By Rex Beach

The Silver Horde

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Boyd Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malotte, who shelters them.

Cherry describes the salmon fisheries and Marsh, the unscrupulous head of the Kalvik canneries.

Cherry owns a cannery site. Emerson, George Balt and she go into partnership. Emerson describes his failure to "make good" in Alaska.

Emerson kisses Cherry goodbye. Balt, Fraser and Emerson nearly lose their lives in Katmai pass and miss the steamer at Katmai on their way out to get capital.

After dreadful privations they catch the boat at Kadiak and are soon en route for Chicago. Emerson seeks Miss Mildred Wayland.

She and Emerson are engaged. Her father, Wayne Wayland, is a millionaire. Alton Clyde offers $10,000 toward the cannery.

Balt and Emerson meet Marsh in Chicago. Marsh is a suitor for Mildred's hand. Marsh tells Mildred about Cherry Malotte. He and Wayne Wayland plan a canneries trust.

Mildred learns that Emerson and Cherry are partners. Banker Hilliard, Seattle, refuses to lend Emerson $100,000. Cherry, who has arrived in Seattle, accepts a dinner invitation from Hilliard.

Cherry discovers that Emerson is to marry Mildred. Marsh causes annoying delays for Emerson's party. Tocoma refuses Emerson a loan. Clyde suggests that Cherry can get the loan from Hilliard.

Emerson enrages Cherry by criticising her friendly relations with Hilliard. Cherry sees Hilliard, who unexpectedly furnishes the money. Marsh causes a strike, delaying the loading of Emerson's machinery.

(Continued from Yesterday)

"So this is the end of my good resolutions," she laughed and snatched a garment recklessly from its hook. "Now for all the miserable tricks of the trade!"

* * * * * * *

George Balt, Clyde and Fraser formed a glum trio as they sat in a nook of the hotel cafe, sipping moodily at their glasses, when on the following afternoon Emerson joined them. But they sensed some untoward happening even before he spoke, for his face wore a look of dazed incredulity, and his manner was so extraordinary that they questioned in chorus:

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No," said he, "but I—I must have lost my mind."

"What is it?"

"The trick is turned."

"The trick!"

"I have raised the money."

With a shout that startled the other occupants of the room Balt and Clyde jumped to their feet and began to caper about in frenzy. Even "Fingerless" Fraser's expressionless face cracked in a wide grin of the blankest amazement.

"About noon I was called on the phone by Hilliard. He asked me to come down to the bank at once, and I went. He said he had reconsidered and wanted to put up the money. It's up. He'll back us. I've got it in writing. It's all cinched—$100,000, and more if we need it."

"You must have made a great talk," declared Clyde.

"I said nothing. He offered it himself as a personal loan. It has nothing to do with the bank. I'm going to tell Cherry now."

Alton Clyde tittered. "I told you she could pull it off," he said.

"This was Hilliard's own notion," Boyd returned coldly. "He merely reconsidered his decision, and"—

"Turn over! You're on your back."

"It was only yesterday afternoon that I talked with Cherry. I dare say she hasn't seen him since."

"Well, I happen to know that she has. As I came home last night I saw them together. They came out of that French cafe across the street and got into Hilliard's car. She was dressed up like a pony."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded "Fingerless" Fraser.

"She pulled the old fellow's leg, that's all," explained Alton.

"If I thought she had done that," said Emerson slowly, "I wouldn't touch a penny of the money."

"I don't care where the money came from or how it got there," rumbled Balt. "It's here; that's enough."

But Boyd clung to his point with a stubbornness which he himself found it difficult to explain. The arguments of the others only annoyed him. The walk to Cherry's hotel afforded him time for reflection, which, while it deepened his doubt, somewhat lessened his impatience, and when he was shown into her presence he did not begin in the impetuous manner he had designed.

"What makes you think I had anything to do with it?" she asked after he had spoken.

"You were with Hilliard last night."

She nodded slightly. "We closed our negotiations for the copper mine last night."

"How did you come out?"

"He takes it over and does the development work," she answered.

"That means that you are independent; that you can leave the north country and do all the things you want to do?" This time her smile was puzzling. "You don't seem very glad."

"No! Realization discounts anticipation about 90 per cent. But don't let's talk about me. I—I'm unstrung today."

"I'm sorry you aren't going back to Kalvik," he said, with genuine regret.

"But I am," she declared quickly. "I'm going back with you and George if you will let me. I want to see the finish of our enterprise."

"See here, Cherry; I hope you didn't influence Hilliard in this affair."

"Why probe the matter?"

"Because I haven't lost all my manhood," he answered roughly. "Yesterday you assumed the blame for this trouble and spoke of sacrifices, and—well, I don't know much about women, but for all I know you may have some ridiculous, quixotic strain in your makeup. I hope you didn't"—

"What?"

"Well, do anything you may be sorry for." At last he detected a gleam of spirit in her eyes.

"Suppose I did. What difference to you would that make?" He shifted uncomfortably under the girl's scrutiny.

"Suppose that Mr. Hilliard had called on me for some great sacrifice before he gave up that money. Would you allow it to affect you?"

"Of course," he answered. Then, unable to sit still under her searching gaze, he arose with flushed face to meet further discomfiture as she continued:

"Even if it meant your own ruin, the loss of the fortune you have raised among your friends—money that is intrusted to you—and—and the relinquishment of Miss Wayland? Honestly, now"—her voice had softened and dropped to a lower key—"would it make any difference?"

"Certainly!"

"How much difference?"

"I'm in a very embarrassing position," he said slowly. "You must realize that with others depending on me I'm not free to follow my own inclinations."

She uttered a little mocking laugh. "Pardon me. It was not a fair question, and I shouldn't have asked it, but your hesitation was sufficient answer." Then as he broke into a heated denial she went on:

"Like most men, you think a woman has but one asset upon which to trade. However, if I felt responsible for your difficulties that was my affair, and if I determined to help extricate you that also concerned me alone." He stepped forward as if to protest, but she silenced his speech with an imperious little stamp of her foot.

(To Be Continued.)

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HASKIN ON POSSIBLE EUROPEAN WAR

(Continued from Page Six.)

tion obtained Germany could not start things because it was afraid of the British navy, and England could not attack because it was afraid of the German army. The difference in the constitution of the chief military arms of the two nations was an automatic guarantee of peace.

Building German Navy.

But in late years Germany has been building a navy, and England has been attempting to organize an army. The kaiser has said that the trident must be placed in the fist of Germania. The British military experts have said that every British boy must be trained as a soldier. This means that the shark is trying to grow legs, and the tiger is cultivating fins.

Of course there is no real reason for war. England is not attempting to infringe Germany's natural rights, and Germany is not interfering with British affairs. But it must be remembered that there is very seldom any real reason for a war. Rebellions and insurrections usually, if not always, have a real and logical cause. When a people, or a section of a people, arises in arms against its constituted ruler there is always the grievance of a real or fancied oppression, and the rebels believe that they are fighting for their liberty.

The Causes of War.

When two nations go to war there is usually no reason except greed and ambition. If the war between Japan and Russia had not been fought the status of the Japanese and Russian people would not be appreciably different from its actual condition today. That, the greatest war of history so far as the number of men engaged and the amount of money spent is concerned, was caused by greed. Both Japan and Russia wished to possess themselves of defenseless Korea, for entirely selfish purposes. The Koreans would have suffered as greatly, and their independence would have been terminated as completely, if Russia had won. The significant feature of this bit of history, finally consummated only the other day, is that both Japan and Russia went into the war solemnly avowing the single purpose of preserving the independence and integrity of Korea. This shows that diplomatic assurances are to be taken only for what they are—most generally lies.

Therefore, it is wholly unnecesary to consider the fact that both German and British diplomatists deny emphatically that there is even the slightest reason to suppose that Germany and England will come to blows. They would continue these denials, in spite of the truth, until within one minute of solar time of the transmission of the sudden ultimatum with which the war will begin, if it does begin. In all matters even remotely concerning the horrible business of war, it is the honorable part of honorable diplomatists to deceive. If they are not successful in deception they are failures in diplomacy.

Some Recent Wars.

Optimists pooh-pooh the possibility of a war between the German and the British empires on the ground that civilization has advanced so far that in this enlightened age it is impossible for two great countries to go to war merely on suspicion, or for the base purpose of gaining territory. Yet it is only 40 years since Prussia humbled France and exacted an indemnity of a billion dollars, besides taking much valuable territory. It is only a decade since Great Britain fought a tremendous war in South Africa to extinguish the national existence of the Boer republics. It is only 12 years ago that the United States began a war of unselfishness to free the Cubans and ended by stripping Spain of its every colony. It is only six years ago that Japan and Russia fought a terrible war for a prize to which neither of them had the slightest legal or rightful claim.

And now, with our civilization at its highest and the tide still rising, the past four years has witnessed the sad and shameful spectacle of every considerable nation in the world doubling, trippling and quadrupling its expenditure on the machinery of murder. The advocates of arbitration are more numerous and respectable than they ever have been before, but they are unable to influence a national legislature in a single one of the principal nations of the earth. Russia and Japan, instead of decreasing taxes after the war, actually doubled the special war taxes in order to get ready for other wars. England and Germany, exponents of the highest type of European civilization, are facing bankruptcy because they are preparing for a war. Even Argentina and Brazil have joined in the mad game of Dreadnought building. The United States, a peaceful and democratic republic, is spending more every year on its military establishment than does imperial Britain or military Germany. The Americans do not feel the burden so much because they have so much more wealth. Even China, having a civilization older than that of any other country in the world, is forsaking its peaceful traditions and is making pitiful efforts to equip an army in the hope of withstanding the thievish and murderous expeditions sent against it by the greedy nations which pretend to be worshippers of the Prince of Peace.

Financiers the Rulers.

Greed still rules the world, and greed in turn is controlled by the financiers. It is the great bankers of the great money capitals of Europe who alone can answer with confidence the question: Will England and Germany fight? If the financiers of England conclude that German trade rivalry is a real and not a fancied menace to British trade, then there will be a fight. If the financiers of Germany decide that Britain must be humbled in order to make way for the advancing cohorts of commercial Germany, then there will be a fight. If the financiers of either nation become convinced that the democracy of their country is about to abolish the special privileges of the wealthy and aristocratic classes, then there will be a fight.

Time Will Answer Question.

Will England and Germany fight? Time alone can say. But the fact that oceans of ink are being spilled in attempting to answer the question, and that such a question can be asked in seriousness, is enough to cause every thinking man to blush with shame for the failure of our boasted twentieth century civilization.

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TAFT URGES IMPROVED FARMING

Tells Farmers They Must Study Their Calling—Refers to Nation and Labor.

GOVERNMENT IS RATHER PATERNAL

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 6.—"Proper farming, according to modern ideas involves a knowledge and understanding of the chemical qualities of the soil and the scientific method of its treatment, so that instead of being a mere manual vocation as it was years ago, it has now become a scientific and practical profession," said president Taft, addressing the State Agricultural society yesterday. "This has been recognized by the general government in the establishment of a department of agriculture, wherein its bureaus of research, the secrets of nature have been revealed in the possible development of modern farms, and proper publicity has been given so that those who till the soil may take advantage of the new discoveries.

All the legislation in the interest of the farmers might be characterized as class legislation, but so great is the general public interested in the promotion of agriculture that it cannot be termed unduly privileged or objectionable.

"So on the other hand, take the workingman. The government has created a bureau of labor in which statistics are gathered and investigations are had into the conditions prevailing in all classes of labor, including child labor, with a view of making clear the remedies needed, whether by state or national legislation.

"The head of the bureau of labor and the chairman of the interstate commerce commission, under what is known as the Erdman act, intervene officially in every dispute between interstate commerce railway companies and their employes; and the amount of good in the settlement of controversies and the stopping of strikes that has been done by commissioner Neil and chairman Knapp cannot be overestimated.

"Again with respect to the employes of interstate commerce railways, a law has been passed by congress making easier for the employes who have been injured through the negligence of the company or some other employe of the company, to recover compensation for their injuries.

"Finally, a bureau of mines has just been established in order that by investigation and close observation of the practical working of mines, the best appliances for preventing the enormous loss of life that occurs from the explosions of gas and fire in coal and other mines may be devised and adopted.

"This legislation is in the interest and for the benefit of a class—the workingmen—but they are also so large a class and their welfare is so important to the public at large, that while it might be characterized as class legislation, it is greatly for the public welfare and cannot be denominated privileged or objectionable.

Need More Legislation.

"We need and I hope we shall secure more of such legislation. But there is a kind of legislation to which I would refer, that does come under the head of vicious class legislation and I hope I can make the distinction clear between this and what I have been describing.

"A number of statues have been passed in the states against combinations or conspiracies to restrain trade, to suppress competition, and there has been sometimes an attempt to insert in such statutes a proviso or a section exempting farmers or other classes from the operation of the statute so as to enable the exempted to corner products and raise prices while no other class in the community can do so.

"The supreme court has held that such law gives an undue privilege to a particular class in the community, creates an unjust exemption from the operation of a useful law, denies the equal protection of the laws, violates the constitution and is invalid.

"Labor as a Trust."

"Again, the federal anti-trust law has been held by the supreme court to denounce combinations, to obstruct interstate trade and to prohibit traffic, illegal boycots to injure the interstate trade of any person. At the last session of congress, in an appropriation bill, some $200,000 was appropriated for the enforcement of the anti-trust law. To this appropriation an amendment was proposed providing that no part of the $200,000 should be used in the prosecution of the workingmen engaged in a boycott in violation of the statute.

"That is not the way the amendment read, but that was in a way its necessary effect.

"A majority of the house after a very hot discussion, routed the amendment on the ground that it was vicious class legislation. As a mater of fact the money previously appropriated to enforce the anti trust law had never been used for the prosecution of workingmen engaged in such boycott, but there was no occasion for such use and in all probability the money now appropriated will never be used for such a purpose.

Class Legislation.

"But it was the proper view of the majority, who voted against the amendment that on principle such a class exemption or privilege should not be declared and approved in a statute. I have not the slightest expectation that the money will ever be used for anything but the prosecution of corporations and business firms engaged in combinations in restraint of trade; but to tie the hands of the executive against an unlawful combination, and thus make a group or privileged class of law breakers, is neither justice nor wisdom nor good statesmanship.

"But it is said that I am not consistent because I proposed to the last congress that interstate railroad companies be permited to make temporary arrangements lasting for 30 days and fixing uniform rates for traffic between the same places and to this extent be exempted from the operation of anti-trust law.

"It was said with great plausibility 'you are opposed to exempting workingmen from the operation of such a law, but you favor the exemption of railroads.'

The Railroads' Position.

"The answer is that interstate railroads are restricted much more closely and are under much more minute observation by the interstate commerce law than they can possibly be under the anti-trust law. The interstate commerce law thus makes them a special class to be treated by themselves.

"The reason for my recommendation was that the business of railroads and the fixing of railroad rates cannot practically be carried on without an express agreement for uniformity in rates between competing lines for a short period. Otherwise there would be a constant changing of rates.

"In order to avoid any such danger from exampeion, however, it was proposed that the temporary agreement permitted should only be regarded as legal and binding after approval by the interstate commerce commission. That commission of its own motion, or upon complaint of another, can find a rate to be unreasonable and can change it. Everything which the railroad does is subject to examination, and correction by the commission.

Farmers and Unions.

"No such rule applies in the case of farmers or individuals generally. They are under no supervision in this regard.

"All that is required of them, is that they shall not violate the general law applying to all persons in the one case, that the farmers shall not violate the anti-trust law that prevents them and all others from going into conspiracy to to raise the price of production, and the other which forbids workingmen, as well as all other persons, from uniting in a conspiracy or general boycott to obstruct and restrain interstate trade.

"Thus the distinction made in the statute and judicial decision when understood, is found to be in accord with the doctrine of the square deal and to be based on the same considerations of fairness and justice as are transactions in every day life between honest and just men."

Very Important to All.

"This is all very important to you and to me and to every American who wishes the prosperity of the American workingman to rest on enduring foundations. Failure to think clearly and logically on this subject of special privilege breeds only dissatisfaction among men who are naturally allies.

"Farmers and workingmen, you need no special privilege. Do not try to secure it. On the other hand, be watchful to prevent any class in the community from securing it. Let us unite our common energies and work in harmony with the spirit of our amendment constitution and our democratic ideals, let us all, irrespective of party, maintain and better the social and economic conditions of all classes of our fellow men."

Why He Values the Cheap Picture

By Kenneth Harris

HIS father, who was something of a dub, artistically speaking, named him Raphael Giotto, which are good names, but in imperfect harmony with Biggin. Around the studies he was known as "Raffy." Raffy was not exactly a genius, but he was decidedly clever, and, having been reared from infancy in an atmosphere of meglip and turpentine, tempered with tobacco, with the added advantage of constant contemplation of more or less recognized masterpieces of line and color, he turned out some quite creditable work by the time he was 20, and was spoken of by a few persons of perception as "one of our most promising young American artists."

At 22 Raffy discovered what was an undeniable fact—a masterpiece of line and color. It was brunette and called Josephine, and her father was a contractor in a small way, who rejoiced exceedingly in the patronymic O'Rourke. Mr. O'Rourke objected rather seriously to Raffy, and as his daughter was at that time hesitating between the promising painter and an equally promising pianist, the matter was settled.

"But we'll have to wait," said Josephine.

"I'm afraid so, heart of my heart," agreed Raffy, sadly. "I don't suppose I'll get that check for four or five days, possibly a week."

The check came in three days, and in three days Josephine was Mrs. Raphael Giotto Biggin. They went to the Adirondacks and were deliriously happy. Raffy was, at least. He would sit for half an hour at a time silently and rapturously contemplating his wife's lines and colors—until she woke him up.

She Thought the Place Dead.

"Well, why don't you say something? You aren't very lively company, Raffy."

He laughed contentedly and, began to talk to her—stupid talk—talk about middle distances and tones and vistas and values, and pretty soon she yawned as widely as her perfect little mouth could stretch.

"Why on earth did you pick out this miserable place to come to?" she asked.

"Why, what's the matter with it?" asked Raffy. "I thought you liked it."

"I do," she said. "But then it's so dead. Couldn't we just as well go where there's some kind of amusement—or something?"

Raffy regarded the matter very tolerantly, and a day later they went where there were hotels and bands and merry-go-rounds and bumps, and they had a perfectly delightful time. Josephine did, at least.

When the honeymoon was over Raffy and his wife settled down to light housekeeping in a couple of dingy little furnished rooms adjoining the studioo. There they lived for a year or two, wearing off the glamour of their romance and adapting themselves as nearly as might be to the stern realities of themselves.

There were compensations for both. If Raffy found Josephine lacking in the sympathy that he fondy imagined, there were still the curve of her cheek, the sweep of her long eyelashes, the roundness of her arms and their taper to the wrists to look at. And she actually could cook, and she really was affectionate. If Josephine found Raffy shockingly neglectful of his best interests when they came into conflict with his ideals, improvident, extravagant and incomprehensive, he was at least kind and generous—and a handsome fellow, withal. They got along about as well as the average and perhaps a little better, until Raffy's circumstances became so improved that he felt able to afford a home of their own.

Her Ideas and Weakness.

That was the way of it. Josephine had ideas of her own about house furnishing. She had a penchant for plush, a weakness for what-nots. Her notion of a floor covering was a good body Brussels, with roses and wear in it—not the faded Bokhara that Raffy was crazy enough to buy at a price that would have covered twenty good reversible Fall River Smyrnas.

Raffy would come in to find a new rosewood-cherry hatrack, with a deeply beveled mirror, staring the golden-oak hall chair out of countenance. In the sitting room, mahogany would be swearing at mission, and the bedrooms were discords in curly birch and art squares. Josephine was greatly addicted to bric-a-brac, too, and one by one the rooms became choked with monstrosities in cheap ormulo, near-Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, Bohemian glass vases filled with dyed grasses and peacocks' feathers. It was before the pyrographic mania, but the ribbon-bow decoration and the hand painted pansy and owl plaques were still in vogue, and Josephine went the limit.

It may be imagined that Raffy did not given in without a murmur or a struggle, but in the end Josephine were him out.

"Other men leave the house to their wives," said Josephine, with flashing eyes. "I don't interfere with your studio, do I? Then I'll thank you to let my parlor alone. Everybody but you thinks that we have a lovely home. You are the one person that objects to me having pretty things around me. If you had your way the place would look like a barn."

"You've made it a cross between a junk shop and an easy payment furniture emporium," retorted Raffy. "But I would like to draw the line at that picture."

He Kept the Picture.

It was a recent acquisition of Josephine's, a landscape with purple topped mountains in the background and an unrippled lake in the foreground, in which verdigris foliage and a vermillion boat were faithfully mirrored. It cost $4.98, including the frame.

"I don't see anything the matter with the picture," said Josephine, "except that you can tell what it's intended for."

Raffy shrugged his shoulders and turned away. He made no further protest, but he stayed more and more at his studio. When he was at home he was in torture as long as his eyes were open to his surroundings. He grew sullen and sarcastic, and so matters went unhappily until Josephine died.

At the present day Raffy is quite a distinguished painter. His pictures bring quite fabulous sums, as picture prices go. He is also noted for his eccentricities and his unsociable disposition. He lives all alone in a most unpretentious little house that is a nightmare of Philistine furnishing, and to which nobody is ever invited. Nothing has been changed since Josephine left it, except that a picture has been moved from the sitting room that it disfigured to Ray's bedroom, his own particular retreat. It is a picture of purple mountains and unrippled water.

It seems that before she went, Josephine called Raffy to her and said, in a weak voice, "Raffy, dear—that picture—I got it because it reminded me of the place we went to when—when we were married. Where we were so happy, dear."

Beatrice Fairfax

On Louisa May and Henry Phillip

JUST below my window, a small housekeeper spends the mornings attending to her household duties. Her house is not large; in fact, the entire establishment is spread out on a small table. Her children are paper dolls, cut out from fashion plates.

The parlor furniture is of beautiful red satin, and the fact that the sofa has only two legs, and must be propped does not detract in the least from its elegance.

A Tiny Housekeeper.

All morning long she moves around the table, arranging the tiny furniture, making up conversations for her paper family, or crooning a wordless little tune.

When all is finished, to her liking, she rocks her doll and a black kitten to sleep.

Her paper family is a very large one. There is a mother, also a very grand looking frock-coated father, and about ten children of varying ages.

The flower of the flock is Louisa May, who seems to be about eighteen years of age. She is dressed in a pink ball gown, and she has a beau. His name is Henry Phillip and he, also, is in full evening dress.

Alas, for Henry Phillip! He has but one leg. He was evidently cut out from a tailor's fashion plate, and whether the missing leg was hidden behind some piece of furniture, in the picture, or cruelly torn from him, I shall never know.

Being interested in love affairs, I am of course, much interested in the love of Louisa May and Henry Phillip.

They spend most of the time sitting on the red satin sofa, and the little housekeeper makes conversation for them.

One scene she plays over and over again. It is something like this:

Louisa May sits on the sofa, and there comes a knock at the door.

"Children," says Louisa May's mother, "you must all go to bed; here comes Louisa May's company."

So the children are all bundled into the next room and Louisa may sits alone.

Then Henry Phillip, held in the housekeeper's hand, hops into the room. Before the red sofa he makes a low bow, and says: "Good evening, Miss Louisa May; I brought you a bunch of flowers and a box of candy.

"Oh, Mr. Henry Phillip," says Louisa May, "thanks so much. I hope you are well. Wont you sit down?"

Like a Gallant Beau.

And then Henry Phillip invites her to go to the theater, and she graciously accepts.

Sometimes they quarrel and make up again, and, judging by the apt way in which the conversation is conducted, I should say that the little housekeeper had a big sister and that the big sister had a beau.

Yesterday a dreadful thing happened. Louisa May and Henry Phillip were sitting on the red satin sofa, when a rude gust of wind turned Henry Phillip upside down. His one leg waved recklessly over the back of the sofa and his head reposed confidingly in Louisa May's lap. Wasn't it a dreadful plight for a gentleman who was "keeping company?"

The housekeeper thought it was, at any rate.

"Henry Phillip," she gasped, in shocked tones, "ain't you awful; you don't know how to behave when you're makin' calls." And she whisked him severely away, without ever giving him time to apologize to his lady love or say "good night."

This little domestic play goes on every morning. She keeps house, sends the paper children to school, has the paper mother talk to paper neighbors and attends to the love-making of the other couple.

It Is Her Miniature World.

In her baby way, she conducts a miniature world. Instinctively, she understands the love-making; the housekeeping interest is inborn.

Some day her own love affairs and her own household will take the place of Louisa May and the paper family.

I always feel sorry for little boys. All the wild indians, and ball games, and marbles, in the world cannot take the place of the playhouse and doll.

The more a little girl is encouraged to play house, the better for her. The playhouse is the training school for married life.

While I have been writing these words, the conversation between Louisa May and Henry Phillip has languished and in the hammock fast asleep, all three, lie the black kitten, the doll and the housekeeper.

MUST BE PATIENT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:—

My girl friend is very pretty and twenty years old. About a year ago she became acquainted with a young man of twenty-four. He asked her if he could call to see her, but at that time she was corresponding with another young man, so she had to refuse him.

A couple of months later she met him at a dance. He asked her again if he could call on her. This time she consented, for she was not going with any one then. He came to see her once a week for about two months.

The last time he called he asked when she wished to see him again, and she said she would let him know. She never did, for she did not care for him then.

About a week ago she sent him a postal. He came to see her at once, and calls twice a week. He has never asked her to keep steady company or indicated his intentions.

Every time he calls he takes her out to places of amusement and entertains her. She loves him very much now and would not like to give him up.

I told her I would try to find out what his intentions were, for he told several of his friends she was the only girl he loved; but she does not believe it, because he never said anything about it to her. She is worrying herself to death. Chum.

She is in too great a hurry. She was not very responsive when she first met him, and no doubt the young man feels that he would like to feel surer of her before saying anything definite. Two weeks is a very short time. She is making herself unnecessarily miserable.

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