THE CALL

"AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER—THE NEWSPAPER OF AUTHORITY"

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GIVE GRAND JURY FUNDS

If the public has been correctly informed, the board of supervisors seems to be not fully awake to its share of responsibility for the prosecution of the police corruption investigation.

It appears that, for some reason not explained, the district attorney's requisition for $1,000 for the work of the investigation was not approved. Undoubtedly the reason for such disapproval can be and will be explained.

Now, the grand jury needs money for the employment of private detectives in the prosecution of its work. Foreman Dumbrell, seemingly apprehensive of difficulty in securing an appropriation, has said that he would give his personal approval to the expenses incurred.

That, of course, was an expression commendable public spirit. That y such procedure will be necessary not to be believed.

The grand jury's investigation of alleged police corruption can not be confined to the agencies of a department members of which are under suspicion. The public will not submit to that sort of investigation.

This involves no sweeping condemnation of the police department or its members. It is merely a statement of the obvious. The San Francisco public differs in no particular from the New York public. Like the New York public, the San Francisco public demands an investigation from the outside, to the end that when it is completed the conclusions will not be clouded with doubt.

The police commission purposes to conduct an investigation independent of the work of the grand jury. That is as it should be. It is the duty of the commission to conduct such an investigation.

The grand jury should be, and must be, enabled to prosecute its investigation as it deems best—independent of every other official agency of government, if it chooses.

The public is not concerned with how much such an investigation may cost. It is concerned with the thoroughness of the investigation. The public wants these charges sifted to the bottom. And it wants the sifting to be expeditious.

The board of supervisors will do well to take the initiative in providing the grand jury with all the funds it may deem necessary.

The greater celerity shown by the board in taking such action, the better the San Francisco public will be pleased.

CONVICT THRIFT

That thrift goes hand in hand with social regeneration is gratifyingly demonstrated by State Parole Officer White's report for March.

The 558 convicts on parole earned $20,979.90 in March. Out of the total of their earnings for the month they saved $5,048.82. The 400 men on parole from San Quentin earned $15,680 and saved $3,740. The 158 men on parole from Folsom earned $5,299.90 and saved $1,308.82.

The savings of the parole men were approximately 25 per cent of their income. That March was not an exceptional month is shown by the summaries of income and savings since 1893, when the parole law went into effect.

The whole amount of the earnings of paroled men since 1893 and inclusive of March, 1913, was $1,204,309.38; the total of their savings, $299,894.69.

The fact that the whole number of men paroled in that period was 2,086 adds to the significance of the earnings and savings totals. Of course, there is a measure of coercion involved in this splendid record, but the statistics covering parole violations indicate the comparative ease with which the parole law has been employed to make thrifty and good citizens out of men a majority of whom, under the old system, would have become habitual criminals.

Since the parole law went into effect in 1893 only 55 out of a total of 2,086, or only 2 per cent of the convicts paroled, have violated their paroles by the commission of new crimes.

The California parole law is both a man saver and a money saver.

THE LONG BALLOT

Brother Rowell of the Fresno Republican recently called attention to the fact that at the Fresno city election the ballot had 33 names on it. That, in Brother Rowell's expert opinion was, mathematically speaking, 15 times too long; 15 times longer than any Englishman is ever called upon to vote, and 15 times longer than any American is ever called upon to vote at a national election.

In the main, Brother Rowell is correct, especially as to the length of the ballot, though we can not follow him as to his favorite number. Why not call it 23 and let it go at that, especially as there lies before us a ballot voted at the national election in another state which contains 69 names, and, moreover, in the coming Los Angeles election there will be 112 candidates to be voted for.

The point, of course, is that 33, 69 or 112 are altogether too many names to be voted for at one time, by any citizen.

No machinery of government has yet been devised which will not slip a cog now and then, and it is the obvious defect of the general direct primary system that it enables special interests or scheming politicians to multiply candidates so as to divide the well meaning but ill informed part of the electorate, which, divided by doubt, ends in voting at haphazard and so enables the schemers and jobbers to put one over on the public and get by.

Initiative, referendum and recall act as brakes on the machinery when things are going in certain directions, but for the most important purpose of governmental administration, the selection of the best men for office, some new method is badly needed. None so far suggested offers so satisfactory a solution as the short ballot. Any citizen can find out all that he needs to know about three candidates, but not even the resources of a modern newspaper would be adequate to find out and make public all that should be known about a whole regiment of candidates, and if the numbers of those offering themselves to be voted for at elections increase as rapidly as they are doing, it will be very few years before the voter will be called upon to vote for a real regiment of candidates. The long ballot is getting longer. It must soon be cut to reasonable proportions.

THE TRADE EXTENSION TRIP

There are cynics and grouches who scoff at and ridicule the up to date booster and get together ideas as being, in their polite language, "hot air" and "bunk."

If a business man can see no mutual advantage in his coming in contact with other business men living around him, whether in his own home or elsewhere, his best place to live would be with the troglodytes in Africa. Organization is the most significant and important development in modern business. Next to that, perhaps—even first in some instances—is acquaintance. Without acquaintance, without the personal touch, there is not unlikely to be mutual uncertainty, doubt or distrust. Would any bank be likely to make a heavy loan, or, indeed, any loan at all, without a meeting in person between the would-be borrower and the bank official making loans? The idea is not to be considered, for, in Mr. Morgan's much quoted statement, character is the basis of credit. The surest way to detect character is by personal scrutiny. So, too, in the ordinary relations of business like that between wholesaler and retailer, between buyer and seller, the more often they meet and the closer their personal relations, the safer and surer are their business relations likely to be.

Knockers to the contrary, modern experience is that the booster not only makes a more agreeable impression, but he does more business himself and makes more business for his fellow citizens.

If any one thinks that the San Francisco wholesale trade extension excursion of a week into the southern San Joaquin valley is not likely to be beneficial, he should go along, see what is done and watch for subsequent results. The merchants of San Francisco certainly can and should be of some aid and assistance to those of the San Joaquin valley in advancing their aims and aspirations as far as can reasonably and properly be done. Discussion of the needs of the whole state and of its several localities must lead to mutual enlightenment and advancement. And this really apart from purely trade relations, which are likely to become closer as a result of the trip.

For those who are not familiar with the great oil region which is included in the trip it will be a revelation to see the rapid rise and substantial growth of many of the cities and towns to be visited, and as many as possible who can should go, in order to make the trip what it should be, an exceptional success.

Sacramento has sent thousands of golden poppies to eastern school children with most satisfactory results. There can be no finer way of advertising.

El Dorado county, according to the Republican is to have a pear show—August next. Such exhibitions repay any expense they cost in many ways.

As Secretary Knox's diplomacy was called dollar diplomacy probably Secretary Bryan's will be called cold water diplomacy.

Judging by its sweeping denunciation of the whole state of California, the Wall Street Journal must be controlled by a ticker.

San Francisco is right up to date. Our police scandal isn't quite as big as New York's, but it is comprehensive enough.

Before Austria really tries to wipe Montenegro off the map it should remember Kruger and the Boers.

China has ordered 80 aeroplanes. They must be named by members of the Wing family.

This country consumes more sugar than any other country in the world. Oh, fudge!

Now they're citing the Seals to prove that the "don't knock" spirit is contagious.

Job Hedges says the average voter is a cubist. Does he mean he isn't square?

"Oh, I Don't Know!"

FERRY TALES

EVERY man, beyond a certain age, likes to believe that the law of depreciation has been suspended in his case, and that Time, who is carving furrows on the features of the other fellows, has withheld his chisel from his own noble brow. The fountain of perpetual youth is still a popular quest, which is as it should be in a world that, the older it gets—and the older we get—is growing better to live in.

To be young when you're old you must be old when you're young, runs the saying of an alleged wiseacre. To follow that advice would be to lose a lot of fun and a second childhood purchased at such a price would be a lonesome existence for the young old man and a bore to his friends. There is a better way than that. Grow up to the point where you are accepted among men as one of them, and then grow younger. I don't pretend to tell how this can be done, but will refer you to a man who is making it work.

Inman Sealby, the admiralty lawyer, has outjoshuaed Joshua. Joshua merely made the sun stand still. Mr. Sealby has located the reversing gear of the wheel of time and has turned it back at least 20 years. Ask Hugh Craig, if you don't believe me.

Mr. Sealby was a sailor before he became a lawyer. Fifteen years ago he sailed out of San Francisco as commander of the liner Coptic. In those days not even James Hamilton Lewis maintained, for the amusement and recreation of the wind, a pinker or more luxuriant or better known crop of whiskers than did Captain Sealby.

Captain Sealby left here to take command of one of the big White Star liners running to the Mediterranean. Later he was transferred to the trans-Atlantic run and went down with his ship, the Republic, when it was run into and sunk in midocean. He didn't stay down, however. He is in San Francisco again, this time to stay.

Crossing the bay the other day he met Hugh Craig and recognized him as an acquaintance of the old Coptic days.

"This is Mr. Craig, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Sealby.

"That's my name," replied the mayor of Piedmont.

"Don't you remember me?"

Mr. Craig favored him with a look in which suspicion mingled with interest. Edging away, he answered:

"Can't say that I do."

"My name is Sealby," said the reformed sailor.

"Sealby?" repeated Mayor Craig. "Oh, yes. I did know a Captain Sealby. He was on the Coptic. Are you his son?"

Here is how Captain Sealby did it. All that is required to follow his example is the courage of about four bulldogs, a good head and a pink complexion. During the litigation following the sinking of the Republic, Captain Sealby concluded that if the admiralty lawyers who swarmed in and out of the case had been able to draw from practical experience the knowledge they needed in handling the matters involved, there would have been light in many very dark places and much valuable time would have been saved. He decided to try the experiment on himself. He had the seafaring experience. He would require the necessary legal lore.

He shaved off the whiskers, laid in a supply of rah rah raiment and entered at Ann Arbor as a freshman. He specialized in law, and when, at the end of four years, he graduated with the senior class he was as familiar with Blackstone as he was with the mariner's compass.

In due course he was admitted to the bar and, the other day, was mistaken for his own son, a gentleman, I may add, who is not.

LINDSAY CAMPBELL.

THE VOW THAT FAILED

In his address to the senate after taking the oath of office on March 4, that engaging and original address smacking of the homely wisdom of the village harness shop and the livery stable, the Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall spoke as "one humble American before he enters upon a four years' silence."

To a country drowned with speech that prospect of even one official silence was most grateful.

Why does Mr. Marshall throw away that gratitude and abandon his opportunity of rare distinction?—New York Sun.

"I like Mr. Wombat. He says such bright things."

"I prefer Mr. Wallaby," remarked the other lady. "He leads up to bright things for me to say."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IN THE STATE PRESS

FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

We have not lost all faith in the legislature as yet. The senate judiciary committee voted down the bill to abolish capital punishment, the vote standing 11 to 2. This is at least one hunch to the sentimentalists that they are not going to turn the red handed, murder by instinct loose on the community at one fell swoop. That was another jar for them. So long as there is a possibility for a villain to receive only a prison sentence he has hopes for freedom. There is only one hope held out for the escape of a cold blooded murderer under the present law, and that is his ability to make his peace with his God.—Hanford Sentinel.

FOR HOME INDUSTRY

The printing business is principally a labor proposition. Practically every dollar you pay for a job is paid out for labor. The money you pay for your printing gets back on Main street almost before your check is cleared at the bank. It is false economy to send any printing money out of your home town. This applies to all local dealers and industries. It pays directly and indirectly to spend your money for both the necessaries and luxuries of life with home dealers.—Lincoln Messenger News.

CHANGE UP TO PEOPLE

Capital punishment will not be abolished in this state without a constitutional amendment or an initiative act approved by the people. The senate is against changing the punishment of willful murderers.—Salinas Journal.

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY

All that is necessary for Shasta county to obtain that which is her due in the matter of immigration is co-operation on the part of her citizens. This is a county of resources and, given a fair representation, would surpass any of its neighbors as a place to cast one's lot, after fullest investigation by the intending homeseeker.—Redding Register.

SOMEBODY PREVARICATING

One report says that the Southern Pacific denies that it ever promised to build an electric railroad down the peninsula. Another report is to the effect that a system of rapid gasoline propelled trains will be installed, and simultaneously we are told that the electric railroad is to be constructed. Somebody is prevaricating about the promised electric railroad, and we feel sure it is not the development association.—Redwood City Democrat.

BANKS ALL SAFE

It is stated that less than half the farmers of the country follow scientific farming. Yet in Sutter county we note the best prospect for "bumper" crops that has been noted at this time of the year for many years past. Had all the farmers been of the scientific kind the banks couldn't hold the money Sutter would produce in 1913.—Sutter Independent.

IN DOUBT

The present freak legislature is beginning to show an inclination to adjourn some time next month. We can't tell whether to thank the Lord for this or not, as we very much doubt his having any control over that set of cranks.—Amador Dispatch.

A RIGHT ABUSED

The right to bear arms is one that the American people guard very jealously. Yet a few days ago a boy at Chico was sacrificed to this right. If the American public were not so free to "tote" guns, both concealed and unconcealed, there would be fewer of such distressing tragedies.—Gridley Herald.

BOSSY HAS IT ON INVENTOR

That Milwaukee man who claims to have discovered a method of making milk directly out of hay is but a few short centuries behind old bossy, who goes him even one better, making white milk from green grass. Back up!—San Luis Obispo Telegram.

THEY'RE SAYING

BEVERIDGE ALL BUT ELECTED

Former Senator Beveridge is reported to have "practically" predicted in a speech in Michigan that he will be the next president. It would still be a credible dispatch if "practically" were omitted. It recalls that the late President Harrison once pointed Beveridge out to former Secretary Knox as "the greatest man in Indiana," and, when Knox in surprise asked for proof, dryly replied: "You don't have to prove it; he admits it."—Springfield Republican.

PERHAPS

Having passed a law prohibiting moving pictures from showing girls with skirts flying in the wind, will the California legislature now complete its righteous task by abolishing skirts or abolishing the wind?—Providence Tribune.

A HIGHBROW'S OPINION

A magazine highbrow has decided that there is nothing in the charge that many large newspapers are controlled in behalf of special interests. But he is certain that newspapers are the most unprogressive enterprises in the country.—Galveston News.

CONDITIONAL CORDIALITY

The state department has delayed recognition of China until the congress of the new republic is well under way. If it adopts the open caucus, reformed rules, abolishes the bathtubs and barber shops, and promises to refrain from issuing a congresssional record, recognition will be cordially extended.—Albuquerque Journal.

ON SEPARATE PATHS

Speaking of the good roads movement, it is of interest to note that J. R. Mudd and Cora Dirtt, who were married in Clay county, Mo., were divorced last week.—Toledo Blade.

NATIONAL VALUE OF BASEBALL

It is now predicted that congress will remain in session all summer. Depends a great deal on what kind of baseball the Washington club will play.—Baltimore Star.

SECRETARY BRYAN ANSWERED

"Why does a red cow that eats green grass give white milk" asks Secretary Bryan. Probably for the same reason that a blackberry is red when it is green.—Kansas City Journal.

Queries Answered

NAMES OF WOMEN—F. G., City. The names of all the women that appear in the plays of Shakespeare are: Adriana, Amelia, Alice, Anne, Andromache, Beatrice, Bianca, Blanche, Bona, Calphurnia, Cassandra, Celia, Ceres, Charmian, Cleopatra, Constance, Coredila, Desdemona, Diana, Dionyeza, Dorcas, Eleanor, Elinor, Elizabeth, Emelia, Francisca, Gertrude, Goneril, Helen, Helena, Hermia, Hermione, Hero, Hippolyte, Imogene, Iras, Iris, Isabel, Isabella, Jaquenetta, Jessica, Joan, Julia, Juliet, Juno, Kate, Kathrina, Kathrine, Lavinia, Lucetta, Luciana, Lychordia, Margaret, Margery, Mariana, Marina, Miranda, Mopsa, Nerissa, Octavia, Olivia, Ophelia, Patience, Paulina, Perdita, Phebe, Phrynia, Portia, Regan, Rosalind, Sylvia, Tamora, Thaisa, Timandra, Titania, Ursula, Valeria, Venus, Viola, Violetta, Virgilia, Volumnia.

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DOYLEY—Curious, City. "Doyley," sometimes written "doily," the name of a small napkin placed on the table for the service of fruit, etc., is said to have been so named from an English tradesman named Doyley, who first introduced them. Doyley was a woolen and linen draper in the Strand from the days of Queen Anne, 1664-1714, down to 1850. It has been suggested that the name is a corruption of the Dutch "dwaaele," a towel, or "dwahle," the swiss word for napkin.

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VEGETABLE CANDY—W. R. P., Burlingame. A book recently issued entitled "Candy Making Revolutionized; Confectionery from Vegetables," will inform you fully as to the process for making candied vegetables, such as potatoes, pea pods, sweet potatoes, parsnips, carrots, green beans, tomatoes and onions. Should you desire to visit the candy factory named in your letter of inquiry while it is in operation, you must obtain permission from the management.

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TO GO ON THE STAGE—S. S., City. If you are of the opinion that you are "cut out for an actor," you should attend a school of dramatic art for some time and you will be told if you possess dramatic talent. If you should be certified as "good material for the stage," you will have to take chances of being put on by some theatrical manager.

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BUSINESS AND POLITICS—A. O. S., City. There is nothing that will prevent boys born in San Francisco, father Irish, and mother Californian, from engaging in business on their own account or from running for any public office in this state. They are American citizens and have the same rights and privileges as boys born to American parents.

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TWO STATES—Subscriber, Pleasanton. The exact dates of the admission of New Mexico and Arizona into the union were: New Mexico, January 6, 1912, and Arizona, February 14 of the same year.

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FINAL DECREE—A. S., City. The law as to final decree in California, in a divorce case, has not been changed from one year to six months.

NEWS FROM THE HOTELS

W. L. McGin of Napa is staying at the Sutter.

Jack George of Los Angeles is a guest at the Colonial.

A. Fichman and wife of Chicago are staying at the Stanford.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Barnes of Gustine are staying at the Stewart.

J. J. Morrisey of Bloomington, Ill., is registered at the Union Square.

Van Rensselaer Lansing and son of Cleveland are guests at the Palace.

William M. Oliver and Mrs. Oliver of Buffalo, New York, are at the Baldwin.

Charles C. Snyder, a mining operator of Angels Camp, is registered at the Dale.

R. W. Rives and Mrs. Rives of Reno are spending a few days at the Fairmont.

F. K. Berry and wife of Battle Creek, Mich., are spending a few days at the Palace.

C. L. Wilde and daughter, Miss E. L. Wilde, of Pasadena, are staying at the Baldwin.

Thomas M. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Petrolia are at the Union Square. Mr. Johnson is a well known lumber dealer.

H. F. Wichman and Mrs. Wichman of Honolulu are registered at the Stewart. Mrs. Wichman has been visiting friends in Europe, having returned to San Francisco several days ago. They leave for Honolulu in a few days.

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Emeterio de la Garza, one of the best known attorneys in Mexico City, who also is owner of many thousand acres of agricultural land in the republic, arrived with his family yesterday and registered at the Palace. A younger son will enter college in the east this fall.

"Americans have a wrong impression of the Mexican revolution," said Mr. Garza. "All the reports of the trouble are usually obtained from the two northern provinces, which are in a state of constant revolution. It is easy to get news across the border and for that reason the people of the United States believe that bloodshed and turmoil are rife throughout the republic. As a matter of fact 28 states are in hearty accord with the administration and I have no doubt that within a few weeks the two rebellious states will be brought to terms. General Huerta is ruling firmly and he will put Mexico on a firm and lasting foundation. His administration is acceptable to three-quarters of the population."

Dr. R. N. Fuller of Tulare is staying at the St. Francis.

B. A. Dollar, a rancher of Merced, is staying at the Dale.

Harold Crane and wife of Marysville are staying at the Court.

W. S. Brouse, a banker of Merced, is a guest at the Bellevue.

Dr. J. Underwood Hall and wife of San Jose are guests at the Sutter.

Mrs. Chester and daughter of Jackson, Tenn., are guests at the Columbia.

Miss E. Edith Cobbe and Mrs. L. B. Hansen of Carmel are guests at the Manx.

Charles P. Fox, editor of the Oil World, of Bakersfield, is staying at the Manx.

Lieutenant J. A. Scott and Mrs. Scott, United States navy, are registered at the Court.

C. P. Platt, manager of a telephone corporation in New York city, is a guest at the St. Francis.

Judge John A. Street, owner of extensive copper interests in Nevada, is staying at the Palace.

Donald Scott, a wealthy business man of New York city, is registered at the Fairmont with Mrs. Scott.

J. Harvey McCarthy, a well known real estate man of Los Angeles, is staying at the St. Francis with Mrs. McCarthy.

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B. E. Anderson and wife and their two daughters, the Misses Ruth and Helen, motored up from Pasadena yesterday and registered at the Palace, where they will remain a few days before returning to their home in Tacoma. Mr. Anderson said their trip had been delightful through the southern part of the state, although they had encountered some cold weather. The roads, he said, were in fairly good condition.

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Otto Bernschau, a globe trotter and incidentally the owner of several cattle ranches in the Argentine republic, arrived in San Francisco yesterday on a world encircling tour. He praised this city as being the next most beautiful to Buenos Aires of those in which he had visited.

"Argentina is a remarkable country," he said. "The people are becoming highly educated and the school systems are unsurpassed anywhere. As a rule all classes are prosperous. The country is undoubtedly the foremost in South America and is rapidly becoming a power in politics."

The Call's Daily Short Story

LADIES OF SHALLOT

By MARTHA McC. WILLIAMS

Ludmilla, idly drumming a misty pane, turned from the rainy world without to say half dreamily, "I wonder."

"What?" Beth asked from the pillows in which she had buried herself, making believe to read for the hundredth time "The Spectator."

The fire was nearly out, the room growing chilly—damp. Ludmilla shivered faintly as she answered, "I wonder—how it would feel to live where things really happened—every day."

"You'll keep on wondering—we shall never know," Beth said bitterly. She went to the hearthside, fumbled in the woodbox, found nothing, made a feint of putting together the brands feebly smoldering, then sank into the easiest chair, holding her hands toward the smoking pile, and running on: "There's a law against burying folks alive—after they are thought to be dead. I wish we could change it—seems to me its wickeder to bury them fully alive——"

"Hush!" Ludmilla interrupted. "Be thankful we are alive. Think what it must be to ——"

"Don't throw old Miss Julian at me," Beth broke in rebelliously. "I'd take her chances—wheel chair, hump and all—rather than this life of ours—that isn't life at all—just going to bed, getting up, eating the things we can afford and all the while pining for those we can't afford, never having anything new—not even a book. We have to take our turn and the library makes us wait fiendishly— never going, nor seeing, nor doing anything. She can do just what she likes—and has been all 'round the world. We could go too, if we had not been born Alstons," curdling emphasis on the name. "I wish we were Smiths or Browns, or even poor white Tiptons. They do at least go to camp meeting, get religion every summer, lose it every winter at the Christmas dances—and have the fun of getting saved all over again."

Ludmilla looked at her cousin, her gray eyes unfathomable. Beth sat up frowning and clinching her hands. After a minute Ludmilla half whispered, "I ought to scold you—hard—but—I can't. For that is just how I feel myself—so hard I think I shall run away before long."

It was Beth's turn to gasp. Ludmilla was always the leading spirit. She herself in her wildest rebellion had never more than toyed with the thought of escaping into the big, bustling world. They had the farm, the old house in which they had grown up, and a very little money outside of it. Mrs. Alston, Ludmilla's stepmother, managed everything—and ruled with a hand of iron. She had a life home with them—together the three could manage a decent if bare existence. Defection of one meant privation for the others.

In her own crabbed way, Mrs. Alston loved the girls—Beth rather more than her stepdaughter—but she would not let herself realize that they were women grown—rising 20, pretty and spirited. Since they could not go about as became Alstons, nor hold their own in proper company, she had decreed they should stay at home, as solitary almost as nuns, going among their poorer neighbors now and then on errands of succor, but never in the least having social touch with them.

A faded beauty, well born but powerless, Mrs. Ralston had married late and felt it a personal grievance that she had been widowed within five years, just as she had helped her husband free himself from debt. She would have helped him thrive if only he had lived—hence her grudge against fate. Soured, hopeless, she was content to live sequestered, making not the least effort to give her charges the social outlet their youth demanded. Marriage for them was indeed the thing she dreaded—it would mean breaking up the home, unless Ludmilla would be sensible and accept Millard Teesdale, whose farm adjoined theirs, and who, having lost his house by fire, his wife by fever, would be rather glad to live with them and manage everything.

Ludmilla hated this sole suitor—he was perhaps the real root of her impulse to run away. As Beth stared at her there came a knock at the front door—his knock, Ludmilla thought, frowning. She had the greatest mind not to open the door. Something made her open it—Fate, she always afterward believed. And there, in the dripping swirl outside she saw two strangers, both young, one tall, one short, gentlemen by outer evidence—yet weary and chilled to the bone.

"We are lost—and our car hopelessly stuck. Will you tell us where to look for help?" the tall one said, baring his head in spite of the pelting rain.

Ludmilla cried impulsively: "Come in to the fire—the fireplace, rather," with a glance at the feeble remnants smoldering there.

Beth had darted outside for wood. She came in with her arms full of dry hickory. The short fellow took it from her almost forcibly, saying "Allow me," and set to fire making with art and relish.

Flames soon leaped royally up the big chimney—but they did not brighten the interior more than this something happening brightened the faces of the young women.

Ludmilla recklessly fetched wine and cake — it was late afternoon — she guessed the strangers were hungry. Mrs. Alston was asleep—her household took pains not to wake her. Inside half an hour the big living room was a scene of decorous gravity.

"No—we lack a phone," Ludmilla was saying, apologetically. "And there is nobody we can send for a team until Ephram comes to milk. Then it will be too late to think of going on, over our roads. So you must content yourselves to stay until morning—then I daresay Mr. Teesdale—"

"Who is taking my name in vain?" Teesdale called, half angrily, from the door.

He had come in the back way, without knocking, as was his disconcerting habit. Ludmilla presented him to the strangers—they were Tom McLean and Joe Ethridge, whom the countryside know well by reputation. Although they lived 'cross county, their college pranks were the talk of it. Teesdale frowned at them covertly—sure in his own mind that the breakdown was premeditated. Those two were always up to something—it would be like them thus to achieve acquaintance with the Alston girls.

"We—oh, we are ladies of Shallot," he heard Beth saying, as he asked to see Mrs. Alston.

The phrase teased and insulted him—he had not the least understanding of it. So when he had Mrs. Alston's private ear in the dining room, he poured into it a tale of presumption and premeditation that made her furious. She was for ordering out the audacious intruders—Teesdale held her back.

"Leave me to deal with them," he said curtly. "I see my way to be head of this family in short order."

She was at his back when he strode into the living room, saying offensively, "Which would you rather do, young men—sleep in the hayloft or ride home, muleback through the rain? You've got to do one or the other."

"Sure?" Ethridge asked, stretching his damp feet closer to the fire. "Mighty sure," Teesdale growled.

Ludmilla had risen and was looking at him, her eyes shooting sparks. "You take too much on yourself," she began, trying to speak steadily.

Teesdale laughed insolently. "Not too much," he said. "I'm head of this family, since you're going to marry me——"

"She is not," McLean said, springing in front of Ludmilla. "I did not mean to be so abrupt—but I came here to ask her to marry me. I've loved her ever since I saw her at church a year ago—and been trying to find a way to tell her so."

"I thought your breakdown was a fake," Teesdale sneered.

"But my love is not," McLean answered sturdily. He turned toward Ludmilla—she was smiling rosily.

"I saw you, too," she said, laying her hand in his.

Ethridge did not marry the other Lady of Shallott—but only because she found some one more to her mind. McLean and Ludmilla lived happy ever after—both rather rejoicing in the seclusion that had kept her heart a virgin page until he came.

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"Daughter and her beau must have had a terrible quarrel."

"Why so, ma?"

"Five pounds of candy, a bunch of roses and two matinee tickets have just arrived."—Kansas City Journal.

ABE MARTIN

Aaron Heminway wuz appointed postmaster yisterday without ever havin' held a Roman candle in his hand. Th' only time you ever see some fellers is in a pe-rade.