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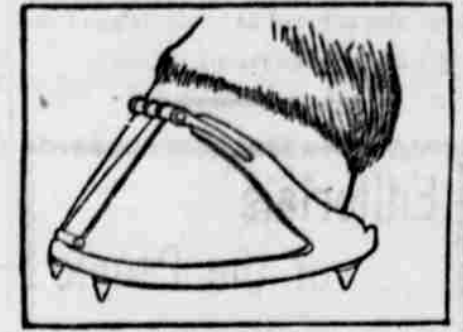
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A COMPROMISE

[Original.]
"Please, sir," said the janitor, "the new tenant has come."
"The new tenant! I'm not going to move."
"The agent must have misunderstood you."
"I have a written lease."
"So have I," said a feminine voice in the hall, and a young, pretty and tastefully dressed woman stood in the doorway.
"A lease to these apartments?"
"Yes, a lease to these apartments from May 1, 1903, to May 1, 1904."
"The agent has blundered."
"In what way?"
"He has issued a lease to me for the same term."
"Well? What are you going to do about it?"
"That is very difficult to decide. Were you not a lady—and, permit me to say, a very charming one—I would tell you to go to the—"
"But I am a lady, and I have no intention of going to any such place. Come, I want to get my things in at once. The first van, containing the kitchen utensils and table stores, should be here in an hour. I need my luncheon."
"I, too, am hungry, having had no breakfast. I have all the paraphernalia for a meal, but that confounded cook of mine has been taken ill. She's always ill. Were it not for this I would relieve your hunger."
"I'll get you a luncheon."
"Bless you, madam, my stomach yearns."
"An apron."
"There is the kitchen. You will have to ransack for what you want."
The lady disappeared, and the man sat waiting in the dining room. Presently he went to a closet, took out a bottle and rapped at the kitchen door.
"You must keep out of here. We have no chaperon. I am for the present your servant."
"Put that in the ice box." And he handed her a bottle of champagne. Catching a glimpse of her through the partly opened door he saw that she looked very neat in a clean white cooking apron she had found and a paper cap she had made. Then he went back and listened to the sputter of broiling chicken and the preparations generally.
"Can't I help you?" he asked, going to the door again, really to catch another glimpse.
"Not unless you care to set the table."
"How stupid of me not to think of it!" And away he went to the closet for the linen, to the butler's pantry for the dishes and to the sideboard for the silver. Presently the kitchen door opened, and the new tenant, with her sleeves rolled up, showing a pair of plump, white wrists, a dish in each hand, entered.
"You have forgotten the glasses!" she exclaimed.
"So I have. Here they are."
"And the pepper and salt and the carving knife and fork and a lot of things."
He bustled about till the wants were supplied; then they sat down to table, he having brought the wine and opened it.
"Broiled chicken, French fried potatoes and champagne," said the new tenant. "That is better than if the supply were taken from my van."
"It is the company that especially pleases me."
"Thank you. Now, let us proceed to business. We must settle the matter of the occupancy of this flat."
"What do you say to a compromise?" asked the present occupant.
"I would agree to that."
"Very well; on what basis?"
"You leave the flat to me."
"I'm! That would be rather one sided. Suppose, for instance, you take me to board?"
"That would be impossible. I am busy all day at my profession. I am an artist. I have no time to devote to the affairs of others."
"And I am a journalist. All my time is devoted to the affairs of others."
"I see."
"Then there is no way but for me to destroy my lease."
"You might retain a room for a few days till you can secure other apartments."
"Very well, we will compromise on that basis."
"Will you move your furniture this afternoon?"
"For heaven's sake, where shall I move it?"
"True. This is a very disagreeable episode."
"By the bye, we have been talking all this time not knowing each other's name."
"If you will hand me that bag I will give you my card."
He did as she suggested, taking his own card from his pocketbook. When the two pastebords lay on the table both looked up astonished.
"My little sweetheart of twenty years ago!"
"The boy who vowed eternal constancy the evening before he went to college, then forgot all about it!"
"Not at all. Your father was rich and I—"
"My father failed. I hoped that you—"
"A van at the door!" called the janitor from the hall.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

exclaimed both the lunchers at once. The man settled it.
"Tell them to bring the things up. And, Thomas, go to the rectory around the corner and ask the Rev. Mr. Bendle to come here at once."
"What are you going to do?" asked the woman.
"Do? I'm going to compromise on the only available basis."
And thus the matter was settled.
ANNETTE OVERTON
"A NAILLESS HORSESHOE."



May Be Put Off and On Like a Man's Footwear.
There is just one good reason why a horse should have steel shoes nailed to its hoofs to prevent them from wearing out rapidly. That reason is the failure of the inventor to discover a more practical means of attaching the shoes to the feet. It is well known that once in awhile a nail splits or turns while being driven into the hoof, causing it to enter the tender upper portion and temporarily crippling the animal. Then, too, the shoes are apt to get loose on the feet and may strain the tendons of the leg before the driver discovers that anything is wrong. In the nailless horseshoe here illustrated the wearing surface differs from the ordinary kind of shoe only in being minus the nail holes, but at the front and ends of the new shoe will be seen metallic straps rising to a common point near the top of the hoof. These straps are hinged to the shoe and are connected at the ends by a threaded bolt which can be turned with a small wrench to clamp the straps over the hoof. It is necessary that the bottom of the hoof be pared down evenly before the shoe is put in place in order that a smooth fit may be insured, but aside from this there is little work required to put on a set of these shoes, and this suggests the idea that the horse may yet have its shoes put on in the morning and removed at night to rest the feet.

NEW TURBINE STEAMER.

Success of the Queen Attested by United States Consul at Calais.
Perhaps the oldest ferry in the world is the cross channel service from Calais to Dover. It has been in existence for more than twenty centuries, and the vessels which have been engaged in it include every variety of shipping, from Caesar's high peaked galleys, propelled by banks of oars, to the new turbine steamer, the Queen, described in a report to the state department by J. B. Milner, United States consul at Calais.
The new vessel is 310 feet long, with a molded breadth of forty feet and a depth of twenty-five feet, and has a complete awning deck.
The main engines in the Queen consist of three separate turbines, each driving its own line of shafting, the center turbine being high pressure and the two side ones being low pressure. When going ahead in ordinary work the steam is admitted to the high pressure turbine and after expansion there passes to the low pressure turbines and then to the condensers, the total ratio of expansion being about a hundred and twenty-five fold as compared with eight or sixteen fold in triple expansion reciprocating engines.
At the ordinary steaming speed of the Queen the revolutions of the center shaft are about 700 and of the two side shafts about 500 per minute. This high rotative velocity implies the adoption of propellers of small diameter, and the utmost care is exercised in balancing them so as to obtain the full advantage of the absence of vibration obtained by the adoption of the turbine principle.
Even in the immediate vicinity of the turbines there is little or no vibration, but one is conscious of being in close proximity to great power. From amidships forward on the promenade decks there is no noise or vibration whatever, and when the vessel is making twenty-three knots per hour in good weather passengers are reminded of being on shipboard only by noting that they are gliding rapidly over the sea.
After a month's trial the Queen has made the voyage from pier head to pier head in fifty minutes.
New Metal Found by Frenchman.
German papers report the discovery by Edward Mollard, a Frenchman, of a new metal, called seltum. It is stated that the discoverer claims that seltum costs about one-twelfth as much as aluminum and is lighter and stronger. It does not rust and is therefore suitable for use in shipbuilding, for the manufacture of pipes and for railroad construction. On account of its cheapness and as it is capable of a fine polish, resembling nickel, it would be de-

strable for the manufacture of cooking utensils. Its hardness is said to be almost equal to that of iron, while its power of resistance is greater than iron, but less than that of steel. The melting point is 1,600 degrees C.
How Electricity Causes Death.
According to the electrical expert, currents at a pressure of about 12,000 volts or more killed by inhibition of the nerve centers and arrested respiration. The heart continues to beat with energy and is only arrested by asphyxia, causing great arterial pressure. In such cases the animal may in general be restored by artificial respiration. On the other hand, currents of low tension, not exceeding 120 volts and passing from the head to the feet, kill by producing paralysis of the heart, and the animal continues to breathe for some time after becoming unconscious. These low tension currents apparently stop the heart by causing irregular contractions, thus disturbing its rhythm.
WALL STREET BROKERS.
What the Public Pays to Keep Them in Business.
Wall street brokers hold themselves a million miles higher in caste than bookmakers. And they are right: They are the creme de la creme of finance. Bookies are the scum. Yet there are many bookmakers in the street, and not a few of them are backers of brokers. Some are big operators, supporting brokers by their commissions. There are 1,100 members of the Stock Exchange, and these represent brokerage and commission firms whose partnerships aggregate no less than 1,452 ablebodied men. It is safe to venture the assertion that each member of the exchange and his partners would turn up the nose at an income of less than \$20,000 a year. Hence!
At \$20,000 each year these brokers clean up net about \$20,000,000. There are some 500 Stock Exchange firms which pay \$3,000,000 annually for the rent of their offices. These firms employ 7,000 clerks and assistants, bookkeepers, runners, etc., at an average wage of \$1,500, which makes \$10,500,000. Thus we have in three items alone \$42,500,000 that must come out of the pockets of customers to keep the great machine well oiled. That is to say, the public pays the sum of \$42,500,000 annually for the privilege of supporting in splendid style 8,452 people in order that they may try their hands at telling which way a stock will go—New York Press.
Origin of the Letter V.
The letter V may be regarded as the mutilated remains of one of the symbols used by the ancient Egyptians in their hieroglyphics or picture writing. A common animal in their country was the two horned sand viper, a representation of which stood for V. The priests ultimately found that for the practical purposes of everyday life it was a waste of time to use elaborate hieroglyphics and invented a kind of shorthand to meet the occasion. In this the snake was reduced to a V with a dash (V—) to represent horns and body.
The Phoenicians adopted this letter, and from them we get our V by loss of the dash, leaving only the two little horns of the original picture. This snake is still common in Egypt and is probably the one mentioned in Genesis xlix, 17, "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Travelers tell us that it is still addicted to this unpleasant habit.
Beauties of Ireland.
Dublin can and does boast of many superlatives. It has the widest street and the largest public park in Europe, the first horse show in the world and the largest brewery, but certainly the chiefest of all its claims is that advanced in behalf of its women. It is really no exaggeration to say that in no city in the world will one see so many beautiful women as one does in the Irish capital.
There is something, too, about the Irish type of beauty that cannot be actually described. There is an expression, an air of something akin to sadness almost, in every real Irish face, something interesting, that holds the attention more than mere skin deep beauty. "I have been in most capitals of Europe," says a traveler in Ireland, "but never did I see so many really beautiful women as I saw in Dublin. And they were not visitors. There was no mistaking the wonderful gray eyes of 'Dark Rosaline.'"
Precocious Mozart.
At three years of age Mozart would amuse himself for hours together in picking out thirds on the piano with his wonderful ear; at four years he learned minuets and before six played some of his own compositions, actually starting on a concert tour with his sister at that age.
Before three years had elapsed he had taken by storm four of the most important capitals in Europe—Vienna, The Hague, Paris and London. His reputation as a composer was established by the time that he was only ten years old. Mozart fulfilled in maturity the promise of his early years, but at the age of thirty-five passed away, engaged on a requiem which he gradually learned was to be for himself.