

A Dark Diplomatist.

By Gray Allison.

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"Deed, Miss Marjie, I don't like dese heah flats."

Aunt Debbie stood with arms akimbo, occupying the greater part of the tiny kitchen. Mrs. Blair, arranging a mass of dahlias in an old fashioned jar on the dining room table, smiled on the old negro commiseratingly.

"We don't find it quite as roomy as the old place in Virginia, do we, Aunt Debbie? But after the mortgage was foreclosed Lesley's civil service appointment was a godsend. I don't know how the child ever got the idea of standing a civil service examination. She always was a queer child, though." Mrs. Blair sighed as if the



DR. FENTON NOTED HIS PATIENT'S PULSE, matter was beyond her comprehension and followed her characteristic tendency to avoid troublesome thought.

Aunt Debbie beat the batter for her cake energetically.

"Miss Lesley—she's every bit quality—every bit a saint angel," she said, bristling at any idea disparaging to her nursing. "Dey's never been a purtier child nor young lady neither than little Miss Lesley. 'Ea' de ldy of ma chille wurkin' for her head! I jest can't seem to stomach it!" She beat the substance in the yellow bowl viciously. "Tain't lack her ma and her grandma done befoah her. Dey had close and parties and married de best catches in de country. What chaust has little missie to make a fine marriage, I wanter know? Goes to work evry mawmin' at 9. De Lawd knows, I useter jes' be carryin' her ma's and her grandma's coffee to they beds at 9. En 'now's she a-goin' to meet any senators and presidents and things to get a chaust to marry?"

The old mammy beat away as if she had fate in the yellow bowl and intended to render it harmless.

"It worries me dreadful, Aunt Deb." Mrs. Blair finished the dahlias and stood off to admire them. "It seems preposterous to think that a daughter of mine should ever be an old maid. We've been a year, though, and Lesley hasn't become acquainted with a single man of desirable calling acquaintance. It would have been so different if her poor father had lived."

"Or if he hadn't gambled away and drunk up all his money foah he died," muttered the old woman under her breath.

Mrs. Blair sat down in the easy chair and took her embroidery from the ancient mahogany sewing table.

"Well, I'm doing all I can. I insisted on renting this flat in a fashionable neighborhood, but the house is filled with young married couples that I've never met. I don't believe there's more than one eligible man in the building, and we've never met him."

"Huh! Who's he?" demanded Aunt Debbie, scenting a prospect for matchmaking with as much eagerness as if she had been of French instead of African ancestry.

"It's that young doctor in the first floor front. He seems to have all the swell automobiles and carriages in town stop at his door. But, no matter how desirable an acquaintance he might be, we don't know any one to make the necessary introduction—and we are never sick."

The mistress laughed at the old woman's falling expression.

"I seen him look at Miss Lesley anywh when we pass him in the hall. Huh! It's enough to make any one sick to live in a ole landbox of a flat," said Aunt Deb dolefully.

Dr. Fenton came in very late that night and was smoking a final cigar when his telephone rang.

"Please come up to apartment No. 34—quick—it's a fainting fit—or something dreadful!" said a girl's excited voice.

When he reached the door of the apartment the girl with red blond hair—the same girl he had often noticed in the hall—met him at the door. Her face was still flushed with sleep, but her eyes were dilated with anxiety as she wrapped the folds of her blue kimono around her slender figure and led the way toward the little back bedroom.

"It's my old colored mammy," she said breathlessly. "I never knew her to be sick before, and I'm afraid it's apoplexy or heart trouble or something. If mammy were to die we would be absolutely helpless."

Dr. Fenton noted his patient's pulse and listened to her heart, then looked at Mrs. Blair in a puzzled manner.

"Her heart's all right—rather unusually strong. Has she been eating anything that might give her acute indigestion?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Blair helplessly. "I was asleep when she called me, and she groaned several times, then became absolutely unconscious."

"Has she been drinking?" The doctor sniffed the atmosphere suspi-

ciously.

"No, indeed!" said the girl indignantly. "Mammy never was intoxicated in her life. I spilled that on her trying to force some down her throat."

The doctor, after several minutes' work, finally held some strong ammonia to his patient's nostrils, and she opened her eyes.

"Take dat dar stuff away," she said indignantly. "Do you want to kill me jes' 'cause I's a wuthless old nigger?"

Dr. Fenton patted her shoulder indulgently.

"There—there—I guess you are not dead yet. It's a sign of a good constitution when they recover and begin fussing and fussing. Shows they have grit enough to pull through all right. Where do you feel bad, ammie?"

"In ma head and back, and ma laigs, and an awful misery in ma stomach. I reckon I'm mos' done for," and she groaned in self pity.

"I'm going to give you a powder that will stop all the misery, ammie. You must stay in bed tomorrow, and I'll come in and see how things are going with you. I expect you have taken cold and have neuralgia and cramp. You'll be busting around as lively as anybody in a few days."

"Be sure to come tomorrow, doctah. I'm scart plum to death," the old negro whimpered.

One night long after Aunt Deb's recovery Dr. Fenton sat in the tiny parlor of Mrs. Blair's apartment, and a casual observer might have thought he was noting Lesley's pulse.

"And to think I saw you going in and coming out of this building for a whole year before I had an opportunity of meeting you. I tried my best to find a mutual acquaintance, but couldn't. If that blessed old mammy hadn't caught cold I might never have known you. Do you like the way that diamond is set, dearest?" he asked, holding the girl's slender hand at arm's length to admire the very new and glittering ring.

"It's just lovely," she said. "Everything is lovely. I don't believe there's a single disagreeable thing in the world. Let's call Mam Debbie—I haven't told her yet."

When Aunt Debbie came to the door and heard their news she laughed in an enjoyment too large for the small apartment.

"You think you are surprisin' your old mammy, do you, little missie? Lawd, chille, I seen it comin' long befo' you children thought of it."

When she reached the seclusion of the kitchen she sat down and rocked to and fro in silent merriment, her checked apron held over her face.

"Thank de Lawd! Little missie won't be no old maid!" she chuckled, "but dey certainly is one cuffed pusson dat would ha' made a fine actress. An' wasn't I cute to select a time when little missie would put on dat blue fluffly wrapper? I knowed she looked like one of de Lawd's angels in it. I didn't have no misery—I didn't have no nothing—but den powders sho' did make me sleep."

American Names.

If we have some "rowdy" sense of a desire to touch with poetry the terminology of our American towns, we have succeeded so far only in securing a slightly picnic grove atmosphere such as is given off by Lakewood or Silverdale. The rich sentimentalism of the real estate dealer has done what it could, considering the hurry he is in. If we have a new manufacturing suburb, the chances are we shall be too lazily and flatly patriotic, call it Lincoln and be done with it, or too crudely romantic, in which case the secretary of the company will report to the directors that he has had the place incorporated as Ivanhoe. With the slightest dash of poetry in his soul he might keep true to the strenuous character of the place, with all its prospective labor agitations, and at the same time give a tinge of beauty to the situation forever by calling it Pretley, or if it is a place where hammers are to ring from morning to night why not call it Stroke instead of naming it Smithville after the present chief stockholder in the concern?—Atlantic.

The Poor Service.

Mrs. Ray-Shershey had just returned from a visit to the foreign cruiser that lay at anchor in the harbor of the great American city.

"We had a fine time," she said. "They showed us all over the ship and paid us every attention. We didn't know they had arranged an elegant luncheon for us, and we were agreeably surprised, of course, when the captain invited us into the dining saloon and seated us at a long table spread with everything that could tempt the appetite. I tell you, Mrs. Upsome, we enjoyed that luncheon. We didn't have to hurry through it either, and we were waited on with the utmost politeness and cordiality."

"The service was first class, was it?" interrupted Mrs. Upsome.

"The service?" said Mrs. Ray-Shershey, lowering her voice. "No; that was nearly all imitation. I give you my word there was hardly a thing worth carrying away as a souvenir. All I grabbed was this little pickle fork, and I do believe it's nothing but plated ware!"—Chicago Tribune.

Up to Them.

"A trust conference—any kind of a conference, for that matter—is a good thing," said Governor Sheldon of Nebraska, "if it is conducted fairly."

"To be unfair, to be prejudiced, to be suspicious, is always to judge wrongly. The suspicious man falls into error and makes a fool of himself."

"There was a very suspicious countryman who went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan museum, he was amazed to find that the admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"Your umbrella, sir," said a uniformed official, extending his hand.

"The countryman jerked back his umbrella, laughed scornfully and turned on his heel.

"I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free," he said.

DOUBLE TAXATION

The Ohio Farmer Discusses the Present Constitutional Amendment.

In its issue of September 28, the "Ohio Farmer" has a comprehensive discussion of the provisions of section 2, article 12, of the Ohio Constitution, which read:

"Laws shall be passed, taxing by a uniform rule, all moneys, credits, investments in bonds, joint stock companies, or otherwise; also, all real and personal property, according to its true value in money," etc., etc.

The "Ohio Farmer," in discussing this section of the constitution, opposes the argument of one of its correspondents, Mr. T. R. Smith, past master of the Ohio State Grange. The argument is so well carried that it is printed in full herewith:

Notice the amendment after "otherwise" W. E. Cushing, a Cleveland attorney, argued before the State Tax Commission that this amendment separates into two classes in every important manner. This seems to us an untenable view, and, therefore, that all values mentioned before the amendment are to be taxed "by a uniform rule," that is, by a rule or method uniformly applicable to these alone, while the words "also all real and personal property according to its value in money" apply simply to "all real and personal property." And, evidently, "all real and personal property" means visible and tangible property as distinguished from invisible, intangible property described in the former clause. The former is to be taxed "by a uniform rule," the latter "according to its true value in money." Note that it does not say "at its true value," etc., as Mr. Smith incorrectly quotes it several times. This looks as if the framers of the constitution expected a scaling down, as at present, to the values at forest sale, which makes no difference if it is general and uniform. Also, a "rule" that is "uniform" for all notes, stocks, bonds, etc., may mean a low percentage, as now proposed, on this whole class of property (simply for its protection); and on two grounds: First, that stocks in railways, etc., represent the value of the roadbeds, rolling stock, stations and other actual, visible, tangible property, already taxed as such, and to tax the stocks held by A. G. and C. also, would be double taxation, which no one favors; while to tax the bonds, would be to tax what the railways own, not what they own. Second, that these evidences of quasi-ownership are invisible, intangible and inevitably the main ones, as shown increasingly year by year for over half a century. Therefore tax such visible, tangible property where it exists, in the hands of its directors and managers; tax it, tax it, tax it, don't try to tax the paper certificates of stock in the hands of A. B. and C. for if you succeed you will tax double and if you fail (as you will, for you have done so for 56 years), you will simply repeat the folly of your fathers and yourselves.

Still further, even if we were to concede (as we do not) that the framers of the constitution intended to tax money, stocks, etc., on the same basis with tangible property, and that this may have been just, then, times have already changed. In 1851, and for several years thereafter, money brought 6 to 10 per cent interest, and taxes were about 1 per cent. Now interest on safe loans is about 3 1/2 to 4 per cent and the rate of taxation in many cities, the chief money centers, is 3 1/2 to 1 1/2 per cent. To tax money at par value in such cities would be unjust and therefore impossible. It would be confiscation. Further, money is chiefly an instrument or means of exchange. When A and B "swap" farms, there is no instrument of exchange and we tax both farms as before. But if A, B, C, D, etc., buy and sell farms, at the same time, no matter how far, but use \$10,000 in bank bills, gold, or bank checks as an instrument of exchange, why not continue to tax the farms, the actual, tangible property, as before, and not try to tax the mere instrument of exchange? The value of the actual, tangible property, and should be taxed at the same percentage of its market value at which houses, lands, horses, machinery, etc., are taxed. Of course a very small tax, say one-half, one-fourth or one-tenth of 1 per cent per annum, might be placed upon the average line of deposits in banking banks, and collected from the rate of interest paid to depositors, and justified as a reasonable license fee or amount for the protection of the business. The problem is a complicated one, of course, but we are more likely to solve it if we try to do so than if we stick to the outgrowth legislation inserted into the constitution in 1851, and insist that wisdom died with the framers or that instrument.

STATE BOARD DOES NOT EQUALIZE.

If there be one thing more certainly known about the state board of equalization than anything else it is that it does not equalize. After a generation of effort some counties are still assessed at 33 1/3 per cent of the actual value of the property, some at 40 per cent, some 50, and possibly some at 60, but not one at the full value required by law.

It will be wise for the people to put an end to this farce by adopting the constitutional amendments providing for a plan of taxation that will deprive this ineffective board of the function of equalization.—Sacramento (Cal.) Union, July 12, 1907.

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THE Toledo Blade

Toledo, Ohio.

FASHIONS IN NEW YORK

Fashion and finance are at "loggerheads" just now, yet to note the superb toilettes at the opera, the principal stores overflowing with elegant materials of all kinds, it might be supposed that the two were in perfect harmony. The tunic gowns are taking so well, that the overskirt is to be dropped, one of the greatest nuisances that ever befell womankind. A tunic trimmed with fringe over a long, flowing skirt is just the newest thing, and waists are either surplice style or a pretence of an Eton, often formed of one of the new metal nets, with colored embroidery or filet lace, over a lace yoke.

Economy may enter largely into the concoction of a surplice waist. Almost all feminines have odds and ends of lace, fringe, or satin, all of which may be used on a single waist. Colored satin, the coral-colored, for example, is used in folds between a white

Colored silk waists have almost died out, and Fashion now demands the all-white or all-black waist, with the exception of white net and black Chantilly lace. The present reigning fancy is white Liberty satin, with a dainty yoke of very sheer lace and heavy Venise lace inserted near the outer edge of the yoke. White chiffon cloth, with pipings and folds of Liberty satin makes a charming waist, softer and more delicate than those of Liberty satin. The stylish all-black waist is of silk Brussels net, with black taffeta silk folds, or heavy Venise lace. Sleeves are three-quarter length, and collars as high as it is possible to wear them.

The value of a handsome separate skirt can scarcely be over-estimated. French voile, panama, chiffon broadcloth and taffeta, silk skirts are shown in the familiar plaited model, also the circular shape, trimmed with



The above design is by the McCall Co. of New York, Fashion Publishers and Manufacturers of McCall Patterns.

lace yoke and black chiffon folds, with a handsome black fringe as a finish to the bretelles, and the color also appears in the draped girdle. Blue is stylish on black, and it may be safely asserted that coral and Copenhagen blue have distanced all other colors in spite of the growing popularity of black. Some of the most beautiful gowns of the season are of coral color throughout with touches of blue on waist and sleeves.

One of the daintiest of evening costumes for a young girl is of white Brussels net and trimmed by folds of blue taffeta silk (graduated, if desired) the waist in "baby" style, puffed sleeves, with sash to match, knotted at the back and fastened to the dress. The ends should be long, reaching to the lower edge of the skirt. Ribbon may be substituted for folds, and pink is as attractive as blue. Liberty silk or messaline are also in favor, but net has its own peculiar charm.

Evening wraps are long and loose with a view to the preservation of the dainty costume beneath, and are, with scarcely an exception, of white or pale-hued broadcloth, and trimmed with some variety of braid, large buttons, and often silk cord and tassels. Sleeves are in Japanese style, as a rule, although some very new cloaks have an embroidered sling around the armhole, and the large sleeve is confined at the wrist by a cuff. A novelty is a semi-fitted piece at the back, broad at the shoulders, tapering in at the waist then out again, with six buttons (three on each side) fully as large as butter plates. VERONA CLARKE.

Fort Jefferson.

The Dunkards commenced their meeting here Sunday evening to continue two weeks. A large crowd was in attendance Sunday evening.

The oyster supper given by the school at the Township House Saturday evening was well attended by the school children. The proceeds of the supper is to go toward establishing a library at the school.

Teachers' meeting was held at the school house on last Wednesday evening. A large crowd was in attendance and an excellent program, prepared by Edward McCoy, principal of the Weaver Station school, was rendered.

The next meeting will be held in two weeks at the same place, the program to be prepared by Miss Audrey Payne.

Miss Hazel French spent Sunday with Miss Blanche Deleplaine. Elmer Vietor called on Miss Bessie Lawrence, near Savona, Saturday evening.

Till Crawford and family and J. C. Baum and daughters were the guests of J. W. Viets's Sunday.

P. A. Riley is working at Ludlow, Ohio, on a steam shovel. James Stewart still makes his daily trips to Weaver Station.

Mr. Flave and Charley Fitzgerald transacted business in Greenville Saturday, Dec 9. VENUS.

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