

OUR SHORT STORY

"Career of a Capitalist."

I had long had a desire to become a capitalist. Lucille seemed to think it smart to laugh at me for this extremely laudable and perfectly natural ambition. As for her, she wasted her substance in riotous living, spending every cent of her salary on opera tickets, imported toilet articles and tortoiseshell with a reckless disregard for the future that could only mean one thing, namely, matrimonial hopes.

And, to tell the truth, Lucille was attractive enough to warrant her having some hopes in this direction, and could have had her pick any time from half a dozen young fellows, each one of whom got almost as much salary as she did.

But that has nothing to do with my own ambitions, which were of a very different sort. I say were, for I'm not so sure about them now, my first experience as a capitalist having rather unsettled my views of life for the time being.

I was very young indeed when I first formed my ideas as to the desirability of wealth. It was my father, in my childhood, who had Mr. Higginson used to come to church in his great fur-lined overcoat and dirty linen, and I observed how the minister and the elders crowded around him to shake his hand, when he was such a hateful old curmudgeon then, and I privately thought the Lord ought to have made some sort of a public apology for perverting him on the community.

"Oh, Higginson has got a lot of money out at interest," my father would say when I ventured to wonder why people made such a fuss over a dirty and disagreeable old man.

What a marvelous power "money out at interest" must be, I thought, when I can transform a beggar, as Higginson into an acceptable companion.

And so at that early age I was made acquainted with the potency of wealth, and I resolved that some day I, too, should have "money out at interest."

When I was made head stenographer in a big law office I considered my ambition as good as realized. It had seemed so far away before that I'd never tried to save very much, but now that I was fairly well paid I began to lay up money at a frantic rate.

"If you get another raise in your salary you'll be so stinky you'll take to lurching out of the mudslide bottle and wearing your bicycle suit to church," declared Lucille in disgust.

But I just let her jeer and kept on economizing, and at last there came a day when I had \$1,000 in the bank.

Mr. Amams, a friend of my father's, invested it for me in a first mortgage on a suburban cottage, and when the papers were signed I went home flushed and triumphant.

"Congratulations, Lucille," I cried, throwing myself into a chair and my hat on the couch. "I have investigated me!"

Lucille was trimming a hat to wear to the theater that night, one of those silly white tulle affairs that a single shower will transform into an imitation custard pie before your eyes.

"Huh!" she exclaimed. "I believe you think you've done something really fine. Sara Dunning, if you don't look out, your nose will grow hooked just like Mr. Dunkelspell's down at the pawn-broker's shop."

"What do I care?" I retorted gayly. "I've got money out at interest, Lucille. Do you realize what that means?"

"It means that you've worked like a slave and denied yourself all pleasure for a year and a half to get it, and you're thin as a shad and as yellow as a lemon. Come on and go to the theater tonight and forget that you're a capitalist long enough to enjoy yourself, that's a dear."

But the fever was in my blood, and I wouldn't listen to her.

So I went on putting money in the bank, and looked forward eagerly to the time when the interest from my investment would begin to come in.

It was paid promptly enough the first quarter and the second. Then it lapsed. Six months went by and no interest.

"It seems to me," remarked Lucille one day, "that you'd better invest that money in a dead end."

"Oh, don't worry yourself," I retorted snappishly. I was nervous of late, and besides, Mr. Higginson was allowed to be as cross as he liked, I remembered.

"Well, it's a great thing to have money out at interest," she responded airily, tilting her sailor hat over her nose and shaking out her rustling

skirts preparatory to going out. She was really outrageously pretty.

At the door she met some one coming in. A pale, forlorn-looking old woman, with a pinched face and an appearance of having cried for six months.

"Is this Miss Dunning?" she asked. I assured her it was, and she proceeded timidly: "I called to see you about that mortgage."

"Ah, yes," I said, hastening to shut the door on Lucille, who was lingering in the hall in an unprincipled fashion which I could not approve.

"We've been unable to meet our payments lately," went on my visitor in a depressed tone, "and yesterday your agent sent me word you intended to foreclose. Oh, Miss Dunning, don't. Please don't be hard on us. My poor husband has been sick in bed for a year, and if we lose our little home it will kill him."

Here the poor creature burst out crying, and I reached for my handkerchief, feeling somewhat that being a capitalist wasn't such fun as I imagined.

"Oh, Miss Dunning," proceeded my guest, as soon as she was able to speak, "if you knew how hard we worked to build that house. We put the savings of years into it, thinking that in our old age we'd have a roof over our heads. And now we must lose it all."

A fresh burst of sobbing interrupted her, and I swallowed a succession of what seemed to be cobblestones. I tried to think what Mr. Higginson would have done in such an emergency, and wondered if ever he felt as much like a chicken thief as I did at that moment.

"Why, don't cry," I managed to say at last. "I'll not deprive you of a home. I'll only bought the mortgage as an investment, you know."

Here I was actually apologizing for having "money out at interest." The poor woman went away a little comforted at last, and I went to bed with a nervous headache.

I rather lost interest in my mortgage after that. I didn't sleep well for some reason, and when I did doze a little my dreams were haunted by weeping old ladies. I got a bad habit of going into a brown study at inconvenient times, and would start guiltily when spoken to suddenly.

One day I got a note from Mr. Adams saying he was going to foreclose at once, and assuring me that I'd get my money all right—I needn't worry. Somehow I didn't find the assurance comforting, and went home without any appetite for supper.

"May the Lord preserve me from ever becoming a capitalist," cried Lucille, looking at my face as I sat trying to read after supper. "You look, my dear, for all the world like Judas Iscariot after he was found out. A funeral would be cheerful beside you. The goodness Bob is coming to-night."

Bob is Lucille's cousin, a young lawyer, and the jolliest boy going. But alas when he came, Bob was in the blues, too. He sighed like a furnace every few minutes, and finally announced that he couldn't stay.

I want to see a man named Adams about a mortgage," he said, and I turned cold all over.

"It's the saddest case I ever heard of," he went on. An old couple who are clients of mine had a mortgage on their home. It was bought a year or so ago by some shark or other."

I covered my eyes with my hands just here, and Lucille coughed in an embarrassing way. But Bob noticed nothing and proceeded in a troubled tone:

"Of course, they couldn't keep up the interest. Whoever bought the mortgage knew that they couldn't. Such people always figure on that, you know, and now the poor old chap has gone crazy over losing his home—oh, daffy, you know—and his poor wife will be turned out unless something is done."

There was a dead silence for a moment when he stopped, and then I got up without a word, and going to my desk, unlocked the drawer where I kept the precious mortgage. With trembling fingers I seized my pen and with a few strokes canceled the mortgage, and as I did so a load rolled off my heart.

"I cried eagerly to the mystified Bob, "take this to that poor woman, quick, tonight!"

"Oh, Sara," cried Lucille, "you worked so hard for that money."

"So has she," I said. "And I am young and strong, while she is old and

helpless. Oh, Lucille, if you knew how I hated myself lately."

Lucille took me in her arms, and then explained things to Bob, while I cried a little, though I couldn't help thinking what Mr. Higginson would have said at my behavior.

We got Bob off at last, as happy as a lord, and then Lucille embraced me again.

"You were never cut out for a capitalist. I knew it all the time," she cried, triumphantly.

"Thank you, dear," I said meekly. "And say, Lucille, let's go to hear Maude Adams tonight."

"Why," she exclaimed, her eyes as big as saucers, "the prices are away up in G."

"Who cares?" I said. "I'm richer to-night than I've been for years."

And we went.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A Will of Her Own.

The czar and czarina are constant surprises to their subjects. They continue to thrust time-honored customs and enact new thoughts. Comparatively little is known of the czar's life, as it is spent for the most part within the palace walls. Occasionally, however, facts find their way outside the royal domain. Her first action in refusing to give up her baby, little Olga, to hired nurses. Her own mother had nursed her children, so had Queen Victoria. She did the same with the second little girl, who is called by the English name of Viky. The czar's second act to astonish Russia was her persistence in refusing to take a retinue of ladies with her to drive. She would take one or two, but no more.

The former czar, now the dowager, had always ridden with a mounted equestrian on each side of her. The czarina before her had been accompanied by two carriages of ladies. But the czarina, Alice of Hesse, wanted nothing of the sort—only a lady to act as companion. The czar then decided to have her gowns made in the royal palace by her seamstress. It was the etiquette of the court to send to Paris for evening frocks and to London for tailor suits and to establishments in St. Petersburg for everyday frocks. But the czarina ordered all her costume made at home, except a few that were purchased at the shops. She likewise ordered the table to be laid in a simple manner. The czarina has brought the habits of the court of England into Russia as nearly as possible, and the czar is delighted at the banishment of some of the curious old formalities.

Tinted Glassware.

There is very little white glass seen on the tables of the fashionable dinner-givers just now. It seems to have quite gone out of style, and colored tumblers and small glasses are all the rage. For instance, at a very large luncheon the other day the entire glass service of the table was of an exquisite shade of green.

Bohemian glass, including tumblers, finger bowls, and dishes and water pattern traced on it, and the effect was really charming. To carry out completely the color scheme of this luncheon, the floral center piece was of asparagus vine, arranged in moss, in an oval basket. Amber glass is also very fashionable, and so is rose color, but green seems to be the most popular. There was a time, not so long ago, when the fad was to have nothing but white cut glass on the table. Now colored glass is accepted by those who profess to know how to set a dinner or luncheon table well, as the correct thing to use.

Fancies of Fashion.

Boleros are as long-lived as the blouse. They can be made out of almost anything. The newest have a half sleeve which reaches a little below the elbow.

A pretty spring garment comes to us in the shape of the Marie Antoinette fashions, much befrilled, with rounded ends, tied in the front or at the back. These dresses are usually made of black lace tulle, and the frills are either pinked out or edged with white fringes.

Boas are seen; they suit tall women very well. The variety in cravats is endless, but white tulle keeps well to the front. Collars rise in two points under the ears or are heavily waved at the back, and are hardly waved at the front, which will save both purse and locks.

It is softly coiled high on top of the head in an insolent knot of curls kept in place by fancy combs. Side bouquets are still the rage for evening wear, and bunches of cherries or violets are poised over each ear a la Jap. Louis Seize knots of velvet or gauze, spangled with silver, are still much worn for evening coiffures.

She Wanted Perfection.

An obtuse, supercilious woman, who evidently thought she was a lady, was trying the patience of an old German florist while making her selection of flowers for Easter. The collection did not suit her, and after more or less of unpleasant comment and criticism, the old man became impatient, and delivered the rebuke she needed. "Goot madam, me not ask me how I will haf them. I can't gif hummin'-birds mit every rose. You is not like dat yourself. I never often see de lady das was beautiful, dat was young, dat could sing, dat was good temper, dat know her mind, all in one lady. No, I see her not."

When Shoes Are Fitted.

"People would find less difficulty with ready-made shoes," said the experienced salesman, "if they would stand up to fit them on instead of sitting down. Nine persons out of ten, particularly women, want a comfortable chair while they are fitting a shoe, and it is with the greatest difficulty you can get them to stand for a few minutes, even when the shoe is fitted. Then, when they begin walking on the feet, they wonder why the shoes are not so comfortable as they were at first trial.

A woman's foot is considerably smaller when she sits in a chair than when she walks about. Exercise brings a larger quantity of blood into the feet, and they swell appreciably. The muscles also require certain space. In buying shoes this fact should be borne in mind."

Our Slimy Figures.

How eager our women are to appear as long-drawn-out and thin as possible is shown by the fact that they have padded petticoats for quite some

time, and now the lining follows suit, the lower edge of the skirt being faced with a wide fold of silk to prevent the hem from being altogether too flimsy. Double-faced material is mostly used for these dresses, one side being a black and white plaid and the reverse either blue, red, green, etc.

And it is strange what a hold this tight-fitting fashion has gained on our women, so much so, in fact, that every one is trying to see how tight she can get her skirts, and it may not be long before we look like animated umbrellas stuck in a tight casing. From an economical point of view this is, of course, very laudable, because we do not need much material, but from an aesthetic view it is anything but pretty.

Two Dishes—Simple and Good.

Stew the cherries, preferably sour ones, and sweeten to taste. Butter the requisite number of slices of bread; pile them on a large platter, pouring over each slice a liberal allowance of the hot cherries. Set away and serve cold.

Cut the stem end from a number of good-sized firm tomatoes, allowing one to each person. Scoop out the seeds and turn them upside down. Dust each with salt, pepper and chopped parsley and carefully drop in a raw egg. On the egg drop a bit of butter and a little seasoning, arrange the tomatoes in a shallow pan, well oiled, and place in a very hot oven until the eggs are set. This gives a very tasty dish.

The Poets.

There'll Come a Day.

There'll come a day when the sunniest splendor
Of earth, or sky, or sea,
Whate'er their miracles, sublime or tender,
Will make no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the aspiration,
Now with such fervor fraught,
As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,
Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches,
Honor, glory,
Music and song and art,
Will look like puppets in a worn-out story.

Where each has played his part.
There'll come a day when human
Love, the sweetest
Gift, that includes the whole
Of God's grand giving—sovereignest,
Complete—
Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day—I will not care
How passes
The cloud across my sight,
If only, lark-like, from earth's nested
Grass, I spring to meet its light.

The Truth.

Friend, though thy soul should burn
Thee, yet be still,
Thoughts were not meant for strife,
Nor tongues for swords.

He that sees clear is gentlest of his
Tongues,
And that's not truth that hath the
Heart to kill.

The whole world's thought shall not
One truth fulfill.
Dull in our age, and passionate in
youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect
truth,
Nor shall thou find it; therefore,
friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the
fool,
The babbling of consistency and rule;
Wiser is he who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day
by day.

Tomorrow some new light will shine,
be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another
way.

Golden Rule of Exercise.

Maurice Thompson, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, seems to think there is a good deal of exercise taken that is not only not helpful, but injurious. This is what he says:

Physical exercise has been so much insisted upon recently in considering the best development of men and women that both theory and practice have been pushed to dangerous extremes. A sound mind in a sound body is the thing most desired, and the hasty conclusion seems to have been reached by a great many people that if physical exercise is good the more of it the better. An immense amount of energy is being expended in too long-continued application to the pleasant and stimulating activities known as athletic training.

Our remarks need not be confined in their application to those who go into training called "professional training," but may be taken to heart by all who ride the wheel, play golf, excel in rowing, fencing, boxing, or go enthusiastically into any other sport or pastime involving great physical exertion.

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certainly sustains great injury to the vital centers. Two draughts are made up of one; it is like borrowing money at ruinous interest to pay a debt.

The first thing to know on this subject of exercise is that rest must follow work. If you are mentally or physically fatigued, twenty minutes of sleep are worth more to you at such a time than two hours of the bicycle or the gymnasium. Take the sleep first, then you are ready for action, and may go heartily out for a spin.

Your nerve centers have been readjusted and recharged by the great restorer, sleep; you are in trim for getting the very greatest pleasure and benefit from reasonable physical activities. Take this, then, as the golden rule of exercise. Never go directly from hard physical exertion to hard mental labor, and never go immediately from exhausting mental exertion to great physical activity. Let rest, and if possible sleep, intervene.

No physiologist doubts that change from one sort of exercise to another, and the alternation of physical and mental occupations can be of great recreational benefit when properly regulated. Bodily exertion in the open air is conducive to health and longevity, so in mental activity; but reckless rushing from exhaustion in one to additional exhaustion in the other cannot fail to injure the physique and shorten the life of the person who does it.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

Edison's Clothes-Pin.

Possibly one of the secrets of Thomas A. Edison's success as an inventor in his forethought. The wizard of Menlo Park does not believe in leaving anything undone that can be done to further his physical activity. An illustration may be cited in his wonderful curiosity shop. This shop is a high-ceilinged room, the walls of which are filled with shelves divided into pigeon-holes and drawers. Here are kept and properly labeled all manner of materials used in laboratories and workshops. No mineralogist has a finer collection of specimens. As to the Smithsonian Institution or the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History are not more complete. The collection, for instance, of bamboo

fibers, used in the electric-light bulbs, comprises every specimen known to science.

Besides these, the shop contains everything that an inventor could possibly want, whether he were inventing a new dynamo or a hobby horse that would shy at bicycles, or devising a gigantic electrical reproduction of the battle of Manila. Mr. Edison's idea in making the collection was to provide against any contingency that might arise.

"I want," he said, "to be prepared for any emergency. I don't want a million-dollar idea to go to waste while I am sending to town for ten cents' worth of material from the village store."

When the shop was stocked Mr. Edison thought he would test his completeness. Therefore he offered a prize of ten dollars to any of his assistants who should mention any material of possible use not contained in the collection. The prize was won by a bright young man after a hard day's work. And the missing article was a clothes-pin.

St. MARTIN, Que., May 16, 1895.

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