicated and replied: "That is the poet-laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."—Everybody's.

An Unwarrantable Insult.

"I call it an unwarrantable insult," said the company promoter, angrily.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked his partner, in surprise.

"Did you see what that old scoundrel did?" roared the company promoter. "He carefully counted each of his fingers after I shook hands with him."

Nothing to Send.

The steamer rolled and pitched in the mountainous waves, and Algy was very seasick. "Deah boy," he groaned, "promise me you will send my remains to my people." An hour passed. "Deah boy," feebly moaned Algy, "you needn't bother about sending my remains home—there won't be any."

Proof Positive.

Patience—They say she's an awful flirt.

Patrice—So I've heard. I don't think she's capable of loving.

"Oh, yes she is. She's got a dog, you know!"

Between Hugs.

"Oh, Clara!" exclaimed the young man on the sofa, "you have broken those two cigars I had in my vest pocket."

"Too bad, George," said the sweet young thing, "but why don't you buy stronger cigars?"