

CRUEL PARTINGS AT THE GATE

Effect of a New Rule at the Grand Central Station.

Husbands and wives are ruthlessly torn from each other's arms, father and daughter are separated, and young lovers wrenched apart every few minutes during the day at the Grand Central station nowadays.



"AGAINST THE RULES."

leave all friends behind and take the long walk down the platform alone. In former years these partings between loving ones could be postponed until the train was reached, or they might even take place after the departing one was securely tucked in her seat.



THE DISCRETION OF VICTORINE.

moving. Parting could be made very sweet sorrow then. But the new rule has changed all that. One must say good-bye abruptly and decisively at the gate nowadays.



"OH, YOU NEEDN'T BE SORRY FOR ME, SIR."

less from constant repetition as that of a photograph. Even the varied pretence employed to pass the bars no longer arouse any interest in him. Nor do the different emotions that his prohibition arouses. He is hardened to them.

couple that came into collision with the new rule as the Boston express was about to leave the station. He held out the ticket to be punched while she passed through the gate.

"What?" he cried in astonishment. "Why, why, this is my wife," she said. "An 'an'?" came the mechanical reply and other tickets were thrust out. "Please step back."

"Oh, you needn't be sorry for me," she said. "Nobody asked for your sorrow. Kiss me, Nellie, here, sorry, indeed; you've really done me a favor. I'm tired to death, and to have



walked down that long platform would have been too much for me. Kiss me, Nellie, and give my love to everybody. Do write. Oh, you needn't be sorry for me, sir."



"NO MORE PARTINGS BEYOND THE GATE."

ity out of all proportion to her size. Since the new rule went into effect there is always a group about every entrance waiting with eyes on the clock to see the last minute they can remain together. But the couples that are to travel together and the individual pass through with as much eagerness as ever.

willing to be separated as were two that came to the gate on Saturday. She was tall and ornamented profusely with the prevailing violets. A stole of sable fell to her feet, far off as they were from the broad fur collar around her neck.

He was loosely covered by a long, yellow, unbuttoned padlock coat that occasionally fell aside to show the smart tweed suit he wore. They approached the gate so absorbed in each other's conversation that they almost walked into the guard who called them back to life with the cry of:



"THE PADDOCK COAT AND THE GUARD."

cried in despair. "Where is Victorine?" The black-robed maid was just behind her young mistress, she produced the tickets and the trio with the man at the end started through the gate.

"The deuce it is," came from the voice inside the padlock coat. "Can't I go in at all?" See, there's nearly fifteen minutes till tickets are allowed to pass, uttered the inflexible voice of the guard. "Sorry, but it's the rule of the company."

"But you are extravagant, Bert," the girl said. "To have bought a ticket! What in the world would father say if he should hear it?" "Say that I made a very good investment. He's a business man and he would say that I'd spent \$2 very well. Do you know there are ten minutes yet?"

"I think you can have that ticket redeemed," she said. "If you take it back they'll allow you something on it anyway."

"What tick?" was the indifferent answer. "Oh, the ticket. Where is it?" I thought I put it in my pocket. Here it is. Take it to the office, and if you can get anything on it you're welcome to it."

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BALFOUR'S HOME

Turrets and Towers Conspicuous by Their Absence.

Whittingehame, East Lothian, the home of Mr. Arthur Balfour, has its pathetic look. Turrets and towers are conspicuous by their absence. A plain, commodious building of light gray sandstone, built for comfort, not for show, stands in the midst of a green lawn, at the far sides of which the branches of the horse chestnuts dip to the ground and the beech and the larch and the fair wych elm vie with each other in the growing. 'Tis a quaint Saxon word, "Whittingehame." It is said to mean the abode of the white mace.

The first room in Whittingehame, in point of interest to all who think of the man before the house he lives in, is Mr. Balfour's study. It is not a large room, 22x18 feet. Here, when Mr. Balfour comes north after "letter time," he transacts business. A telephone brings the rooms in touch with the telegraph stations at East Linton and Stenton. Heavy tomes of heavy reading are on the shelves and table.

Mr. Balfour's bedroom opens off his study. A small painting of "Ecco Homo" hangs at the head of the simple bed. From above the fireplace the beautiful face of the statesman's mother looks down on her son. You can trace the likeness, the same dark eyes, the same strong yet sensitive mouth, and as you look you do not wonder at the name the country people gave her, "The Good Lady Blanche."

Krupp, the Great Gun Maker. Germany lost, in the death of Alfred Krupp, the man who was her greatest citizen. He was the richest man in the empire, under the rank of loyalty at least. He was the Carnegie of Germany. He, or rather the house of which he was the head, has been among the foremost of those who have helped to make the twentieth century what it is.

Turning to the publisher she said: "Just as I thought, these manuscripts have never been read. None of the passages just quoted by me occurs in either story."

"It is no use, sister," were Tarkington's pathetic words. "Booth" she said, "they never read your manuscript—give it to me."

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making cast steel, which had been kept a secret in England, but he died in poverty. His son, Alfred Krupp the elder, succeeded him, and it was his invention and enterprise that made the name of Krupp famous. He turned out rails, engines, tines, wheels and other manufactures of steel, and finally began building the Krupp guns which are the most celebrated single product of the Krupp works.

Booth Tarkington's Start. Strange as it may seem, it was the efforts of a sister that enabled Booth Tarkington, the author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Desperate," and other stories, to get a publisher, if we are to believe an intimate friend. She is herself an author of no mean ability—Mrs. Booth Tarkington Jackson.

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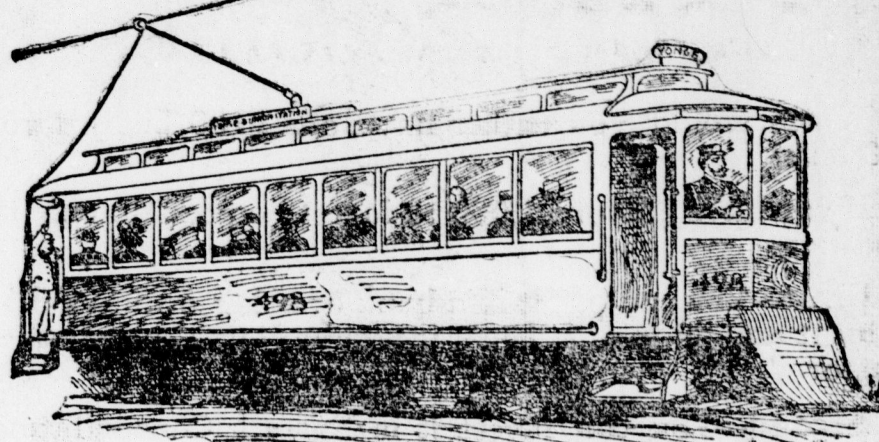
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THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Of Motorman Walden, in the employ of TORONTO STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Did not want to give up work but was forced to do so—tells how for eighteen months he hovered between life and death, treated by the best physicians in Toronto and his case pronounced so serious that he was advised, as a last resort, to use the Dr. Slocum Treatment—now in good health and blessed with the day he heard of this marvellous remedy.



Mr. Alfred Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto, who has been in the employ of the Street Railway Company for a number of years as motorman, informs us that he had an attack of la grippe, followed by typhoid fever, and after many weeks of suffering it resulted in a complication of throat and lung troubles. During this illness he was under the care of one of the best physicians in this city, who pronounced it a very serious case and advised him to stop work, which he was finally compelled to do.

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These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption. You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

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