

# LIFE IN THE CITY

## Rush of Work, Sordid Struggle and Cramped Quarters Kills Romance of Life.

By ISABEL JONES.

John Croft had written to his wife and dropped the letter down the mail chute. She had been gone three weeks, but she had communicated with him twice during that period so that the breach between them was not irrevocable. That morning her second letter had come, and now that he had answered it he took it up and began reading it again.

"Dear John," she wrote. "I have been thinking a good deal during our separation and have come to the conclusion that neither of us is so much to blame for our disagreements as the other thinks. It is our life in the city, John, the rush of work, the cramped quarters, the killing of the romance of life by the sordid struggle for existence. John, shall we try again and see if we cannot be kinder to each other?"

John Croft had come to the city from the country, like so many country boys, burning to make a name and fortune in the field where the prizes are immense but the struggle acute. No mercy is given on that battlefield. He was twenty then, and Mildred Carter had told him that she would wait for him, if he needs for ever. They had been sweethearts for three years and neither had been in love before. And Mildred waited, though the wait was long. Year by year John Croft had struggled vainly, hopelessly, until his sudden recognition came. Then he had married. And that was five years ago and though success seemed certain he was not yet out of the press of that remorseless battle.

John felt to musing upon Mildred. He remembered her as she used to walk shyly by his side to church; he thought of those many lovely hours in the old town, where their homes adjoined; of stolen kisses at even, of all the thousand and one things that a lover recalls. How fond of each other they had been! Then came his married life, begun happily, but gradually embittered by misunderstandings.



Began Reading It Again.

Mrs. Croft was a country girl and life in the city had been hard on her. And there had been no children.

And ever the memory of Mildred Carter swept over him like a flood tide, and by that sweet memory he had tried to live and fought down the rising bitterness in his heart.

At last his wife and he had resolved upon a temporary separation. It was not to be permanent; they were too sincerely fond of each other to dream of anything like that. Rather it was to be a period of adjustment in which, each alone, could examine his and her heart and see wherein the offense lay. Then his wife's second letter had come, in which she had diagnosed the trouble accurately. It was not their love which was at fault, but the conditions of their life, and love must be strong enough to overlook those artificial barriers.

But Mildred! John Croft had never ceased to dream of his first love. If those years could be wiped out once more! He saw her now as he sat musing in his study, passing down the village street, swinging her sun-bonnet; he saw the shy, quick glance that she would cast up at him. He had those letters that she had written to him, breathing so many hopes in the drawer of his desk. He had never destroyed those; they were sacred to him.

His wife would not return for three days. Why, then, should he not go to her, to Clayton, the village of their birth, and see her as she was now, recall the thousand memories of their love, steep his soul in those passionate memories which would encourage him to take up the burden of life anew? He sat down at his desk and wrote her a letter of a thousand assurances. He was coming back to Clayton, he said. Would she meet him just at the place where they used to meet, at the bottom of the garden dividing the two cottages? And would she wear that sun-bonnet? And would she forget the years that had elapsed and pretend that they were boy and girl together again in Clayton?

No sooner had he posted that letter than the plan became overwhelming in its insistence. He thrust a few things into his suitcase, descended in the elevator, hailed a taxicab and was on his way to the station. He was singing as he entered the broad marble portals. The ticket agent

stared at him; he might have been a bridegroom off for his honeymoon.

Ten minutes later he was seated in his car, watching the flying landscape as the train steamed through the pleasant country on its way toward the little Pennsylvania village.

It was a six hours' run. Croft's heart was beating fast when at last, well toward sundown, the train slowed down and ran into the little station. He left his suitcase at the station, directing that it should be sent up to the house where he had been born. The little tumble-down cottage had long been empty, for his parents had died since his first departure, but reasons of sentiment had prevented Croft from selling it; besides, he had always resolved one day to return there to live. He made his way down the village street under the long shadows of the elm.

It was a long street, and before he had reached the end the sun had set. The gracious twilight of spring shrouded the houses in a mystery. The place had not changed at all. He might have been returning thither from college. All sense of the intervening years had left him. At last he was standing at the bottom of Mildred's garden.

"Mildred!" he called.

Then his heart pounded violently in his breast as he saw a slim figure in a sun-bonnet start out of the house and move toward him with the old, leisurely grace. And so she passed between the rows of flowering lilacs and at last stood before him. Why, this was his Mildred, unchanged—well, hardly changed, and not at all to him. He knew now that he would love her until he died.

"Mildred!" he cried, and then he had clasped her in his arms and her heart was beating against his own. And for a long time they forgot everything, save that they two stood there together as they once had done.

"John, dear," she whispered, raising her head and looking into his eyes. "Mildred!"

"It has been all a mistake, hasn't it? It was the city that killed our love. Dear, you don't know how happy your letter made me. If we could always live here together!"

"Dear," he said softly, "I want you to know one thing. I always loved you. Sometimes, when we were least happy, I fancied that there were two Mildreds—my wife and the sweetheart who came from Clayton to marry me five years ago. But now they are both one and we will live here together and start our married life anew."

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## POSED AS PATRIOT MEAGHER

Chance Resemblance to Popular Irishman Turned Out Well for Young English Diplomat.

There is a story, appropriate to St. Patrick's day, about Henry Labouchere.

"While an attaché of the British embassy, young Labouchere one day turned up, hungry and penniless, in New York. At noon, with his usual reckless daring, he entered a Broadway chop-house—one Muldoon's—and ordered a modest meal. But he had no idea how he would pay for this meal. Perhaps he would leave his hat or boots in pledge for it. As he pondered the matter, he noticed that the waiters, who were staring at him oddly, were all Irishmen. Were the waiters aware of his lack of funds? His luncheon seemed strangely long in coming. But just then a waiter bent over him and whispered:

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you the patriot Meagher?"

Now, Meagher, Labouchere knew, had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, had been deported to Australia, and had escaped thence to New York. The red-haired young man, in answer to the waiter's question, put his forefinger upon his lip. "Hush," he murmured. And he looked round the room cautiously.

It was at once felt that Labouchere was the patriot Meagher. And so the choicest wines were set before him, and, in place of the modest chop he had ordered, a luncheon of nine or ten elaborate courses was brought on. At the end, lighting one of the establishment's finest cigars, Labouchere demanded his bill. His waiter smiled, retired, and soon came back with a big, handsome man—the proprietor himself. The proprietor, bending over the youth, said earnestly:

"From one like you, a sufferer in the good cause, I can take no money, sir. Permit a brother patriot to shake you by the hand."

And Labouchere shook hands with the proprietor and with the dozen waiters and stalked forth into the cold world with the stern, sad, but indomitable look which it seemed to him that an exiled patriot should wear.

First Derby in 1780.

All England is at present talking over the coming Derby, in which there are several American entries.

This famous stake was instituted by Lord Derby in 1780 and takes place on Epsom Downs in Surrey, England. It is generally run on Wednesday in the week preceding Whit Sunday, the fifteenth day after Easter, which is the second day of the meeting.

The Derby, which is run over a course of one and one-half miles, is at present a stake of \$10,000, of which \$5,000 goes to the winner, \$2,500 to the nominator of the same, \$1,500 to the second horse and \$1,000 to the third.

Epsom Downs is a small market town, where races were first established in 1711. The grand stand at the course there was built in 1839 at a cost of \$100,000, and accommodates 7,500 persons seated.

# FISH FOOD SUPPLY

## Fisheries Bureau Has New Commissioner.

His Appointment Was in Nature of a Promotion, as He Had Served Several Years in Subordinate Positions in Department.

Washington.—That the United States bureau of fisheries, even with the many limitations imposed by law on its activities, nevertheless is in a position to contribute materially to the increase of the nation's food supply and to give valuable assistance in the solution of the cost-of-living problem is the opinion of Dr. Hugh M. Smith, the new commissioner, who in recent days has been confirmed for the important office given him by President Wilson.

Dr. Smith's appointment was in the nature of a promotion, and during the years in which he has served in subordinate positions in the bureau of which he is now the head he has become an authority on the work which the government is doing to increase the fish food supply of the United States.

"In the conservation of fish food resources, our activities are both direct and indirect," said Commissioner Smith in explaining the interest of his bureau in the cost-of-living problem. "By its very extensive fish cultural operations in all parts of the country the bureau each year is bringing into existence and starting on their career hundreds of millions of food fishes that, without the government's work, would never have gotten beyond the egg stage. Overwhelming evidence is available to show the value of this work in maintaining the fish supply of streams and lakes, in restoring depleted waters, in stocking artificial ponds



Dr. Hugh M. Smith.

and in establishing fishes in new waters. There is scarcely a community in the entire country that has not profited by these operations of our government.

"These direct efforts have been supplemented by most valuable service in saving the lives of fishes that are stranded every year when the Mississippi river and its tributaries go on the rampage. When the waters subside the cry of 'Rescue the perishing!' goes up in behalf of millions of the best food fishes of the interior waters, and the cry it responded to by the agents of the fisheries service, who seine out the temporary ponds and pools left in open places by the receding floods and restore the fishes to the main streams.

"One important point in increasing the fish food supply is the encouragement of the utilization of many kinds of good fish which are now neglected. Our fastidious tastes and the abundance of our water products have caused us to discard many excellent resources which other nations have been utilizing for many centuries. A recent inquiry by me has shown that each year over 10,000,000 pounds of a single fish now caught in our east coast fisheries are thrown away, not a single pound being sold or consumed. Yet this is one of the best favored fishes in our waters, and last fall I saw it being sold in Hamburg at several times the price commanded by mackerel. Dozens of other fishes which Europeans eat are regarded by us as beneath notice. I may mention in this connection the very abundant and widely distributed sea mussels, which are extensively eaten in all the coastwise countries of Europe, while we for years have entirely ignored these wholesome shellfish and have only recently begun to recognize their value.

"Our people were once even more wasteful of food fishes than they are today. I remember to have seen as a boy the shores of the Potomac river below Mount Vernon piled with the remains of sturgeon, whose meat is now relished, but which the fisherman at that time threw away. Some of the fishes weighed as much as 250 pounds, and one of that size caught today, now that the sturgeon is almost extinct in our coastal rivers, would give a fisherman a fair income for almost an entire season. The time will come when we shall be using and es-

teeming many excellent fishes which today we ignore or reject.

"An important role for the bureau of fisheries to play is to advance the day when we discarded fish food products will be utilized. Enormous quantities of such are now caught incidentally and discarded, whereas a proper conception of our responsibilities would lead us to bring these products into the markets and sell them at low prices."

Talk is cheap—when it comes to being a witness before the select committee of the house which investigated the battle of Farragut square. Talk is cheap, because the half dozen witnesses who were subpoenaed to appear before the committee and who were furnished with vouchers for witness fees have never been able to collect their money.

Clerk Speight of the judiciary committee acted as clerk to that special committee as an accommodation to John W. Davis of West Virginia, chairman of the select committee, and as usual he made out vouchers for the men who were called to testify. One of the first vouchers made was for that historic character who was furnishing the limbs of one of Farragut square's finest trees and who saw the battle from the viewpoint of a birding on a bow. His testimony is certainly worth \$2 of any government's money. Other witnesses were of such finely grained quality as J. Fred Esary, correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, and Frederick Steckman of the Washington Post. There was another witness, who has scared the writer out of mentioning his name, but his testimony was quite worth \$2. He had several witnesses went to cash in their vouchers they were told at the clerk's office the house had not authorized the select committee to spend my money. A resolution will have to be adopted to unleash this large amount—\$12.

## This Talk Was Surely Cheap.

Accidents in quarries, coal mines and metal mines of the United States during 1911 resulted in loss of life to 3,602 men, out of the 1,905,281 men employed. The bureau of mines, which since its establishment has endeavored to promote safety and efficiency in the mines and quarries of the country, has just issued its first summary of quarry accidents. It shows 188 men were killed during 1911 out of 110,954 men employed, making the death rate 1.69 per 1,000. In coal mines 728,348 men were employed, of whom 2,179 were killed, making the death rate 3.73; in metal mines, 165,979 men employed, 695 killed, making the death rate 4.19.

Approximately one-half of the deaths in and about the quarries were due to three causes. In the order named: Explosives, falls or slides of quarry material and falls or slides of overburden.

Accidents resulted in the serious injury of 862 men, or 7.77 per 1,000; slight injuries, 4,528, or 40.81 per 1,000. Approximately 33 per cent. of the serious and slight injuries occurred in the handling and transport of material.

Fatalities in granite quarries were 29; sandstone and bluestone, 14; limestone, 30, and cement rock, 29. Of these 33 men were killed in Pennsylvania quarries, 22 in California and 12 in Illinois.

The statistics were collected from 3,920 quarries, whose 110,954 employees worked an aggregate of 25,225,094 days, developing \$149,541,722 in products. The men killed left 59 widows and 129 orphans.

The four hundred and thirty-five members of congress seemed to be packed rather snugly together as they filed in to try the new seating arrangement of the house of representatives. The old desks have been discarded and there will be no more writing of letters or pasting of postage stamps while a thrilling oration is being delivered from the rostrum. The congressman who has no interest in proceedings will hereafter find no relief except to take a quiet nap.

Under the new dispensation each congressman's allotment in the house consists of one good, big seat, "as comfortable as those in a hotel lobby," and a large brass cuspidor, which reposes hard by. Seen from the front of the house, these compartments are as conspicuous as an armchair in a parlor. Perhaps some of the boys who are now employed in polishing the cuspidors may finally emulate Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," who "polished up the handle of the big front door" and rose to distinction.

Even the color of the house carnation has changed—for Speaker Clark wears a white flower, where Speaker Cannon wore red. Secretary Bryan also prefers white, so the ancient floral distinction of the English war of the roses find their later types in the party emblems of the American republic.—National Magazine.

## Statistics on Mine Accidents.

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## His "Atmosphere."

The novelist Gabrielle d'Annunzio has added an illustration to the list of authors who are as fanciful in appearance as when he goes traveling. He is listed on taking about his mind every where a long piece of very wonderful brocade of the Fifteenth century. This he hangs around the walls of his hotel rooms in order to "create an atmosphere."

## Vote on Rights of Dogs.

Ordinance Barring Canines From Streets Subject of Referendum in Kansas Town.

Iola, Kan.—The right of a dog to run at large will be the subject of a referendum election to be held in Iola. The city commissioners passed an ordinance providing that no dog should be permitted to run at large and imposed a heavy dog tax. Over 500 dogs appealed to the commissioners without effect. At a mass meeting a petition for a referendum on the ordinance was drawn up. It was returned with 800 signers, more than 25 per cent. of the voters.

## Doctor Dies Attending Patient.

Utica, N. Y.—While trying to revive a patient who had just died, Dr. George N. Denke, of Clinton, dropped dead in his sanitarium in that village.

## Brattleboro is going to buy a tree-spraying machine at an expense not to exceed \$450. All of the elms in the village will be sprayed to kill the beetles.

## The contract for the building of the new hospital and dormitory of the state industrial school has been awarded to T. W. Rogers of Brandon. The building will cost about \$30,000.

# HASTY ACTION IS CONDEMNED

Underwood, in Address at University of Virginia, Advocates Political Up-lift—Motto is Caution.

Charlottesville, Va.—A plea for conservatism in politics, a "stop, look, listen" policy to guard against hasty adoption of ill-considered proposals, was the keynote of an address on "The Tendency of Our Times" delivered at the University of Virginia by Representative Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, Democratic leader in the house of representatives.

It was a notable occasion at Charlottesville, with many of those who have gone forth from the university in the past reassembled to pay tribute to their alma mater.

Mr. Underwood is president of the annual, and his son was among the graduates. He preached the doctrine of the political uplift.

"Only a few years ago," he said, "a political party that contended that



Oscar W. Underwood.

taxes on consumption should be abolished and that part of the government burdens should be borne by the wealth of the country was hailed before the bar of public opinion as being guilty of extreme radicalism.

"Yet even those who condemned the proposal have enacted a law taxing corporate wealth and have ceased to protest against an equitable income tax that shall fairly distribute a part of the tax burdens of the government on incomes derived from all classes of property.

"The tendency of our times undoubtedly is toward greater freedom of thought, uplift to humanity, abolition of governmental privilege, equalization of the taxation burdens and an open, honest administration of the laws.

What may be regarded as radical today may be the inner citadel of conservatism tomorrow.

## BOY'S FLAG SAVES RICH MAN

Weakness of Struggling Victim of Bull Meant Certain Death, but for Red Emblem.

Emlenston, Pa.—A small red flag, in the hands of Lawrence Mortland, a boy of ten years, saved the life of Joseph Grieff, a wealthy oil operator, when he was attacked by an infuriated bull on his farm at an early hour the other morning. Grieff was crossing the field, when the animal made a rush for him. By dodging he managed to evade the onslaught of the bull.

Taking advantage of the only chance to save his life, Grieff caught the animal by the neck and attempted to prevent going. In his efforts to evade the horns of the bull Grieff was several times hurled to the ground and trampled on.

When it appeared as if he would be killed, young Mortland, who had seen Grieff's predicament from afar, came running down the road with a small red flag, waving it furiously and yelling. Of a sudden the bull looked up, and, seeing the red flag waving at him through the fence, made a wild rush for the boy. Grieff, although badly injured, managed to crawl to the fence and through to the road, while Mortland was taunting the maddened bull with the flag. Grieff fell unconscious a moment after reaching safety. He sustained several broken ribs and was badly injured. His condition is critical.

The bull, in his efforts to reach the red flag and young Mortland, nearly tore down the fence.

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# MOLLIE LOVED HIM

## And He Loved Mollie, So Her Confession Was Not Such a Terrible Thing.

By DOROTHY SHAW.

It was the second evening before their marriage. All the arrangements had been completed and for a brief hour the lovers were alone together at the home of the bride-to-be.

"Are you quite reconciled to marrying the daughter of a rich man, dearest?" asked Mollie Greaves, nestling up against Walter Barrett, her fiancé. "Just think! If you hadn't been so proud, Walter, we could have been married two years by now."

"And where would my self-respect be, Mollie?" asked Walter. "I love you with all my heart, but I could hardly live as a pensioner upon my wife, could I?"

"But, dearest, surely your love for me is stronger than your pride," urged Mollie.

"Well, but now I shall have you and keep my pride too," he answered. "I always knew that some day my pictures would be snapped up. Wallis, the dealer on the Avenue, has been offered a thousand dollars for that assapect of mine and—"

He broke off suddenly, for there were tears in his bride's eyes.

"What is it, dearest," he pleaded. "Have I said something to hurt you?"

"No," she sobbed. "But, Walter, I have been deceiving you these two years. O, Walter, do you remember telling me once that no matter what I had ever done or ever could do it would make no difference in your love for me?"

"Surely, Mollie. Come, what is it? Somebody you once thought you were in love with and haven't told me about? Never mind, you don't have to



He Was Smiling No Longer.

tell me as long as you love me now. You do love me, don't you, dear?"

He continued, a shadow of anxiety crossing his face.

Mollie threw her arms round his neck.

"With all my heart," she sobbed. "But, Walter—O, how can I tell you? But I must, even though you will refuse to marry me."

"Nothing could make me refuse," he answered. "Nothing in the whole world."

"Do you mean that, Walter? You won't hate me for what I am going to say?"

"Hate you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, hate me! O, Walter, I did it for the best. I thought it was for the best. And now I see that I should never have done it. It was father who advised me."

"Come, out with it," said Walter; but he was smiling no longer. What could it be? Something dreadful, no doubt, and something by which he was to prove the sincerity of his love for her.

"Then listen, Walter, and let me finish before you say a word," said Mollie, sitting up primly and stiffly before him. "It's about your pictures. During the last year you have been getting better and better prices for them from Enoch, haven't you?"

"Well, I should say I have. Two years ago I was glad to sell a painting for \$25 and I used to turn out one every week as regularly as clockwork. Now I can't do them quickly enough to find purchasers at five hundred apiece. Why, last year I made ten thousand dollars."

"Then listen, Walter," said Mollie quickly. "That is all a trick of mine and father's. When you asked me to wait until you had made a name for yourself father thought you a fool. He had money enough for both of us, he said, and nothing would have pleased him better than that you should continue painting all your life and let the future take care of itself. But when you refused—well, you know that Moonlight Over Brooklyn Bridge of yours?"

"Well, I should guess so. Enoch gave me \$250 for that and it was my first success."

"Enoch didn't buy it," sobbed Mollie. "At least, didn't buy it on chance, as you suppose. Father went to him and told him he would pay \$250 for that when you took it to Enoch and \$50 extra for each picture you painted until you reached a thousand dollars. And those customers of Enoch's who you thought bought all your pictures

## State Events.

August 18.—Annual session state health officers' school, Burlington.

The Rev. S. H. Cain, of Bellows Falls, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Woodwich, Me.

Stephen Gleason, aged nearly 90 years, one of the oldest veterans of the Civil war, died at the Vermont soldiers' home Wednesday.

Independence, La., population 1000, practically was destroyed by fire Tuesday at a loss of over \$500,000. Only three buildings, a small box factory and two dwellings, were left.

Elm Tree Press. Fine Printing

# The Tribune Farmer

Is the best Agricultural paper. It comes every week. For \$1.50 we send THE AGE and Tribune Farmer for one year.

THE AGE  
WOODSTOCK VERMONT

The 80th assembly of the Universalist churches of Vermont and Provinces of Quebec will be held in Rutland August 24 to 28, inclusive.

A brown trout weighing eight pounds and six ounces was caught recently at Manchester Depot from the Battenkill river by William Stuart. This fish is larger by nearly one pound than any trout ever taken from the stream as far as the oldest residents of the place can recollect.

Louis Cenate of Springfield, a general merchant, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are \$665.85 and his assets are given as \$780 with \$100 claimed exempt.

A farm of 100 acres has been deeded to the schools of Paoli, Kan. Money from the farm is used to buy books, clothing, etc. for boys and girls who wish a high school education, but cannot afford it.