

How Hector Saved the Train

By H. Marion

"OUR dots, two dots, dash—" flashed through the mind of the sturdy young boy by the small table. The well shaped head, with its round, boyish face, its deepest iron gray eyes, and thin, firm lips was poised proudly on a pair of large shoulders, the body in turn being supported by a pair of legs which were astonishing, considering the age of the owner. They were as strong and sturdy a set of "pins" as any boy of 15 years could ever care to possess. The hard, steellike muscles being seemingly able to withstand the charge of a battery, and encased in a light, airy pair of bicycling trousers, they

"Jim," he muttered, glancing at the clock in his small room, "10:45—45 minutes before anything doing, and crossing over to a small cupboard at one side of the room, he took out a black bottle and a glass, which he set down before him and eagerly proceeded to drink its contents.

Left to himself Hector felt into what he termed his "regular" speed and, as was always his custom, lapsed into deep thought. And much food he had for thought, too. That morning he had set out for his father's station in high spirits. For was not the long promised bicycle, the one he had begged his father long before to purchase, was at last ready to be delivered? He had run down the road with the one idea uppermost in his mind that he would ride home with

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But the terrible picture which framed before his eyes of the crash when the two speeding locomotives came together, the horrible massacre of the innocent persons within and the groans of the injured, were sufficient to make him insensible to the terrible ordeal to which he was being put.

Over rocks and into holes he drove his bicycle, which was fast going to the four winds. He fervently prayed that the trees would hold out and stand the trying test. They were of tough thread, and standing the strain with bulldog tenacity, so far at least. Its young driver was not thinking of its welfare just then; all that he wanted was to warn the train in time and he would spare neither the wheel nor himself.

His heart threatening to burst with every successive push of the pedals, his breath coming in short panting gulps and his legs almost ready to break under the fearful pressure imposed on them, he struggled on.

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With a last amazing, desperate effort Hector threw himself headlong to the ground in front of the steps leading to the platform, bringing his wheel with him. Disengaging himself, he attempted to rise, but he was unable to get under him and he crumpled down at the foot of the steps. Dragging himself forward, he crawled up the three steps, over the platform to the door and with a gasp he saw that his worst fear had been realized.

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"Yes, God knows what would have happened," said Rollins, looking tenderly at his son, "but I have learned my lesson, Hector, and so long as I live, with God's help, I'll never touch a drop of poison again."

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showed to advantage. So much for Hector Rollins. Now let us give our attention for a moment to the man at his side, seated at the table on which stood the telegraph instrument.

He was for mature age, and evidently the father of the youngster. Just now he was bending down over his table, his arm on its surface and his hand covering the telegraph key. His two first fingers on the small, round top piece, which resembled in size a silver quarter of a dollar, and his thumb under it, the man began rapidly sending his message. A close observer, however, might have noticed a slight unsteadiness of the hand.

A short time he kept sending rapidly to the operator on the other end of the wire, and then, snapping the small steel lever under its receiver, he waited. For a few moments after shutting his own key he stood there, expecting the "sounded" to answer his message, then with a troubled frown he turned toward his son, who was waiting silently by his side.

"That's the first time that Bill hasn't sent his O. K. at the end in a long while," he said, rising rather unsteadily and facing the boy, "and I hope that—" he broke off sharply, as once more the troubled frown flitted over his flushed face. Then—

"Well, sonny, did you get what I said?" he inquired, more cheerfully.

"Yes, father," said Hector, speaking for the first time, "I'll be 18 till the express passes me at 11:30."

"Right," approved his parent. "You're improving, my dear Hector, because that was fast sending."

"I've been 'pounding steel' particularly hard in the last two months," explained his son.

"Well, I suppose you're wondering where your new bike is, eh? The fact is," went on the operator before his son could reply, and in a sadder tone, "the fact is that the bike is under your wheel that I promised you. But," quickly as he saw the look of keen disappointment that crossed the face of the young wheelman, "I positively will get it for you at a date. You see, affairs haven't gone exactly right in the past and I find myself short of funds just now. I reasoned that if you would wait a month or so longer I'd be better able to buy the wheel. I know how hard it must be for you to bear this setback after fondly hoping to find your new wheel here waiting for you this morning, but I assure you, Hector, that I positively can't get you this sum of money so readily as you see."

"Oh, that's all right, father," his son hastened to reply, hiding his disappointment as best he could. "I am in no hurry at all, and—and—well, what's another month anyhow?"

"Good boy!" and his parent brought his hand down rather forcibly on Hector's shoulder. "You may rest assured that at the first opportune moment you get your bicycle."

A moment later they were standing on the platform of the small station which Hector's father operated. It was a small affair, nestling a short distance from the track amid a clump of huge oak trees, which cast a friendly shadow on the station from the top noon sun. At a distance of a quarter of a mile down the shipping trails toward the south a sharp curve suddenly shut the tracks from the watchers' gaze. Around this curve, a little distance ahead, was where the side rails joined the main line. Here it was the wont of No. 18, the through passenger, after being given the signal at Cairo, a station five miles north, that the express had already passed the junction, to run on the sidetrack until she reached the curve and swung into the main line, with a clear track ahead.

To the north the glistening steel strips held undisputed possession of the country far as the eye could see, finally losing themselves in the thickly wooded hills beyond. It was along this lay of land to the north that the broad public road ran with the railroad tracks, side by side. It was always so, however, for although the trains could easily scale the steep hills, the road turned off now and then, shutting out the view of the tracks for a time and then suddenly reappearing again.

And so it was that on this hot, sunny day the Junior Rollins sprang on his bicycle, and waving a cheery farewell to his father standing on the edge of the small platform, began pedaling his way home, seven miles directly north.

The elder Rollins stood looking at his son until his broad back disappeared below a slight descent, the speeding wheels carrying a cloud of dust to settle gently down.

"Good kid that," he muttered thickly, as he gazed at the rapidly disappearing puff of dust, "and he deserves it, too. My, but he is crazy about one of those pieces of trash. With which soliloquy he re-entered the station house to await 11:30.

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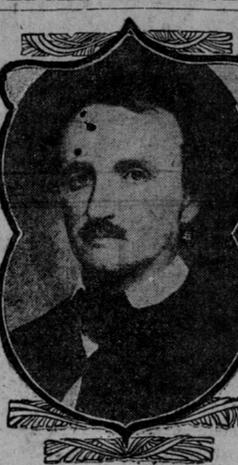
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EDGAR ALLAN POE



Centenary Anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster till his songs a burden bore— Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore Of 'never—never more!'

THIS stanza from "The Raven" was recommended by James Russell Lowell as an inscription upon the Baltimore monument which marks the resting place of Edgar Allan Poe, the most interesting and original figure in American letters, whose centenary anniversary is celebrated next week. And to signify that peculiar musical quality of Poe's genius which enthralled every reader Lowell suggested this additional verse from the "Haunted Palace":

And all with pearl and ruby glowing Was the fair palace door, Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing, And sparkling evermore A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty Was but to sing, In voices of surpassing beauty, The wit and wisdom of their king.

Poe, whose whole literary career scarcely 15 years was a pitiful struggle for mere subsistence, was born in poverty at Boston, January 19, 1809, and died at Baltimore, October 7, 1849. He was left an orphan at the age of 2 years, and as the family was in the utmost destitution the little fellow was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., and his brother and sister were cared for by others.

In his new home Edgar found all the luxury and advantages money could provide. He was petted, spoiled and shown off to strangers, and at the age of 5 he recited, with fine effect, passages of English poetry to the visitors at the Allan house.

From his eighth to his thirteenth year he attended the Manor House school at Stoke-Newington, a suburb of London. It was the Rev. Dr. Bransby, head of the school, whom Poe so quaintly portrayed in "William Wilson." Returning to Richmond in 1820 Edgar was sent to the school of Prof. Joseph H. Clarke. He proved an apt pupil, and years afterward Professor Clarke wrote:

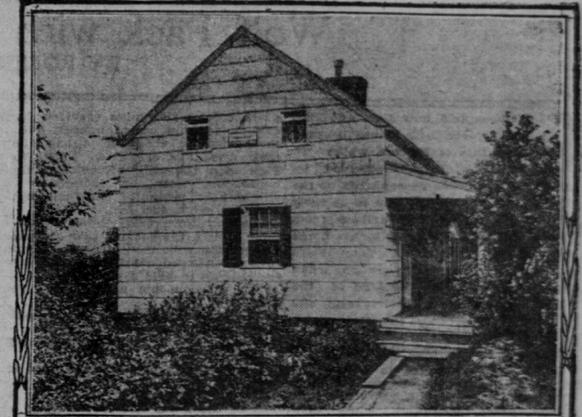
"While the other boys wrote mere

mechanical verses, Poe wrote genuine poetry; the boy was a born poet. As a scholar he was ambitious to excel. He was remarkable for self-respect without haughtiness. He had a sensitive and tender heart and would do anything for a friend. His nature was entirely free from selfishness.

At the age of 17 Poe entered the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He left that institution after one session. Official records prove that he gained a creditable record as a student, although it is admitted that he contracted debts and had "an ungovernable passion for card playing." These debts may have led to his quarrel with Mr. Allan, which eventually compelled him to make his own way in the world.

On September 22, 1835, Poe married

childwife: I was a child and she was a child, In a kingdom by the sea; But we loved with a love that was more than love— I and my Annabel Lee; With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven Coveted her and me. And this was the reason that, long ago, A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling My beautiful Annabel Lee; So that her highborn kinsmen came And bore her away from me, To shut her up in a sepulcher In this kingdom by the sea. In the years that have elapsed since Poe's death he has come fully into his own. As the years go on his fame



POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, NEW YORK.

his cousin, Virginia Clemm, in Baltimore, and his devotion to his wife was one of the most beautiful features of his life. Many of his famous poetic productions were inspired when he was with her. The following verses from "Annabel Lee," written by Poe in 1849, the last year of his life, tell of his sorrow at the loss of his

increases. His works have been translated into many foreign languages. He is a household name in France and England—in fact, the latter nation has often uttered the reproach that Poe's own country has been slow to appreciate him. But that reproach, if it ever was warranted, is certainly untrue.

A TALK WITH GIRLS

A VERY pretty girl made a distinctly startling statement the other day. It was this: "When I say nice things about people, I notice others are not interested; but if I say something slurring or sharp, every one pays attention. What am I going to do? I'm not ill natured, but neither do I care to have people think I'm dull."

On the face of this remark there seemed to be absolute truth, and it is this, unconsciously perhaps, that makes one think it is smart to give sharp speeches. People laugh, and we all like to think ourselves bright. But if ever the old adage, "He laughs best who laughs last," were true, it is in this very connection. It is not the girl who huris sarcastic comments—no matter how clever—who has the most friends or who keeps them. It is the gentle and kindly one, who makes excuses, and who, while she can see the funny side, still controls comment sufficiently not to hurt any one.

The sharp tongued girl has many acquaintances, but few friends. She may be invited to many social affairs, but as a rule it is because people are afraid not to ask her; it is not that they want her. Few hostesses fail to realize that it is safer to curb a caustic tongue by keeping on the good side of its owner than to run afoul; indeed, those guests present may even find such a person amusing. But the fact remains that nobody trusts a young woman of this type, and she is the confidante of none. No person feels at all certain as to when her time for being baited may come, and none likes the sensation.

On the other hand, take the girl who is kindly. It is not necessary to be dull in order to be gentle. I know that a lot of girls think this is so, but it is a mistake. An observing person will notice that the girls who keep their friends as they grow older, and have the happiest time in life, are not those whose tongues are quickest, but

INCIDENTS OF A DAY AT SEA

Bill's flash through the boy's mind. He turned to reply O. K. to his father's message. In some unaccountable manner No. 18 had been let through before its regulation time and was rushing forward up and over the flying express on the main track. These thoughts and many others almost froze Hector's blood, but the boy had an old head on a pair of young shoulders, and he immediately formulated a plan of action.

Had the passengers chanced to look up they might have seen a mere boy spring on the seat of a bicycle and push it forward with all the might of a strange pair of legs. Down the decline went Hector, rathering speed with every push. He knew how much depended on his efforts and he was doggedly determined that if he failed it would be through no fault of his.

On he flew, his head directly over the handle bars and his body bent almost double. And then his heart sank, for however hard he endeavored to push, the locomotive slowly but surely crept up to him, and as the three mile post flashed past he was unable to make a triumphant shriek of his "talker."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the engine slowly draw ahead; then the first coach drew up to him, the second came on, and he was more than useless to try and stop that train under the present circumstances, but he still had a card on which depended all. Already his breath was coming in painful gasps, and his eyes were assuming a peculiar dancing motion.

He knew the surrounding country like a book, and he also knew of a narrow byroad that branched off from the main about two miles from the station. As the two mile sign whizzed past he was barely hanging on to the last coach. Then he flashed out of sight of the train and into the smaller road.



A GROUP OF TRAVELING JUNIORS PHOTOGRAPHED ON BOARD STEAMSHIP SIBERIA

"It's great fun to be at sea," said Clarence, when we asked her how she liked being seasick. "I enjoy it immensely; of course, being seasick isn't pleasant, but most people get over that in a day or two, and after that you have a fine time."

"It's such an entirely different life that you feel as if you had been transported into another world. There is no better way to rest, and if more people would take an ocean trip, even if they came straight back again, it would be better than going to a popular resort, where they work harder trying to amuse themselves than they do at home for their vacations."

"What does one do? Well, I like to have the stewardess bring me a cracker and a cup of tea at 7 in the morning; then she calls me for my bath at 7:30, and I am dressed and on deck by 8:30 and walk for half an hour and go to breakfast at 9."

"That morning promenade is splendid. Usually the decks are wet, so you should wear rubbers, and then you get up such an appetite for breakfast. You haven't time to eat Fletcher fashion at all; on the contrary, you can't be served quickly enough."

"After breakfast? Well, it is the deck again. The deck steward has your chair on the right side of the ship, and your steamer rugs arranged, and you get into a doze, or chat with your neighbor. You don't do anything very strenuously. You are dimly conscious of the sky above and the sea below, and you abandon yourself to

The Carnelian Ring

She saw it on the counter one day she went to town, A little maid with sunny curls and smiling eyes of brown; To think that just a penny such perfect joy could bring.

'Twas hers to keep forever, the gay carnelian ring.

She slipped it on her finger, it glowed with rosy light; It really seemed a pity to keep it out of sight.

Supposing she should lose it, oh, dire imaginings! Within her pocket swift she hid her dear carnelian ring.

A-berrying it sometimes went, on nutting parties, too; A mitten warm protected it when wintry winds low'd blew.

Through upland pastures straying far to seek the flowers of spring, And squares of patchwork well it knew, this quaint carnelian ring.

She bought it in the long ago, the years have flown away, Aunt Patience's curls, that once were gold, have turned to silver gray. Yet still she keeps it, loves it, forsooth, a simple thing.

With childish treasures laid away, this small carnelian ring.

—Alix Thorn.

MADemoiselle PERLE

ADOG in the capacity of guardian appears in the introduction of one of Guy de Maupassant's sweet little stories. It is the story of "Mlle. Perle," and centers around the 6th of January, which is the day set apart in France to remember the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus.

The story opens at a country home of the upper bourgeoisie; all is light and happiness indoors, while a furious snowstorm and high wind are raging outside the house. The family group can hardly believe the prospect of the doorbell rings violently; no friend would think of coming, and no way-farers, on such a night! The poor do stop for charity on this day, expecting surely the storm, galette, or cake, always cut for such—"la part du pauvre," it is called.

The men of the family go to the door and find there a great dog guarding a little baby in a carriage. No one can be seen, the storm hides all, and calls are not answered. The dog growls, but yields the infant to the family. The baby is a foundling, well dressed, and with her a note for 10,000 francs (\$2,000).

Whoever left her felt sure that no little one would be refused on this holy day, when the great Magi came to do homage to a little child, because to tell the story in brief is to spoil it, but the baby grows into a sweet child, beloved by all. Her money is invested and doubles for her dowry. Her foster mother makes her feel her position in the family, but she is not her foster sisters share their joys and pleasures with her as a friend, but the elder son, betrothed to a cousin, loves her, despite her clouded and uncertain origin. Perle is called, because so pure and fair and gentle is this little blue eyed foundling, born of refined parents, it is clear.

She never marries nor seeks attention, rather disguising her charms and self, and she might have been made to her part in the family life, while the son marries dutifully, only in after years betraying his unspoken love for Mlle. Perle. The confession is wrung from him by his sorrow over the death of Perle on a similar Jour des Rois, when she comes to his Paris home with the family. She is told of what has been said that she may not be ignorant of the love that she might have been. Overwhelmed, she falls fainting. So the story ends.

The Doll's Wardrobe

FASHION allows great latitude in a doll's wardrobe, for styles are not arbitrary and depend largely upon the capacity of one's piece bag and remnant box. The director mode is not insisted upon, and classic draperies are not as vital as a garment that will "come on and off" easily. We be to the woman who presents a holiday doll "sewed up for the winter," for her ears will burn with the execrations of the small mother, whose chief happiness is in the dressing and undressing of her dolls.

The baby doll is best beloved by most little girls, and such a toy with a conventional outfit, including embroidered flannel petticoat, little kimono, booties, etc., will bring an alloyed bliss to its small possessor. A colored mammy, with gay turban, beads and earrings, will be a delightful addition to the baby doll household.

The dolls in short frocks may have, of course, the added joys of silk stockings, slippers, hair ribbons and the alluring accessories of the feminine toilet, and just now the doll shops abound in tiny furs and fads, so that what one can not make from beads and silks at home may be purchased for a few cents.

The truly motherly little girl, of course, will want to number at least one set among her large family of daughters, and the boy doll, although rarely as much beloved as his fluffily frocked sister, is usually a welcome member of the household.

White corduroy with an embroidered collar makes a dainty outfit for the tiniest boy doll. His hat is of heavily stitched white duck. Very small pieces of fabric will make the boy doll a smart suit of clothes, and anchors, umbrellas, embroidered collars, etc., will develop him into a dandy.

The braw Scotch laddie, in his kilts, plaidie and pert Glengarry cap, suggests a specially attractive way of dressing the boy doll.

Game of Hearts

FOR an evening party a literary game of hearts, which may be played from the following list, affords a pleasant way of passing the time, the idea being to name the other one of the pair:

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-------|----------------------|-------|
| David Copperfield | | Dora | |
| John Alden | | Priscilla | |
| Desdemona | | Othello | |
| Elizabeth | | Hamlet | |
| Mimnehaha | | Hawthorne | |
| Rizzio | | Mary, Queen of Scots | |
| Dido | | Aeneas | |
| Elizabeth | | Elizabeth | |
| Rownena | | Ivanhoe | |
| Isaac | | Rebecca | |
| John | | Darby | |
| Don Quixote | | Lancelotti | |
| Romeo | | Juliet | |
| Paris | | Helene | |
| Queen | | Guinevere | |
| Paul | | Virginia | |
| Cleopatra | | Antony | |
| Petrarch | | Laura | |
| Opheila | | Hamlet | |
| Faust | | Marguerite | |
| Swift | | Stella | |
| Guinevere | | Lancelotti | |
| Abelard | | Heloise | |
| Beatrice | | Dante | |

The School Dress

A fine serge, a good cashmere or poplin are alike excellent materials for a girl's frock. If these are too light in weight then there are the broad-cloth and heavy panamas, which are a fact this year. One side of the soft brim is rolled back in jaunty effect. This hat is trimmed very simply with a band of green ottoman or ribbon, finished with a flat, close bow against the crown.

A one piece dress will be effective with a panel down the front of the skirt, smooth fitting over the hips and finished on the bottom with a fold. Make the panel tucked on the edges and bring it right up to the shoulders, then set in a tuck on the shoulders to yoke depth folding it into a narrow belt or a soft sash or ribbon that would come from the outer edge of the panel. Cut out the neck in a sharp V, the bust line, and all in with an ivory net chemisette tucked; outline with a fold of satin the color of the dress. Have the sleeves fit the arm to below elbow, laying them in one inch wide tucks two inches apart, and complete the sleeves with deep cuffs of the chemisette material.

The colors to choose from will be foiden brown, golden tan, any shade of blue, old rose, pretty gray, cardinal or dark red.

The Small Boy's Outfit

A sturdily masculine winter outfit which is very attractive consists of high buttoned leggings of tan leather met by a warm overcoat of montagnac which buttons high to the turnover collar of velvet. The laddie's hat is one of the new forest green heaver, which is a fact this year. One side of the soft brim is rolled back in jaunty effect. This hat is trimmed very simply with a band of green ottoman or ribbon, finished with a flat, close bow against the crown.

Work and Health

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.