

# WRECKER'S COVE

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

It was a dear little house, Florence and Drake went over every corner of it that first wonderful day when they saw Wrecker's Cove from a car window, and seized their suitcases, and fairly flew off the train.

"It's a peach of a spot," Drake exclaimed gratefully. He had set the suitcase down and mopped of his forehead. "I wish we were honeymooning this month instead of last month, girl."

Florence had nodded her head in deep sympathy. Ever since the wedding they had wandered from hotel to hotel along the east shore, hunting a restful, dreamy spot of sweetheating solitude. This day they had been on their way to Shepherd's Landing. Florence had found it on a guide map for summer tourists, and she liked the pine grove behind the hotel. It looked shadowy and propitious. Yet midway along the little sleepy railroad line, the train had switched out around a headland of tumbled brownish-green rock, and suddenly Wrecker's Cove lay revealed, a curve of sand so smooth and white it looked like creamy silk outspread in the sunlight.

"Here we light," said Flo, joyously. "I hope there's a hotel."

There was, but it was not pleasing. It was a one-story edifice with a bar-room and a long dining room with pink mosquito netting over the long tables.

"Are there cottages to let?" Drake asked the proprietor. He was also local station agent, and express agent, and ran the livery stable.

"Not that I ever heard of. Have you been up to the Tamerlin cottage? But still, I doubt if he'd let it with all them things in it."

"I haven't heard of it. You point the way, and I'll find it." They went out to where Flo waited anxiously. The hotelkeeper pointed out a sort of bird house that seemed to hang to the side of the brownish-green headland.

"There 'tis," he said. "It ain't nuthin' to look at. The feller that come here and built it was peculiar. He was married, too."

He stopped. Down the path came a young man. The hotelkeeper hailed him warmly.

"Going ter let your house, Mr. Tamerlin?"

"I had not thought of it, Hickson, but—"

"I'll take it for three months, cash in advance," Drake put in with one of his feinting strategic impulses.

That afternoon Flo opened the little front door with her own key as the boat wife and walked in. It was a joy, that house. The walls were of sea sand, with oak beams. The great fireplace called out a welcome to them. There was a crane in it, and a big black kettle hung on it, waiting for a friendly hand.

"I don't see why Mr. Tamerlin fixed this all up so adorably just for a bachelor's shack," said Flo, suspiciously, after a few days' residence. "Drake, it's the dearest little place, and I've found shirtwaist boxes tucked away with linen, sheets and pillow cases, and everything."

"Where did Mr. Tamerlin say he was going?" Flo went on absently.

"He didn't say. I saw him sitting on a lone rock in the offing yesterday morning the other side of the boat landing. He's not a native, I found. He built the house last year, and fitted it up early in the spring. In June he went away, and came back just a week before we came. He said Mrs. Tamerlin would be on later."

"Then she is his wife." In a tone of relieved conviction. "Maybe they've quarreled, and separated. Drake, dear, think of it!"

"He looks miserable enough for any tragedy, the poor kid. I think I'll get him out fishing and let him unburlen his mind." Drake grinned. He was big and normal and happy. The nervous worries of another man's heart strings were amusing. He would get hold of the boy and shake him up a bit, show him the whole world did not revolve around the drop curtain just because Dan Cupid walked, and wouldn't play twice he tackled the proposition of better acquaintance with Tamerlin, and twice he was rebuffed. His landlord did not fish. He did not care for boating. He was not going to stay long at Wrecker's Cove.

bound about her head, and escaping curls. But she looked tired, and Flo was tender hearted.

"This is Mr. Tamerlin's house, I was told."

"Yes, won't you come in?" Flo put on her nicest welcoming smile. Her visitor entered, and deliberately looked about the living room.

"He has made it all very homelike for you, hasn't he?"

She sank into one of the hickory chairs, and removed her hat, leaning her head back on the brown cushion.

"I love it," said Flo impulsively. "It's the happiest summer we've ever spent. It's an ideal place for a honeymoon."

"How long since—since you came here?"

"About two weeks! But we shall stay here until fall." She looked Flo over curiously, with little hard lines about her mouth as though she wanted to cry. "Do you really love him in so short a time?"

"Love him? Drake?"

They both rose, facing each other like two little jealous tigresses.

"Are you talking of my husband?" demanded Flo, haughtily, as haughtily as she could from five foot two.

"I am speaking of the man who, by all laws of love and good faith should be my husband," retorted the stranger, Flo realized as she put back her long white veil that she was very young too, and just at this instant her face was colorless.

"This whole house was built for me, for my honeymoon, do you hear? I only returned from British Columbia yesterday and found that Billie Tamerlin had broken his word to me and I have come for my things."

"Your things?" Flo tried to explain as light broke on her. "You mean the trunk and my books and a lot of things from my room at college. It was all arranged and had been for weeks, weeks, do you hear?" She was clenching the edge of the little oak table until her white kid gloves parted at the seams. "My brother and father didn't like Billie, and I was going to run away with him, and—and then a letter came from the West from dad, and he was horribly ill, and so of course I went to him. I left word for Billie, and find he never received the letter. I was frightened, and in haste to catch the first train West, and left the letter on my bureau. Oh, it is all such a terrible mixup, and I hate the sight of you, whoever you are."

Flo stood amazed at the reckless heartbroken flood of words. Outside on the veranda there came the sound of masculine footfalls, and she turned with relief as Tamerlin and Drake, her own blessed, honeymooning Drake, entered the room.

Tamerlin never stopped for conventionalities. With two steps he reached the side of the stranger, and took her into his embrace right before his tenants. It did Flo good to see him grip her firmly, masterfully, and plant kiss after kiss in the proper spirit on her lips.

"We'll step outside for a few minutes," Drake began tactfully, but Tamerlin stopped him.

"Don't, Edgerly. I want you to meet Miss Creston. She will be Mrs. Tamerlin just as soon as I can dig up the gentleman who ties love knots around here with swiftness and dexterity."

"I thought you had grown tired waiting, Billie," came a little muffled tone from the head on his shoulder. Flo and Drake stared out the door at the gleaming quicksilver of the sea at high noon far below them. "I thought she was your wife."

"Where would I have found a wife in six weeks? Didn't I hang around and munch my heart waiting for some word from you? I thought you had gone away for good, of course, and rented the shack when the chance turned up. Edgerly, will you submit this place back to me?"

"Just looking up the next train on to Shepherd's Landing," responded Drake, with a cheerful smile of renunciation.

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# Oldest of Intermarine Canals

THE canal in southern France which, with the help of the Garonne river, unites the Atlantic and the Mediterranean is the oldest, longest, and least known of the world's intermarine canals. Built in the seventeenth century, it has always been known as the Canal du Midi or du Languedoc. Starting at Toulouse, it runs about 150 miles in an easterly direction until it finds the Mediterranean at the port of Cette. It is thus about three times as long as the Panama canal, but in its locks, proportions, boats, and general traffic it is very similar to the Erie canal in its palmy days, writes Frank R. Arnold in the Los Angeles Times.

When you come out of the railway station at Toulouse you have to cross the canal before you can get into the city. The boulevards along by it are named for Riquet and Bonrepos; for the father, who planned the canal but died six months before it was finished, and the son who completed the work. And a little way up the canal is a statue to Pierre Paul Riquet, the inscriptions of which give the history of the canal in a nutshell. One side tells how the two seas are joined at the divide of Naurouse and how the water comes down there from the mountains to make the commercial highway. From the other side you learn that the edict for construction went forth from Louis XIV on October 5, 1666, and that navigation began on May 15, 1681, and that the grateful city of Toulouse dedicated this monument to its benefactor in 1683.

Through a Farming Country. As you leave Toulouse for the Mediterranean, the canal, on mounting toward the divide, passes through a fine corn, wheat and alfalfa farming country.



WHERE THE CANAL CROSSES THE ORB AT BEZIER

It is a broad, fertile plain shut in on both sides by low hills like the Platte valley in Nebraska. A rare thing in France, where villages abound, it is a country of scattered farms, even the churches with their octagonal brick towers in the Toulouse style having only one or two houses about them. Flocks of geese are in every barnyard, for geese is the mainstay of the local meat supply. White oxen do all the work in the fields, but are too "molasse," the boatmen say, to draw the canal boats. A New Englander would say they are as slow as old molasses. The canal banks are lined with elm and plane trees, and the views between give a series of moving farm pictures that stand out in a Colorado-like clearness, for this country is what Henri Martin, the Paris mural painter, calls the land of liquid light.

It takes from one to two days to reach Naurouse, where the divide is. Here one has the best chance to see how admirably Riquet planned his work, for it was there he solved the chief difficulty of the canal, the problem of water supply. Up to the north and east, for twenty-five miles at least, extends the Black mountain, the most southerly ramification of the Cevennes. On the Toulouse side is the River Sor, and on the Mediterranean were many small mountain streams running into tributaries of the Aude, the chief river on that side. Riquet, who lived at Revel, not far from Naurouse, had given twenty-two years of study to the problem before he proved to the king's commissioners that he could tap the Sor on one side and bring the Azaux, the Lampy, and three other mountain streams into a reservoir above Naurouse.

Phosphorus. The discovery of phosphorus by Brandt in 1669 was first applied commercially as a means of obtaining fire by Godfrey Hauwilt of London, who in 1860, under the direction of Robert Boyle, prepared and sold large quantities. It was used for procuring fire by rubbing small particles between the folds of brown paper, and a sulphur match was ignited from the resulting flame; but as phosphorus was both costly and dangerous this invention was not long employed.

Japanese Cookery. Japanese cooks seldom use the fingers in the preparation of food. Chopsticks, spoons and many other ingenious little utensils in white wood do the work, which is of the most elaborate nature, many of the dishes requiring twenty-four hours to prepare.

Not Much to Worry About. Investigation of the geological survey on the erosion of drainage basins proves that the surface of the country is being worn away at the rate of about an inch in 760 years.

# SPLENDID WHILE THEY LAST

New Year Resolutions Are Good Things, Provided They Are Not of the Priggish Assortment.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, at a tea at the Acorn club in Philadelphia, said of New Year resolutions:

"They are splendid things—provided, of course, that they're not priggish. There's a type of girl that leans to priggish resolutions. "In my childhood, I remember, a little girl came to play with me about New Year's time who was simply insufferable."

"What's the matter with her?" I asked.

"Oh," said another little girl, "she's keeping all her New Year resolutions; but she'll be all right again in a day or so."

Scattered Remarks. When the fat plumber met his friend the thin carpenter he grinned and said:

"Saw a queer accident yesterday morning."

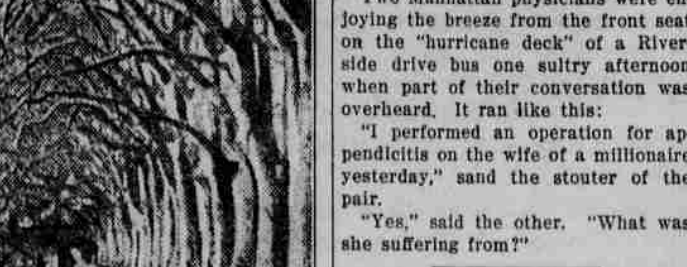
"What was it?" the carpenter asked.

"Professor Diggendel was crossing the street with the manuscript of his lecture in his hand when an automobile bumped into him and scattered his notes all over the street."

"Was the professor hurt much?"

"No, but he was knocked speechless."

A SMALL ONE.



Enlargement of the Pocketbook. Two Manhattan physicians were enjoying the breeze from the front seat on the "hurricane deck" of a Riverside drive bus one sultry afternoon when part of their conversation was overheard. It ran like this:

"I performed an operation for appendicitis on the wife of a millionaire yesterday," said the stouter of the pair.

"Yes," said the other. "What was she suffering from?"

Unselfish. They had just been married and were about to start on their wedding trip. As is the custom with bridegrooms, he was embarrassed at the point of forgetfulness, but he met the situation like an expert.

"Why, Harry, you bought only one ticket," said the bride reproachfully.

"Just like me, dear," said Harry quickly, "always forgetting myself."

Making Progress. "Briscom is devoting all his time to that new war balloon he thinks he has invented."

"How far has he got?"

"Why, yesterday he ripped the roof from two henrocks and a sleeping porch, crashed through a woodshed and a pergola and landed on his neighbor's garage five doors away."

Specialized Pity. Elderly Unfortunate—Help me, kind lady! Anything you can give to the kind lady (who happens to be an antivivisectionist)—Just the thing! I'll give you one of Bill's old blankets; your poor dog must feel the cold terribly.—Puck.

In the Dentist's Office. "It is queer people get so frightened just about having a tooth pulled."

"It is that, especially when you consider they always have their nerve with them."

Intratched. Hickville Stage Hand (to member of visiting "Hamlet" company)—It certainly can't be no fun havin' to play a grave digger night after night.

Actor (cheerfully)—Oh, the position is not to be sneered at when a hostile audience starts a bombardment.—Puck.

More Strategy. "Call on all the regiments for volunteers with red whiskers."

"For what purpose, excellency?"

"To lie on their backs and furnish an imitation of fall foliage as an ambush."

A Mutual Wish. "Don't you—ah—know, Miss Pepper, sometimes I—ah—wish I were a rajah or something like—ah—that over in India."

"Isn't it strange, Mr. Bore, I was just thinking the same thing."

Yes, Verily. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," remarked the quotation fiend.

"Right you are," rejoined the student of human nature, "but it seldom gets up until after the referee has counted ten."

# Feverish Old New York



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN SOON TO GO

WHAT a hard time old Father Knickerbocker has endeavored to satisfy the jaded pleasure palates of his multitudinous Manhattanites. Having something less than 10,000 theaters, vaudeville houses, moving picture establishments and amusement places generally, he seems constantly to feel called upon to put forth something new and different to hold his inhabitants.

As a matter of fact, he could not get rid of them if he wished to do so. The vast majority of those who have become real New Yorkers would stay right there if he stripped them of everything and tied them to an electric sign on Broadway. They would stand right there and enjoy its glitter and feel sorry for all those who were "condemned" to live beyond the glow of the White Lights.

But he doesn't seem to realize that, and so hardly a day passes that we do not read of some new enterprise to be launched for the stated purpose of entertaining the people of New York city. There may be some who will think that these new undertakings are merely for the purpose of making money, but their advertisements say nothing of the sort.

Time Brings Changes. Yet it is all different now from what it has been. Time was when each new enterprise of the character referred to was launched with bold announcements about the high prices that would be charged. That was before the European war got under way, when New York had money oozing out of its pockets. Now, however, every new amusement project comes forth modestly telling us that prices will be extremely reasonable. There has been a realization and an acceptance of the fact that money is not being spent so freely here as it once was.

Hardly a theater in Manhattan today is running on the old scale of prices; or, if it is, it has out slips, procurable at almost every store, which entitles the holder to a seat at half the advertised price. The very best Broadway theatrical productions are now having "popular priced" matinees and there is hardly an entertainment on the island for which some kind of seat may not be procured for 25 cents or less.

And the character of the entertainment is changing even as are the prices. For instance, the old Eden Musee, on Twenty-third street, recently closed its doors. This famous institution has been one of the sights of the city for years. There was a time when something like 10,000 people passed through its doors daily; but recently it has had a struggle to keep alive and that struggle was finally ended in defeat. Location had something to do with that. Twenty-third street, Madison square, there once was the very heart of things, but now New York has moved uptown. The white lights do not send their beams quite that far south these nights and already Twenty-third street is lined with "For Rent" signs, many of which have been so long there that they are obscured by dust and dirt.

Madison Square Garden Going. Yet another landmark of old New York has fallen before the march of Manhattanites "uptown." The famous Madison Square garden, familiar to the country over, either through visit to the metropolis or illustration, is to make way for improvements. Its noble tower, the work of Stanford White, slain by Harry K. Thaw nine years ago, will be missed by visitors and residents alike. Many of the most notable men of America have addressed audiences in the structure.

But Father Knick is no whit discouraged. He moves on uptown and keeps trying. As stated, new announcements appear almost daily, telling us that ere long we will have something else to entertain us. One of the latest

wholly unfounded, that Mr. Booz's brand of whiskey was so popular, that it brought the word "booz" into the vernacular. Etymologists may point to the old English "house," to an old Dutch word, or even to the Arabic. The Philadelphian has neither eyes nor ears for etymologists; he forgets that Sheridan used "boozed;" he knew only E. C. Booz and remembers that the distiller, an admirer of William Henry Harrison, had his bottles made in the form of a log cabin. He should have gone further and filled his bottles with hard cider, for Harrison's campaign was known as the hard-cider one.

Cheerfulness Attracts. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without its attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence toward the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.—Addison.

Clever Pigeon. A planter in South Carolina writes that he once saw a hawk dart into a flock of pigeons, but miss his strike. The pigeons scattered and the hawk singled out one for pursuit. The pigeon rose to a great height, always keeping above the hawk to prevent it from striking. When the pigeon got directly over an old horsepower ginhouse, raised 10 feet from the ground, it suddenly darted by the hawk and came groundward like a shot, in a line a few feet from the side of this ginhouse. The hawk pursued, and like two streaks they came down. Eight feet from the ground the pigeon swerved aside under the ginhouse. The hawk dashed headlong to its death on the ground.—Youth's Companion.

Tradition Without Foundation. A short time ago the curio collection of a Philadelphian went to the auction room. Two whisky bottles into which was blown the name of E. C. Booz, a distiller in Philadelphia about 1840, brought \$28 and \$30. They were empty, but there is a tradition,