

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The Amateur Cracksman,' 'Raffles,' etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Toye accepted his fate with a ready resignation, little short of alacrity. There was a gleam in his amber eyes and his blue chin came up with a jerk. "That's talking!" said he. "Now will you promise me never to marry Casalet?"

"Mr. Toye!"
"That's talking, too, and I guess I mean it to be. It's not all dog-in-the-manger, either. I want that promise a lot more than I want the other. You needn't marry me, Miss Blanche, but you mustn't marry Casalet."

Blanche was blushing. "But this is simply outrageous!"
"I claim there's an outrageous cause for it. Are you prepared to swear what I ask, and trust me as I'll trust you, or I to tell you the whole thing right now?"

"You won't force me to listen to another word from you, if you're a gentleman, Mr. Toye!"
"It's not what I am that counts. Swear that to me, and I swear, on my side, that I won't give him away to you or anyone else. But it must be the most solemn contract man and woman ever made."

The silver teapot arrived at this juncture, and not inopportune. She had to give him his tea, with her young maid's help, and to play a tiny part in which he supported her really beautifully. She had time to think, almost coolly; and one thought brought a thrill. If it was a question of her marrying or not marrying Walter Casalet, then he must be free, and only the door of some dreadful deed!

"What has he done?" she begged, with a pathetic abandonment of her previous attitude, the moment they were by themselves.
"Must I tell you?" His reluctance rang genuine.
"I insist upon it!" she flashed again.

"Well, it's a long story."
"Never mind. I can listen."
"You know, I had to go back to Italy."
"Had you?"
"Well, I did go." He had slurred the first statement; this one was characteristically deliberate. "I did go, and before I went I asked Casalet for an introduction to some friends of his down in Rome."

"I didn't know he had any," said Blanche.
"Why, he doesn't have any," said Toye, "but he claimed to have some. He left the Kaiser Fritz the other day at Naples. I guess he told you."
"No, I understood he came round to Southampton. Surely you shared a cabin?"
"Only from Genoa; that's where I took the steamer and Casalet regained her."

"Well!"
"He claimed to have spent the interval mostly with friends at Rome. Those friends don't exist, Miss Blanche," said Toye.
"Is that any business of mine?" she asked him squarely.
"Why, yes, I'm afraid it's going to be. That is, unless you'll still trust me."
"Go on, please."
"Why, he never stayed at Rome at all, nor yet in Italy any longer than it takes to come through on the train. Your attention for one moment!" He took out a neat pocketbook. Blanche had opened her lips, but she did not interrupt; she just grasped the arms of her chair, as though about to bear physical pain. "The Kaiser Fritz," Toye was speaking from his book— "got to Naples late Monday afternoon, September eighth. Seems she was overdue, and I was mad about it, and never got away again till the—"

"Do tell me about Walter Casalet!" cried Blanche. It was like small talk from a dentist at the last moment.
"I want you to understand about the steamer first," said Toye. "She waited Monday night in the Bay of Naples, only sailed Tuesday morning, only reached Genoa Wednesday morning, and lay there all of forty-eight hours, as these German boats do, anyhow. That brings us to Friday morning before the Kaiser Fritz gets quit of Italy, doesn't it?"
"Yes—I suppose so—do tell me about Walter!"
"Why, I first heard of him at Genoa, where they figured I should have a stateroom all to myself, as the other gentleman had been left behind at Naples. I never saw him till he scrambled aboard again Friday, about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour."
"At Genoa?"
"Sure."
"And you pretend to know where he'd been?"
"I guess I do know"—and Toye sighed as he raised his little book. "Casetlet stepped on the train that left Naples six days Monday evening, and off the one time to reach Charing Cross three-thirty Wednesday."

Cross again by the nine o'clock that night, and was back aboard the Kaiser Fritz on Friday morning—full of his friends in Rome who didn't exist!"
The note-book was put away with every symptom of relief.
"I suppose you can prove what you say?" said Blanche in a voice as dull as her unseeing eyes.
"I have men to swear to him—ticket-collectors, conductors, waiters on the restaurant-car—all up and down the line. I went over the same ground on the same trains, so that was simple. I can also produce the barber who claims to have taken off his beard in Paris, where he put in hours Thursday morning."

Blanche looked up suddenly, not at Toye, but past him toward an over-laden side-table against the wall. It was there that Casalet's photograph had stood among many others; until this morning she had never missed it, for she seemed hardly to have been in her room all the week; but she had whether Casalet himself (who had spoken of doing so, she now knew why), or Martha (whom she would not question about it) in a fit of ungovernable disapproval. And now there was the photograph back in its place, leather frame and all!

"I know what you did," said Blanche. "You took that photograph with you—the one on that table—and had him identified by it!"
"It was the night I came down to bid you good-by," he confessed, "and didn't have time to wait. I didn't come down for the photo. I never thought of it till I saw it there. I came down to kind of warn you, Miss Blanche!"

"Against him?" she said, as if there was only one man left in the world.
"Yes—I guess I'd already warned Casalet that I was starting on his tracks."
And then Blanche just said, "Poor—old—Sweep!" as one talking to herself. And Toye seized upon the words as she had seized on nothing from him.
"Have you only pity for the fellow?" he cried; for she was gazing at the bearded photograph without revulsion.

"Of course," she answered, hardly attending.
"Even though he killed this man—even though he came across Europe to kill him!"
"You don't think it was deliberate yourself, even if he did do it?"
"But can you doubt that he did?" cried Toye, quick to ignore the point.

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she had made, yet none the less sincerely convinced upon the other. "I guess you wouldn't if you'd heard some of the things he said to me on the steamer; and he's made good on every syllable since he landed. Why, it explains every single thing he's done and left undone. He'll strain every nerve to have Scruton ably defended, but he won't see the man he's defending; says himself that he can't face him!"
"Yes, he said so to me," said Blanche, nodding in confirmation.
"To you?"
"I didn't understand him."
"But you've been seeing him all this while?"
"Every day," said Blanche, her soft eyes filling suddenly. "We've had—we've had the time of our lives!"
"My God!" said Toye. "The time of your life with a man who's got another man's blood on his hands—and that makes no difference to you! The time of your life with the man who knew where to lay hands on the weapon he'd done it with, who went as far as that to save the innocent, but no farther!"
"He would; he will still, if it's still necessary. You don't know him, Mr. Toye; you haven't known him all your life."
"And all this makes no difference to a good and gentle woman—one of the gentlest and the best God ever made?"
"If you mean me, I won't go as far

as that," said Blanche. "I must see him first."
"See Casalet?"
Toye had come to his feet, not simply in the horror and indignation which had gradually taken possession of him, but under the stress of some new and sudden resolve.
"Of course," said Blanche; "of course I must see him as soon as possible."
"You shall never speak to that man again, as long as ever you live," said Toye, with the utmost emphasis and deliberation.
"Who's going to prevent me?"
"I am, by laying an information against him this minute, unless you promise never to see or to speak to Casalet again."
Blanche felt cold and sick, but the bit of downright bullying did her good. "I didn't know you were a blackmailing, Mr. Toye!"
"You know I'm not; but I mean to save you from Casalet, blackmail or white."
"To save me from a mere old friend—nothing more—nothing—all our lives!"
"I believe that," he said, searching her with his smoldering eyes. "You couldn't tell a lie, I guess, not if you tried! But you would do something; it's just a man being next door to hell that would bring a God's angel—!" His voice shook.
She was as quick to soften on her side.
"Don't talk nonsense, please," she begged, forcing a smile through her distress. "Will you promise to do nothing if—I promise!"
"Not to go near him?"
"No."
"Nor to see him here?"
"No."
"Nor anywhere else?"
"No, I give you my word."
"If you break it, I break mine that minute! Is it a deal that way?"
"Yes! Yes! I promise!"
"Then so do I, by God!" said Hilton Toye.

CHAPTER XIII.

Faith Unfaithful.

"It's all perfectly true," said Casalet calmly. "Those were my movements while I was off the ship, except for the five hours and a bit that I was away from Charing Cross. I can't dispute a detail of all the rest. But they'll have to fill in those five hours unless they want another case to collapse like the one against Scruton!"

Old Savage had wriggled like a venerable worm, in the experienced talk of the Bobby's Bugbear; but then Mr. Drinkwater and his discoveries had come still worse out of a hotter encounter with the truculent attorney; and Casalet had described the whole thing as only he could describe a given episode, down to the ultimate dismissal of the charge against Scruton, with a gust, the more cynical for the deliberately low pitch of his voice. It was in the little lodging-house sitting room at Nell Gwynne's Cottages; he stood with his back to the crackling fire that he had just lighted himself, as it were, already at bay; for the folding doors were in front of his nose, and his eyes roved incessantly from the landing door on one side to the curtained casement on the other. Yet sometimes he paused to gaze at the friend who had come to warn him of his danger; and there was nothing cynical or grim about him then.

Blanche had broken her word for perhaps the first time in her life; but it had never before been extorted from her by duress, and it would be affectionate to credit her with much compunction on the point. Her one great qualm lay in the possibility of Toye's turning up at any moment; but this she had obliterated to some extent by coming straight to the cottages when he left her—presumably to look for Casalet in London, since she had been careful not to mention his change of address. Casalet, to her relief, but also a little to her hurt, she had found at his lodgings in the neighborhood, full of the news he had not managed to communicate to her. But it was no time for taking anything but his peril to heart. And that they had been discussing, almost as man to man, if rather as innocent man to innocent man; for even now, or perhaps now in his presence least of all, Blanche could not bring herself to believe her old friend guilty of a violent crime, however unpremeditated, for which another had been allowed to suffer, for however short a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Rap-Time."
Rap-time music, "being in no wise serious," is the reverse of depressing. "The African Jingles of the present day create an emotional atmosphere of restlessness and excitement which is typically American, and which is opposed to health only so far as our national restlessness and lack of poise tend to make us a people whose national disease is nervous exhaustion."
Roughly speaking, lively music, such as rap-time, is likely to rouse depressed persons from their melancholy; sad and pathetic music will soothe the excitable and hypernervous.

One Way to Make a Friend.
There are several kinds of hypocrites, but the one that masculinity most favors is spurious devilishness. Nothing brings the beam of contempt so fervently to the mediocre eye as a Don Juan accusation. Dig him in the ribs and wink as you call him a sly dog—and he loves you. He may be the quintessence of domestic respectability, but if you will insist that you believe him capable of maintaining a seraglio with consummate deceit, you are his friend.

Telephone Record.
The French language has been found much better adapted to long-distance telephoning than the English, and expert operators in Paris have succeeded in transmitting messages to London at the rate of 190 words a minute.

To Repair Scarred Mahogany.
When children and mahogany furniture dwell together under the same roof the former are liable to make "impressions" on the latter. When Tommy comes with the sad apology "My engine ran right into the table leg,"

or Betty tells how her doll carriage "just went against the corner of the desk its own self," do not be downcast. A piece of wet blotting paper placed over the dent and held there by the pressure of a warm (not hot) iron will draw the dented tissues of the wood up into place provided the scar is not too deep. Of course, the polish will be dulled, if the finish is high, but that may be remedied by a little furniture polish.

Avoid Danger From Lightning.
If you find yourself indoors during a thunderstorm, don't go near a stove; it is dangerous. Keep away from the chimney; avoid the close vicinity of the telephone, and don't touch a screen door. This advice is given by the United States government bureau of standards, which has published a lightning book, summing up the results of an elaborate investigation it has made on the subject.

Worth While Quotations.
"To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants."—Lowell.

TORCELLO



SANTA FOSCA

WHEN Attila and his Huns invaded Italy in A. D. 453 they destroyed Altinum among other cities. The folk of Altinum took refuge on an island in the lagoon and founded Torcello. In the pressure of those miserable days, when the German invaders almost succeeded in destroying the civilization which Greece and Rome had slowly built up during a thousand years of wise labor, the lagoon islands became a place of retreat for various barred peoples, who fled to them for shelter, as in our days so many distressed Belgians have fled to Holland and England, writes Sir Martin Conway in Country Life. That was how Venice and Malamocco were called into being; but Torcello was the first of these cities of refuge. It was likewise for a long time the chief city of the lagoons; the first Doge whose name is remembered had his seat of government there.

Venice, for all its antiquity, throbs with contemporary life. To go from it to Torcello is to plunge into the past. The very transit by gondola matches also that transition. From the city of the living you float past the city of the dead, and so over the wide lagoon to Burano. Then come devious channels among sand banks and low lying islands, inhabited, if at all, by malaria-stricken folk. At last Torcello rises before you with its imposing group of churches and its insignificant cluster of houses. There stands the cathedral with its Romanesque campanile and near by the arched octagon of Santa Fosca. None is all else of importance that once arose here in pride. A ruined baptistery can still be traced. The small piazza retains an unimposing medieval town hall and the loggia where laws were proclaimed. That is all. A few fishing boats alone represent the fleet of merchant vessels that in the tenth century filled the great haven whereof Constantine Porphyrogenetos wrote: "Moreover, the whole aspect of the place is one of abandonment. Grass grows in the streets. There is nothing going on. The only modern life is that brought by the visitors who come to see the dead city."

Churches are Restorations.
It follows that he who would taste the abiding and most rare charm of Torcello must not visit it in a crowd. He must come alone, or at most with one or two sympathetic companions, and he must have plenty of time to spare, for such visions as these cannot be apprehended in a few hurried moments. They do not strike a hasty beholder; they creep into the consciousness of one who yields himself entirely to their slow, insidious penetration. Neither the cathedral nor Santa Fosca are in fact nearly so old, in their present condition, as they seem to be. One would willingly enough accept them as of early Christian date, for both the basilica and the round church are built on ancient lines and conform to early architectural forms. The first cathedral on this spot was that built in mid-seventh century by Altinum refugees; possibly one carved stone from that may survive. In 864 and again in 1008 the building was seriously dealt with, and the first restoration amounted to a rebuilding, though, to some extent, on the old lines and preserving the original apex.

In the year 1098 a further restoration was taken in hand, this time under strong Byzantine influence and probably with the co-operation of Greek craftsmen. This was during the flood tide of the Byzantine Renaissance, when the Eastern empire was strong once more and revived and even surpassed the glories of the great days of Justinian. Then it was that the arts flourished in Constantinople and that from the courts and wealthy shrines of all the West were enriched with the priceless and superb work of Greek goldsmiths, weavers, embroiderers, and skilled craftsmen of every sort. Venice, of course, inti-

mately connected with the Eastern empire as she was, felt the impulse of this strong artistic life. The rebuilding of St. Mark's in the local Italian style by Doge Orseolo had only just been completed. Hence it was not there but at Torcello that the new style made its first notable appearance in the lagoons, and the suggestion is at least plausible that the work done on the cathedral in that island stimulated the people of Venice itself again to overthrow and more splendidly rebuild the Basilica Marciana in the form which, with later additions, it retains today. Now also the church was equipped with a noble marble screen, or iconostasis, and a well carved ambo, both thoroughly eastern in type, whereof notable fragments remain today. The six columns and four panels between the outer pairs of the screen are still in place, but the marble architrave or beam that lay on the capitals and doubtless supported precious lamps and other ornaments is gone, its place being taken by an inferior row of painted panels.

Beautiful Byzantine Sculptures.
That the four great sculptured slabs should be so perfectly preserved is matter for great satisfaction, no more finely decorative work of a Byzantine chisel being in our day anywhere discoverable. On the best of them a pair of peacocks, facing one another, are pecking at the contents of a bowl which is raised on a column between them. The rest of the space is filled with whorls of tendrils, and the whole is framed within a border, adorned with a series of those charming rosettes within circles which decorated every Byzantine lady's ivory jewel-casket of that time. As for the ambo, or pulpit, that was pulled to pieces at a later date and set up again in an altered position and a blundering fashion, so that the parts are all wrongly arranged and many are missing.

About the time when the ambo was being pulled to pieces the cathedral underwent a further restoration. Its inland floor was then put down and mosaic pictures were affixed all over its west wall and in some other places. But by that date the best age of Byzantine art was passed, and the west wall mosaics, though still highly interesting in spite of much radical restoration, are not very beautiful. Torcello had lost its importance and no longer could command the resources of more prosperous days.

It was, however, at this time that the little church of Santa Fosca received the form which it still retains. Originally it was a small three aisled basilica, with a little apse at the end of each aisle. For what reason and by whom the church was rebuilt in its present octagonal, porticoed shape is not recorded. Nothing of the original church remains except two of the little apses. The rest is all built on rather an ambitious Byzantine model, and was evidently intended to be surmounted by a dome.

Those Awful Reporters.
The young reporter meant well, but he was not posted up in the mysterious details of feminine fashion, and, being unexpectedly sent in an emergency to chronicle a fashionable wedding, he was very glad to avail himself of the good-natured hints of a lady journalist who stood beside him and took pity upon his masculine ignorance of chiffons.
"That is Lady Betty Blank, with a pink plastron," was one of her hints. Next morning she read with horror, "Lady Betty Blank looked very charming, and, by a tasteful arrangement of lace and silk, effectually concealed the pink porous plaster which her ladyship's delicate health compels her to wear."

INTELLECTUAL WORK OF BOY

Proud Father Wanted Son to Grow Up Brain Worker Instead of Cotton Picker and Swamp Crow.

"Well, Uncle Ephraim," said the colonel on his morning stroll past the negro quarters, "what swab became of that pert youngster of yours whom ye decorated with the thoughtful name of Aristotle?"
"Ah, dat boy? Aristotle?" the proud father chuckled, "Aristotle ain't hyar no more. He done gone out into the wide world to make his fortune."
"Sho' nough," replied the colonel, "and if my recollection is right we christened him with an intellectual name because you said you wanted that boy to grow up a brain worker instead of a po' cotton picker and rail splitter."
"Yesseh," replied the old negro proudly. "I didn't raise that boy to be a swamp crow like some o' de rest of us."
"Well, tell me, Uncle Ephraim," the marse asked with kindly curiosity, "is he intellectual; is he engaged in brain work?"
"Yes, Marse Peyton, he am engaged in what I reckon you-all would call intellectual labors; leastways his job calls for clever head work, nothin' but head work."
"What's his calling?"
"He's travellin' with a side show, sticking his noodle through a hole in the canvas for the people to throw eggs at, three throws for a fifty, and he sure has to do some lively headwork to keep that big cocoon of his from getting busted up into a whole lot o' little fiberts."—Judge.

There is a Substitute.
"Great Scott," said Dingley Bell. "It says here in this paper that bromides have gone up from 35 cents to \$5.50 a pound."
"Oh, well, what of it?" said Eldred.
"The Congressional Record is free. Let sufferers from sleeplessness read that instead."

HER GAIN.
"Does your husband remember your wedding anniversary?"
"No; so I remind him of it in January and June, and get two presents."

Those Queer Men.
Mrs. Eke—I never have a bit of trouble with my husband over the matter of dress.
Mrs. Wyo—I do with mine. When I get a gown that he likes he doesn't like the bill, and when the bill suits him he doesn't care for the gown.

Valued the Dog.
Mrs. Youngwedd—And how long must you be away, dearest?
Youngwedd—About two weeks.
Mrs. Y.—Well, I think I'll learn to cook while you are absent.
Y.—That's a good idea. And I'll take the dog over and leave him with one of the neighbors.

Tough Luck.
"These artists who sit around and do nothing but draw beautiful women must lead an ideal life."
"Not always."
"No?"
"I was reading in a newspaper the other day about an artist who tried to draw one of his lovely models to him and his wife caught him in the act."

Somewhat Different.
"Before marriage," said the bachelor, "every man has a theory about managing a wife."
"Yes," rejoined the widower; "but after marriage he finds it is a condition and not a theory that confronts him."

Airy Quarters.
Wife—I hate those cramped berths in the sleeper. Couldn't we get a flat, dear?
Hub—Who ever heard of a flat on a train?
Wife—Why, I've often heard of flat cars.

Hardly That.
Pat—Be ye th' gintleman that advertorized in th' paper for a porter, sor?
Merchant—Yes; but I stated that all applications must be made by mail.
Pat—B'gorry, an' is it a female O'm' after lookin' jolk?

Failed in Her Mission.
Ruth—So her foreign trip was not a success?
Vera—Oh! dear, no. Why, she didn't even become engaged to a man with a title and a bad record.

A Contribution to Science.
Percy Pettipate—And then I just gave him a piece of my mind.
Miss Vasmith—What a wonderful demonstration of the infinite divisibility of matter!

Speaking by the Card.
Mrs. Smartsett—What do you mean by saying that my new gown looks like the deuce?
Smartsett—Because it's the lowest possible cut.

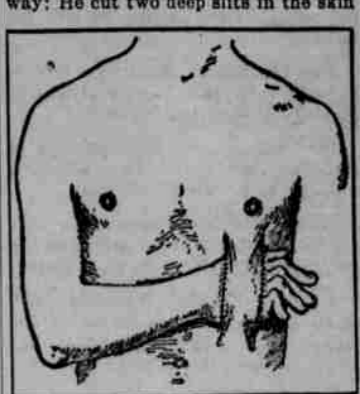
Museum Muses.
Manager—What do you think of the rough house that "The Bearded Woman" created last night?
The Skeleton—I'm surprised. I always thought he was a perfect lady.

HIS HAND RESTORED

Chicago Youth Saved to Life of Usefulness.

Operation Performed by Celebrated Surgeon is Considered One of the Most Remarkable of Which There is Any Record.

A young man who had been severely burned by an explosion of gasoline went to Dr. John B. Murphy at Mercy Hospital in Chicago to see if his hands could be made useful again. So badly burned were they that their backs were a mass of hard scar tissue, which caused the fingers to retract and made it impossible to bend the fingers or close the hand.
In the December number of the "Clinics of John B. Murphy" is an account of the extraordinary skin grafting operation by which Doctor Murphy restored power to the right hand. First he cut away all the scar tissue from the back of the hand right down to the sheaths of the tendons. Then he prepared a skin graft in the following way: He cut two deep slits in the skin



Dr. John B. Murphy's Method of Grafting Skin on the Back of a Hand.

and fat of the left side of the chest and abdomen, beginning about an inch below the nipple. He cut right down to the sheath of the rectus muscle, so as to include in the flap as much fat as possible, remarking to his students that it would be a failure unless plenty of fat was included. He brought the edges of the skin together underneath the flap and sewed them, leaving the flap like a bridge.
He inserted the patient's hand under this bridge, with the palm against the abdomen and the raw surface of the back in contact with the under surface of the flap, and sewed the edges of the skin of the hand under to the edges of the skin of the flap.
He fastened the arm to the body with strips of adhesive plaster so that the patient could not move it. The wound was covered with plain sterile cotton so as to prevent infection.

Three weeks later it was found that the graft had taken perfectly. It was then cut away from the body and the patient was discharged, with instructions to return in about eight months, when Doctor Murphy intends to perform another operation—elongating the tendons, which have contracted. The left hand is to be treated in a similar way.

Seven Joys of Reading.
In "The Seven Joys of Reading," Mary Wright Plummer, principal of the Library school, New York public library, names the joy of familiarity first of all.
"The joy of familiarity comes not alone from novels and poems. You can turn at the right moment—and there are mental as well as physical settings for such enjoyments to many an essay the pages of which show that that is where the book has been opened most often.
"Don't say that you have not, more times than one, on a cold winter Sunday when dinner is later than usual, used 'The Dissertation on Roast Pig' as an appetizer. Or that you have not found satisfaction for an oft-recurring mood of wanting you know not what in some perfect piece of writing such as Pater's 'Child in the House' or that, feeling limp and languid, you have not, time and again, breathed in Emerson's 'Self-Reliance' like a draft of salt sea air."

This Youth Diplomatic.
James and his mother were my guests for several weeks. One evening James came to the dinner table in no pleasant humor, and, after looking around at the food, remarked, "You call this dinner? Not a thing I like. Where's the jelly?"
He was sent away in disgrace. He and I are stanch friends, so the next evening he tried to make amends for the words he thought hurt my feelings. He was scarcely seated at the table when he began: "This is what I call a regular dinner. Everything's tne. You're some cook."

Pacing Records.
The following pacing records were established by Dan Patch, and have not since been broken by any other horse: Half mile, at Memphis, Tenn., 1903, time 56 seconds; one mile, at St. Paul, Minn., 1906, time 1 minute 55 seconds; one mile, on half-mile track, at Allentown, Pa., 1905, time 3:02; one mile, with high-wheel sulky, at Macon, Ga., 1903, time 2:04; two miles, at Macon, Ga., 1903, time 4:17.

The Irony of Fate.
"Alas!" sighed the long-haired passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us."
"That's right," rejoined the man with the moth-eaten whiskers in the seat opposite. "Little did I think when I carved my initials on the rude desk in the little red schoolhouse some forty years ago that I would some day grow up and fall to become famous."

Bright Boy.
Her Father—So you want to marry my daughter, eh?
Her Father—That's the idea.
Her Father—What are you going to live on?
Her Father—I was thinking about living on you.

SANITY IN MUSICAL WORLD

War Has Failed to Produce the Discord That at One Time Seemed Sure to Come.

Summing up of the musical year has begun—through the drums, fies, trumpets and bands in certain of our parks are stimulating the public spirits and keeping up the popular energy. On the whole we have been generous. Mr. Percy Scholes' list of interned musicians contains no alien

composers and performers in English prisons. But harmony was split. Brodsky (of Manchester and Russia) was caught in Germany. Richter renounced his English honors. Kreisler went to fight for Austria, and Lamond was shut up at Rukleben. Harmony was disturbed. In England the war threatened for a moment to banish the music made in Germany. But sanity prevailed. Wagner could not be banished. The Royal Philharmonic refused to abolish the bust of Beethoven from its place before the orches-