

A Lesson in Time

By J. K. MARSHALL

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There was no more devoted and happy couple than the Wards, who had been married a few short weeks; but today Helen was not happy, this was due to the fact that she had taken the time this morning to review the events of the past few weeks. She knew that Bruce loved her dearly, and in his good-heartedness would do anything to make her happy. But now she was to acknowledge he had one serious fault, which was a menace to their future happiness. His belief that it was his sole right to supervise everything about the household clashed harshly with her free and independent ideas.

Helen had religiously refused to allow these thoughts to enter her mind until last evening, when they had been retained for the first time in their new home. She had looked forward with much pleasure to this event, and thought with a touch of pride how Mrs. Warren would compliment her on the bluster of delight that she and Bruce had created for their home. But Helen had created for their home, but she had been to her as stood by and looked on, Bruce, in answer to the many pleasant exclamations from the guests, as they viewed the furnishings, as she credited to himself, in a proprietary manner, not one word of praise for herself. The realization of this trait in Bruce had spoiled her evening, and she was unable to be the gay, light-hearted girl that had always known.

After the guests had departed Bruce had asked her what was wrong; but her efforts at an explanation only aroused in him a feeling of resentment. Her gentle remonstrances at his persistently ignoring her, not only in the selection of the household furnishings but their arrangement as well, had brought forth from him his declaration that he was master of his home.

She recalled the futility of further discussion of this subject with Bruce, because she knew him to be too positive in his ideas. She thought over all this carefully, and made up her mind to change things. Yes, she would begin right now. She called her mother on the phone and asked her to stop shopping with her.

Helen thought over the round cushions, new curtains for the windows and a beautiful rich brown cover for the library table. She had wanted these things in the living room, when she was first married. Well, now she was going to have the sun parlor, as she had always selected these things at home. Other women planned the arrangement of their homes. So would she.

After they had tea, she left her mother and went home. Hurdly slipping into her large blue gingham apron, she went to work. First she took down the curtains in the living room. Mrs. O'Brien had cleaned the windows two days ago, so she could now put up the new curtains. Then she opened her packages. "What a beautiful, rich golden brown," she thought, as she held the curtains up to admire them. "And how well they looked with the brown rug!" Soon the room took on a new and pretty effect. True, the curtains and other things that Bruce had bought were lovely, but they were not just what Helen had wanted; and then, the must show Bruce that she, too, could plan and furnish a room with excellent taste, and that it was her right.

Her work completed, she found it would be a little more than an hour before Bruce would be home. She would have plenty of time to dress and read awhile before starting to prepare dinner. She had just been in the sun parlor a few minutes, trying to become interested in a late novel, when Bruce arrived. She saw him coming up the walk, carrying a square white box under one arm and a long box in his other hand. "Flowers and candy," thought Helen. "This had happened once before, when Bruce left the house in a bad humor after breakfast, because Helen had served bacon with their eggs, and Bruce did not eat pork in any way, shape or form." Flowers and candy were his peace offering, which should cover any breach. Well, he must learn differently. The usually ran to the door to meet him, but today she pretended to be reading.

Bruce entered the house and, placing his packages on the table, he went to her quickly. "Helen, dear," he began, "I want to talk to you. It is about last night."

Helen gazed at him in surprise. Why, what did it mean? This pent-up tone from Bruce, and he had never before said he was sorry. Perhaps she had been too hasty about buying the new things for the living room.

"Oh, Bruce, wait! I want to tell you about this afternoon. I—" She was interrupted by Bruce. "I have been a selfish cad. I know how you must feel about my selecting everything for our home, and trying to supervise their arrangement. But I must tell you how I came to realize this. This morning going to town Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Traverser got on at Homewood. They took the seat right back of me. At

A Sleeping Beauty

By CELIA ROSE

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"Hello, Muggins!" Johnny Deeds shouted from the road. The figure in the rocking chair upon the porch did not lift its eyes from the book in hand, Johnny halted again—his answer was the silence of unconsciousness—clearly Louise Martin did not mean to admit that she had ever responded to the name of Muggins. Johnny grinned cheerfully and scattered up the winding way, to pause at the steps, doff his hat and say, with an elaborate obeisance: "Is the—all alone—lady of the home at home?"

"Not to-ragobon!" the rocking chair's occupant returned tranquilly, eyes still down. Next minute two warm hands fell over them—the head holding them was drawn gently back and a kiss planted upon a pair of soft red lips.

"That's how you wake a sleeping beauty, isn't it?" Johnny asked gullelessly. Louise had risen and looked at him, a furious scarlet flooding her cheeks. She dared not speak—if she did, she would either laugh or cry. Either meant triumph for Johnny, the lawless—she knew of old his capacity to torment her. Evidently she turned to go inside—then Johnny caught both her hands and sat her down, not very gently, saying: "No, you don't! Not in this company. What alls you, my mug? Use to be the best sort of sport, you did."

"You mean—I was a barbarian, the same as you," Louise burst out. "Well, I have learned better manners. Unless you can do the same—please keep away from here!"

"H—m! Is that a true word—or just makeup?" Johnny asked, the least shade of seriousness creeping into his face. Louise glared at him. "Will you never grow up?" she stormed. "You know, you must understand, my position here in my uncle's house. His wife is the very properest person—with a leaning to wild ways under the rose. If she had heard you say 'Muggins' I should never have been in strict privacy; she makes Uncle Ben think her a sort of grown-up snow white. Already she has seen me through her. If I knew anything of these mad, happy old days when we were playfellows, thinking and knowing no evil, she would have a whip ready to her hand, and would use it to put me through my paces."

"She'll kick my shins, girl. I'm willing to kick myself, because I see you ought to have thought of course, the neighbors know something of the dual personality of the new Mrs. Benjamin Martin. Still, I honestly didn't dream of making you trouble. Forgive me all my impertinence and let me know if I can help you in any way."

"Only in a very hard way for me," Louise said, sighing. "That is, by staying away until—be sure I'm not here for always. Uncle says Martin blood forbids my working. I have no other notion as to that—I'd rather have a floor for a living than stay here much longer."

"You need not stay a day—remember?" Johnny began significantly. Louise looked over her head, flushing deeply. "Don't let's think of impossibilities," she said, but sighed as she said it. Johnny laid a brotherly hand on her shoulder, asking: "Haven't you got over anything?" In reply she could only shake her head and turn away, biting her lips.

Johnny strode up and down the porch, his face dark, his brow deeply furrowed. Thus Mrs. Martin came upon him and smiled unpleasantly as she glanced from one to another of the pair. So did the man in her wake, who was by appearance neither young nor old, good nor bad, but tremendous well groomed and well tanned, as redolent, indeed, of affluence as the perfectly appointed car which had brought him and his hostess. At sight of him Louise hurried away, to be recalled imperiously, then hidden in a velvet voice please to order tea and serve it. Johnny must stay for it, of course—a balanced party was so much pleasanter. Moreover, he had been so long in coming over, he must be specially well treated in hope of a return. All this coolly, and eyes the while measuring his six-foot-one of vigorous young manhood, his handsome tanned face and vital close-cropped curls. Mrs. Martin, fair, forty, languishing, approved all of them thoroughly—all the more that he made her escort. Franklin Ware, seen so faded and meager. She looked at Johnny, indeed, with much the same glowing expression that Ware gave to Louise. Johnny saw and shivered—not for himself; but for the prospect before Louise.

He got no private word with her though he lingered to the last allowable moment. He could not even watch over her. Mrs. Benjamin was too wholly bent on his captivation. But he had a sense that she was suffering deeply from the glances and compliments of Ware. Small need for Mrs. Benjamin to say, as she did when they went half-way down the walk with him: "Mistress are arranging themselves so beautifully. We shall have a wedding before we know it. Louise will make the most beautiful bride in the world."

He galloped away, ready to swear at life and things. If only Louise

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After three days of pondering his point, the with no way to constrain her inclination, he felt bound to say she would please and relieve him by providing for herself so finely, Franklin Ware was not, to be sure, in his first youth—he had, moreover, had a harvest of very wild acts. To offset that, he was rich, well bred, possessed of a standing that gave his wife entrance everywhere—and eager to make her the most magnificent settlements. Furthermore—here Uncle Benjamin said sighed—he himself could do no more for his brother's only daughter than give her a home and maintenance while he lived. All he had was well tied up beyond division in any direction. And it would pain him deeply to think either of leaving his niece unprotected, or to have her go to work. In the name of the blood he begged her to save him such discomfort—she listened shivering—not over what was said, but left her face to tell. Uncle Ben might be now a millionaire, if he had not years back voluntarily paid huge sums to clear his brother of debt, and keep the family name spotless. Then, too, so long as the brother lived, he had been generous in help to him, who was the soul of improvident kindness. Louise felt to the marrow of her bones all she owed the good narrow man, and she brood to recall benefits bestowed. It seemed to her she must obey him—or die. Death, indeed, seemed her only refuge—she could not think of accepting Johnny with all her heart belonging to Melville.

"When she was most distraught came Melville's letter—in mad haste. 'Johnny writes me you have prospects—if you will accept them,' said. 'My dear girl, don't be a fool. Accept the gods the gods provide—and thus justify the admiring friendship of—'

"Hastily and heartily yes," Johnny said to her. "I'm willing to kick myself, because I see you ought to have thought of course, the neighbors know something of the dual personality of the new Mrs. Benjamin Martin. Still, I honestly didn't dream of making you trouble. Forgive me all my impertinence and let me know if I can help you in any way."

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HARD LUCK OF BANNISTER

By WALTER A. FROST

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My acquaintance with Mr. Bannister was short. It lasted only from Chicago to Port Huron, and yet in that time he told me not only his real name, his "alias," and his occupation, but also the very hard luck experience which I shall set before you. The cause of our becoming acquainted was accidental—the dining-car was crowded and the steward put in the same table. As I seated myself I noticed a little man at the other side of the table, but I paid no attention to him until he looked hard at me, and in a low voice asked: "What line do you carry?" "I beg your pardon?" I asked. "What line do you carry?" "There was no escape. 'Law books,' I answered. "I am a lawyer."

"We are in about the same profession. I am a detective."

"Yes," I replied, for I felt a desire to know more of a man who could see any resemblance between a lawyer and a detective. "We are, it might be said, slightly related."

"Well, when you have practiced longer you will understand what I mean when I say that we are in about the same line."

He smiled, and between orders to the waiter told me his story. "Yes, when you have practiced longer you will understand what I mean. You lawyers have to use us at every step you take; you can't get on without us. A witness goes back on you and gets lost, and the first thing you do is to call one of us in to look up your man for you. Lawyers, doctors, business men and bankers, you all give us a lot of work."

"Speaking of bankers, I'm down on all of 'em, for it was while doing some work for a banker that I had the hardest piece of luck I ever struck, and just when everything was going lovely, too."

"It was this way! The chief called me in one afternoon, and said: 'Jim, I want you to go down to Eilerton and see Stevens, the banker. There's been some work done down there, and he's afraid some of it may come his way.'

"He'll give you the facts, and then go to work. The gang that's suspected is something like the Blake outfit you gathered in at Oshkosh last fall."

"The next morning I was in Stevens' private office, and it was a dandy. But never mind that."

"The next morning, after seeing old Stevens, I dropped into a saloon where I'd seen some young fellows go, and found six or eight boys having a quiet game. I had a beer, bought a cigar, and went out."

"Next morning I dropped in again. The bar-keep recognized me and said, 'Good morning.' 'Good morning,' says I, and got my drink and cigar and went out without saying anything more. I kept on dropping in and some of the chaps began to notice me, but they held off, which made me think I might be somewhere on the right track, so I went in steady."

"After I'd been in town for about a week one of the young fellows asked me at the saloon one evening what I was selling."

"I'm buying," said I. "Buying what?" "And then he introduced me to the rest of the bunch who were at the table playing. They asked me to come in, and I did. They couldn't play much, I saw, but I let them win a couple of dollars, and then I cleared out."

"A few days after that when I went in—it was one afternoon, about half-past four—I found some of the gang there. Then I knew they wasn't working, for if they had been they couldn't have been there then."

"Well, I was pretty sure they were the boys I was looking for, and so, wanting to see what they'd rise to, I managed to drop a set of 'gleitron' keys on the floor when I was just going to pay for the drinks. I bent down quick and picked 'em up and shoved 'em into my pocket, but I saw they was 'on,' for in a few minutes one of the bunch came over to me and says: 'See here, Mr. Jenks (I'd told 'em my name was Jenks), you might as well tell us a little more about yourself. We know you're not down here to look up land, and it's our opinion you may be after something that begins with 'D.'"

"Doug was what he meant. But I was not going to be drawn out, at least, not yet, and so I don't know much about you boys yet. Don't you think you'd better show up first?"

"They held off a bit, even then, but finally one of them, a tall, sharp chap he was, came close to me and says: 'Were you ever in Jamesville?'"

"I laughed and said: 'Why, yes, I guess so.'"

"Were you there two weeks ago?" "I looked around for a moment, as if to see there weren't any one could hear, and then I said: 'Yes, but I didn't do that job.'"

"He wasn't quite sure yet, for he tried to get something to smoke. Every time I think of the kid with the yellow hair it makes my head ache. Let's smoke up." "He was thinking of the big diamond robbery that had just come off in Jamesville. It was a neat piece of work, and the chief had two of his best men on it."

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"That evening the tall man asked me to take a little ride with him, I wanted 'em to feel sure of me, and so I put a 'Jimmy' under my coat, and when we got into the cutter I wrapped it up in the blanket and put it under the seat."

"We had a nice drive, for it was a dandy night, but the chap didn't say a thing about himself or the gang or me. He only talked about the fishing up North, and we didn't get anywhere. A long about eleven we came to Rite's place, and he said we'd go in and have a drink. I jumped out and went to the horse, asking him to throw the blanket over her. He proceeded to do so, and of course the 'Jimmy' fell out. "He laughed and clapped me on the back."

"I guess we've got you located now, old man," says he. "And now we'll go back."

"We went to the rooms where the rest of the gang were waiting for us. "I guess he'll do, boys," said he, and then he says to me: 'I have an idea that we can put a man like you in the way of making something pretty.'"

"They grinned, and then we talked things over. "I've been traveling with them pretty steady for a month, when one night they told me they were going to do a little piece of work on a bank in town (Stevens' bank, of course), and they wanted me to 'fix' the safe."

"All right, boys," says I. "I'll have to send down to Chi for my 'kit,' though."

"Next morning I went over to Stevens' and put him 'on,' telling him to put some marked bills in the safe for that night. I got the combination from him, too, thinking I might have some trouble with the safe, and I had to get it open one way or another."

"Then I went over to the chief of police and fixed it up with him so that he'd surround the bank after we had gone in and nab us as we came out. "The bank proposition was a little heavy for the boys, some of 'em being a little new at such work, and when Tuesday night came they began to get a little nervous. But I filled 'em up with drinks, and told 'em how easy it was, gave out a long talk on my own experiences, and by Wednesday afternoon they were ready for anything."

"We had a good supper, with lots of drinks of all sorts, and some of the boys were pretty well lagged by the time we were through."

"We had set the job for midnight, met then at a barber shop, where the big chap had a job (he was slick), and then separated, meeting again at the bank as the clock struck twelve."

"The big fellow broke in the door with his shoulder—he was as strong as a bull-moose—and we all piled in after him. I remember I was the last man in, and I was thinking how fine they were going to look in the papers next morning, the five of them standing in a row, with me at their right as the man who had 'gathered them in.'"

"I laughed to myself as I opened the safe, and then I heard the snap of a man's fingers, a voice cried 'now, men!' the lights were turned on, and each of us was looking into the barrel of a gun."

"I looked at the man who was covering me, and you can just about figure out how I felt when I saw that it was that young kid with the yellow hair. He smiled a bit, and then told us to throw up our hands."

"All of us did except the big chap, and he got a bullet through his hip. I tried to remonstrate with the kid, who seemed to be running the thing, but he told me to 'cut it out,' and I saw that it was no use."

"They took us down to the jail and got our faces by flashlight. I was standing with the rest of the bunch, and my name (my real one, too, for I'd given it to old Stevens in the first place) was struck underneath."

"I tried to drive it into the chief of police that I was out after the men, but he said I'd given wrong information, and the light-haired kid was boss there, anyhow."

"Then they threw us into cells that a dog couldn't have slept in, and sent us down to Chicago next morning handcuffed together like Siamese twins. They tried us, and I got off with a reprimand from the court for 'encouraging crime and, though a detective by profession, leading young and weak boys astray.'"

"Then the chief favored me for an hour, and gave me a 'vacation' for 'incompetency and general stupidity.' And the papers made it hot for the chief for 'hiring such men,' and then, of course, he chuckled me permanent."

"All because that kid with the yellow hair had started in, on his own hook, to run the same game. The chief had set me on! If he'd waited three minutes I'd have landed the bunch, I'd have 'gathered in the outlaws,' as the papers said. But you see how it was. And what made it all the worse, the tall chap turned out to be Jim Cummings, wanted in St. Louis and Boston for forgery and robbing the mails."

"As it was—well, it was hard luck, wasn't it?" Mr. Bannister stared gloomily out into the night. "Come," said he, after a moment, "let's get something to smoke. Every time I think of the kid with the yellow hair it makes my head ache. Let's smoke up." "He was thinking of the big diamond robbery that had just come off in Jamesville. It was a neat piece of work, and the chief had two of his best men on it."

Roosevelt Praised British in Egypt

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"OL. ROOSEVELT's "longest letter," a 25,000-word personal account of his trip from Khartoum to London in 1909 and which is described by his biographer, Joseph Bucklin Bishop, as "a humorous document of excellent character," appears in Scribner's Magazine.

"Soon after retiring from the Presidency," explains Mr. Bishop, "the colonel went to Africa on a hunting trip. He had arranged before his departure for several formal addresses, which he was to make in Germany, England, France and Norway on his return. When he reached Khartoum in March, 1910, on his way home, he yielded to urgent appeals and made two addresses on Egyptian affairs, one at Khartoum and the other at Cairo, which aroused much controversy and led later to a speech on the same subject, also by urgent request, at the Guildhall in London."

"From Khartoum he went to Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiansia, Stockholm, Berlin and thence to London. At the close of his tour he paid a long visit to his long-time correspondent and friend, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, at the latter's estate at Walsingham, Stratford-on-Avon. During the visit his narrative of his experiences in Egypt and Europe so strongly impressed Sir George that he urged him most earnestly to put it in writing. This Roosevelt did the following year, in the form of a letter to Trevelyan, under date of October 1, 1911."

"The former President, in the misadventure, made frank and searching comments upon the characteristics and personalities of kings, emperors and other eminent personages with whom he came in contact. The opening paragraph requested that it should not be made public 'until long after all of us who are now alive are dead.' It was not until the publication, said: 'I do not hesitate to say that it should be published, and the sooner the better. The world would be much the richer for it. It is times like such that the human interest and solid value of this wonderful paper would be very great indeed now.'"

"The colonel drew intimate pictures of British rule in Egypt, praised it on the whole and declared that the task of 'super-imposing the twentieth century upon the seventh' was a mighty one 'which only a great and powerful nation could attempt and which it is a high and honorable thing to have attempted.' Nearly 3,000 words are devoted to the 'Roman Incident' and the reason Roosevelt was not presented to Pope Plus X. A certain Methodist clergyman in Rome had been conducting an attack upon the head of the Roman Catholic church and when Vice-President Fairbanks, sometime before, visited the Holy City the Supreme Pontiff stipulated that he would not receive him in audience if he addressed Methodist gatherings. Roosevelt took the same attitude as Fairbanks, that he must decline to submit to any indignities which in any way limit freedom of conduct."

"The colonel said in his letter to Sir George that one of his wretched secretaries at that time was 'anxious to prevent the Vatican from committing what he felt would be a great blunder' and while the colonel was at Naples went to Rome to see the then Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. The stipulation by the Pope was not withdrawn and Col. Roosevelt adhered to his resolution of making no agreement to refrain from speaking before Methodist meetings. 'Accordingly,' he wrote, 'I was not presented at the Vatican.'"

"In public statement at the time, the colonel declared that 'the respect and regard of those of my fellow-Americans who are Roman Catholics are as dear to me as the regard of those who are Protestants,' and he expressed the hope that the incident would be treated as a mere personal matter without rancor or bitterness."

"While in Rome the colonel visited King Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy, whom he described as 'faithful, conscientious and wise as well as a lovable couple. Later he saw in Vienna the aged Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria, who said he was 'the last representative of his race' and whom I embodied the new movement."

"I shall always bear testimony to the good manners, and the obvious sense of responsibility and duty, of the various sovereigns," the colonel wrote. "I thoroughly liked and respected almost all the various kings and queens I met; they struck me as serious people, with charming manners devoted to their people and anxious to justify their own positions by the way they did their duty."

"The words and music of the French national hymn, 'Marseillaise,' were composed on April 24, 1792, by Rouget de Lisle, a young French officer of engineers, then stationed at Strasbourg. It was called by him 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin,' but received its present name because sung with great fervor by a body of volunteers from Marseilles, who entered Paris on July 30 of the same year and thus made the song known to the French. The statement is, however, doubted by some. 'The Marseillaise' was forbidden to be sung under the Restoration and the second empire, but speedily became the national song on the outbreak of the Franco-German war."

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THE BOWERY

By WALTER A. FROST

is insisted upon to periodic high weekly or monthly, soap and water, and dark places. They serial numbers and opt. Should one of have been watch gloves, death may

of linemen's rubs of the silent romantic industry. They at in the day's work met in battle. Today hundred times safer American Machinist.

FREEMASONS. in French and Brit the disastrous often when 50,000 French had been betrayed rifles is strictly integral limits, says aspect of India" but it is that as well. Is hat every French to a hash of the war and Freemason, and at French generals exception, non-Freemasons? After the Belgium in 1914, officers were cash the biggest duffer, Lodge pot, muddled sign in Salonika and to Africa; Nivelles, ul Master, made the himself, at Chemin- II but wrecked the Caillaux and Mal- and unchanged. for a moment, our gently observes that re fools; it is bad of the fools are on the Con- rate on the King-

been any doubt as nee would do in the being taken in the rio as provided by on legislation. The in, with headquar- office, was created ns. The Alliance upated in every pro- Ontario in the last as no other object- ression of the liqu- far as any camp- that great end, lies is in the thick-

and the Executive Alliance have gon- to secure for the the most solid possible and a tive to fight for. he electors of the do owe the Sandy a vote on "Bill ce. These efforts stined, that the legislation may be us the most satis- result a favorable

ght is on, there s. One supreme mate all, to deal a liquor traffic in Ontario by rolling ing majority on

to be congratulated ed in its efforts decided upon, dem- misrepresenta- vote has been de- dom of the plan ed is obvious. In e we bespeak the ed co-operation of ces of the Prov-

to accomplish in thoroughfare has est and song for reputation to tens have never been rney of its fake joints, tough sa- and burrows of underworld.

amen, cutthroats, chronic down and infested misery's prey. The tavern took the washed its face ar and got a job.

lin, former local Hydro Electric is in the city to has returned he spent a most