

Violets or Roses

By Clarice Mackie

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When Noel Osmond asked her if he might send flowers the night of the Hasken ball Mildred Vard smiled enigmatically.

"You are very kind, indeed; and I am especially fond of white violets." Her quick glance caught his little start of surprise at the hint. White violets at that season were quite beyond the slim purse of young Mr. Osmond.

Noel's lips hardened into a straight line. All the pleasure he might feel in knowing that Mildred would wear his flowers was lost in the thought that the flowers would hold no meaning for her beyond their novelty and extravagance.

He did not remain long after that. Rather grave and preoccupied, he held Mildred's hand in his own for a brief instant and then went away. When he reached the florist's he turned in and asked for white violets. The clerk brought out a jar of the white blossoms, velvety, exquisite in texture, but quite odorless. The price was away beyond Noel's pocketbook, and he hesitated. Of course they might be charged—although he was poor himself, was he not the nephew of the rich Mr. Osmond and very likely his heir—and he need not be mortified in the sight of the girl he loved. Still Noel Osmond had come to the city with very high ideals of paying his way in the world and going without what he could not pay for.

The Vards were rich and fashionable people. But Mildred herself, the youngest daughter, was quite unspiced by it all. Noel had found himself telling her of his fight for a place in the world and the ambition that kept him bright and keen-eyed and fresh and clean hearted in the midst of a world of temptations.

Mildred had seemed to understand and their relations had been growing a little closer and Noel was hoping—hoping—some miracle might happen



whereby he might become rich in a day and so be in position to declare his love.

And, knowing his poverty, she had expressed a wish for white violets!

A telephone bell rang sharply and the clerk turned to the instrument. Noel looked wistfully at the jar of violets. How he would have enjoyed sending that great mass of white blossoms up to Mildred! What was the man saying at the telephone?

"Yes, Mr. Kenyon, we have a few white violets—well, a good-sized bunch—send them up to Miss Vard. Yes, sir, thank you, sir!" He turned briskly to Noel.

"If you do not want these, sir, I have an order for them all," said Noel, turning away with a sick jealousy tearing at his heart. He knew Tom Kenyon well—Tom was as rich as Noel was poor.

He ordered pink roses with grim, unpleasant mouth, and paid for them. As he strode homeward he felt for the first time the gall of poverty; he despised himself because he was too poor to be able to indulge the girl he loved. He could never hope to win her for his wife—what had he to offer her save youth and a perpetual struggle to keep up appearances?

Once more he would see her, would dance with her, talk to her; then he would go as far away as he could from this cold, unfeeling New York, where money was the standard in every walk of life. He would go

The Revving Spirit.

Man's nature retains some hint of the ancient nomad. The old tribal yearning for a change of pasture, for fresh scenes and new activities, creeps upon him with a sensation that is hardly to be resisted. There comes a time when the thought of plowing these same fields again becomes irksome to a degree; when the prospect of garnering the uncertain crop fall after fall till the vines finally ooze from the bones presents a climax of despair. In such an attitude of mind he will abandon whatever lands or goods he is seized of and set out upon any wild adventure that offers.

Chinese Burglar Up to Date.

The first Chinese aeronaut has made his appearance and probably it will not be long before others attempt to excel the feat of the pioneer. This man had not made the idea of the conquest of the air his hobby, but he had probably seen the descent of Ivy Baldwin's representative in a parachute and had thus recognized another means of eluding the police. He gained entrance to the second floor

into the west, where fortunes are made quickly, and perhaps some day, if Tom Kenyon did not step in between with his ready-made fortune—but it was very likely Tom would step in!

The hours intervening he spent in bitter calculations that only strengthened his resolve to cut it all and go away, and start his career over again in some city where Mildred Vard's lovely face and charming presence might never tempt him from work.

He carried these bitter reflections with him to the Hasken palace, where so many millions rubbed elbows that it seemed to Noel that the very air of the lighted rooms sparkled with gold dust.

He saw Mildred dancing with Tom Kenyon. He had never been jealous of Tom before, but the episode of the violets had proved to him how weak his own standing was. And she wore on the bosom of her rose-pink gown—not his roses, but Tom Kenyon's white violets!

Noel made himself very wretched that evening. He did not dance often, but he glowered in distant corners where he might watch Mildred's dark head.

To approach her might be to invite a snub. When he did meet her it all happened so suddenly that he could not avoid the situation. He had wandered into the conservatory and was moodily watching the goldfish darting to and fro in the huge basin when there was the sound of quick steps on the marble floor and Tom Kenyon's deep voice saying:

"Sit down here, Millie; I'll bring you an ice." Then he was gone and Mildred herself, flushed and sparkling, came around the big palm and came upon Noel at the goldfish basin.

"Why, Mr. Osmond, I did not know you were here," she said as he bent above her hand. She drew away and looked at him oddly.

"I'm in a black mood, Miss Vard," said Noel. "In fact I'm so grouchy that I think I'll clear out!" His eyes lingered on her upturned face with its wistful look that he had surprised once or twice before. "I hope you are having a delightful time," he went on lamely.

Her head drooped a little. "Yes, it is a lovely ball. Thank you for the beautiful roses, Mr. Osmond—they are just the color of my gown."

Noel flushed darkly and his eyes rested on the white violets. With a sudden impulse of angry despair he touched the blossoms with a tentative forefinger.

"I couldn't send you these," he said harshly. "I am too poor, Miss Vard—I sent what I could afford to pay for. You are very gracious to accept the roses when you asked for violets. You see, I've made a big mistake—I'm not in it with the other chaps—I can't play the game!"

Somehow her hand found its way to his arm and was timidly laid on his black sleeve. "I asked you to send violets, Mr. Osmond, because I knew they were extravagant," she said softly.

Osmond stared, puzzled, yet strangely thrilled by her tone. "What do you mean, Miss Vard?" he asked.

"I wondered if you were like all the rest of them, living beyond your means, spending more than you could afford to pay for—or whether you were what you appeared to be, working your way upward with the courage of your convictions apparent in your actions! I am not disappointed, Mr. Osmond. If you had sent me white violets I am afraid I would have been quite disgusted with you."

Noel's heart was beating hard. "But I would have liked to have you wear my roses," he was beginning, when she touched the frill of pink chiffon that edged the low neck of her gown.

"Your buds are here," she said softly, and Noel saw that his pink roses formed a garland across her bosom above the violets. After that, events moved rapidly, and with Mildred's hands in his own and her head on his breast he was explaining all his doubts and fears since he had left her that afternoon. And Mildred explained that Tom Kenyon was engaged to her sister Ethel.

The miracle did not occur till the next day when Noel's Uncle Francis Osmond offered him a place in his banking house. "In order to learn the business which you must one day inherit, young man!" he said sharply. "I've been watching you, Noel, and expecting you to fall into the fast pace every day, but I'm disappointed, agreeably, my boy! I happened to be at that florist shop yesterday (looking at orchids behind a screen) and saw you turn down the violets and pay for the roses like a man—you're the right stuff!"

His Only Chance.

Kratoo—I should think Turner would quit writing his short stories with a pen and print them on a typewriter.

Detmar—Why?

Kratoo—Because they won't ever get printed in any other way.

The Rule of Contraries.

"Odd, isn't it, the way in which a man best can make himself solid with his creditors?"

"How so?"

"By liquidating his debts."

Upsets Salmon Theories.

Several of the well established theories regarding the habits of salmon are being upset by facts which have come to light in the present season.

It has always been supposed that salmon returned to the river the fourth year after being hatched, but this season not less than fifteen marked salmon which were turned out in the Chinook hatchery six years ago have been caught in the Bakers Bay traps. Reports from other points on the river also are that five female salmon which have spawned have been caught in the traps, although it has always been supposed that the female fish perish immediately after having spawned.

These salmon were in fairly good condition, so that they could not have ascended to the upper reaches of the river, and they are believed to have been salmon which spawned, perhaps prematurely, in some of the tributaries of the lower Columbia.—Portland Oregonian.

Found the Factory Mark.

"This curious run came from the pyramids. I have a theory that it was once used in the household of Rameses."

"Um!"

"Do you doubt it?"

"Not at all, was just noticing that it was made in New Jersey."

Using Boss' Time.

"Why do you not furnish a place for your employees to wash up?"

"They would wash up before quitting time."—Buffalo Express.

CARE IN SELECTING WOOD

Compound Microscope Used by Modern Cabinetmakers for Examination of Material.

Not very long ago timber was selected entirely according to its external appearance. The diameter and length of the piece, the straightness of grain, sometimes the weight sufficed to determine both its commercial value and its destination.

It is very different nowadays. With the increase in consumption and the decrease in the local production of wood it has become necessary to transport timber of every variety and of many places of origin. Furthermore, the diversified industries of the present day require a corresponding diversity in the wood employed.

It is evident that very different qualities are required for an umbrella handle, a barrel stave, a billiard cue, a carriage frame, etc.

The hand magnifying glass, which was first employed, has ceased to suffice for the exact determination of the structure of the wood. The compound microscope is now used for the minute and careful examination of a specimen and transverse sections of a specimen of timber the commercial value and the proper industrial employment of which it is desired to determine.—Scientific American.

"Dowager" Going Out.

The word "dowager" seems to be going quite out of fashion, and many who should so style themselves prefer to use instead their Christian names. Strictly speaking the mother of a married peer or baronet is the dowager, but it has become the custom when two ladies bear the same title to call the elder one by her Christian name, the distinction dowager being dropped altogether.

At court, however, all widows of peers and baronets are styled dowager being used in the sense of regent. It is married. The Christian name was adopted some years ago in cases where there were more than two ladies bearing the same title in order to make a distinction between the dowager and the wife of the holder of the title, and the innovation has become so popular that peeresses and baronets' wives who should style themselves dowager elect to be known by their Christian names. Thus the widow of the late earl of Dudley is known as Georgiana Lady Dudley, but actually she is Dowager Lady Dudley.—Court Journal.

Wife and Country.

Paul D. Cavath, the noted New York lawyer, said at a luncheon at the Lawyers' club: Vacation time is here, and already that dreadful song about the wife gone to the country is being resurrected. But a variant to the song was furnished by a conversation I overheard the other night.

"Hello, Smith," said one man to another. "I'm glad to see you back at the club again, old fellow. Wife off to the country, eh?"

"No," growled Smith. "She's got back."

The Dentist's Joke.

At a recent dinner of the Authors' club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Emmanuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He growled: "What's the joke?"

"Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

Carrying His Audience With Him.

Nobody was a witty or more bitter than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client—My lord, my unfortunate client—My lord—" "Go on, sir, go on!" said Lord Ellenborough, "as far as you have proceeded hitherto the court is entirely with you."

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"Ah!" exclaimed the ready theorist; "then the remedy is simple. All you need to do is to make them wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in."

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Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have whittened?

Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twit.

In the Night School.

Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the terms "life sentence?" Give an example of one.

Shaggy-Haired Pupil—I pronounced you husband and wife.—Chicago Tribune.

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No other man appreciates a helping hand like a man in trouble.

Mrs. Winslow's Scorching Soap. For children's bathing, softens the skin, induces elimination, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. &c.

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Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot.

Tip: you get are almost as worthless as those you give.

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.



Mrs. George Le-John, 182 W. Gamble St., Caro, Mich., says: "I had lost in flesh until I was a mere shadow of my former self and too weak to stand more than a few minutes at a time. My rest was broken and my nervous system shattered. Had Doan's Kidney Pills not come to my attention, I firmly believe I would be in my grave. They cured me after doctors had failed."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money.

Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Remedy, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old.

"She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kiernan, 653 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

There Should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I thank you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggage man sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice:

"There should be some steps."

—St. Paul Dispatch.

Merely a Prevaricator.

A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fall, after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers.

"No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

Mathematical Request.

Little Mary, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God," she petitioned at the close, "make seven times six forty-eight."

"Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother.

"Cause that's the way I wrote it in 'zamination in school today, and I want it to be right."—Lippincott's.

At Rehearsal.

Fan—What happens when the bases are full?

Man—A discord.—Stanford University Chaparral.

The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well, patiently, loyally.—David Starr Jordan.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

Tip: you get are almost as worthless as those you give.

ANNUAL LOSS IS ENORMOUS

Two Hundred Million Dollars a Year Might Be Added to Wealth of Country.

Computing that there are in the United States at least 300,000 indigent consumptives who should be cared for in charitable or semi-charitable sanatoria and hospitals, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis estimates that the annual cost to the country for the treatment of these persons would be \$50,000,000 at the rate of \$1,669 per day per patient. At the lowest possible estimate the country loses \$200,000,000 a year from the incapacity of these indigent victims of tuberculosis. This would mean a net saving of \$150,000,000 a year to the United States if all victims of consumption who are too poor to afford proper treatment in expensive sanatoria were cared for at the expense of the municipal, county or state. And this annual gain does not include the enormous saving that would accrue from the lessened infection due to the segregation of the dangerous consumptives in institutions.

A Protection Against the Heat.

When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—35¢ everywhere. Send 5¢ stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Judges' Wigs.

"The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it falls in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view, that not only judges, but barristers, also took up the custom throughout Europe.

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Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot.

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the yield—Improve the quality—Enrich the soil. Every harvest proves it. Can you afford to risk your wheat? Be safe.

Armour's Fertilizers

grow the biggest crops. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works Chicago

THEY ARE ONE AND A HALF.

The Real Thing.

"You say your husband was out by his neighbors at the party?"

"Yassah, dat's so, sah."

"Did they cut him with malice prepense?"

"No, sah; wiv a rozah, sah."

Not His Fault.

"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blaming you. You done the best you could."



Benham—The paper says that in Norway married people can travel for a fare and a half.

Mrs. Benham—Married people aren't one, even in Norway, are they?

He Knew the Kind.

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said: Edward, you may have my baby; she is pretty and sweet.

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a brand new one with no fat on but tummy powder."—Red Hen.

Yes, indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why so silent, Miss De Murr? You've scarcely said a word since you came.

Youthful Guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I am having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I surmise—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing so society would be if everybody followed that advice!

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Taking Father's Job.

"Why should you beg? You are both young and strong."

"That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Generosity.

"I never deny my wife a wish."

"Indeed?"

"No; I let her wish. It doesn't cost anything."—Life

Size is not the only thing that reaches the home base when the question of championship is about to be settled.

By a patient loving endurance of annoyance are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—M. M. Gouburn.

Poverty may be a blessing, but every man is willing to turn his share of the blessing over to the other fellow.

After a dog has indulged in short pants he usually goes in swimming.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrapper. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Frodo, Buffalo, N. Y.

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FOR LAUNDRY WORK

FOR SHIRT COLLARS, CUFFS AND FINE LINEN

MAPLEINE

Because of these ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA GROLE" HAIR RESTORER. PRICE, 50¢, retail.