WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

By JANE OSBORN.

"Is this the man who writes up the

Daisy Maldstone looked with trust ful appeal in her blue eyes at the youngest reporter in the office of the

"Yes, elopments and obituaries." grinned back the youth. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, thank you," said Daisy, and then she drew the proffered chair close to the young man's desk with an air of having something to confide. You see, it's this way."

The young man drew forth p and copy paper, conscious as he did so that the girl was very pretty and that she was totally inexperienced in the ways of newspaper offices.

"You see, I wanted to get the announcement of this elopement in for the Sunday morning paper. It is going to take place Saturday night, and I thought I'd give you plenty of time and let you have it now. You see, it but the elopers and the best man and I know anything about it. Of course, you won't tell anyone, will you?"

And as the young man promised secreey. Daisy went on with her story Half an hour later. Daisy's blue eyes were opened to the admiring gaze of Theo Drew, son of Senator Drew, the millionaire politician, who shared with her the exclusive confidence of the coming elopers. They were drinking tea at Greeley's and were soon to join the afternoon dancers who were trotting, tripping and ambling past them.

'Yes," said Daisy, gracefully breaking into an English muffin, "everything is ready. I smuggled Theresa's suit case to my house this morning, and tomorrow I'll get it to the station. There isn't anything left to do tomorrow. Theresa asked me to take care of the newspapers. She said it was better to let those reporter people have the story right because they'll get it anyway, and of course we want everyone to know about it Sunday, when it is all over. I was going to send around the notice to the Morning Trumpet, so they'd get it Saturday afternoon, and then I was afraid that wasn't time enough. So I just dropped around at the office this afternoon. thought we wouldn't let any paper but the Trumpet have it."

Theo Drew poised his teacup in mid-air and scrutinized Daisy intently. "Daisy, you are a little goose."

"If you give that story to the Trum pet today don't you suppose they'll come out with it tomorrow morning before the elopement has taken place and spoil everything? Theresa's old aunt will know about it and lock The-resa up and—Daisy, I'm surprised;

"But the reporter was so nice, and he said that he wouldn't tell. I was afraid that if I left it till tomorrow it anxious that everyone should know about it after it happened. Oh, Theo, you don't suppose that nice young man vill print the story tomorrow, do

ed Theo with an air of finality. "And that, of course, means that there won't be any elopement at all. So the little game is all off and my friend Daisy is

cruel." Daisy was fumbling in her gold mesh bag for a filmy piece of lace and linen to wipe away the tears that

"Well, what shall we do about it?" Theo asked himself this question rather than Daisy, but Daisy answered it. "We'll have them elope tonight instead of Saturday night, and then they'll be all eloped and away by the

time the story comes out." "Silly child." Theo dismissed the suggestion. "Don't you know that Fred couldn't possibly reach here till

"Then I'll just go to that nice young man and tell him all about it. I'll put it up to him as a gentleman—though intend using it. He seemed so interested in the story and so grateful to me for telling him.

"All the more proof that he knew it uld be good for a first-page, doublecolumn story in the merning

"But he was so anxious to know that nothing had been given out to the afternoon papers and that we had told no

a scoop out of it. That's what you call it when your paper beats the others out of a good piece of news. And it will be a good piece of news. Society debutantes don't elope every day, you know. It wouldn't be much more of a sensation if Daisy Maidstone herself

"But it wouldn't matter if I did." Daisy was almost sobbing. "You see, now that I am of age there is no one to keep me, and not having any family ans I couldn't be stopped. But Theresa's aunt keeps her eagle eye on her all the time. She'd just lock her up

and make her life miserable. tating fixedly over the slowly ascend-ing fumes of his cigar. "Well, I'll tell you what to do, little girl. There's est one chance that the reporter man out that story. You go back to that office alone, as you went before. Use all your feminine persuasiveness, but don't get hysterical about it, and don't let them know who you are. Perhaps it will be all right."

MAKING IT KNOWN ing intently into the callow face of the youngest reporter of the office of the Morning Trumpet. "But don't you see how dreadful it will be? Why, I am really surprised that you would think of betraying a confidence. I never would have thought such a thing if it hadn't been that Mr. Drew suggested

"I thought no one but you was i the secret besides the bride and groom," commented the reporter, taking mental notes of the name of Mr.

"And the best man," assented Daisy. What Mr. Drew is that? Theo Drew, the senator's son?'

"Yes. That is-I can't tell. I think you are very unkind. Please don't use our names. Oh, you mustn't. Why. I never saw anyone so inconsiderate." "You never were in a newspaper of-

fice before, miss?" grinned the report-"Folks don't generally tell their secrets to a newspaper man unless they want them made public. Honestly, I'd like to accommodate you, but we haven't had any real good local first-page stuff for a long time. The public is getting tired of wars and strikes and explosions, and row's my chance to give it to them. And that is to be a complete surprise. No one Mr. Drew being the best man just sets it off. I'll use his picture with the story. We've got it in the morgue."

'Where?" queried Daisy. "Oh, the place where we file away the cuts. Theo Drew's pretty prominent here, you know, and we keep 'all those pictures on tap in case of death | the splendid views that anyone sailor something of that sort. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the additional information, miss. Good afternoon."

Daisy's eyes were misty with tears when she met Theo Drew again at the Greeley at seven o'clock that right. but he had the expression of a man who sees his way out. "I've thought of a plan, Dalsy, and it

all depends on you whether or not it works cut. Come over here while I try to make myself clear. You know, you just said that it wouldn't so much matter if it were you-"

And seated on a deep divan in a quiet end of the Greeley foyer Theo spent ten minutes in explaining his position

"Now come over to the telephon booth with me while I phone to that young news scout. Oh, I know you've got to pack four trunks and fifteen hat boxes before 9:15, but you've got to help me with this message

"Hello, I want to talk to one of your reporters. Tall, slim, young chap. He ore a gray suit and-what was it?" this to Daisy-"yes, a blue tie, and tan button shoes and, yes- No, no mus

tache. Yes, that's the one. hello. I'm Mr. Theo Drew Yes, I think you are wise to a little nent that was going to be pulled off Saturday night, and, being on your job, you're going to take the public into your confidence tomorrow morning. Oh, I'm not asking you to can it, exactly. Wouldn't expect you to do that. I know the young lady didn't knew that this was long before the just understand the ways of the news paper game. That's why she told you

"Now, this is what I want you to do What you want is a real live local story, a scoop for the Trumpet? Well, I'm in r posities to give you a story somewhaldiger man that. My condi tions are that you'll keep the other one dark till the Sunday morning pa per. You give me your word of honor as a gentleman? Here gees:

heiress to the Maidstone millions Yes, old Maidstone made it in the mus tard business. But I haven't time to give you the dope on it. You'll find it in the morgue, I am sure. Yes, well Miss Maidstone is about to elope with Mr. Theo Drew. Yes, I am the lucky man. You know all about me, do you Thank you. I really didn't know I was such a celebrity. They leave on the 9:15 for parts unknown. Quite right They are to be married-what's the name of the nearest state where you don't have to have a license? Yes they are going to make tracks for that Thank you for the information. there will be no attendants. No. no one knew anything about it. It came as a total surprise. No engagement ing parties so far as was known, al though it was an open secret that Mr. Drew was an ardent admirer of Miss Maidstone, and had been ever since of dope you're looking for, isn't it?



you'll can that other dope till Sunday norning. And if you tamble to the reason why the other elopement was pulled off you'll keep it to yourself. Thank you. You're a true gentleman,

and I trust you."

"The leading lady seems miffed about something." "Yes. She complains that the lead

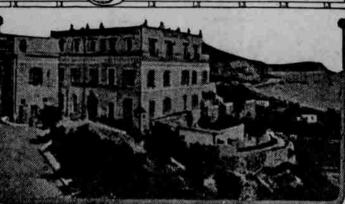
ing man makes love to her with too "That's singular. I don't understand

"Such cases are not ur

"But this chap is her husband."

"Jack is whispering soft nothings to

uileoli the



VIEW IN POZZUOLI

vented his appreciating natural ing up the coast of Sicily through the Straits of Messina and along the south | cient name came from the sulphurous Italian shore enjoys, says Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in his series, "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," in the Christian Herald. He would have seen at first smiling, vine-covered hills; and before he had gone far, glorious Etna, snow-

capped for much of the year. An ever-changing panorama delights the eye until we come to Reggio, the ancient Rhegium, Alas, a pitiful sight there greets the traveler today. Messina on one side of the narrow strait and Reggio on the other were both wrecked almost beyond recognition by the disastrous earthquake of 1908. On the Messina shore one sees great rows of little wooden houses scarcely larger than henhouses. These are the portable bungalows which were transported from America, ready-made, to relieve the sufferings of the houseless and homeless people. They are still occupied, for little has been done to build up the ruined cities.

The authorized version of the thireenth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts says in describing St. Paul's journey after leaving Syracuse. "and from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium." An amusing story is told of an infidel who declared, misquoting Luke's words, that now he had proved the Bible to be a He, since "in the book of Acts it was said that they fetched a compass aboard Paul's ship, and everybody Version has taken the wind out of the inaccurate infidel's sails, to speak nautically, by translating the passage in more modern phrase: "And from thence we made a circuit, and arrived at Rhegium." Here St. Paul's ship evidently waited for one day, perhaps to ing for a fair wind, which soon blew. for we are told that "after one day a south wind sprang up, and on the sec

miles to the north of Rhegium Between Scylla and Charybdis. Shortly after leaving Reggio we pass between Scylla and Charybdis, rock and the whirlpool, which have been robbed of all their terrors since steam navigation came to bless the world, and to make the traveler's burthe active volcanic mountain of Stromboli, on one of the Lipari islands, is seen, and all the way along the glorious South Italian shore reveals itself; in the near distance, their sides clothed with vineyards and olive and orange orchards far up their slopes.

As we approach the Bay of Naples the scenery becomes constantly more no, and soon Capri with its blue grotto comes in sight on the left, and towering Vesuvius with its constant

plume of smoke on the right. Sailing across the Bay of Naples, which was then comparatively insignificant, our travelers came to Pute oli, or Pozzueli, as it is now called, at

t a decadent suburb of Naples. ,000 inhabitan's, as it now is, is connected by trolley and steam rail-way with stances, and is often visited by the modern tourist who wishes to see the remains of the ancient temples and amphitheater and the mighty mole, which still tell of the ancien glories of Putcoli.

Nearby, too, is the volcanic field flat plain, the crater of a low volcano, many places and find smoke and sulphurous vapor issuing from the hole as few more dreary or disreputable places in Italy than this modern suburb of Naples. It has not the ragged picturesqueness which somewhat redeems the worst slums of Naples, but is a

It is difficult to realize that it once might have been called "the Liverpool of Italy," that here was the Lucrine lake, which supplied the pam-pered Romans with their famous oysters, and that the whole bay was coast

T IS thought by some that Paul's | covered with the beautiful yachts of defective eyesight may have pre- the fashionable folk who made Baiae, just beyond, the most noted resort, as scenery. However that may have corrupt as it was noted, for the inbeen, it seems impossible that he valids and fashionable idlers of Rome. should not have been impressed by There were famous springs here. which attracted the sick from many quarters, and it is said that the anstench which they emitted. Puteoli is no longer a fashlonable watering place, but from other causes the same name might be applied to the modern Pozzuoli.

> Yet here we can look upon many o the things which St. Paul saw; the sea itself, fresh and clean as ever the encircling hills, no less beautiful in their spring greenery than on that spring day when Paul sailed within their encircling arms. We can even see the 17 piers of the great mole which stretched far out into the bay within whose shelter vessels anchored one the Alexandrian grain ship on which Paul had arrived. Today we can see the ruins of the temple of Serapis, or the splendid marketplace as it is now thought to be, which very likely was in its pristine glory when Paul landed,

Tens of thousands of travelers from many lands sail into the famous harbor of Naples every year, but comparatively few of them realize how near they are to the footsteps of St Paul, and how, after a short trolley ride from the city, they can plant their feet where he trod.

Let us take the electric car from Largo Vittoria, where the beautiful park, Naples' famous promenade and Rotten Row, begins: a park that stretches for nearly a mile along the water front. Soon, however, we get beyond the fashionable quarters and he innumerable hotels. The car makes its slow way through a slummy reraucous cries for which noisy Naples is famous, and the nose is assailed by more than the seventy odors of Co-

the green hills of Posilipo, a tunnel almost as ancient as Naples itself. for it was dug by the Romans to itous tufa rocks of Posilipo. we are told, grumbled at the dust and and they have not been improved since his day. The noise is deafening from the clatter of horses' hoofs, the patter of herds of goats, the grinding torwith an indescribable noise, guttural and grating, which seems to come from the innermost parts of their anatomy. Imagine all this noise, dupliing arches of the tunnel, and one can have some idea of the grotto that leads him to Pozzuoli, the ancient Pu-

teoli of St. Paul, Another slum awaits us at the other side of the grotto, followed by vine yards and orange groves and truck farms, until, after a ride of four or five miles, the last part of which affords glorious views of the bay and its islands, which never lose their charm, we at last find ourselves in another slum, more hopeless than any Puteoli, and that the electric car leaves us but a few steps from the spot where the great apostle must to

have come ashore. The immediate surroundings of the Indescribable old hags leer at us from the doorways; ragged and dirty children, wholly unacquainted with the use of a pocket handkerchief, swarm boats are drawn up on the shore, and a little church, called St. Paul's Chapof Solfatara, not a mountain, but a el, stands immediately behind the an-

cient mole, is a truly magnificent one phurous vapor issuing from the hole as of solid cut stone, which runs far out he withdraws it. Probably there are into the sweet, clean water, and by going out to the far end we get be youd the reach of the importunate tout. If one can forget the approaches to the pier, he can here enjoy the enchanting scenery of sea and shore. while his mind is stimulated by mem-

But the volcances have brought great felly.-Girls' Companion. blessings as well as curses, for the ash which they pour forth becomes in a few years a soil of almost incredible fertility, like the volcanic soil of the Yakima valley on our own Pacific

THROW BALL OUT OF BASKET DNLY KEY TO GOOD LUCK HATRED THAT WAR BREEDS

Daily Necessary to Pull a Rope to Remove Object From the Closed-Bottom Receptacle.

The closed-bottom basket used in he game of basketball is so high that it is difficult to remove the ball after a goal is made. Generally a long stick is used for this purpose, but I desired to have a better way, and the device shown in the illustration was the outme, writes Annie B. Currine of San Diego, Cal., in the Popular Mechanics. A light iron rod was hinged to the ame he would know it and be ready, edge of the basket and bent to its inidding: "There have been great sick ner shape, the lower end resting at about the center of the basket. A rope was attached to the lower end and run up and over a sheave pulley attached to the basket support, then down so it could be easily grasped.



When a goal is made, it is only necessary to give a pull on the rope for

CLEVER TRICK WITH KNIVES

Puzzle Is Not Difficult of Accomplish ment as Illustration Given Herewith Will Show

An interesting trick may be performed with three tumblers and three table knives. Place the tumblers in an equilateral triangle on a table to the knife ends, when the knives are



Be Supported by the Three Glasses. avoid the steep climb over the precip- plan sketch, are about one inch away darkness and the odor of this tunnel, supported by the tops of the three tumblers and nothing else. Most ob servers will say that it is impossible: some will try it and in most cases ture of the electric car wheels, and Minn., in Popular Mechanics. It can above all the brazen throats of the Ne- be done, and the illustration shows how simply it may be accomplished.

USEFUL TOOL FOR THE BOYS

Autumn to Rake Leaves.

Here is something, boys, that you

can make, which will be useful either

from the paths, or in autumn to pus or rake large masses of leaves on your lawn. It is made in this way: Get a board half an inch thick, one foot wide, and about three feet long. Lay a steel garden rake on it in such a way that the head of the rake rests flat on the center of the board, and the handle sticks up nearly at right angles. Take three staples and drive them through the board so that each will inclose one tooth of the great pier where St. Paul landed are rake. Let two of he staples grip the two outside teeth near the cop, and the third hold one of the intermediate teeth near the point. The board will then be less likely to split. Clinch the points on the back.

By driving the rake teeth sharply down as far as they will go into the useful for different purposes; when you wish to use the rake alone a slight upward tap will at once re-

Judging All by One. Do not imagine that all your com panions are untrustworthy because fancy that all are unkind beca laughed when you fell and hurt yourself. To judge all the world harshly,

"Johnny," said the minister, "Sure," replied the little replied the little Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Self-Conquest Always the First Step Leading to Real Success

Is success "luck?" According to the president of the great telegraph company, it depends upon what may be called "stimulated luck;" i. e., the art of taking prompt advantage of opporunities. The telegraph man says, for nstance, that he has conscientiously

kept himself in good condition of body and mind, so that when opportunity same he would know it and be ready, men, but most great men have been well. Edison is well. Probably none of the many victories of Roosevelt's career was harder won than his viclory over physical weakness." Certainly the victory over self is the initial ictory, says Collier's. He knew this who wrote that the man who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. After self-conquest, the habit of industry is conquerable. William Cobbett, the self-made journalist who came to America in the early days and made a name for himself as "Peter Porcupine," offers testimony to this effect in his diary when he writes at an inn: "Weary of being idle. How few such days I have spent in my whole life." Cobbett thus records another secret of his triumph over circumstances:

Scores of gentlemen have at different times expressed to me their surprise that I was always in spirits, that nothing pulled me down, and the truth is that, throughout nearly forty years of troubles, losses and crosses, assailed all the while by numerous and powerful enemies. . . . and performing labors greater than man ever before performed; all those labors requiring mental exertion of the highest order; the truth is that throughout the whole of this long time of troubles and labors have never known a single hour of real anxiety; the troubles have been no troubles to me; I have not known what lowness of spirits mean; I have been more gay and felt less care than any bachelor that ever lived. 'You are always in spirits, Cobbett!' To be sure, for why should I not? Poverty have always set at defiance, and I could, therefore, defy the temptation

We have defined worry as "disease hought." Cobbett's mind was essentially free from this poison. Is not alnost every man whom we describe as

'lucky" equally free from it? Where Aristocrats Shine. Your aristocrat is doubtless often a him as a cumberer of the earth. Yet

as his claims of superiority may be they would be too dirty for use again to give a good account of himself when his country needs him in a great crisis. in the French revolution the old nothey knew how to die if they did not know how to live. And the casualty lists which are being published in London now prove once more that when it comes to courage and patriotaristocrats are being killed at the front in France and Belgium there will be no "lords and gentlemen" left in Great Britain if the war lasts much longer. If all the "common" people in England were doing as well, there would be no criticism of English patriotism. In spite of their leanings to emocracy. American sympathizers with the allies, in view of the promisence of titled names on the honor roll of the dead, might almost be inclined to wish that the entire British nation was composed of aristocrats today. Can it be true after all that there is a real significance in the old phrase—"blood will tell" and "no-blesse oblige?"—Baltimore Sun.

So much has been written regarding entertainment for little folk on rainy days one would suppose all had been said. Not so, for little people will take great delight in the following pastime, which is so easy that the mother will feel well repaid:

Take an old magazine, on its page carefully paste cuttings, some news llustrations, which make the boo quite attractive. Save the fairy and ther stories which are published in the Sunday newspapers; ask a friend or two to do the same; supply the children with blunt-pointed scissors and a jar of paste. The result will be many happy hours and an amusing as well as instructive book. Of course, a blank book or a scrap

book is more substantial, but for economy and pastime an old magazine will answer.

Pictures from old calendars are od, as they usually picture some noted spot about which mother or nurse can readily weave some story starting with the time-honored "once upon a time."

Restraint Needed. self?" asked the judge of the prisoner at the bar.

"Just this, your honor; I'm a self. To judge all the world harshly, with a dual personality. Good and Korean people, even though not de-self. To judge all the world harshly, evil are constantly at war within me and the crime of which I am accuracy and the crime of which I am accused was committed when my better self had been overthrown."

"In that case, the best place for you

Remarkable Changes in Pleasant Re-

lations Caused by Hostilities Be-

Hate and war must go hand in hand.

You couldn't go out and shoot your

neighbor to death unless you first

hated him. If circumstances should force you to such a thing you would speedily, by a sort of self-hypnosis, work yourself into a state of mind where you honestly believed that killing was entirely too good for him. This is just what the nations in Europe have done, writes Martin Marshall in Leslie's. We read now how the Germans have despised the English in the past and how the French have for 44 years longed for revenge on the Germans; of how Belgium hated the kaiser with the hatred of fear, and of mutual antagonisms be tween Teuton and Serb. These sentiments were partly official and conventional, but mostly imaginary. The people got along pretty well together. Frenchmen did business in Berlin and Germans went holidaying to Paris; London's restaurants were largely manned by German staffs and Russian peasants helped to reap the harvests in Prussia. Educated men in each of these nations prided themselves on their familiarity with the languages of the others, and enjoyed their litera-

ture, art and music. Then came war, and all was changed. Some millions of men were going to slaughter each other, and first they had to convince themselves that they ought to do it. The preliminary era was of window smashing, street demonstrations, trade boycotts and imprisonment of inoffensive nationals of hostile nations. Then Wagner's music was tabooed in Russia and France; St. Petersburg must have its name changed to cleanse it from the loathsome Teutonic termination; English table sauce disappeared from Berlin restaurants; Paris styles were anathema in Vienna; London poured Munich beer into the gutters; a Paris magazine started a popular prize contest for the best substitute name for Eau de Cologne-in short, Europe ran the whole gamut of silly, sentimental hysteria preliminary to shooting of suspected spies, the bombardment of peaceful villages, the killing of women and children, the "strict military reprisals" that always occur in warand always shock the victims and the

Big Pin Money.

Some of the large dress manufacturers in New York, in whose factories rour aristocrat is doubtless often a considerable amount of draping very objectionable person and in a considerable amount of draping must be done, find that their bills for pins frequently run as high as \$1,500 to turn up our noses at him and regard a year. Used only once, the pins are it must be said for him that worthless removed and permitted to fall on the as he may be in peace, and contrary Even if gathered up at the day's close floor, where they are swept away. proposes to effect a saving in the pin item by taking all the used pins, and, having cleaned and polished them, remanufacturers originally. The experiments to produce a clean, refinished pin entailed over a year's work. It was found that if the pins were gathered together by using a magnet they made a mark on white fabrics, so this method was discarded. A process has been discovered, however, whereby the satisfactory result was obtained

> Shifting Scenes In Public Life. By the time that Congress has been some months in session, the members form fast friendships, and the impulse to have a little fun now and then will assert itself. The other day one of the large paintings on the

> stairway was being taken down, rope

and tackle were required to handle

the gigantic gilt frame, and the sena tors stopped while going to lunch to discuss it. One of the Democrats remarked that "if we are going to make real changes in this administration, let us make some that the people will recognize as they come and go. You'll notice that Colonel Roosevelt's and President Taft's portraits no longer adorn the executive office," he finished exultantly. We must let the shifting pictures into the story in these 'movie times."-"Affairs at Washing-

The Road to Successville.

ton," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in Na-

"The road to success—I speak of financial success—is rarely long and arduous," said George W. Perkins in one of his brilliant Y. M. C. A. addresses in Cleveland. "It is, as h rule, short and easy. "A man nodded toward a handsome

young millionaire and said: boy in the establishment, and worked

his way up, step by step, to his present management of the whole vast "'Not at all,' was the dry answer. 'Not at all. He began as Harvard's

champion baseballer and married the boss' daughter."

Japan has undertaken to reforest the bare hills of Korea, and in the last few years has planted 12,400,000 trees

in that country. This is a piece of far-sighted commor sense which is bound to benefit the can feels like approving the way in which Japan overrode the rights of a weaker power and annexed Korsa but is a prison cell, where even if your evil the mikado's men have carried with them better government and a higher civilization.—Chicago Journal. every candid observer must admit that