

## A Revery

Here at mine ease long years ago,  
Ere yet my heart had grown to know  
The potency of woman's smile,  
I sat and smoked in bachelor style  
And basked before the ingle's glow.

What cared I then for wind and snow?  
Let stormy blasts of winter blow,  
Careless I puffed my pipe the while  
Here at mine ease.

The times have changed. The long ago  
Is but a dream, a fleeting show.  
No peaceful pipe; I cannot smile—  
Oh! how can I contrive my pile  
To clothe these dozen kids or so  
Here at my knees?

—T. A. Daly in the Catholic Times.

# TOM'S FLIRTIATION

By Lewis K. Fulton

"And so you positively refuse to give up this intimacy?"

"Really you ask too much, aunty. What else can I do in this stupid place? I am devoted to yachting, you know, and, besides, Mr. Trevor is the only man here who has a motor car."

"But, my child, you are engaged to be married! What would Tom say if he should hear of it? And what would you do if he followed your example?"

"Oh, I wish he would! His devotion warms me sometimes. He used to be quite a tease, but since our engagement he seems to have forsaken everything exciting."

The first speaker was Miss Treadway, the girl's aunt, a wealthy woman of forty years, who had adopted her after the death of her parents. Flossie's fiancé, a young doctor of good family and some means, was completing a medical course in Germany, and they were to be married as soon as he received his foreign diploma.

The girl loved him, but she was very young—only nineteen—and she was a willful maid, having always had her own way. Her besetting sin was love of admiration, and she deemed it essential to her happiness to have a man in her toils. So, being for the time bereft of her lover, she had drifted into a serious flirtation with a rich bachelor who lived near the seaside resort where they were staying.

Mr. Trevor's summer home, a fine stone mansion overlooking the harbor, was the scene of many festivities. He had already given two dinners in Flossie's honor at which functions Miss Treadway had served as an unwilling chaperon.

"Flossie," said Miss Treadway, "I think you ought to consider Mr. Trevor's feelings. It is not fair to him; he does not know about Tom. Perhaps you had better tell him?"

"And spoil all my fun? Why, aunty, what a fuss you are making about a trifle! I cannot mope here without men's society. Tom is in Germany, the sea divides us, and he is welcome to enjoy himself in like manner. However, there is no prospect of his doing anything so sensible."

"Flossie, you are incorrigible!" exclaimed Miss Treadway with as much severity of tone as she was capable of. "I will leave you to your own thoughts, as I am due at a meeting at the rectory this afternoon."

When she was alone Flossie curled her dainty self in a large easy chair and laughed softly as she recalled her aunt's words.

"Lose Tom," she repeated. "No danger of that—couldn't get rid of him even if I wanted to." Then she fell to musing, and a tender look came into her deep blue eyes. "Dear Tom," she murmured, "I do love him. I wouldn't give him up for twenty Mr. Trevors!" She went to her desk, found a letter, and, having a fine sense of personal comfort, sank back into the depths of the chair, and with a box of chocolates in one hand, the letter in the other, began to munch sweets and read.

At first her expression was slightly bored, then astonished, and finally she

Berlin. However, I never dreamt of such a vision of loveliness as the piece of femininity whose acquaintance I made yesterday."

At this Flossie's blue eyes opened wide, she sat up, loosened her hold on the chocolates, and read on:

"The object of my admiration sat in her carriage alone and unattended just below my window. Suddenly I heard the rush of a runaway horse from the opposite direction, and seeing her alarm I hastened down the steps and assisted her to the pavement. She smiled sweetly and was about to speak when her attendant re-



"Never mention that man to me again."

turned and she re-entered the carriage and was rapidly driven away; not forgetting to throw me a kiss as she was lost to view.

"The world seemed a blank without her" (here Flossie's expression became indignant); "I found on inquiry that she was staying at my hotel, and so had grounds for hope of a speedy meeting. That night for the first time in years my dreams were not of you alone, the beautiful blonde appeared to me more than once, always with that charming smile!"

"Fancy!" exclaimed Flossie. "To-day the plot thickened, and however painful it may be for you to hear it, I feel it only honorable that you should know all particulars, and then judge for yourself if I am to blame. This morning I was seated near the front window reading. Keeping one eye on the street—you can easily imagine why—when there came a gentle tap at my door.

"Thinking it was the waiter, I shouted 'Come in!' The door opened, and, to my utter amazement, there stood the beautiful blonde, all smiles and blushes. After I had recovered from the delicious shock, which thrilled me from head to foot, I invited her to a seat on the sofa, and then endeavored to entertain this fairy guest to the best of my ability. You must not be shocked, dear, when I confess to you that we soon became great friends and that she came of her own accord and sat on my lap—"

It was here that Flossie flung the obnoxious letter away from her and began to weep wildly, and she was so absorbed in her grief that Miss Treadway entered unobserved.

"Why, what is this?" exclaimed her aunt. She bent over the prostrate form and said: "Flossie, dear; tell aunty."

The girl only cried the more, but at last wailed, "That man; that wicked, false man!"

"Who do you mean?" asked the bewildered woman.

"Tom! See the letter on the floor!" Mrs. Treadway picked up the letter, put on her glasses and began to read; at first she looked puzzled, then amused, and finally she laughed outright.

"Why don't you finish the letter?" she asked, with a quizzical expression in her kindly eyes.

"Because I won't!" cried Flossie, springing to her feet. "Never mention that man to me again. Where are my hat and my jacket? I am going to ride with Mr. Trevor at five, and if he asks me to marry him I will say 'yes.'"

At this Miss Treadway only smiled.

"There, there! Sit down and listen to poor old aunty. Nay, I insist. If I am not mistaken, you left off just when she sat on his lap."

"Yes!" cried Flossie. "How can you bear to speak of it?"

"Listen," interrupted Miss Tread-

way. Flossie, awed by the unaccustomed severity of tone, obeyed.

"She came down of her own accord and sat on my lap. Fortunately, I had a box of sweets, and I was offering her some when there came another tap at the door. Putting her hastily down, for I did not wish to be caught with a young lady in my arms, I opened the door, and there stood a stout French nurse, with a high white cap and apron, who asked anxiously if 'la petite Mademoiselle Helene' was within. And, Flossie, she sternly reprimanded my charmer for entering a strange gentleman's apartments uninvited, and she led the beautiful blonde away in tears—who, by the way, was just three years old, and it was from a baby carriage that I assisted her the day before!"

By this time Flossie had ceased to weep, and, though much abashed, she could not restrain from joining in her aunt's laugh.

"Flossie," said Miss Treadway later on, "how do you like the idea of Tom's flirting? And I believe I heard a maiden say not long ago that she wished he would tease her as he used to do. How do you enjoy it?"

"Spare me!" cried Flossie. "You know I don't like it. Oh, I wish we could go away from here. Mr. Trevor's attentions are so marked, and the worst of it is I now realize that I am to blame."

"What do you say to a trip to Germany, for instance?" said Miss Treadway.

"The very thing!" cried Flossie, all smiles.

And the next week found them bound for the Fatherland.—Louis K. Fulton in Chicago American.

### President Skillful With Foils.

According to Genenso Pavese, said to be the champion fencer of the world, President Roosevelt has more ability with the foils than many of the foreign ministers and attaches in Washington who have handled the flexible steel rods since their youth. Signor Pavese has been instructing the president for the past year, and declares that he is his aptest pupil. For a time the lessons have been discontinued, he says, but they will be resumed about the middle of December. "Mr. Roosevelt," says the fencing master, "is wonderfully quick and is finely developed physically. His arms are rounded and sinewy—in fact, he is a perfect specimen of manhood."

### Caught the Women.

Ralph Hulise, who is running for assemblyman in Trenton, N. J., has made a tremendous hit with the women of his district. While helping his wife with the family washing one day last week he attempted to empty a tub of water, but slipped and fell, spraining his back severely. He was to have attended a political meeting that night, but was unable to do so, being confined to bed. A brother spellbinder explained his absence, whereupon all the women present decided that such a husband should be elected. They are now working hard in the injured man's behalf.

### Ups and Downs in English.

The following telephone conversation, recently overheard between a woman whose home is in the suburbs and a business acquaintance of her husband, illustrates some of the curiosities of our language:

Business acquaintance—Good morning, Mrs. —. I'd like to speak to Mr. — for a moment.

Mrs. —. I'm sorry, Mr. —, but my husband isn't down yet.

B. A. (inquiringly)—Isn't down yet?

Mrs. —. I mean he isn't up yet. I'm letting him sleep late this morning; he was so down last evening over his office troubles that he was about ready to give up. He says he'll be down as soon as he gets up.—Harper's Weekly.

### Responsibility of the Jug.

"Yes, sub—de snake wuz twelve foot long—"  
"Come, now!"  
"En had sixty rattles—"  
"That won't do!"  
"En five buttons."  
"You're a great liar!"  
"Well, sub, maybe I is; but dar's onething I wuzn't mistook in, en may-be you'll doubt dat."  
"Go ahead and tell it."  
Then the old man straightened himself, smacked his mouth, and said: "De jug held two gallons, en only had one handle!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Largest Carving Knife.

The biggest carving knife ever manufactured may be seen at the world's fair. This monster blade is thirty feet in length and has an edge as sharp as a razor. It is made out of the finest steel, and the handle is a masterpiece of the cutter's art, elaborately carved and beautifully polished. It would take a veritable giant to wield a knife like this.

### The Frost Herald.

Oh, Miss Katydid, I wish you'd come along.  
I's weary of de locus an' I's hungry foh yoh song.  
I wants to hear you talkin' 'bout de sista dat got los'  
A-fohn' noth one August' day a-loo' an' foh de fros'.

I wants to hear you pinin' an' a-callin' of her name.  
'Cause I's pantin' an' I's pinin' foh de good news jes' de same.  
I's weary of de mockin' birds an' whip-poor-wills foh sho'  
I want to hear about dat fros' in jes' a few weeks mo'.

### Caught by Automobile Fever.

Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil man, although nearly 70, has become a victim of the automobile fever. Until a short time ago he declared that he would not have one of the machines about his place, but now his favorite amusement is to go touring

## New Way of Recovering Sunken Treasures

Invention of Cavaliere Pino



HE HAD LEARNED SOMETHING.

### Why Colored Pastor's City Trip Was a Good "Vestment."

John Sharp Williams tells the following story of a colored preacher who came to New York and had never before heard a graphophone or realized its acoustic properties. Later on in the day he saw a wireless instrument on top of one of the skyscrapers down town. When he got back to his parish in Georgia, after telling his congregation all about New York, his peroration was:

"Brevren, foh a good many years we've done gone an' hollahed our lungs out asking de good Lawd foh money to build us a new church, but de Lawd nevah seemed to heah us. But up in New Yawk day've got a machine dat can hollah a thousand times louder dan we can, an' if de Lawd don't heah us den we'll nevah get our church. An' day got anudder machine dat talks across de ocean widout any wires, an' as we can see the sky, den we ought to be able to communicate wid heaven if you'll all subscribe generously dis mornin'. An' I'll feel dat my trip to New Yawk was a good 'vestment.'—New York Times.

### Remedy Bad as Disease.

An American tourist was talking about the bankrupt Marquis of Anglesey.

"I attended the sale," he said, "of the young man's personal effects, and I bought three or four of his enormous collection of walking sticks. The size and the extravagance of his wardrobe amazed me. It seemed incredible, in these sober modern days, that any sane male should have spent so much on clothes.

"Anglesey, though, had been extravagant in everything—in jewels, in pictures, in motor cars, in perfumes. His household didn't resemble in its unheard of luxury that of a millionaire. It rather resembled that of a billion or a trillionaire.

"When his affairs began to be involved, Anglesey called in an economical cousin for advice.

"'Help me,' he said, 'to stave off ruin.'

The cousin lived well enough, but somewhat simply. After he had mastered Anglesey's financial condition, he said:

"There is nothing for it but economy. You must live like me."

"Anglesey, his jewelled hands on the jewelled head of his stick, looked slowly about the plain, bare room.

"'But I can do that,' he said, 'after I am ruined.'"

### Forgiveness Not Necessary.

Adelaide was having a good time running up and down in the street, a forbidden playground for her, when she was startled by hearing her mother call, "Adelaide, come in." She reluctantly obeyed, but in a few minutes she clambered into her mother's lap and whispered, "Please forgive me, mamma." "Yes, dear," said her mother; "of course mamma forgives you."

Shortly afterward Adelaide rushed down the steps again, and out into the street. Her surprised mamma called, "Adelaide, what do you mean? Come here immediately." It was a puzzled little girl who returned reluctantly and pouted, "Oh, if you won't let me out on the street you needn't bother about forgiving me."

### DIGESTION AND THE WEATHER.

Changes in Temperature Are a Source of Much Trouble.

"Do you know I think there is some sort of intimate connection between the weather and the digestive organs," said a man to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "and I do not mean by the bad effects which sometimes will result from the influence the weather has on vegetation. I mean a more direct connection. I think, to put it plainly, there must be some immediate connection between a storm, or any other sort of meteorological violence, and the digestive organs.

"Of course, it would not be reasonable to assume that all persons are influenced by these changes in the weather. There are, however, many who are influenced and who are, in my opinion, often puzzled to know the cause of the trouble. I cannot speak for other persons, but I can speak for myself, and when I tell you that a storm will often give me indigestion I am easily within the truth. It has not happened once. It has happened many times. It is the same way with other violent changes in the weather. There is an old belief, and it cannot be doubted, that thunder will sour milk. Of course, this is not exactly what happens, but it is a fact that milk will sour under weather conditions favorable to this change. Cannot the stomach of man be affected in the same way? Mine

### SCENT THEIR PET DOGS.

Fashion Has Selected an Appropriate Perfume for Each Modish Breed.

Nowadays the pet dog must be perfumed, but it is not enough to scent him with any old perfume. Modish women who consider their pets try to select an appropriate odor for them.

Thus, Japanese poodles are perfumed with frangipani, which has a spicy Japanese odor that suggests the Oriental nativity of the animal.

Mexican hairless dogs, which are enjoying quite a vogue just now, are scented with chypore, which has a heavy tropical odor that suits these dogs of the south. Very little of it is used, as the scent is powerful. Two or three drops on the long hair behind the head, where the dog cannot indulge his tendency to lick it off, is all that is needed.

The shaggy Skye terriers are scented with a stimulating extract of Scotch heather sold by one of the Fifth avenue druggists and redolent of the Scotch flower's perfume.

French poodles, which are not nearly so popular now as they used to be, smell delicately of some British perfume.

Boston terriers have received as their special perfume a scent made by a New York druggist and declared to be the sportiest of all odors.

### Hearing Amid Clatter of Machinery.

"People who have worked years in mills and shops develop a peculiarity of hearing that is paradoxical," remarked the manager of a big manufacturing establishment.

"They are deaf at home and wonderfully acute of hearing in the work-room. In a quiet place, where the ordinary tone of voice is distinct and sharply defined above all other sounds, they have to be almost yelled at by others conversing with them, and yet in the din of a mill they can

A Water-Telescope, Consisting of a Steel Platform Buoyed Up by a Mass of Cork, a Strong Steel Tube Big Enough to Allow a Man to Enter, Fitted With Steps, and at the Lower End a Huge Camera Containing Twelve Great Lenses Specially Constructed by Saint-Gobain of Paris. —Illustrated London News.

is. I do not know about yours. My own experience has convinced me that the weather may have much to do with indigestion in a great many instances. Do you not think so?"

### With an Eye on the Stars.

John Drew was one of a party of actors which one night after a performance accepted an invitation to enjoy a moonlight ride on Lake Michigan.

"It was a grand night," said Mr. Drew, "and I never heard sweeter music than that which reached us from the cabin. Wearing by exertion, the company soon assembled on deck and there carried on a subdued conversation. Clouds gathered. The captain joined the little clique, and a lady who was made timid by the darkness asked:

"'Captain, how will you manage to find your way back; we cannot see a thing.'"

"Do not fear," said the gallant captain. "With one eye on the stars and the other on the compass, there can be no danger."

"But why with an eye on the stars? queried the actress, thereby confessing a woeful ignorance of things pertaining to the seafaring world.

"Sadness crept over the features of the navigator, but as host he would not offend, and bowing graciously, said:

"'So that none of them may fall overboard.'"

### Queer Case of a Letter.

This from a lawyer: "I have been called in to settle a peculiar case. X owed M \$20, and one day wrote a letter inclosing a check for the amount, put a stamp on it and was on the way to the postoffice to mail it when he met M. There had been some feeling over the indebtedness and M proceeded to abuse X for not paying him. His offensive language caused X to show the letter and say: 'I have a check for you in this envelope and was about to post it, but since you are so blackguardly I shall destroy it and let you wait for your money.' With that he tore open the sealed envelope, exhibiting the check, and then reduced it to bits. M is prosecuting X for tampering with the mails on the ground that the letter, being sealed, stamped and addressed to him, was his property, and should not have been opened by X. He is going to carry the matter to the United States court."—New York Press.

### Verses on His Dog.

"No, sir," said the struggling young poet, "editors do not give a fellow any encouragement. One day last week I waited two hours to see the editor of a ten-cent magazine. I told him I had written some verses on my dog.

"He asked me what part of the dog I had used, and then said if I didn't live too far away he would run up and look at it.

"I explained that I had the verses with me, and handed them to him with the remark that I had just dashed them off.

"He quickly glanced over them, and handed them back, telling me I didn't dash 'em off 'enough."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Fine sense of personal comfort.

threw the sweets and the letter on the floor, flung herself face down on a couch and commenced weeping. The portions of Tom's letter which had produced such dire results ran as follows:

"I had such a strange and exciting adventure that I feel it my duty to tell you all about it. You know that my hotel is in one of the best streets here, and that from my windows I can see much of the beauty and fashion of