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Of the three varieties, I believe I have the least liking for the first. But, as a man, I liked Spencer Grenville North pretty well, although he had away. You know the Pinecliff. Some good people something like two or ten, or thirty millions-I've ergotten exactly how many.

I did not leave town that summer. I usually went down to a village on the south shore of Long M." You have heard that at Maurice's, cooks them better than anyone else

es agent that year for Binkly & Bing, the blue ribbon from the lot. He lays some that New York is the greatest summer-

for my vacation, which act was in accord with their large spirit of liberality. But, I remained in New Fork, which I had decided was the finest summer

On July the tenth, North came to town from his camp in the Adirondacks. Try to imagine a camp him give every citizen two or ten or thirty million dollars, and the trees will all gather around

sign some papers and stuff like that. My law-

delight the eyes of the favorites of Fortune." slices of bacon inside the trout, wraps it all in "Don't say that again," interrupted North, "un-

"Also in Central Pask," said North, "to delight corn husks—the husks of green corn, you know less you've actually got a job as General Passenger 'em there lots of times. But why are you in the lake and have fish suppers."

I went to some trouble to try to prove my theory to my friend. The Weather Bureau and the search to my friend. The Weather Bureau and the search to my friend.

"New York city," I began to recite, "is the finest down tables and chairs and damask cloths, and son had conspired to make the argument worthy

"No, you don't," said North, emphatically. "You camps that you millionaires have. And there are The city seemed stretched on a broiler directly champagne pails set about, disgracing the wild above the furnaces of Avenus. There was a kind don't spring that eld one on me. I know you flowers, and, no doubt, Madame Tetrazzini to sing of tepid gayety afoot and awheel in the boulevards, know better. Man, you ought to have gone up with in the boat pavilion after the trout." Volney and the Monroes and Lake Stanford and the Miss Kennedy and her aunt that you liked so they weren't stars by as far as light can travel in up a specious brilliancy and hespitable outlook, but

"I didn't say you did," said North. "We are ing summer. I don't believe it. If you do, why the crosstown streets the steps of the old brownhaving the greatest time we've ever had. The did you spend your summers there for the last stene houses were swarming with "stoopers," that pickerel and trout are so ravenous that I believe four years, even sneaking away from town on a motley race halling from skylight room and basethey would swallow your hock with a Montana cop- night train, and refusing to tell your friends where ment, bringing out their straw doorstep mats to we do every night or two—we tow a rewboat bethat Amaryllis has come to town. The coolest here, for a few minutes, I thought I had made a next afternoon he dropped in on me. hind each one with a big phonograph and a boy things, the freshest, the brightest, the cheicest, are score. An east wind, almost cool, blew across to change the discs in 'em. On the water, and to be found in the city. If you've nothing on hand the reofless roof. A capable erchestra concealed bad proposition in the summertime, after all. Since severely. "What else can you do to earn a living?" twenty yards behind yeu, they are not so bad. this evening I will show you."

skeller under a fan that can't stir up as many revlutions in a week as Nicaragua can in a day." We'll begin with the spin through the Park,

anyhow," I said. I was choking with the hot, stale air of my little apartment, and I wanted that good bill, an artificially cooled atmosphere, cold breath of the cool to brace me for the task of drinks, prompt service, and a gay, well-dressed auproving to my friend that New York was the dience. North was bored. greatest-and so forth.

are there this season and we run over to the dances "Where can you find air any fresher or purer twice a week. Can't you go back with me for a than this?" I asked, as we sped into Central's

niliar with a millionaire, because I hate both one sniff of the real Adirondack article in the enjoyment." for me. Here, while the bourgeoisie is away, I pine woods at daylight."

is meant kindly, but—the city in the summertime

Breath. As for trout, you know, yourself, that Jean,

"Be advised," said North. "My chef has pinched

can live as Nero lived—barring, thank heaven, the "I have heard of it," said I. "But for fragrance fiddling while the city burns at ninety in the and tang and a joy in the nostrils I would not shede. The tropics and the zones wait upon me like handmaidens. I sit under Florida palms and anates while Boreas himself, elecrically conjured up, blows upon me his Arctic your turpentine-scented tornadoes."

"don't you go there instead of staying cooped up in this Greater Bakery?"

"Because," said I, doggedly, "I have discovered

And an excellent dinner, mainly from the refrigerator, seemed to successfully back my judgment as
to summer resorts. But North grumbled all during the meal, and cursed his lawyers and prated
so of his confounded camp in the woods that I
began to wealth be would so hack there and lone. a little whirl between bicycle cops in Central Park ing the meal, and cursed his lawyers and prated and then a mug of sticky ale in some stuffy rath- so of his confounded camp in the woods that I began to wish he would go back there and leave me in my peaceful city retreat. After dining we went to a roof-garden vau

that was being much praised. There we found a

"If this isn't comfortable enor hottest August night for five years," I said, a little sarcastically, "you might think about the kids" boskiest dell.

"Air!" said North, contemptuously. "Do you call the fire escapes with their tongues hanging out, this air?—this muggy vapor smelling of garbage trying to get a breath of air that hasn't been fried oline smoke. Man, I wish you could get on both sides. The contrast might increase your

"Don't talk Socialism," said North. "I gave five hundred dollars to the free ice fund on the first of May. I'm contrasting these stale, artificial, holgive one puff of sea breeze across the bay down low, wearisome 'amusements' with the enjoyment a on my little boat dock on Long Island for ten of man can get in the woods. You should see the firs and pines do skirt dances during a storm; and "Then why," asked North, a little curiously, lie down flat and drink out of a mountain branch at the end of a day's tramp after the deer. That's the only way to spend a summer. Get out and live

"I agree with you absolutely," said I, with em-

"Ha." said North, "I see. May I ask her name?"

Silver Cord. She is to have a better part next

"Take me to see her," said North. Binkley & Bing I had tried to keep her before the public. As Robert James Vandiver I had salt breeze on the south shore of Long Island and of 'Fresh strawber-rees' under your window in the listen to the ducks quack in the watches of the morning when you want to sleep.

But she had a soul above ducks—above nightinvery beautiful, with quiet ways, and seemed genu-ine. She had both taste and talent for the stage, and she liked to stay at home and read and make caps for her mother. She was unvaryingly kind and friendly with Binkley & Bing's press agent. Since the theatre had closed she had allowed Mr. Vandiver to call in an unofficial role. I had often spoken to her of my friend, Spencer Grenville North; and so, as it was early, the first turn of the vaudeville being not yet over, we left to find roaring city for me."

Miss Ashton would be very glad to see Mr. Van-

diver and Mr. North. We found her fitting a new cap on her mother. I never saw her look more charming.

North made himself disagreeably entertaining. He was a good talker, and had a way with him. He was a good talker, and had a way with him. "You have been very good to me," she said.
Besides, he had two, ten, or thirty millions, I've hesitatingly, "and I thought I would tell you. I er's cap, whereupon she brought out her store of a dozen or two and I took a course in edgings and frills. Even though Annie's fingers had pinked, or uched, or hemmed, or whatever you do to 'em, hey pailed upon me. And I co hear North

Two days after that I saw North in his motor

stick to soft drinks you can keep about as cool

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" said I.
"It certainly does. Now, I found some whitebait yesterday, at Maurice's, with a new sauce that beats anything in the trout line I ever tasted."

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I said. "Immense. The sauce is the main thing with "It makes a difference, doesn't it?" I asked,

looking him straight in the eye. He understood.
"Look here, Bob," he said, "I was going to tell you. I couldn't help it. I'll play fair with you, but I'm going in to win. She is the 'one particu-"All right," said I. "It's a fair field. There are

no rights for you to encroach upon." On Thursday afternoon Miss Ashton invited

North and myself to have tea in her apartment. He was devoted, and she was more charming than usual. By avoiding the subject of caps I managed to get a word or two into and out of the talk. Miss Ashton asked me in a make-conversational tone something about the next season's tour. "Oh," said I, "I don't know about that. I'm not

going to be with Binkley & Bing next season." "Why, I thought," said she, "that they were going to put the Number One road company under your charge. I thought you told me so."

For one moment I had relaxed my vigilance, and "They were," said I, "but they won't. I'll tell had spoken my true sentiments. North looked at you what I'm going to do. I'm going to the south e long and curiously.

Shore of Long Island and buy a small cettage Island and buy a small cettage Island why, in the name of Pan and Apollo," he know there on the edge of the bay. And Pil buy asked, "have you been singing this deceitful paean a catboat and a rowboat and a shotgun and I'll smell the salt wind all day when it blows from the sea, and the pine odor when it blows from "Annie Ashton," said I, simply. "She played the land. And, of course, I'll write plays until Nannette in Binkley & Bing's production of 'The I have a trunk full of 'em on hand.

"And the next thing and the biggest thing I'll do will be to buy that duck farm next door. Few people understand ducks. I can watch 'em for Miss Ashton lived with her mother in a small hours. They can march better than any company notel. They were out of the West, and had a little in the National Guard, and they can play follow money that bridged the seasons. As press agent of my leader better than the entire Democratic party. Their voices don't amount to much, but I like to hear 'em. They wake you up a dozen times hoped to withdraw her; for if ever one was made night, but there's a homely sound about their to keep company with said Vandiver and smell the quacking that is more musical to me than the cry

"And." I went on, enthusiastically, "do you know the value of ducks besides their beauty and gales; aye, even above birds of paradise. She was intelligence and order and sweetness of voice? very beautiful, with quiet ways, and seemed genu-Picking their feathers gives you an unfailing and the feathers were sold for \$400 in one year. Thi of that! And the ones shipped to the market will bring in more money than that. Yes, I am for the ducks and the salt breeze coming over the bay. I think I shall get a Chinaman cook, and with him and the dog and the sunsets for company I shall do well. No more of this dull, baking, senseless,

"I am going to begin one of my plays tonight," I said. "so I must be going." And with that I took

A few days later Miss Ashton telephoned to me, asking me to call at four in the afternoon. I did. am going to leave the stage."

"Yes," said I, "I suppose you will. They usually do when there's so much money." "There is no money," she said, "or very little.

"But I am told," said I, "that he has something driveling to Annie about his odious Adirondack like two or ten or thirty millions—I have forgotten "I know what you mean," she said. "I will not



"Bobby," said he, "this old burg isn't such a "Then why are you leaving the stage?" I asked,

couple of electric launches; and "Il tell you what and discovered it. But since then I have learned North and I dined on the top of a hotel; and car with Miss Ashton and her mother. On the pretend that I do not. I am not going to marry and discovered it. But since then I have learned North and I dined on the top of a hotel; and car with Miss Ashton and her mother.

in a bower of wistaria played with sufficient judg. I've been knocking around it looks better to me. She came closer to me, and I can see the look "I'm free," said North, "and I have my light car ment to make the art of music probable, and the There are some first-rate musical comedies and in her eyes yet as she spoke.

I'ght operas on the roofs and in the outdoor gar "I can pick ducks," she said. And there are passably good reads through the woods where we go metering. I shipped two cars

I'm free, said North, and I have my light car art of conversation possible.

I'm free, said North, and I have my light car art of conversation possible.

I'm free, said North, and I have my light car art of conversation possible.

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-buries them in het ashes and covers them with Agent of the Subway, You can't really believe

"Oh, ne," said North, concernedly, "we were straw hats and evening clothes, and rows of idle never as bad as that. We did have a variety taxicabs with their flags up, looking like a block-

troupe up from the city three or four nights, but aded Fourth of July procession. The hetels kept

the same length of time. I always like a few inside one saw vast empty caverns, and the foothome comforts even when I'm roughing it. But rails at the bars gleamed brightly from long disacdon't tell me you prefer to stay in the city dur- quaintance with the sole-leather of customers. In

you eat with silver forks. I know the kind of of an able advocate.

mainly evinced by languid men strolling about in

sit and fill the air with strange noises and opin-

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The balance of the programme is also commendable. It includes a pretty transformation picture, Flowered Frames; formation picture, Flowered Frames; thing that to be appreciated must be safely from the always reliable love story.

The balance of the programme is also commendable. It includes a pretty transformation picture, Flowered Frames; formation picture, Flowered Frames; the much trodden path of western dramas.

The story in itself is weak, but the

"Because," said , "they might have followed me ions.