LOAFING ON A SUMMER DAY.

The lazy boy sprawled on his back and squinted at the sky,

Wishing he were the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high; For day was lapsing swiftly, half way

from dawn to noon, the breeze it sang, "O, lazy boy, And what makes you tired so soon?

But the lazy boy was silent, and he slowly chewed a straw, Naguely mindful of the thrush that whis-

tled in the haw, And half aware of the bleating sheep and

of the browsing kine Far scattered over slumbering hills to

the horizon line.

Happy, happy was the boy a-dreaming sweet and long.

Fanned by the breeze that tossed the haw and raffed the thrush's song;

For the whole glad day he had to loaf, he and himself together.

While all the mouths of nature blew the flutes of fairy weather.

The year's great treadmill round was done, its drudgery ended well.

And now the sunny holiday had caught him in its spell, So that he longed, a lazy lout, up-squint-

ing at the sky,

And wished he was the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the wages of the strong;

Sweet is the hum of labor's hire, and sweet the workman's song; But

once a year a lad must loaf, and dream, and chew a straw, And wish he were a falcon, free, or a

catbird in the haw! -Independent.

******************************** Cupid with a Jimmy

HEN John Trumbull fell in sprightly Gertrude Moore no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was settled by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the onesided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistledown intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affaction becomes chilled like whippe cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose-it stuck up of its own accord by the way-and went her usual pace of bullyragging and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that-what John thought didn't matter. But, as said before, a change finally eame over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world, but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive, and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long. time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it, the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell her best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the samefaithful, adoring, enduring. One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went downtown to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid, and then decided she didn't care. From | and he'd never have known it. that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old-time vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old-time tactics, Mrs. John would in turn comment on his bad choice of a necktle or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was solled on the edge. John's heart would sink and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers. As it was not John's nature to war out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went out for a walk. Sometimes he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissipations. One Sunday afternoon, when he and his old friend were discussing some particular exciting college scrimmage that had taken place fifteen years back. the telephone bell rang, and a woman's strument. voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the 'phone.

"All right dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying 'Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was dis-

tracted about something. "I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of house if she proved to be disappointing.

had a nervous chill. John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar. After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peeking out from behind a window shade listening to a conversa-

tion that was going on in the court. The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house. "I can't turn the key, and if you

don't mind, ma'am, I'll go through vour window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocketbook while she clambered from one window to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the floor below were unlike those heard when Hendrick Hudson played ninepins in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window, and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the

matter?" The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with: "The flat's

been robbed!" Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe, go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian robes."

John continued to read his Spencer. "That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes. 'John." she spoke very softly

DIVORCE CASES DRAW women who have no interest there ex- brought to her a complete copy of all NO MORE THE GRAND MANNER.

At home he found his wife sitting CURIOUS CROWDS FLOCK TO CHICAGO COURTROOMS.

> All Sorts of Types Ranged in Exhibition-Busybodies Prominent Among Visitors-Stern and Gentle Sevies Have Their Own Fancies and Foibles.

When Moses was building up a system of laws for the government of his people he decided that it should be law- to be carried up to the several courtful for a man to write his wife a bill of divorce and send her out of his scandal day, and if anything else is burglars and ghosts." And then she but he made no provisions for the wife glance at the excited faces will furto shut the door against the husband. nish evidence. It is pulling and haul-But customs as well as laws have un- ing to secure the most available seats, dergone a radical change since Moses' and when they are secured these faces time. The rule in these degenreate days say. "Now, ring up the curtain." is to recognize the fact that woman has Meanwhile and during the lulls a reached about as great a distance from woman may be seen plying her knitthe jungle as man has, and another ting needles, and a man here and there fact is made clear that four women scanning faces, as if trying to make a undertake to send their husbands out selection for a wife-his third of

cept to feed their minds upon the stor-Perhaps so, and perhaps not, many of | Companion. them belong to the ranks of the legally separated, but, if their facial expression, either in repose or in expectancy, indicates anything, it says they do belong there, and even the casual student

of human nature would be constrained to congratulate their late matrimonial partners on their escape from such barbarians. Every Saturday morning the crowds at the court house elevators waiting

rooms remind one that it is domestic wanted to convince one of that fact, a



A CHICAGO DIVORCE MILL IN ACTION.

of the house to one man who tries the fourth, more or less. So the divorce game. And because the one will not court is a place not only where matrimove out at the bidding of the other monial ties are severed, but also where Her teeth were chattering, and her the strong arm of the law is appealed they are originated. to to expedite the going.

Nor are the ethics of tearing matrithe partnership is com

Whether men are, on the whole, more manly than women are womanly monial ties into tatters considered a has always been an open question, but "John, what do you think? The whit more seriously at this day than it is true, according to the records of Smiths' flat has been robbed and they were thousands of years ago. In the divorce courts, not only in Chica- and Miss Elsie French, whose engagethere's hardly a scrap of anything left. fact, it was not very much of an ethical go, but everywhere else, that the averquestion then, nor is it now. Then it age man will bear about every indigwas wife ownership by the husband, nity before he will face the publicity rugs and Mrs. Smith's sealskin. And and to-day, according to the secular of a divorce trial. It is equally true the silver's all gone, and the house- laws, the relation between husband that nearly all men will avoid making oh, you just should see it! It's knee and wife is largely one of dissoluble the charge of faithlessness if somedeep with the things that they've partnership by petition by either one of thing else can be used to secure the his father had passed by his eldest son, pulled out of the dressers and ward- the parties in interest to judicial au- desired end. He has a thousand times Cornelius J., and had left the entre thority. The judicial authority orders greater horror of the public knowing fortune of \$100,000,000 to himself. Very shows that to be true. Still, there are

of the verses, which he had rememberies that fall from the witness stand. ed from hearing her.-Woman's Home

GREW HIS UMBRELLA STOCK.

Infinite Pains of a St. Louisan Be stowed Upon a Maple Sapling.

A guest of one of the principal hotels yesterday exhibited a curious and beautiful umbrella handle to a party of admiring friends. It was a crook of silver maple wood, bearing the natural bark, and its ornament consisted of three heavy gold bands, or rings, encircling the shaft at equal distances. What made it remarkable was the self-ovident fact that the bands had been put on when the branch from which the handle was made was part of a living tree, and much smaller in diameter. The wood had grown through and around the confining metal and bulged out at either side. producing an odd and striking effect. "It took me four years to get the material ready for this umbrella handle,' said the proud owner. "I live in the suburbs of St Louis and have several fine maple trees on the premises. In 1893 the idea occurred to me, and 1 had a jeweler make me these three rings, which I slipped over a small

branch and tied at the proper distance with cords. I had to select a very diminutive branch, because otherwise the twigs would have prevented the rings from going on, and I picked out one pretty high up so it would be out of the way of pilferers. Then 1 waited patiently for nature to clinch the bands by process of growth. I said nothing about the experiment, and the family often wondered why in the world I climbed that tree so often. 1 am a traveling man, and waenever | returned from the road I would lose no time in taking a look at my prospective umbrella handle. It was slow work, however, and the fall of 1897 had rolled around before I finally cut the branch. Then I turned it over to an expert, who kept it ten months longer, seasoning and polishing it, and bending the upper end into the crook, which was done by a process of steaming. The result is what you see. I am convinced it is the only thing of its kind in the world, and I take good care to keep it away from umbrella thieves."-New Orleans Times-Demo-

YOUNG VANDERBILT TO WED. His Bride-to-Ee, Elsie French, Is of an

Ancient Family. An important society event at some still undeterminate date will be the marriage of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, head of the Vanderbilt mill.ons, ment was recently announced. Young Vanderbilt was boin in 1877 and graduated from Yale in 1899. He was making a tour of the world and had reached Japan when his father died. Returning home, he found that

that the partnership be continued or that he "has been fooled" than a wo- generously, however, Alfred Gwynne dissolved, and when the court has man has for her husband's faithless- disregarded this arrangement and turn- Like is not one in fifty-four billion. spoken its decree is enduring if the dis- ness. The science of social economy ed over some \$7,000,000 to his brother. This action was a noble one. A fam ly stitches in a pair of hand-sewed boots. man are to be found here and there affected many innocent persons who who do not hesitate to break up their were interested in Vanderbilt propermarriage relations deliberately and ties. It seemed proper and co:rect enough to settle all dispute by giving

There Are No Longer Gentlemen

Dignity and Breeding. The "grand manner" has gone from

the world and the world seems little put out at its departure. Time was when it was a token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship unadorned with it was held up to naked scorn as naked pedantry; manners with no touch of the grand air could not pass muster in polite circles; literature saw in it the sum and substance of its being. It did duty for a whole lexicon of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a 🛧 very simple theory of society and human life. If men are to wear honors and successes lightly, the background of ease will come into prominence, and they will study to amuse. And so came that social finesse which our greatgrandmothers adored, those bowings and smirkings which their grandchildren scoffed at, and the whole pleasing

science of the beau monde. The tear of sensibility may be dropped over its tomb, but there can be no question of its revival. The most its admirers can do is to write the history of its floruit. It belonged to an age when wealth, leisure, culture and all the good things of life were confined to a class, and it drooped and withered at the advent of democracy. Our modern seriousness and our modern business-like air killed it, and they chose the cruelest of weapons. It might have survived frank opposition; it could not endure being made to look ridiculous.

But with the rubbish went much that was admirable. At its best this grand manner meant an exuberant vitality, a genuine zest for life. Its exponents might fail, but they failed gallantly. It all worked out to a kind of intense self-respect, which might be ludicrous, but was rarely ignoble.

Most great men have been many-slded, but with the gentlemen of the grand air it was a social duty, and all traces of the process must be hidden from sight.

Disraeli was almost the last of the "grand manner" disciples, and the abuse of him which was current for se long shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affectation it was, though a charming and sometimes a noble one. Versatility can never be abolished, but a pretense of ease and insouciance and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry and haste, and for the most part we frankly confess that dignity is a nuisance and an anchronism. But the other side of the thing-the taste for a liberal cultureshows signs of revival and we may see a return to the grand manner, brought

London Spectator.



The chance of two finger prints being There are nearly two thousand

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes, John. And won't you come some, please. I let Sadle take baby over to your mother's and everybody in the building is out and I'm having scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer. "John, do you know I'd just be scared

stiff if you weren't here." John smiled sadly. "You won't go off on that hunting

trip, will you?" "Well-ll-ll," he drawled uncertain-

"I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick, or the baby, or my grandmother's set of china. And-I'm not a bit afraid when you're here. Honest, I'm not!"

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the diningroom windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eves.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar-scarer, God bless that man that stole those things downstairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths. but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after, Or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back .- Chicago Times-Herald.

Whole Town of Fiddle-Makers.

The only place in the world where violin-making may be said to constitute against anyone, he simply kept himself the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surround ing villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, gray headed veteran and aged grandmother, are all constantly employed making some part or other of this musical in-

> The man who is as honest as the day is long never gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning to be led into temptation.

Some women are near-sighted, but the fidgets. I don't know what I'm they manage to hear all that's going OB

solution manded, but if not the belligerents exceptions, of course, which are to be feud over the distribution of the Vansurely will continue the battle in an- expected as long as a man and a wo- derbilt interests would inevitably have other judicial ring.

Hear Cases on Saturdays.

The Chicago courts, says the Chronicle, devote Saturdays to hearing divorce cases, and the mills of these judicial gods go at a very rapid rate, but not carelessly or with indifference. Doubtless very many people will be amazed when told that 3,000 divorces are granted every year by the Chicago courts, and as they hear such cases only one day in the week it is found

that after deducting holidays the weekly average is great. It is ascertained, too, that four-fifths of the petitions are filed by women, and nine-tenths of the charges are drunkenness, cruel treatment and abandonment.

Nearly all men applicants for divorce make charges against their wives un-

der the guise of "incompatibility." Only occasionally, except in cases of abandonment, does a defendant let the case go against him or her by default. There seems to be a streak in the nature of such people that forces them to wind up their matrimonial relations by flinging mud, so that the other one shall go out into the world besmirched with suspicion and branded with letters that spell "vicious," "devilish," "beastly," "fiendish." When such cases are on the boards the crowd of spectators is always large, for the play deals only in perfidy, hypocrisy, falsehood, mud-flinging, cussedness and human

depravity. It is said that some men and more women are afflicted with a mania to attend funerals, and that it matters little to them whether it be a funeral of a friend, an acquaintance or a stranger. It is enough for them to know that it is a funeral, and that they are "in it" and enjoying the pleasure of the mournful occasion. But however much a funeral may charm some people, one blind. One of the visitors to the readmust go to a divorce court when facts ing room for the blind in the National which should not be volced in public are being told.

There the article that gladdens the raw and by wholesale. There these vultures find the supreme heights of their hearts' delight in pathetic, in brutal and in coldly indifferent rec'tals of the board slowly read to her twice. She misfortunes of husbands and wives. A study of the faces of the habi-

tues of divorce courts is likely to make only three mistakes, a feat which it the founders of Ipswich, Mass., in 1636. one believe that the process of evolution has been reversed in them, and to surpass. One afternoon Mrs. Ward, is an athletic young woman, with a that they are grinding at the mills of the Kansas vice regent of the Mount fondness for sailing, riding, swimming involution, the grist of which is Vernon Association, read in the pa- and tennis. She was a playmate of her hearts that are happlest when misery, disappointment and cruelty are haul- Iron Quill's well-known verses on 21 years old. ing others to and fro in the slough of social and domestic slime and filth. Such habitues are mostly women-

purposely.

crat.

MISS ELSIE FRENCH. [] ALFRED GWYN VAN DER BILT

MILLIONAIRE TO WED HEIRESS.

and unnatural nervousness and anxiety | finance. in which the court sees a conspiracy.

God know the real why.

Wonderful Memories of the Blind. The acuteness of their memories seems to be a compensation for the There was none provided, so Mr. own. The girl sat down to the ma-Dewey's victory, beginning, "Oh,

But when such cases come before the away a king's ransom, but how many divorce court, if the judge has had young men are there just out of college much experience, the court knows who could have done it so quickly and them almost immediately. The first so gracefully. Alfred Gwynne is a mod-



of the parties in interest is almost sure | est young man and is said to have into present a telltale facial expression herited the Vanderbilt genius for

Young Vanderbilt inherited the Vanand many is the divorce refused on derbilt millions in accordance with the that ground, but only the judge and his traditions of the family. At the death of old Commodore Vanderblit, the founder of the family, the bulk of his

Vanderbilt, who was said to have inherited about \$75,000,000 at the age of 56.

When William H. Vanderbilt d'ed he Library at Washington expressed a left the bulk of his fortune to his eldest peared, and at last wrote to Mr. Beldesire to learn to use the typewriter. son, Cornellus, who inherited alout lairs, telling him that he would put him 000 from his father, the latter cutting Somerset. chine, and had explained to her the off the elder son because of the latter's position of the letters and the key- marriage, which displeased the father, His bride-to-be is a daughter of the practiced for a few moments, and then late Ormond French, who was tenth in wrote a letter in which there were descent from Edward French, one of would be difficult for a seeing person She is an heiress in her own right and vilion. While doing so she repeated future husband in her childhood and is

Dewey was the morning." Later in Nothing succeeds like the success of the afternoon one of the blind listeners a man who has a political pull.

San Diego, Cal., has a lemon grove covering one thousand acres. It is said to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, with 170 acres.

Eighteen thousand bills and joint resolutions were presented by members In the last Congress-12,608 in the House and 5,855 in the Senate.

Table Mountain, Cape Town, South Africa, is a magnificent natural curiosity. It is nearly four thousand feet in height and has a level top about three square miles in area.

Wedding festivities in Cairo, Egypt, sually continue for three days, during which time there is constant feasting and jollification. The guests are expected to remain while the festivities last.

In the western part of British Columbia is a novel railway, two miles in length. The rails are made of trees. from which the bark has been stripped. and these are bolted together. Upon them runs a car, with grooved wheels ten Inches wide.

At Bosco Reale, on the slopes of Vesuvius, near Pompeli, excavations have brought up the most remarkable paintings of the Roman period yet discovered. In the grounds of the Del Prisco villa a great peristyle and four large rooms have been unearthed, the walls of which are covered by twenty large frescoes of rich covering and careful execution. The figures are life size.

A Belligerent Archdeacon.

Canon Bellairs, of England, who died recently, was an old enemy of the belligerent Archdeacon Denison. He was a school inspector before the act of fortune passed to his son, Will am H. 1870, and East Brent was in his district. The archdeacon objected to government inspection of his school, taught the children to sing some lines of ridicule when his brother clergyman ap-\$\$0,000,000 at the age of 42. And now in the village horse pond if he again heart of such people most is given out Hutcheson very kindly sent down his Alfred Gwynne has inherited \$100,000,- dared to show his face in that part of

Hunting the Ditch.

The revolutionist leader was rapidly getting ahead of his men in the wild retreat.

The private who sprinted just at his heels managed to say: "Why do you run? I thought you bragged that you would die in the last ditch?"

"I will-I will, my boy; but the last ditch is some distance away, and I must hurry if I keep my word."

And the little band of heroes contin-

ued to annihilate time and distance.-Baltimore American.