

**HER SCHEME FAILED.**

**Plight of a Singer Who Yearned to Captivate Ludwig II.**

King Ludwig II. of Bavaria had a wonderful winter garden at Munich, which was built on the roof of the residence. There was also an artificial lake with a painted panoramic background of the Himalaya mountains, and when the king sat in the garden a "property" moon shed its gaseous light above the snow capped peaks.

The king used often to command artists from the theater to perform in the winter gardens, and I remember the fate which befell Josephina Schefsky, a large, tall woman, whose one wish in life was to attract Ludwig's notice. As all singers sang hidden behind screens, Josephina's chances of meeting the king face to face were exceedingly small. But what woman is ever at a loss for an expedient? She knew how chivalrously romantic Ludwig could be on occasions, so she decided she would fall into the lake and entreat him to rescue her.

The eventful evening arrived. Josephina warbled her sweetest for the benefit of the listening monarch and when the song was over plunged heavily into the lake.

There was a tremendous noise, and the water splashed to the topmost summit of the "Himalayas," but the lady remained chin deep in the lake, whose still waters were not so deep as they looked. "Save me, save me, Lohengrin!" cried the agitated singer.

The king rang the bell. "Get that woman out of the lake and send her home," he commanded, and the dripping Josephina, sadder and wiser, walked out of the water and out of the residence forever.—Countess Marie Larisch

**Dorothy's Independence Day**

**D**OROTHY was rather fond of asserting that she was a new woman. Like most who make that claim, she was much given to vain repetition. She need not have been. Not even the sourest, sharpest tempered spinster of them all could have accused her of being an old woman.

Dorothy's "newness," to use the word in its technical sense, troubled Jack sorely. Jack was not at all a new man, if the new type is to be the prototype of the new woman. Not that Jack was exactly venerable either. It would probably be some years before he was bald or toothless.

Jack could not understand Dorothy's sudden aggressive independence. He did not see why any reasonable girl should prefer to wait on herself and soil her dainty fingers when there was a great, lazy fellow around who asked nothing better of fate than to be allowed to wait on her all the days of his life. Time was, and not so very long ago either, when Dorothy had shown a most delightful readiness to accept his services. Of late, however, a change had come over the spirit of her dream. The dream now, and to Jack it seemed a nightmare, was of independence.

Just before Dorothy and her family had left town for the summer, when Jack had come to say "goodby" and something more—to offer her a heart that was absurdly heavy at the prospect of four long, weary months without her—she had been so full of this spirit of independence—the spirit of '76 she liked to call it—that he had gone away with the something more unsaid, telling himself impatiently that the girl had no use for her own heart, looking upon it as quite an unnecessary encumbrance, and would certainly not want it.

That was in the end of May. Now it was the 1st of July. Jack had written to Dorothy once or twice; had had one

or two letters in reply, very unsatisfactory letters, all of them full of "the cause." There seemed to be a whole colony of "new women" where Dorothy was spending the summer. They held meetings, made speeches, "read copy" to each other, Jack said, for Jack was a newspaper man—a "journalist." Dorothy called it. Dorothy's letters to Jack had been unpleasantly suggestive of "copy" prepared for some paper devoted to the interests of the coming woman. The only one that had been at all satisfactory was the last, urging him to accept her mother's invitation to come out and spend the Fourth with them. And Jack, remembering how he had first met her a year ago, when spending the Fourth with one of her warm weather neighbors, hoping that she, too, remembered, accepted with joy.

Poor, misguided Jack! He had expected the same sort of day they had had last year—a morning spent in scorching his fingers and burning holes in his trousers while setting off fire crackers with her small brothers and sisters; an afternoon of blissful idleness on the lake; an evening of the conventional summer resort sort—fireworks early in the evening, dancing later on, broad verandas, moonlit gardens—all that sort of thing.

That was what he expected. This is what happened: He found a very superior Dorothy, who considered the firing of crackers an infantile pastime, fit only for weak intellects; who made sarcastic comments about people who were "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," who, when the children had him fast in their toils, went off with an unpleasantly strong minded looking book under her arm, "anywhere out of hearing of this detestable racket," who in the afternoon did not care to venture on the lake, for there was a storm coming up, and, moreover, she had a "paper" to prepare; who in the evening when he mildly suggested strolling over to watch the fireworks, advised him to wait until woman achieves her independence, and then there will be

some fireworks worth seeing, and who announced her intention in the meanwhile of celebrating independence day by attending a meeting of new women in the loft of a neighboring barn, where certain modern Patrick Henrys in petticoats were to be gathered together to assure each other that, failing to secure liberty, they were ready to welcome death.

Poor Jack! He was blind, indeed. He did not see that this "senselessness," as he was mentally calling it, was nine-tenths of it put on to tease him. Driven to desperation, he even offered himself as her escort to this meeting. She was quite able to take care of herself. She would go alone.

And she went. And she found it all intensely stupid, almost as stupid as Jack had been in taking her at her word when she declined his escort. She found that instead of listening to the ringing cries of liberty or death she was hearing only the squeaking of the fiddles over at the club, where, the fireworks over, dancing had begun. She caught herself wondering which of the girls Jack was dancing with. Was it that dreadful Katharine Blake, who had tried so hard to get up a flirtation with him last year? Or pretty Florrie Blackwell, for she was pretty in an inanimate, wax doll fashion? Or that fascinating little Mabel Mortimer, who seemed to captivate every man she met?

Then she was called upon to read the paper that she had prepared that afternoon when she would so much rather have gone sailing with Jack. It was a commonplace little paper, but because she was in bitter mood she read it with a bitterness that won her audience. That was the right spirit, said the next speaker. Men should be made to consider well the voice of their complaint. They should be no more able to close their ears to it than to the nightly reverberations of the thunder that now seemed to shake the very earth. The storm which had threatened all day had broken now.

Little of this was heard. The terrible voice of the storm without drowned the voice of the mere woman within. If it had been heard it is doubtful whether it would have been heeded, for these new women were after all very like the old women—they were terribly frightened. Finally there came a flash that seemed to burn into their very souls and shrivel them to cinders, followed by a clap that made them think that the globe itself was splitting; a smell of smoke, of burning wood, of sulphur. In another minute they knew that the barn was on fire.

A wild rush for the ladders and crooked stairs followed. Fortunately Dorothy's new womanhood did not desert her at a pinch. She kept enough of her wits about her to know that she must not join in the stampede. She must keep perfectly still until Jack came for her. She knew it would be Jack that would come for her. She had not long to wait, though afterward she would have told you it was an eternity, before she heard Jack's voice shouting, "Dorothy! Dorothy! Where are you? Don't be frightened. It's Jack. I'm coming to you."

As she answered his call she remembered that he had never before called her "Dorothy," never before had taken it for granted that she thought of him as "Jack," and she knew that so long as they both should live it would always be "Dorothy" and "Jack" between them in future.

Later on, when she stood with him watching the village fire company putting out the flames, she realized that independence day was over. But she did not regret it. She had been too close to death to clamor for liberty.—Chicago News.

**HELPED BY LAFAYETTE.**

**Pretentious Recognition of Fourth Began in 1825.**

The beginning of the big Fourth of July celebrations probably took place with the fiftieth anniversary, which fell on Monday in 1825. At New York the reception to General Lafayette gave intense interest to the occasion. An immense procession, a grand review, receptions, races, regattas, banquets, followed each other without intervals, Castle Garden being the scene of the evening display of fireworks.

In the forties and fifties came a period of great processions, larger reviews and more splendid displays of fireworks.

Wherever one finds a group of Americans on the "glorious Fourth," at home or abroad, on land or sea, they are always unsatisfied unless the explosive and demonstrative spirit of the Fourth of July is asserted in no uncertain manner and their patriotism is satisfied.

**Patriotic Preparations.**

Here is money, my boy, to go down to the store.

Some bunches of crackers to buy and rockets and pinwheels and maybe balloons.

For tomorrow's the Fourth of July.

And the crackers will bang with a beautiful noise.

And the rockets will burst overhead and fall in a glorious fountain of fire.

Or stars of blue, yellow and red.

You can get some torpedoes to add to the din.

And perhaps a toy pistol as well.

With plenty of cartridges, blanks, to be used.

The smoke and the racket to swell.

And do not forget on your way to stop in at the drug store and get a supply of arnica, court plaster, lotions and lint.

For tomorrow's the Fourth of July.

—Lippincott's.

**Presidents Died July 4.**

Three former presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams in 1826 and James Monroe in 1831. The treaty of peace with Mexico was signed July 4, 1848.



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