

THE BIRTHDAY OF ELAINE.

She was not christened Elaine. John Farge called her that. The conduct of parents in the matter he had not hesitated to describe as abominable, and when her mother pointed out that the name she had given was her own and her mother's before her, he argued that, if the family had such a skeleton in the cupboard it was time to bury it, and that the sins of the grandmother should not be visited—well, he spoke disrespectfully of grandmothers.

Besides, she shared the name with the cook, probably with many cooks. "How can you face the prospect," he had cried, "of calling your child's name and being filled with the horror of the locking of many cooks?" So, at the time when her frocks were slowly creeping down to her ankles, John Farge came back from over seas and named her Elaine. Elaine the lovely, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily white. For her skin was white as cream, and she was slim and graceful as any one-time Dryad who danced to the pipe of Pan.

She had early declared her intention ever to marry. Friends—male friends—had not been wanting who described such sentiments as cruel; others, older men, as ridiculous. But Elaine said she could much rather be ridiculous than be married, and let the matter go at that. Only her mother smiled, because he had not forgotten the time when he was a maid herself, and her father laughed, and went fishing with Elaine, and watched her cast a fly with the lightest and liveliest of rods, and when her basket grew heavier than his own, said that, if even the cold-blooded fish led to please her, what would the men do?

There can only be experienced keen regret at the necessity of turning from Elaine for a moment to consider Lord Edenbridge. It was on her eighteenth birthday that he came to her, and she, in the family history to John Farge and Bertie in the orchard. His lordship ordered his conversation with an airy irresponsibility that his friends allied delighted and his creditors, when they sought him on matters of business, gasping.

He had driven over early that afternoon to ring joy-bells—he said so—on the occasion of the birthday of Elaine and a chance remark of John Farge had called forth an effort of memory from the noble lord at which Bertie was obviously bored. He was loathed Lord Edenbridge from their first meeting, and if he could not at once assign a motive for his dislike, he was soon to discover one that was all-sufficient.

"My wife died a few years after our marriage," sighed his lordship, John Farge nodded. It was so obviously the best thing she could have done. "My daughter can't keep game, I don't think she can keep my daughter."

"You haven't inquired," asked Bertie. "I have not wished to intrude on their privacy and—domestic bliss. I presume the bliss."

"If she is the wife of a good man—" began John Farge. "It is better than being the daughter of a—than being my daughter," said Lord Edenbridge, laughing softly. "May be, but I think she liked me, though I as her father. It is not fashionable to like your parents nowadays."

"Was she your only child?" queried John Farge, more from a sense of politeness than interest. "I had a son."

"He is—dead?" "I don't know. He married a charming lady—an actress. She has had several husbands, all, I believe, happily living."

"Bertie yawned widely and got up from his chair. It was from his more excited position that he could see Elaine leaning on the parapet in the orchard, hurried through the trees to meet her. "Don't come in, Elaine," he said. "Edenbridge is there, talking to John Farge. Come for a walk; none of your guests will be here for an hour yet."

Elaine hesitated for a moment. "Can't we carry off Mr. Farge?" To walk in the meadows with John Farge was to read in the book of Nature and learn her secrets. Elaine rarely acknowledged to herself the arm of his companionship.

"He's all right," said Bertie; "he's among the family history of the Edenbridges. He could write a book about only it would be fit for publication. So they wandered on in the meadows, eighteen and twenty-one. And Bertie chattered gayly and looked very handsome as an officer of the King's army should do. But Elaine often turned him and thought of John Farge, sitting in his square, solemn face and deep voice. It was a merry party at dinner that evening. John Farge made a little birthday speech, ending it with a few lines of poetry he had found in his heart and written down, but which many do not give here, although they were very beautiful, and Elaine remembers them to this day. Bertie contributed chatter that, if not witty, was always bright and never dull-tongued, and several young ladies temporarily lost their heads to the handsome midly, while Lord Edenbridge forgot to be cynical and made a very good dinner. Elaine next her father at the head of the table, very pleased and happy. Only her mother was glad and sorry, and unhappy, for it is part of the tragedy of motherhood that children cannot always be children.

It was an hour after dinner when Bertie came to John Farge in the smoking-room. "Come out, Farge," said he. "I'm tired of talking to a gang of girls and Elaine's lost, too."

"Oh, keep cool!" urged Bertie. "Edenbridge is lost, too." John Farge said nothing, but followed Bertie into the garden. "What's it mean?" demanded that young gentleman, as they entered the orchard, having avoided the rest of the party. "I saw Edenbridge talking to Elaine just as we finished dinner, and they've been at it ever since. I've never seen them together since. Now they've vanished—clean gone. I've looked in every part of the grounds." It was not from lack of interest that John Farge did not reply, may, however, have been but a trick of the fading light that much his face took very white. "I say," continued Bertie, "you don't think she's likely to be—?" "No; that would be impossible."

"I do not think Elaine would care for Lord Edenbridge in that way," said Farge. "Of course not! She never could stand him. He's been a beast, and he's fifty. Bertie broke off sharply and gripped John Farge's arm as if he would crush it. "Look!" he gasped. For a moment there was silence, the way starting before them in blank amazement. Then Farge drew Bertie away. "It is not right to play the spy," he

THINGS THAT MAY HAPPEN IF THE ANTI-SWEARING SOCIETY GROWS.



New York, Jan. 21.—"Thinker's dam" is the limit to which Columbia university students who have organized an anti-swearing society are allowed to indulge themselves without paying a penalty. Being wise in their generation, the young men have learned that "not worth a thinker's dam," for instance, is a legitimate expression, whose origin runs back to the days when traveling tinkers, ignorant of the use of rosin in soldering holes in tinware, used a dam of dough to keep the solder from running. Nothing more useless was known than the little dam of dough after it had been baked. One cent is the fine for each profane word uttered in the presence of witnesses.

THE GIRL WHO SUITED.

Charles Abbott was not used to buying diamonds. If he had been he might not have made such a fuss over the one he had. Still, the way he set that was enough to make any man out of sorts, no matter if he had had a whole jewelry store to fall back on.

The young woman to whom Abbott had given the diamond, set in an engagement ring, eloped with another man just two weeks before she was to be married to Abbott. Abbott hated to lose the woman, but he hated still more to lose the ring, as young as he could find out, from the young woman's astonished relatives, where the deserter had gone he wrote and asked her what she had done with the ring.

Della Surry has it, 24 June street, was the telegraphic reply received in reply. Abbott did not know Della Surry, but he continued to write her, because she lived at the address given, so he called there in further pursuit of the diamond. Della would not appear to be married. Abbott recognized it, and paid his respects to the diamond rather than to Della. Della seemed mystified and Abbott hesitated to explain.

"The ring referred to is that diamond ring," he said bluntly. "It is mine. I want it." Della drew the ring from her finger and held it up. "Dear me," she said, "was Josie engaged to you, too?" "I don't know what you mean by 'too,'" said Abbott, "but she was engaged to me."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Della. "Nothing, except to try to get my ring back." "I am sorry for you," said Della. "but I really don't see how I can help you. It is not polite to give away things that have been given you by your friends."

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CUPID WATCHES OCEAN LINERS

There Are Born Many of the Most Startling of His Many Romances.

Cupid must spend a large part of his time sitting on the pier where he can watch the coming and going of ocean liners entering and leaving New York. If the small gentleman of the wings and bow were a personal deity and circumscribed by the law which declares against a person being in more than one place at one time, that undoubtedly is the place he would elect as his home.

There are probably more lovers' meetings, lovers' greetings and lovers' partings—worse luck for the latter—along those docks than at any other place in the country.

And there probably are more joyous meetings, more loving greetings and more sorrowful and heart breaking partings there than any place else in the country.

So Cupid would select that place and sit on the top of a post where he could survey the scene and smile at the behavior of the persons he had stot with his arrows.

Take the scenes of one day along those docks as an illustration, and those scenes were not all. They were the ones that had happened to be observed and known.

The White Star line steamship Oceanic started off by arriving with four engaged couples and fourteen brides to be on board.

The fourteen young women came from abroad to marry men who had preceded them to make homes in this country. Their husbands to be were waiting for them on the dock. You may be sure that Cupid smiled broadly as he saw fourteen different sets of young women and beheld the four engaged young couples staking happily away.

The Oceanic had been through rough weather, but Boreas was working against Cupid on that trip, and the fourteen brides to be and the four engaged couples came safely through.

Then at another dock another scene was being enacted. Since morning a young Cuban, Rafael Hidalgo, had been waiting in the cold and snow, watching for a steamer to appear. He had been married by proxy in Havana, November 19th, his father acting as his representative in signing the wedding contract.

The eagerness of both the young man and the young woman defeated the object they had in view—a welcome the moment the dainty foot of the bride touched American soil. As the passengers began to come off the bridge-room mistook another young woman for his bride and dashed madly down the pier for her. Dismissing his mistake he plunged through the crowd of disembarking passengers, but it was not until he had searched twenty minutes that he found her.

Then he discovered her in charge of a strapping member of the United States army hospital corps, Private John Stremmer, in whose care she had been placed on leaving Cuba.

The two Cubans had not seen each other for three years, but the recognition was instantaneous. Private Stremmer stood at attention with a pleased smile on his face, while the two exchanged the vocabulary of endearments. The bride was hysterical at first. The crowds, the unaccustomed cold, and the language she could not understand frightened her and she hid her face in

her husband's coat and sobbed. He held her while sympathetic women passengers tried to cheer her away. She had been married to the same father acting as proxy, because the young man himself could not leave his employment at the time he was to be married in Paterson, where he is studying to become an engineer.

At another dock there was an engaging steamer which carried two happy young men with a story worth repeating. They had been married in Pennsylvania. The young man had told the bride that the money he had saved for the wedding would take them on a wedding trip to New York, but that they must not be extravagant, as they would need to be economical in beginning housekeeping.

At this she smiled and promised to be frugal. A trip to New York was all the wedding trip any girl needed, she thought.

So they were married and started on their trip. When they got to New York the bride informed her husband that she was young and niter to drop their arrangements for the wedding trip and make a tour of the world like her mother and father. "You see," she said with a blush, "in an alogologic manner, instead of being poor, as you thought me, I have a modest fortune of half a million dollars, but I wanted to be loved for myself alone."

It was an astonished young man who listened to this announcement, but his appearance on the pier, taking an outgoing vessel, was proof that he did not regret the fact that the woman he had married as poor had turned out to be rich.

It may easily be seen that the dock of the great steamship lines are the places where romances are found. There may be seen the wife (and the leave of the husband, and the wife away for a hazard of new fortune, and the accepted lover taking his first lesson in the woman who has promised to be his wife. The impatient lover waiting for the disembarkment which will give him a sight of the girl for whom he is waiting, the husband waiting the return of his wife.

Any place of meetings and partings is a place of emotions, and when a steamship company it means that possible danger is facing the water, one that a vast stretch of water—land—will be between them. A great ing means that these dangers and the separation is past.

As guardian of many emotions Cupid's seat should be on the pier—Chicago Tribune.

Gallant Nobleman. Tess—It was passing that small boat with Lord Britton yesterday, and I hinted that I'd like to have some of the lovely roses that were displayed in the window. Jess—And did he send some to you? Tess—Yes, they came this morning. C. O. D.—Philadelphia Press.

Mark Twain's Audiences. It was on the train somewhere between New York and the West. Mark Twain was traveling between towns on a pleasure tour, and a friend had been drawn the humorist out on the subject of his experiences. "What sort of audience," he asked, "do you get?" "Who is your audience, make the most responsive and the most thetic listeners?" replied Mark after a moment's thought. "College men and college women,"—Harper's Weekly.

A Tale of "The Kill" A remarkable story of the killing of a Majestic Bull Moose, written by the naturalist-author, Charles G. D. Roberts. A tale that will appeal to lovers of the dumb inhabitants of the forest, as well as to those who follow them with a gun. METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE for January Also contains "The Christmas Peace," by THOMAS NELSON PAGE. "A Christmas Reverie," by BLISS CARMAN. "Love Story of Mary, Queen of Scots," by MAURICE HEWLETT. "Confessions of a Wall Street Private Secretary," by JANE WADE. 100 Illustrations Really a 35-cent Magazine for 15 cents. 160 pages of Reading (C 43) R. H. RUSSELL, PUBLISHER, 3 W. 29TH ST., N. Y.