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TUESDAY..... April 30 1912

Wealthy Discussed by Two

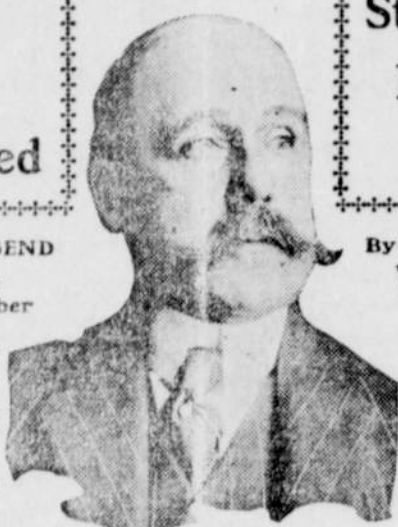
Society
Gossip
Doomed

Men

Study
Rich
Parasite

By F. TOWNSEND
MARTIN,
Society Member

By Professor HENRY
W. FARMAN,
Sociologist



FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN

There is less gossiping nowadays than ever before and a great deal less than there was twenty years ago. The little tattling talebearing person is no longer tolerated in society. GOSSIPING BELONGS TO A LOW ORDER OF MIND, and people of this class are soon shown where they belong. The men and women who form what we call society all over the world have too much to do to keep up with the many INTELLECTUAL INTERESTS and pursuits of the present time.

Everything has changed in the last decade or two. The people who employed their wit retailing scandal use it now in keeping themselves informed of all the various new books, new interests, new movements in art or philanthropy, in civic improvements, in all the thousand and one things which modern social intercourse demands of one.

THE WORLD HAS NO USE ANY LONGER FOR THE IDLER OR THE GOSSIP, AND THAT IS TRUE OF GOOD SOCIETY EVERYWHERE. PEOPLE WHO GOSSIP ARE NEVER REALLY LIKED. THEY MAY BE FEARED, BUT THEY ARE NOT EVEN REALLY AMUSING.

It is a matter of common observation that wealthy families in our country often contain a number of parasitic members—that is, members who derive a large income from society WITHOUT RENDERING ANY APPRECIABLE ECONOMIC OR PUBLIC SERVICE IN RETURN.

These parasitic members of the so called "leisure class" should be peculiarly useful SPECIMENS FOR ECONOMIC STUDY in our country because they are not under the social pressure of the feudal system inherited in the older countries of Europe from the time when wealth meant landownership and landownership of necessity involved public duties.

Many of this class in our country walk our streets, eloquent but unconscious ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIALISM, TERRIBLE EXAMPLES FOR THE MORALIST, LIVING TEXTS FOR SERMONS, rich material for the problem novelist.

WE GATHER THE BUDGETS OF WORKINGMEN, BUT NOT OF CLUBMEN. WE COLLECT THE STATISTICS OF INVOLUNTARY UNEMPLOYMENT, BUT NOT OF VOLUNTARY IDLENESS.

had never existed for Bob Folsom. He had his ideal, and he was especially convinced that she could not have red hair and be loved by him. Neither could her eyes be green. Her hair must be a soft dusky black and her eyes that rare hazel. He reached his office at this juncture and was compelled to drop day dreams in the face of dry realities.

That evening as he sat before the cozy hearth fire he heard the voice in the yard calling the recalcitrant Snowball.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" There were the same deep lower notes lifting upward to the last piercing, and to Bob Folsom's nervously sensitive hearing, irritating "Kitty."

For an hour the calling continued at frequent intervals and then suddenly ceased, much to Bob's relief. "Gracious," he muttered to himself as he prepared for bed, "I'm getting to be as old maidish as Miss Lane can possibly be—bet a dollar her name is Jemima!"

It must have been after midnight when Bob was awakened by a hideous yawning under his window. Then he realized that it must have been following him through his dreams, for he had been dreaming of the frail little Snowball.

"Huh—guess he stayed out tonight and is just getting in! I'll soon put a stop to you, son."

Bob looked around the room for some missile to toss down upon the indignant Snowball, who obstinately voiced his complaints beneath Bob Folsom's window. Bob knew that all the other bedrooms in the house faced upon the front and sides, and it was doubtful if any one else in the house could be disturbed by the cat cries.

He decided that a paper weight was too heavy, a sofa pillow too soft, his boots quite out of the question. Snowball must be broken of this midnight serenading under his window. He whooped softly as a happy thought struck him. On his washstand was an unopened package of an especial talcum powder that he used when shaving himself. A quantity of this white powder sitting down from nowhere in particular upon the upturned face of Snowball would effectually put that feline nuisance to rout.

As Bob opened the half pound package of talcum powder he chuckled softly to himself, not bearing footfalls on the carpeted hall nor the careful opening of the rear basement door. His own window was wide open, and he thrust his head out, turned the package upside down and shook the powder out. Then he crumpled the pasteboard container and tossed that down after it.

Snowball's cries ceased instantly, but they were followed by a feminine exclamation of surprise.

"Great Gove, if I haven't sprinkled Miss Lane! What in thunder is she doing down there, anyway?"

Thoroughly chagrined and penitent at the outcome of his joke upon the white cat, Bob Folsom paused, uncertain what to do. Miss Lane was an elderly woman, and the sudden descent of the powder must not only have startled her, but might have caused her suffering. Bob remembered what Mrs. Porter had said about Miss Lane's asthma, and he resolved to make amends as far as lay in his power. Consequently he dashed into a bathrobe and slippers and went out into the darkened hall and down the black pit of the stairway to the basement hall. He was groping his way toward the rear door, which he could see was still open, when a voice close beside him asked quietly:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Lane. Is it not?" he stammered.

"Yes, I am Miss Lane." Bob heard.

a button click, and instantly it was flooded with light.

He leaned weakly against the wall and actually stared at the vision that confronted him. If this was Miss Lane who was the glassy eyed lady who had peered at him over the banister that very morning?

She was beautiful. She was young, not more than twenty-three, with a peach tinted complexion, green eyes, dark eyebrows and—red hair! She was the antithesis of his ideal in every respect, and he should have turned away from her with superb indifference only he fell head over heels in love with her at once—yes, red hair and all. And the lovely waving red hair was powdered thickly with white talcum, and the peach tint of her complexion was flecked with talcum, and the dark blue silk of her dressing gown was flecked with it, and even the tip of her adorable nose. As for Snowball, clasped in the curve of her soft arms, he was tossing powder with every angry shake of his head.

Of course Bob Folsom had to apologize, and he did it hastily, stumbling over his words as he watched for some gleam of forgiveness in the green eyes.

"Of course you didn't know," she said when he had concluded, "and of course poor Snowball doesn't like it a bit. I'm glad that I went down after him instead of Aunt Cleopatra. She would really have minded the powder." She smiled sweetly at Bob as she proceeded on her way. "I wonder if you would mind closing the door and putting out the lights. I heard you coming downstairs, and I was so frightened that I did not stop to close the door. I felt that I must find out who it was."

"Your voice did not sound frightened, and—well, really, I'm afraid I've been awfully old maidish about that cat. I suppose you were anxious about him?"—he was saying when she interrupted him with a negative gesture of her head that sent two long red braids flying over her shoulders.

"No, indeed; I'm not a bit anxious or fond of Snowball—he is so cross and scratchy. But Aunt Cleopatra adores him, and that is why I've had to go down and call him in every evening at bedtime. I suppose you heard me."

He blushed and nodded sheepishly. "I thought it must be Miss Lane—your aunt, you know."

She cast an enigmatic smile over her shoulder as she went up the stairs, the snow white cat hugged close to her bosom. When she had disappeared Bob Folsom locked the door, snapped out the light and tiptoed up to his room. Before he returned to bed he stood looking out into the moonlight yard, his face soft with the wonder and delight of one who sees beloved dreams coming true.

"It is my dream girl all right, even if her hair and eyes are not the color I wanted. I wonder how I could have admired any other combination! Everything seems to go by contraries. It's Aunt Cleopatra instead of Jemima. Her name must be something very beautiful and golden. I wonder how soon I can find out."

Of course Bob Folsom found out the girl's name long before he married her, and what do you think it was?

Kitty!

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KITTY

She is the Cause of
a Young Man's Sudden
Change of Mind

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Confound the woman!" ejaculated Bob Folsom as he slammed the door. "I'd like to get hold of that cat. If I did it would never get out alive again." He stalked moodily to the window and listened, as if fascinated by the low pitched voice of the woman calling insistently in the yard below.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" she called.

"She's been doing that every night for a week," grumbled Bob, leaving the window when the sounds had died away in a murmur of endearments. "If I had only known there was a cat loving spunkier in the house I would have stayed on the outside. No cats for me—not on your life!"

Bob looked around at the well furnished room containing furniture of his own. The low bookshelves were filled with his books. Everything in the two large apartments was his own. He resolved to remain there until that remote time when he would fall in love and marry. "That may be—never," he always told himself cynically.

At breakfast he approached his boarding mistress concerning cats.

"Ah, Mrs. Porter, didn't I hear a cat in the hall just now?" he inquired as he sipped his coffee.

Mrs. Porter smiled impersonally. "Probably you have heard a cat, Mr. Folsom. There are three in this house."

"Three?" Bob was aghast. "And are they all lost at night and do their mistresses have to call them home at precisely 9 p. m., and?"

"Dear me, no! They are very quiet, stay at home cats—that is, all except Miss Lane's Snowball. He's an Angora and quite valuable, I believe. He

has been a runaway lately and doesn't come home until poor Miss Lane has become hoarse with calling him. She has a touch of asthma, you know."

"I hope Snowball gets over his wanderlust before long," remarked Bob as he pushed his chair away from the table.

Mrs. Porter looked pained. "I am very sorry if it annoys you," she said rather stiffly, "but Miss Lane is my best boarder, and she happens to own this house, and Snowball is the apple of her eye. Perhaps he will stay in now."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," Bob hastened to say, already feeling somewhat ashamed at his complaint against Snowball's asthmatic mistress. "I only happened to hear her calling every night and I wondered—you know," his voice trailed into embarrassed silence as he escaped into the hall and took his hat from the rack.

As he walked toward the front door, shrugging into his overcoat as he went, he observed a handsome white Angora cat sitting on the newel post. "Snowball, I'll be bound!" he said to himself, lifting his hand to pet the beautiful creature. But Snowball's white paw shot out and his claws dug deep, leaving a long ugly scratch on the back of Bob's hand.

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" called a voice from the floor above.

"Come, Snowball!"

Snowball mewed delightedly in return and darted, a flying streak of white, up the stairs.

Bob sent one upward glance to where a face leaned over the banister of the second story. A stiffly brushed pompadour of gray hair above a high forehead and a pair of gold spectacles glistened down at him. He turned away impatiently. Snowball's mistress was all that his imagination had painted her.

As he went down the street he mentally cursed the cat that had administered the ugly scratch, and he was filled with unreasonable wrath at Miss Lane for harboring the vicious beast.

"That's the main trouble with boarding houses," he said to himself. "They are filled up with old maids and cats and parrots. I don't believe there is any hope of my finding a home anywhere unless I get married—and where is the right girl?"

Where was she? Up to this time she

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