

**AN OLD WAGON ROAD.**

It holds, in a wide and easy curve,  
The gold-shot mist of a willow clump,  
And takes the sun, in a lazy swerve,  
To clear the roots of a half-charred stump.  
Yonder, ahead, where the slant is steep,  
Turning aside from a primrose lane,  
The cut of the wheel lies sharp and deep  
In clay that gathered the slow spring rain.

But wild sweet clover in time can heal  
The scars long left by the wagon wheel.

Adown the hollow it runs awry  
With errant scorn of a settled pace;  
The brown leaf-layers so densely lie  
They hold the trail by the vaguest trace;  
And lower still where the mold is wet  
With trickling pearls of a wayside spring,  
The slender arc of the track is set,  
A couch for the wood-weeds' blossoming.

Across the hill, on the other side,  
A new road runs to the village rim;  
Its bed is graveled and hard and wide;  
No star-weeds tangle along its brim.  
It travels on through the sun's hot light  
With naught of pausing to doze or dream;  
No swerve it follows, to left or right—  
No luring dip to a shade-cool stream.

And the old road idles its way alone,  
A vagrant, careless of long neglect;  
Witch-hazel-threatened and bramble-grown,  
It sinks in a hazy retrospect.

And inch by inch as the wild things creep  
Closer and thicker with web and skein,  
It lapses into a placid sleep,  
A part, once more, of the wood's domain.

And wild sweet clover at last shall heal  
The scars long left by the wagon wheel.  
—Youth's Companion.

**The Ring Avaieth**

She knew that everybody at the hotel was sure she was engaged. She felt them observe her subtle ways of expressing the open secret of her heart. She was aware that they noticed her anxiety about the mails going out and her eagerness about the mails coming in. She would affect that tender glance at the ring when she really knew that every one was looking.

She would hurry into the dining-room a half-minute late folding a letter and crushing it into the front of her shirt waist. She would stand before the long windows in the parlor or sit silently in one of the huge rattan rockers on the porch and gaze absently across the links.

When the boys asked for a set of tennis she would look at once startled and pleased, and hesitatingly would say: "Tennis! Why, I would dearly love to, but—" And she would turn inquiringly to her aunt with an expression by which most girls would mean, "Do you think it is all right?" but by which she seemed to mean, "Do you think that he would think it is all right?" The more she declined the more persistent they became, till at length she was the center of all social activities.

"It is not because of myself. Men always are silly about engaged girls." This was her secret thought.

She enjoyed it immensely, however, and the other girls envied and gossiped.

One afternoon a young college man was presented to her. "Do you know," said he, "I've been dying to meet you—that is, ever since I heard—er—you were engaged."

"Is it such a dreadful thing to be engaged?" she exclaimed. "I know men just simply despise engaged girls."

"Oh, no, we don't—that is, some of us don't. You are all so different from other girls, you know."

They took a short walk, and ended by sitting on a bench in the arbor.

"Oh, yes, it's much cooler here," she was saying as she toyed with the leaves and twigs. They talked and talked, and got to know each other far better than even she could have expected.

The boys said "Whew!" and asked her no more to play tennis. The girls ceased to envy, but continued, however, to whisper. The boys joined them and whispered, too.

The next morning when the crowd went over to the links he carried her sticks. She did not usually play golf in the mornings, but on this particular morning she was the first to go over. She knew he would walk with her. She thought he liked her, at least for the moment; and, knowing the fickle frame of men, she realized the critical situation.

They played a few holes, but lost their last ball, and rested by the brook.

"I'm sorry you learned I am engaged," she was saying.

"Sorry? Why, you needn't be," he rejoined, frankly. "Do you know, I'm decidedly fond of engaged girls!"

"Indeed! Why, I really thought that you fellows were rather afraid of them."

and was thinking to herself what a fine beginning it all was.

"Hahn't we better try and find the ball?" she broke in, but made no effort to go. In fact, they did not go. The lazy morning slipped by, leaving them at the brook. They came in late to luncheon, and she knew what all the girls were saying.

It rained torrents during the two days following, and he taught her to play chess.

"The object is to checkmate the King," he told her.

"Yes, I see," and she wondered if it were not equally commendable to be able to checkmate a "Jack."

As soon as the sun shone they were out of doors again. They didn't play tennis as much as golf, and seemed to enjoy paddling a canoe better than either. There wasn't so much to do in the canoe and they could talk volumes. He told her of his work at college, and, boy like, built for her castles of future success. She appeared to be most interested and asked him so many questions that he began to think his plans were worth something after all.

She was the only one who had ever spoken encouragingly of them.

"I shall be so anxious to learn in after years of the name you surely will have made for yourself," she said to him one evening as he bade her good night.

He looked longingly into her eyes as the elevator boy waited in a "going-up" attitude.

"By Jove," he ejaculated, "if I only had a sister like you!"

"I suppose she'd get you to quit smoking cigarettes." And she laughed out of his head—once and for all—that bothersome, sisterly idea.

That night she wrote in her diary something like this:

Every morning—3 hours.  
Every afternoon—3 hours.  
Every evening—2 hours.  
Total, 8 hours every day.

Eight hours a day for two weeks would be equivalent in point of time to a series of weekly calls spread out through a period of two years—and besides he has greater efficiency for speed than most men."

A summer is not a lifetime, but is long enough—at least she thought it would be long enough. She was to remain through the month of October; he was to leave the last of September. Time passed more rapidly and more happily than ever before. They were

having the sweetest experience of their lives.

"He cares for me," she thought over and over again. "He likes me, but why doesn't he—?"

She began to realize that his "efficiency for speed" was not so great.

"My engagement attracted him, and yet my engagement holds him off," she concluded. She knew it—his every word and act proved it. He need not speak; and yet he ought to.

At length the days of field and wood were over. Their evening strolls were at an end. Even summer-end "good-bys" are sad, and there is no use repeating them. All were said—that is, all "goodbys" were said—but nothing more. He went to pack his grip. She retired to her room to weep, to dry her eyes and to weep some more. For a long time she lay on her bed, face down, and the pillow was tear stained.

"It's all over now," she was thinking. Then she walked to the window and nervously tied the shade string in ever so many little bows and knots. She was looking at the two-carat stone on her engagement finger.

"My ring attracted him—and alas! my ring is driving him away." And she tied more knots in the window shade string.

"I have it!" she cried, and in a burst of enthusiasm she jerked the string and snatched the shade to the top of the window. Her tears burned dry and beamed with determination and glowed with anticipated success. It took only a few minutes to pull the ring from her finger, seal an envelope and wrap up a small, dark-green box about an inch square.

Every evening at 5 o'clock the stage drove to town—not to return before the following morning. When she came down on the porch the horses were waiting and he was about to step up into the stage.

"Will you mail these in town for me?" she asked, as with her left hand she gave him the letter and the package. He glanced from the package to the hand and back again to the package. It was addressed to a man in Colorado. The letter was directed to the same man.

sat alone on the porch till it was very late. The west wing was deserted save for her. She was watching down the dry, dusty road over which he had driven. At length some one came trudging around the bend. It was a man with a grip. It was he—he was coming back.

"Hello!" she called in a vain attempt to be cheerful. "Did you miss your train?"

"No, I didn't miss the train," he replied as he came up on the porch. His voice was as hoarse as his clothes were dusty. "No, I didn't miss my train, but I drove clear into town before I understood what it all meant. I registered that package and sent it special delivery, too." He was sitting close enough to whisper. "And I walked back over six of the roughest miles I ever traveled just to ask you if I couldn't put another ring where the old one used to be."

The moon rolled back of a kindly cloud, casting an impervious shadow over it all and even the omnipotent story teller couldn't see.

Late that night, sitting on the floor in her room, she held a diamond ring between her fingers and contemplated it. It was the same ring she had worn all summer, the same ring that made the people talk, the same ring that attracted him.

With an air of satisfaction she returned it to her jewel case.

"And what would dear old papa think," she was musing, "if he only knew I can never wear his present again."—Columbia Monthly.

**LIFE AND ITS HANDICAPS.**

**Indiana Educator Declares Ignorance Is Greatest Barrier.**

Dr. R. J. Aley of the State University of Indiana delivered an address on "Life's Handicaps" at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association of Valparaiso University. He said in part: "Most men attribute their lack of success to an unkind fate that has loaded them with some dead weight. The world in its pre-estimate of men usually predicts failure. It does this because it sees only what seems to be the handicaps. The world predicted failure for Stanley, Disraeli, Webster, Lincoln, Moses and Jesus. The individual makes a wrong diagnosis and the world falls entirely in its forecast."

"There are many handicaps that may come into the life of any one. Evil habit may, like a vampire, suck the very life blood. It may turn the life current into so deep a groove that finally the individual is powerless in self-direction."

"Ignorance is the greatest handicap of the present. A generation ago one could make a fair showing in the race, even though he knew but little. The competition of the present and the mastery methods now required in the doing of everything puts the ignorant man so far in the rear that he is hardly recognized as being in the race at all. The timid man cannot solve the great problems of the present. The need of the hour is for men who have the courage to do hard things. The problems of adjusting the relation of capital and labor and of cleansing our municipal, State and national administrations call for a high degree of courage. We need men of the pioneer type, men who will go into the jungle of corruption and graft with the same conquering spirit that was in our fathers when they left the ease of the East and builded their homes in the unbroken wilderness of the West."

"No man can hope to be bunched with the winners in the battle of life unless he has a perspective good enough to see things in their right proportions and a spirit so elastic that he can readily adapt himself to conditions as they are."

The real handicaps of life are curable. They are within the power of the individual. He can form habits; he can remain ignorant; he can be a miserable pessimist; he can allow fear to overcome him; he can pick a piece of charcoal from the street and hold it so close to his eye that he fails to see the acres of diamonds all about him; he can do all these things, but he does not do to them; he can do their opposites. He can form good habits; he can banish ignorance; he can be a happy optimist; he can round out his life with the highest kind of courage; he can push the bit of charcoal far enough away to let the light of diamonds in. He can do all these and enter the race without a single dead weight to carry and with the assurance that the great starter on high is anxious for him to win."—Chicago Chronicle.

**The Kingfisher.**

Many and curious are the legends of the kingfisher. One of these is to the effect that the bird was originally a plain gray in color, but upon being let loose from the ark flew toward the setting sun and had its back stained blue by the sky and its lower plumage scorched by the sun to gorgeous hues. The dried body of the kingfisher was once used as a charm against thunderbolts and moths, and it was hung up so that it might point with its bill to the wind's quarter.

**Consistent Study.**

"How are you getting along with your nature study?"

"Oh, finely; I am now studying to find out whether the cat-tails belong to the same family as the pussy willows."—Baltimore American.

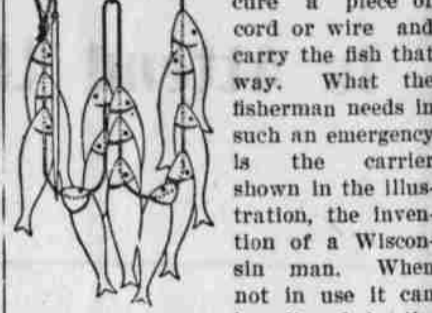
**No Excursion Ticket.**

Benaway—Let me see! About No-goodson—when I left he was going from bad to worse, and—Staldhome—it subsequently developed that he had no return coupon.—Puck.



**Fish Stringer.**

Every fisherman, if he has been fortunate to catch some fish that are worth exhibiting, dislikes to hide them in a basket. He would rather procure a piece of cord or wire and carry the fish that way. What the fisherman needs in such an emergency is the carrier shown in the illustration, the invention of a Wisconsin man. When not in use it can be slipped in the trousers pocket, and when needed can be quickly brought forth. It is very simple in construction, comprising a handle, a length of cord and a needle for slipping the end of the cord through the gills of the fish. The cord is arranged so that it can be folded in the middle and passed through a hook in the center of the handle. In this way the string of fish, if very long, will not trail upon the ground.



**Hat Ventilator.**

The prevalence of so many bald-headed men has been attributed to the fact that the hair on the head is not given proper ventilation. No one will deny that men's hats afford no means of supplying this much-needed ventilation. In addition, men never discard a hat while in the open air during hot weather—as women do. Means of ventilating men's hats have many times been suggested, but Fashion has always tabooed the idea. Nevertheless, the suggestion is again brought forth in a recent patent of a Mississippi man. This hat ventilator accomplishes the purpose thoroughly, as shown in the illustration in connection with the ordinary derby hat. Between the brim and crown of the hat, encircling the latter entirely, is a band (about the size of a regulation hat band) composed of narrow openings extending from top to bottom. The band is made of hard rubber or celluloid, to give the necessary stiffness or elasticity. It would undoubtedly afford much comfort to the wearer. It would be impossible to make similar slits in the felt of the hat, as the latter would not hold its shape. The introduction of hard rubber keeps the hat in shape, and at the same time is not unduly conspicuous. Of course, the use of this ventilator is not confined to derby hats, but can be attached to any style of hat.

**For Window Display.**

Every shopkeeper endeavors to introduce something among the goods in his window that will immediately attract attention. Passersby will at once be interested in the novelty exhibited, and naturally will turn their attention to the goods on display. American shopkeepers are far in advance of the merchants of other countries in introducing these "eye-catchers." Still, one of the most interesting seen recently comes from Germany. It is shown in the illustration. This apparatus is a glass vessel, and is nearly filled with water or other suitable transparent liquid. A flame, produced by liquid combustibles (such as oil and compressed air) burns below the surface of the water. The air is led in through the larger and the combustible by the smaller pipe. At the left is an opening for admitting the liquid and on the opposite side an overflow pipe. When the apparatus is placed in a shop front or the like the flame, burning within the liquid apparatus, can also be used for producing hot water for heating purposes.



**NATIONAL GAME PARK.**

Nearly 60,000 acres in one natural game preserve! Such is the new enterprise which the national government is establishing in Oklahoma. As far back as tribal tradition runs the Wichita mountain region has been the favorite hunting grounds of the Comanche and Kiowa Indians, drawn thither by abundance of game and delightful climate. But now game, like the Indians, is largely a thing of the past.

It is proposed to reproduce in this splendid natural park all the best species of game animals and birds that once made the great West the hunter's paradise. Deer, antelope, bear, the otter and beaver, quail and doves, prairie chickens and wild turkeys will be given protection and encouraged to increase and multiply. Probably the most interesting feature of the undertaking will be an effort to have, in the course of years, large herds of buffalo again roaming the plains—within the reservation—as they did before the pitiless warfare upon them was carried so nearly to the point of extermination. When the plans now under way are carried out Oklahoma will be able to boast, in this Wichita mountain game reserve, one of the finest natural game parks in the country.

Naturalists who have visited the region unite in saying that the preserve, without question, can be made one of the most successful in the United States. The 57,120 acres of land set apart by act of Congress for this purpose lies in the rugged embrace of mountains that attain an altitude of 2,700 feet above sea level, from whose summits one may behold the marvelous expanse of plains rolling westward to the Rocky mountains and southward to the Rio Grande del Norte.

To the east the country is broken by timbered streams, many of them splendid water courses, between which are fertile prairies and ever increasing hills that merge finally into the bastions of the beautiful Ozarks in Arkansas and Missouri. From the north, as far as the Dominion of Canada and stretching southward to the Gulf of Mexico, there sweeps past the Wichitas the mighty pathway of the plains, rich in nutritious grasses, over which grazed in the earlier days the migratory herds of buffalo and deer. The climate is mild and dry, although snow whitens the tops of the mountains in winter. In summer the peaks swim in a sea of purple haze. The average rainfall is about twenty-nine inches and the annual mean temperature close to 60 degrees. Seldom does the temperature go below zero.

given her a comether to-day that she'll not be forgetting in a hurry."

"Why, what did you say, Nora?" asked Mrs. Harmon, with an anxious glance at the pretty flushed face of her little maid of all work.

"She said," and Nora caught her breath, "she said, 'The dress your lady wears to church is about fit to hang out my lady's washing in!'"

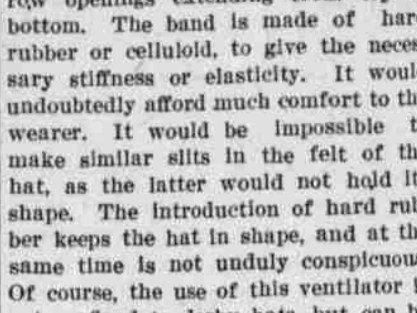
"And you said?" prompted Mrs. Harmon, as Nora paused.

"An' I said," Nora's head was proudly lifted, "There's not a thing my lady wears, even if it's when she's all alone, wid' herself away, would be fit for that! I said to her, an' she'd never a word to give me back."—Youth's Companion.

A candidate was feeling tough and looking tough, this morning, and said: "I'd like to tell the real truth about running for office."

**INTERESTING NEW INVENTIONS**

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**FLAME IN WATER.**

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case. What those views are remain untold. It is certain, however, that she will expend her entire fortune, if necessary, in the effort to save her son from the electric chair. Her mother love has been touched at its tenderest point, as Harry Kendall Thaw always has been her petted and best loved son. Always has she forgiven his escapades and dissipation, continually trusting that her love and devotion would tell in the long run. Now, in her old age, she faces the terrible ordeal of a son charged with deliberate and premeditated murder.

**Why They Call Him 'Old Beans.'**

"Senator Pomeroy was called by many of those who knew him as 'Old Beans.' His friends used the nickname as a term of endearment, while those who didn't like him employed it to express their derision. He obtained the title by reason of having at one time, when the people of his state were hungry, a large quantity of that nourishing food shipped from Boston to Kansas. Whenever he profited in a pecuniary way by that act, of course I don't know, but he, at least, gathered in a host of friends.

"I first heard of the soubriquet when I was one of the assistant doorkeepers of the Senate. My station was to the left of the chamber, facing the secretary's office. One day, when the Senate was in session, a big, breezy westerner came up to me, and said: 'Will you kindly send my card to 'Old Beans.'"

"Well, that stumped me, and I was obliged to confess that I didn't know 'beans.' Then the stranger explained. When 'Old Beans' appeared he fairly fell into his friend's arms, and when that gentleman told him that I was ignorant of the name the Kansan knew him by, I was told why they so designated him."—Washington Post.

**New Kind of Dialect Story.**

"What's this?" demanded the puzzled critic, reading the manuscript. "Gor'zled long wid ye or O'f'f' gif you a punel mit der nose yet already? What sof' of language is that to put in the mouth of your hero?"

"That's the most novel feature of my book," replied the young author; "you see, the hero's father was Irish and his mother German."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**What He Called Him.**

"What do you call your baby?"

"Aw, has my wife been telling you about that—when I called him that he'd been keepin' me awake over three—eh? Oh, his name! 'John.'"—Houston Post.

**He Knew Him.**

"Why don't you propose, if you love her?"

"She hasn't known me long enough." "Great Scott, man! propose at once! then. Don't take any chances."—Cleveland Leader.

Treat your parents with great tenderness and respect: You owe them something because you were not born a czar.

**THAW'S BEST FRIEND.**

If Anyone Can Save White's Slayer It Is His Mother.

Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, leader of Pittsburg society and ruler of the many millions left by her husband, the late William Thaw, has proven herself remarkable in times of stress and trouble. If anyone can save Harry K. Thaw from suffering the consequences of his crime in killing Stanford White, it will be this devoted mother, who is his best friend.

Mrs. Thaw showed her ability as a manager when her daughter, Alice, decided to marry the Earl of Yarmouth. There was opposition from members of the family, who did not like the earl. Once settled that her daughter's happiness depended upon the marriage, Mrs. Thaw consented. There was trouble over the settlement, but she arranged that to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A year or so later Harry Kendall Thaw returned from Europe with Evelyn Nesbit, announcing her as his wife. The elder Mrs. Thaw hastened to haul in the reins and arranged for another wedding. Then she took them home with her. This high-minded and devoted mother has redeemed situations that to others have seemed to be beyond hope of saving, and has controlled her offspring when only she was capable of doing so. Out of the complex love affairs of her children, when all the world scoffed, she has seen what was true and developed successful marriages.

With her other children, Josiah and Mrs. George Lauder Carnegie, Mrs. Thaw seems to have had less trouble. Mrs. William Thaw has her own views regarding the conduct of the



MRS. WILLIAM THAW.