

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

The great red moon was swinging
 Alow in the purple east;
 The robins had ceased from singing;
 The noise of the day had ceased;
 The golden sunset islands
 Had faded into the sky,
 And warm from the sea of silence
 A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting
 That the treetop breathed a kiss,
 And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,
 Chirped a wee note of bliss;
 It stole over fragrant thickets
 As soft as an owl could fly,
 And whispered to tiny crickets
 The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,
 The whispering trees were still,
 And the hush of the woodland harkened
 To a crying whisp-poor-will;
 And the moon grew whiter, and by it
 The shadows lay dark and deep;
 But the fields were empty and quiet,
 For the wind had fallen asleep.
 —Ladies' Home Journal.

The Escort

When John Delmont went south with his wife they arranged to have Laura's mother and sister come and care for the house during their absence. The Delmonts started a day earlier than they expected, and, consequently, were away when Emily Trevor and her mother arrived. A note that Laura left explained the change of plan, and ended with this postscript: "John has secured seats at the theater for you and mother tomorrow night. It's only a step to the car and you won't need any escort. Be just as comfortable as you can, you and mother, and let us hear from you often. Lovingly, Laura."

Emily Trevor turned to her mother. "Only that, mamma?" she cried. "Isn't that lovely?"

And just about that time John Delmont was saying to Laura as they sat at luncheon in the dining car: "I didn't like the idea of those two women staying alone in that big house without



SHE DIDN'T LIKE THIS AT ALL.

any man within call, and so I telegraphed for brother Jim. Jim is in Philadelphia on business for the works, and they have decided to open up an office in New York. So he can sleep at the house just as well as not."

Back in the Delmont home the visitors were settling themselves for their two-week stay. There were many little details to arrange, trunks to unpack and clothes to put away and the maids to consult. And then, quite without warning, an exceedingly unwelcome visitor arrived. It was an attack of neuralgia, and the elder lady was the victim. She was familiar with the foe, but that didn't make the attack any more endurable.

"Poor mommy," cried Emily, as she busied herself with various attempts to soften the infliction. "It's just a shame. And you were feeling so well, too." And then she suddenly sank down in the nearest chair. "Oh, mommy!" she gasped. "How can I go?"

And then the girl suddenly sprang up and ran into the library and came back with the morning paper in her hands.

"Listen to this, mommy dear."

She found the place and read an item aloud:

"Special Notice—For the convenience of ladies visiting the city without escort, the management of this house will maintain a select corps of young men who can be secured for escort duty by application at the box office. These young men, who will be found unexceptional in dress and deportment, may be engaged to call at hotels or private residences if requests for their services are made not later than 7 o'clock."

The paper dropped from the girl's fingers.

"What do you think of that, mommy?"

"My dear," said the older lady, "I know you mean to do just as you please in this matter. I won't oppose you."

Emily impulsively kissed her mother. Then she darted into the library and called up the theater. The conversation was a brief one.

It was not later than 7:15 when the bell rang and Emily, in her becoming long coat and dainty hat, answered the summons.

The young man in the vestibule raised his hat. Emily gave him a hasty glance. He was good looking and well dressed, although not in evening clothes—a fact which occasioned the girl some surprise.

"I'm quite ready," she said. "Good-night, mother."

"Goodnight," came a faint voice from the library.

Then the girl, assuring herself that

she had her theater tickets, her car tickets, and the latch key, all snugly stowed in her glove, stepped out in the vestibule and closed the door behind her.

"You are a little ahead of time, I think," she said, as they went down the steps.

"Then you expected me?" said the escort. He had a pleasant voice and a decidedly respectful air. Of course she must be reserved, but there was no necessity for treating the man as if he were a block of wood.

"Of course I expected you, but not until 7:30. My mother would have gone with me to-night, but she was suddenly taken ill."

He nodded respectfully.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, "and trust she will soon recover."

"It is more painful than serious. When she has these attacks she must remain perfectly quiet. Of course, she will sadly miss the theater."

And just then the car they wanted stopped at the crosswalk and they stepped aboard, the escort helping the young woman with a firm uplifting pressure beneath her arm. As she passed the conductor she handed him two fares, an act that caused the young man to frown a little.

Presently the young man spoke.

"Am I to understand that you have tickets for this performance?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered shortly.

"I didn't know," he somewhat humbly explained. "You see, I've never attended the theater under just these circumstances. If I had known about it a little beforehand I would have appeared in the—the conventional garb."

"Your system must be faulty," said the girl. "I'm sure there was ample time to let you know."

"I received the message," he answered, "but there were no particulars enclosed." He turned and signaled the conductor. "Here is the theater," he said.

She was glad to notice that the theater people did not seem to recognize him, and a moment later they were seated in the very excellent orchestra chairs that John Delmont had reserved for her.

She took another glance at the escort. He certainly was a fine looking fellow, and—was it possible? he was bowing and smiling as he acknowledged the greeting of some fashionable looking people in the nearest box.

Emily Trevor felt her cheeks flush. She didn't like this at all. He deserved a rebuke. She leaned a little forward.

"Customers?" she asked.

"Why, no," he answered. "Merely friends."

He certainly was a very presuming young man. And there he was bowing again to a lady across the aisle, quite a distinguished looking lady, too. And Emily fancied that the distinguished looking lady swept her with a critical glance and then looked back at the escort as if she meant him to understand that the young woman with him would do. At which Emily flushed again.

The curtain rose and fell and rose, and presently the dainty fantasy was at an end. The escort helped her with her cloak and then they were in the throng in the lobby. She noticed that several people spoke to him and she quickly decided that he must be a member of some good family that had fallen into financial distress.

The memory of the play was still dominating her mind as they rode home and she was silent most of the way.

"You like the theater?" said the escort.

"I like good plays," she replied.

"There are other good plays to be seen just now," he somewhat hesitatingly remarked.

It was quite apparent that he was advertising his business. She would give him a sharp reproof.

"I suppose you would like to have me engage you by the season," she said.

He laughed.

"I would be delighted," he answered. He was quite brazen.

On the steps of the Delmont home she turned to him.

"Come in," she said, "and I will pay you."

He didn't answer, but meekly followed her into the hall.

As they entered somebody met them at the library door. It was Emily's mother.

"Why, mommy," cried the girl, "are you still up?"

"Yes, my dear," the older lady answered. "I was so worried I couldn't sleep."

"Worried? And the neuralgia?"

"Frightened away. My dear, there has been some dreadful mistake," and she glared at the young man. "Ten minutes after you started a man called and said he had been sent to take you to the theater. And there you had gone away with an entire stranger!"

The girl, her face flushing, turned to the stranger. "Aren't you a professional escort?"

He suddenly smiled.

"Why, no," he answered, "I—I am a professional caretaker."

"Then how dared you take me to the theater?"

He smiled again.

"If you will kindly recall the circumstances, I think you will admit I went at your invitation."

She drew a long breath. She wanted to laugh, but that would never do.

The young man suddenly removed his overcoat and put down his hat.

"Come into the library," he said, "and let's talk it over."

"Certainly not," cried Emily.

"It isn't very late," he urged.

Emily's eyes dilated.

"Who are you?" she demanded. He laughed.

"I thought you'd ask that presently. I'm John's brother, Jim. He telegraphed me to come here and take care of you."

"Oh!" gasped Emily.

And then they all went into the library.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MONKEY HELPS CATCH FISH.

Master and Valuable Assistant Cooperate in Landing Catches.

For some years I lived in a small town not far from Frome, and being very fond of fishing I was able to indulge in my favorite pastime very often, as the little river abounded in trout, and I had permission to fish about eight miles of it.

The only boat on the lake belonged to a Captain C., who rented a large house with grounds coming down to the lake, and he very kindly allowed me the use of the boat at all times. The captain was perhaps the finest fly fisherman I have ever seen, an enthusiast at the sport, and was often to be seen in the boat, his page boy rowing him about.

The other occupant of the boat was invariably a monkey, that sat stolidly in the stern sheets. But when the captain hooked a fish Jocko was all activity, dancing about the boat in a most excited manner, and as soon as the captain had drawn the fish near enough the monkey, holding on to the gunwale with one hand, would seize the fish with the other, throw it into the boat and then resume his usual seat.

I never saw the monkey lose a fish, and Captain C. told me that he very rarely did miss one. He never took a landing net with him when the monkey accompanied him. I am well aware that few will believe this tale, but it is true in every respect, and there are no doubt many still living at Stourton or in the neighborhood who could testify to the correctness of what I have written.—London Field.

CARE FOR BRITISH SEAMEN.

Looked After by Most Admirable and Unique Institution.

The interests of the British seamen are looked after by an institution which is not only the largest of its kind in the world but is in many respects quite unique in its way, it being governed entirely by nautical men. The institution is known as the Mercantile Marine Service Association, and this year celebrates the jubilee of its existence, it having been founded as far back as 1857, while six years later its aims were recognized by Parliament in a special law of incorporation.

The history of this great organization has been one of steady progress, so that it has come to be recognized as the head of the nautical members of the merchant service. In almost every part of the world is to be found its accredited representative, to whom its members, of whatever degree, can turn for advice. These representatives give their services voluntarily. The operations of the association are not only of benevolent character but they have their political aspect in looking sharply after any parliamentary legislation which might affect the seamen.

On the benevolent side it administers large funds which have been founded for the pensioning of members of the merchant service and the relief of the widows and orphans of seamen, it has its own homes for aged mariners, its college and training ships and runs a quarterly magazine, in which are given the full text of discussions at meetings of the association and details of any legislation likely to affect the service. It is an institution run by seamen for the benefit of seamen.

More Valuable than Gold Mines.

"Cotton is king," declared James Henry Hammond on the floor of the United States Senate as far back as 1858. But even that optimistic statesman did not foresee the time when, of the world's total production for its annual output of \$2,000,000,000 worth of cotton goods, the United States was to supply three-fourths.

For the year ending June 30, 1905, America's cotton exports were valued at \$410,657,752, as against \$410,205,653 for all other agricultural exports. In addition, the prosperous planters sold more than \$200,000,000 worth to feed the 25,000,000 spindles of this country. And still the king is increasing in stature. During the fiscal year just ended raw cotton and cotton goods to the value of \$453,000,000 were exported, while American looms were busy with an increased quota. All the gold mined in the world last year would have paid southern farmers for only half their crop.

Java's Population.

Java is very thickly populated, and cultivation is pushed to an extraordinary distance up the steep slopes of the hills. The plain of Leles in the mouth of July "is one sea of ripe golden rice, with here and there a village of brown-thatched roofs nestling in a group of green coconut trees." In the middle of the island white chimneys of sugar mills peep above miles and miles of sugar cane fields.

Needed Rest.

The Cuban at the age of 150 years was about to pass away.

"What's the use, doc?" he asked, wearily, when told to brace up. "This thing of howling a century and a half for liberty really is wearing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a woman begins to dye her hair she begins to suspect some other woman's figure of being unnatural.

When an awkward man lends a hand he's apt to put his foot in it.



"You don't ask me what I did," said the man's wife as the man returned to his everlasting paper.

"Well, what did you do?"

"That's always the way with you. You don't seem to take the slightest interest. When you tell me anything I'm just as interested as I can be; but you never do. You know perfectly well what I went down town for, if you don't it isn't because I haven't told you twenty times. If you'd tell me something I wouldn't be likely to forget it. I know, but I might be the merest stranger instead of your wife for all I ever learn of your doings. I sit at home all day—"

"You didn't to-day, did you, my dear?"

"Now, aren't you aggravating, Wilbur? Didn't I just tell you that I had been downtown the whole livelong day? I'm tired to death, too."

"I'm sorry," said the man.

"Well, do you want to know what I did?"

"Shopped?"

"What was it, then? Matinee?"

"Wilbur, didn't I tell you when you went away this morning that I you would wait until the next train I'd go with you? Would I start out at 9 o'clock in the morning to go to a matinee and would I go to a matinee when there's so much to be done at home and nobody on earth to do it but me? I told you that I was going to get some white serge for a dress. Didn't I discuss the whole thing with you last night?"

"I think you did, dear."

"I do wish you would try to pay some attention when I talk to you. Now, when we start for the bay and I say something about my outing dress you'll be wanting to know all about it, just as if I hadn't told you. Oh, you can read if you want to. I won't say another word. Excuse me for troubling you with my little, unimportant affairs."

"I'm not reading, honest. Did you say you went to buy your dress?"

"Yes. I saw some advertised at 98

cents a yard and I thought it might be a pretty fair quality. That was at Pennypacker's. Well, I thought first I'd see what there was at Corby's, so that I could compare the prices and qualities. They had one lovely piece there, double width, and just as soft and pretty as could be, but I didn't buy it. It was \$1.60 a yard. Just think!"

"Pretty steep, eh?"

"Well, I don't know that it would be. It was a lovely quality and it might have been economy in the long run. Wait, and I'll show you the sample. Why, no! That's marked 79 cents. Is that a 7 or a 9? One of them was single width, I know. There's the silk I intended for the collar. At least, I intended to get a taffeta at first, but there was a surah in at Eckstein & Brucks' that I thought would do. That's it. What do you think? Of course, I could use china silk—that is, if I decided to have a collar. I've got some china silk samples, too."

"Well, there was nothing in at Pennypacker's that I'd look at. I don't believe they ever do have very good bargains there. They had one for 50 cents, but it was so sleazy and cottony it wouldn't be worth the making. I feel sure. So I went back to Corby's and I thought I'd get something there they had for \$1.18. I did come very near buying it, too. I'm glad I didn't, now. I met Helen Banks at the braid counter. I was going to trim it very simply in braid, you know. You wouldn't think it would be difficult to get braid, would you? But I walked just blocks trying to find it. Eckstein's had some that would have done, only it was lach and I wanted lach and a half. Well, Helen says that white serge is rather out of style now and advised me to get duck skirts and wear them with shirt waists. I don't know but I will. What do you think?"

"What will you do with your serge stuff?" asked the man. "Return it?"

"Return it?" echoed his wife. "Why, I didn't buy any. I didn't buy anything. You don't seem to be paying any attention to what I'm telling you, Wilbur. Aren't you interested?"

Chicago Daily News.

have to say." He went, too, without any interruption from the magistrate.

PASSING OF THE SOMBRERO.

Famed Hat Now Seldom Worn by Upper Class Mexicans.

The famed Mexican sombrero is now seldom worn by Mexicans of the upper class when riding, driving or hunting. Not so many years ago even here at the capital men of position were occasionally seen wearing the sombrero, a most suitable hat under a tropical sun such as we all feel at midday.

Pity that the sombrero should have given place to the black derby or bowler, a hat that should be catalogued among hats that are not hats in any true sense, just as Charles Lamb made up a list of books that are not books. Nor is the narrow-brimmed modern straw hat a sufficient shade for the eyes in this land of glaring sunshine.

The Panama hat, real or imitation, now in high favor among the younger men, is almost ideal as a protection to head and eyes. It is light, almost universally becoming and growing ever more popular.

The Panama has come to stay unless fashion, so potent nowadays, exiles it. Yet it would be absurd for denizens of the tropics to give up the best of hats for any caprice of Dame Fashion.

Of late years the wearing of straw hats in winter here has been frowned upon by the gilded youth who give the law of style to the young men of the middle class. Yet there is hardly a day in the year when, under the sun of Mexico, a straw hat is not suitable. Some very sensible young Britons wear straw hats the year through, realizing that they are dwellers in the tropics.—Mexican Herald.

An Exchange of Good Wishes.

A successful school teacher who is loved as well as admired by her pupils says that during her first year of teaching she received a little lesson which taught her what Saint Paul probably meant by the "foolishness of preaching."

In the middle of a term one of her pupils was obliged to leave school, as the family was about to move out of town. When the teacher said good-by to the little girl, who had been an intelligent and well-behaved pupil, she felt moved to add a few words of advice.

"If I never see you again," she said, with much earnestness, "I hope you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be, and whatever tasks you are called to perform, I hope you will always be an honest, upright woman, truthful and brave."

"Thank you," said the little girl, her round, eager face upturned to her teacher, "and I hope you'll be the same."

Cheerful Counsel.

Turn failure into victory,
 Don't let your courage fade;
 And if you get a lemon, why,
 Just make the lemon aid.

—Princeton Tiger.

WOMAN TO INVESTIGATE

Receives Government Appointment to Seek Truth About Panama.

Miss Gertrude Beeks, of New York, secretary of the Welfare Department of the Civic Federation, has gone to Panama to investigate the housing, food and amusements of laborers in the canal zone. This is regarded as being one of the most important commissions ever awarded to a woman by the government. Secretary Taft gave her the appointment, and the errand has the sanction and support of President Roosevelt. While this is the first important Federal commission which Miss Beeks has had, she has traveled from one end of the country to the other in the interest of Welfare work.

"Welfare Work for Government Employees" is the latest departure in the



MISS GERTRUDE BEEKS.

work of the Civic Federation, and for this purpose a national committee, of which Secretary Taft is chairman, has just been created. John C. W. Beckham, Governor of Kentucky, is first vice chairman; George W. Guttridge, Mayor of Pittsburg, second vice chairman; William R. Willcox, postmaster of New York, third vice chairman, and Miss Beeks, secretary.

Miss Beeks, who is a southern girl, having gone to New York from Tennessee, is not at all dismayed by the immensity of her commission, for it is in the line of work in which she has been engaged for a number of years. The entire planning of operations after arriving on the isthmus is left with her.

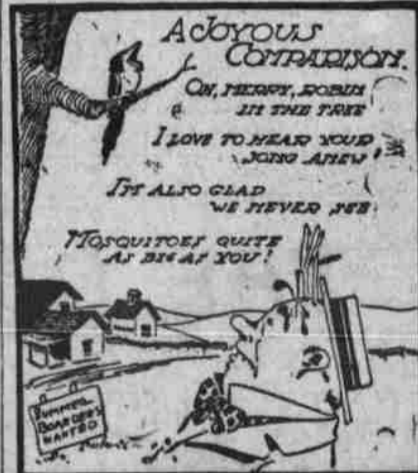
OUR GLOBE'S CAPACITY.

The Time When the Earth Will Be Fully Peopled.

Professor Ravenstein of the Royal Geographical Society estimates that the fertile lands of the globe amount to 28,000,000 square miles, the steppes to 14,000,000 and the deserts to 1,000,000.

Fixing 207 persons to the square mile for fertile lands, ten for steppes and one for deserts as the greatest population that the earth could properly nourish, the professor arrives at the conclusion that when the number of inhabitants reaches about 6,000,000,000 the earth will be peopled to its full capacity. At present it contains somewhat more than one-quarter of that number.

If the rate of increase shown by the latest census statistics should be uniformly maintained, Professor Ravenstein shows that the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2072.—New York Tribune.



Lucknow's Great Hall.

Connected with the Mohammedan mosque at Lucknow, India, is the largest room in the world without columns, being 182 feet long, 54 feet wide and 53 feet high. It was built during the great famine in 1784 to supply work for a starving people. It is a solid mass of concrete of simple form and still simpler construction. In its erection a mold or framework of timber and brick several feet in thickness was first made, which was then filled with concrete. The concrete was allowed about a year to set and dry, when the mold was removed. Although the building has been standing so long, it is said to show no signs of decay or deterioration.

Imagination.

Bacon—The author of that new novel has a wonderful imagination.

Egbert—Why, have you read the book?

"No, but he said that 10,000 copies of the volume had been sold."—Yonkers Statesman.

Find out the secret hope of any man past middle age, and it is that he may be allowed at the last to go quickly.