

Loss and Gain

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

Rosalind sang softly as she chose among her name flowers, half-blown buds of the clearest dawn pink. Glistening white Canterbury bells and royal blue larkspur went next into her basket; also traits of fine, feathery green. Her thought sketched a picture of how they would transform the cottage, clean and drab, in which Mrs. Vane had found haven. But she had no consciousness of the picture she herself made as she clipped her flowers, their grace and glory seemed to have stolen into her and illumined her face.

Thus transfixed, she took Royal Vane by storm when they met half-way up the narrow walk running to the cottage door. She had seemed to him always aloof, cold and high—very perfect after her sort—a sort that repelled him in spite of beauty or cleverness. Rosalind, he knew, had both, along with blood, breeding and riches, yet until now he had rather dreaded even casual contacts with her.

"Up before the sun," he said, noting the dew on everything. She nodded. "It is sinful to cut June flowers any other time," she said; "give these to Madame, please—I doubt if she is half awake—I must run home to my breakfast—but tell her I meant to hang the basket upon the doorknob in honor of her birthday."

"Thank you for reminding me—I had quite forgotten," Royal answered. "She will understand—the flowers will speak for me much better than I myself could." Rosalind said over her shoulder—she was half way to the gate. Royal wanted to run after her—to entreat her to stay, breakfast with him and go strolling along the river side in the delicious early freshness—but lacked the courage. As he stepped within the cramped dull entry Madame eyed from midway the steep stairs, "Are you a wicked robber? Or did my name-fairy come to bring me luck?"

With the last word she had the basket in her arms, almost crushing it, looking down at the blossoms as a mother might look at a tiny child. "That dear Rosalind!" she murmured. "When I told her how we children believed in our name-fairies, she insisted that they were not dead even yet—in spite of motors and wireless and all the rest of it."

"Sure to come true—when you have the power to make them," Royal answered, a tinge of bitterness in his speech. "Miss Ray could have made it come true by speaking ten words—it was due and gracious in her to take thought for the day her very self."

Madame smiled, still looking at her flowers. Her joy was in something deeper than their beauty. She had caught the new note in Royal's voice—he was not of her blood—but she had loved her husband so dearly, she loved any who bore the name. She had been grieved that Royal and Rosalind had, so far, felt the opposition of their like fiber. If only they might come to see clearly, truly, she had felt all along they would make each other blissfully happy.

Royal had genius, with sufficient money not to smother it, yet to save him from the specter of want. He was moreover ambitious, but in a fine high way—as he had shown by turning his back upon easy early successes in comedy and light opera to strive for better things. Not that he was scornful of those first achievements, but that he found them unsatisfying to his real self.

He had not told Madame the whole story of the turning—yet she knew intuitively that it had cost him a woman's promise—a woman who reckoned opportunity in dollars and cents, so had said, "Possibly. To me it seems instead—very foolish. We should never agree—better end things now, before ill comes to worse."

Something in the morning brought back to Royal the minute of their parting. God! How it had hurt! Less to lose her than to find her so cold of soul. Idly he wondered what Rosalind—then caught himself up sharply and took Madame into breakfast. After it he planned a small festival for the day—to gather everything under twelve within a radius of two miles, and give the gatherings a happy afternoon with games, sweets and music.

Rosalind, he was sure, would help—he caught himself up sharply as the name slipped familiarly over his lips. But he found himself a prophet—she was eager to do any or every thing—with a result that 4 o'clock found the backyard, the adorable old orchard adjoining it, blotted and splashed with girls and boys, too full of joy and candy for nothing but rolling on the grass and now and then squealing delight.

"They'll never dance if we bid them do it," Rosalind said to Royal. "But if we play—real lively old tunes—we shall have them cowering in no time. They are as full of shyness as—of other things," smiling faintly. "Judicious letting alone right now is what they need most."

"Most things are helped by letting alone—most illnesses cured," Royal answered, smiling at her. His thought was that by making his heartbreak in hard work he had ceased to suffer the pain of it. Lacking the joy he surprised something in Rosalind's eyes. There

had been very broad hints in print regarding the broken engagement. Speculation was idle—he snatched his banjo, gave a merry rattle and sang out, "Ready!" as Rosalind drew her bow across her violin strings. Benton, the young rector, had brought his duty—a choir boy had shyly produced a triangle. So the improvised band made up in earnestness all it might lack in accord, secure in the knowledge of hearers widely uncritical.

Rosalind knew the audience. Inside of ten minutes it was up and doing—capering nimbly to all the pleadings of fiddle, flute and banjo. Then when the instruments swept into familiar songs the shrilly-sweet untrained voices echoed them in vital rhythms and harmonies. Singing, the children still danced after a fashion—nothing set, the pure expression of rhythm on unmarred souls.

In a brief pause Royal whispered to Rosalind, "If I had heard such as this before I might have written real music." For answer she struck up a simple thing of his composition, flute and triangle following her lead, even the fiddle falling in after a bar or two. Hearts and souls were in the playing—what wonder it wrought almost miracles?

For as the musicians stood facing the children, their backs to the orchard boundary, a gate in it opened—through it came a man and woman, both exhaling riches. Yet with working faces and tightly clenched hands. They halted a little way off till the music ceased, then the woman swept forward, faced Royal and cried:

"Now! now! You must own yourself a monster! Surely you will come back to your own—and me," the last words under breath.

Royal took both her hands, pressed them and said, clearly: "I am sorry, Bertha, you don't understand. If I came back—I should be leaving all this—should lose what is more than life—my new-found girl. May—"

Bertha held up her hand in arrest of further speech. With a glance at Rosalind she half-turned—then wheeled upon her, saying fiercely:

"See that you deserve the treasure you have—taken—away."

"I don't understand!" Rosalind began. Royal interrupted: "But I do." Then and there he took her hand, held it fast, the while watching his old toy and her wealthy fiancée disappear, through the orchard tangle and whir away furiously in the finest car Ancestry town had ever seen.

BOUNTIFUL HARVEST IN SEA

In Colonial Days the Waters Along the Shores of New York Abounded in Delicacies.

How would you like to take a row-boat at the Battery, row down the bay a little way and catch a lobster six feet long? He'd make a sensation on Broadway, wouldn't he? It can't be done nowadays, but there was a time, it is said, when it could be done, according to the New York Evening Sun. You could land lobsters five or six feet long in New York bay as late as the Revolutionary war. Those lobsters were only a foot or two in length were common. But the war killed them. W. Eddis in his "Letters From America," written in 1792, says that the big fellows were caught in New York waters until the Revolutionary days, when "since the late incessant cannonading they have entirely forsaken the coast, not one having been taken or seen since the commencement of hostilities."

Long before the time of Eddis the overgrown lobsters were described by Van der Donck, who said in 1656 that "those a foot long are better for serving at table."

Not only lobsters, but terrapin, crabs, sturgeon and other fine sea food abounded in New York bay and the rivers before the city "grew up." It is well known that sturgeon were so plentiful that they were despised as food, and servants at one time stipulated that they were not to be fed on sturgeon oftener than twice a week. Alice Morse Earle, in "Colonial Days in Old New York," said that it was "despised of Christians." It was so common upon the North river that it was called "Albany's beef." There was a prejudice in some quarters against the terrapin, but Van der Donck said that "some persons prepare delicious dishes from the water terrapin, which is tuscious food."

The same old Dutch chronicler tells us that New York bay produced in his day oysters that were a foot long. He says the "large oysters roasted or stewed make a good bite." These same big oysters were described by the Labrador Fathers, who visited New York in 1679-80, and wrote an interesting description of "Breuckelen."

One old Dutchman of pre-English New York wrote that the fish to be found in and near New York city waters included "sturgeon, salmon, bass, drum, shad, cod, smelts, sheepshead, herring, mackerel, blackfish, lobster, weakfish, oysters, clams and scallops."

Have Good and Bad Qualities. Persons born between May 20 and June 21, when the sun is in Gemini, are affectionate, generous, courteous, are careless in money matters, and excel in the arts and sciences. They are prouder of accomplishment than of wealth. They are nervous and unsettled, their opinions changeable and easily influenced.

Authoritative. "Bill is going to retire from business for five years." "Oh, I've heard him say that before." "Yes, but this time the judge said it."

INDIANS NEAR TO EXTINCTION

Descendant of Osages Says Inter-marriage Has Weakened Them So Much That End Is Apparent.

John R. Spurrier of Oklahoma says that the Indian will be extinct in a generation or two. Mr. Spurrier, who is a descendant of the Osage Indians and whose wife is also of Indian blood, says that constant intermarriage is so weakening the tribes that the nation which numbered over a million at the time this country was discovered will soon be only a name.

"The extinction of the Indian is only a matter of a short time," said Mr. Spurrier. "Inter-marriage is proving fatal to the tribes, and they cannot long survive it. With intermarriage comes the Americanization and the Indians who have adopted modern methods live in extremely comfortable style."

The richest small group of people in the world are the Osage Indians, whose reservation is in Osage county. There are 2,200 Indians in this tribe, 800 of them being of full blood who still wear their blankets, but the remainder have forsaken the ways of their ancestors and have become extremely American. The reason for the great wealth of this tribe is that their lands happen to be situated in the midst of the largest oil fields of Oklahoma, and the yearly annual income per capita averages approximately \$2,500.

"The Osage Indians are the best educated tribe in the country, and also the best physical specimens. It was from this tribe that Buffalo Bill chose a number of his famous chieftains. The reservation of the Pawnee Indians adjoins that of the Osages and this tribe numbers 3,000, many of them prosperous and well educated."

TOOK OATH 'BY THE PEACOCK'

When Philip of Burgundy and His Knights Vowed to Engage to War for Holy Land.

In 1353 Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, vowed "by the peacock" to go to the deliverance of Constantinople, which had recently fallen into the hands of the Turks. At the conclusion of the tournament and banquet held by the duke at Lille, Holy Mother Church, in the guise of a lady in mourning seated on an elephant and escorted by a giant, approached the duke and delivered a long verisimilitudinous complaint, claiming the aid and succor of the Knights of the Golden Fleece.

The herald advanced, bearing on his flat a live peacock or pheasant, which, according to the rites of chivalry, he presented to the duke. At this extraordinary summons Philip, a wise and aged prince, engaged his person and powers in the holy war against the Turks. His example was imitated by the barons and knights of the assembly; they swore to God, the Virgin, the ladies, and the peacock.

In this connection will be recalled Fraed's brilliant charade, "The Peacock and the Ladies."

As the Lawmakers Slang It. "A woman on the industrial board was killed," announced Mrs. Stella S. King, acting secretary, at a recent meeting of the Legislative Council of Indiana Women. As she read the last word, she realized what she had said and started to laugh. It was in the text of the minutes of the preceding meeting, at which Mrs. King had not acted as secretary, and came in the account of legislative council bills which had been passed, advanced, or "killed."

As it happened, it was a mistake after all, for it was another bill pertaining to the industrial board which had been killed, not that creating a woman member of the board. But for a moment the legislative council forgot its dignity and giggled.—Indianapolis News.

France's Oak Trees Threatened. While endeavoring to recover from the ravages of war the forests of France are also struggling from the ravages of parasitic growths which seem to be especially disastrous to the oaks. These are the country's most valuable tree, constituting nearly 30 per cent of the forest area. This tree seems to suffer especially from the fungus Oidium, which appeared in the provinces of Champagne about 1907, and is doing such damage that the extermination of the oak in France is foreseen. Young trees—particularly coppice shoots of the current year—are most susceptible to attack, though seedlings up to ten years of age have been destroyed. No remedy has yet been discovered.

Carrots for Lunch. As I lived far from school, I had to carry my lunch. One morning my stepmother asked me to go to the grocery store for some carrots, as we had some pet rabbits. When I returned I set the sack on the table and hurried to finish getting myself ready for school. When I had finished she had my lunch ready and told me it was on the table. That day at noon I opened my sack and to my amazement I had the sack of carrots. Of course the girls all laughed and had a good time over it, but I am sure it was the most embarrassing moment of my life.—Chicago Tribune.

Compensation. "Are you going to take any summer boarders?" "Fixin' up the rates now," replied Variste Coenstessel. "Remembering, of course, that food has been going down." "Yes, but rememberin' also that rents have been going up."

ODD DEVICES FOR PATENTS

Curiosities That Have Been Accorded Place in the Archives of Great London Office.

Some recent curiosities patented in England are described by the Illustrated London News. There are two head-washing caps, one of which is an inverted metal bowl with a rubber ring that fits it tightly to the head and a siphon by which it may be attached to a rubber tube; the other is a helmet-like device with an inlet for water at the top and an outlet back on the neck.

Others are an automobile for use on land or water. It has a propeller and a detachable hull, while the fore wheels are encased and act as a rudder. Then there is a railway train fitted with a conduit passing from the smokestack over the roofs of the cars to the rear of the train, through which smoke, vapor and cinders are conveyed.

For bathing the face there is a basin with a recessed end for supporting the neck, and a detachable tube through which the bather may breathe while soaking her complexion in the water. A protective garment for motorists and others is made of a double fabric containing shock absorbers. In the form of hollow rubber balls.

Another ingenious person patents a buffer to be placed on the bows of ships so as to lessen the shock of collisions. Bent plates fitting the converging sides of the ship support heavy spiral springs projecting forward to a steel plate that extends across the bows.

GUARD DIGNITY OF PRESIDENT

Washington Theatrical Managers Are Not Allowed to Advertise His Attendance in Their Playhouses.

There is a code of etiquette governing relations between the executive mansion at Washington and the playhouses. Point No. 1 in the code provides that no manager, either of the theater or of the visiting attraction, shall angle for Presidential patronage. When a company arrives at the theater its manager is handed a card which impresses this upon him, and crushes all hopes of using his pet projects for luring the President to confer indorsement upon his offering.

Another point is that a box is reserved in every theater in Washington every day until noon for the President. By that hour the White House is supposed to have notified the theater that the President will attend that evening. Reservations may be made earlier, of course, but in no event may the house or company manager make use of a paragraph in the newspapers announcing that the President will attend on such and such an evening.

The audience is always on the alert to rise when the Presidential party enters, and remains standing at the conclusion of the performance until the White House contingent makes its exit. No Presidential party was ever known to keep a curtain down for a minute through a tardy appearance.

Great Pianist Particular.

Paderewski will not permit anybody to sit behind him, says a writer in Hearst's. At some of his concerts hundreds of seats could have been added on the stage. Moreover, in every Paderewski recital no seats are sold in that part of the orchestra proper which is directly behind him. The piano is set at a 45-degree angle, which means that in the extreme left corner of the orchestra, looking toward the stage, a number of seats are directly facing Paderewski's back. Those seats are empty for Paderewski. "If they are behind me, I think they are pushing my elbows," he says.

One night he complained: "Will you go down to that woman in the seventh row at the right? She is fanning. I do not mind if she fans in time. But if she cannot do that I cannot play."

Yiddish Theater for London.

The Jewish population of London, which is about 150,000, is at last to have for the first time a Yiddish theater in the West end. It is proposed to establish a permanent playhouse for the performance of Yiddish plays in Yiddish, with Jewish actors. There is also a project under consideration for the translation of classic drama and the best contemporary plays into Yiddish for performance in the new theater. The best musical comedies will also be adapted to performance there. Jewish actors from many parts of the world have signified willingness to go to London professionally. One of the promised features is a repertoire of 50 different plays to be produced on 50 successive nights.

Light Railways in New Zealand.

The minister of public works announced in his annual statement to parliament that the proposal to construct privately owned light railways in different parts of the Dominion to connect up rural sections with the government main trunk line would be encouraged and efforts made to push the project. The construction of these lines will call for a large amount of material as well as construction machinery and rolling stock.—Scientific American.

Plumes to Borrow. Mrs. Exe—Do you like your new maid? Mrs. Wye—No, but she's so stylish I think I'll keep her. I may be able to borrow some of her clothes.—Boston Transcript.

The Only Obstacle

By R. RAY BAKER

A sigh escaped June Afton, stenographer, as she finished her work of the moment and let her eyes wander across the private office to a desk at which sat Dick Routon, the handsome private secretary to Jasper James, head of James & Co., a top-notch firm in the Grand Rapids furniture industry.

The sigh was occasioned by the fact that June nearly loved Dick. One of the points in the young gentleman's favor was, of course, his prepossessing appearance. He was dark of complexion, tall of stature and athletic of physique; but the thing of all things that made June nearly love him was his adorable personality.

June was aware, too, with a woman's ability to see, that Dick cared much for her, although not once had he broached the subject. The sigh was because she did not completely love him, instead of nearly. She knew a proposal was imminent.

"What a wonderful man," she told herself, as she watched him working with a pen, probably signing Jasper James' name to some letters she recently had typed. "What a wonderful man, with his looks and personality, if he only had some of the boss' great supply of force and executive ability to go with them."

June's eyes flashed from Dick to Jasper James, rotund and pompous, reading letters with furious energy, one after another, at still another desk.

"Such force!" June whispered, taking note of the middle-aged man's concentrated scowl. "And what an enormous fund of executive ability lies behind those little eyes. Oh, if Dick only had some of it—then I would marry him in a minute. It's the only obstacle."

June arranged her hair, which needed no arranging, and dusted the intricate mechanism of her typewriter with a long-handled brush. With large brown eyes and those curly dark tresses and finely chiseled features she seemed meant for a man like Dick. But there was that big obstacle.

The great man at the other desk was leaning back in his chair, holding one hand back of his head while he glared at a letter held in the other. Shafts of fire seemed to dart from his eyes, and June would not have been surprised to see the letter flare into a blaze.

"Yes, brains are more to be admired than beauty in a man," June mused. "Some day if the boss asks me I'll be tempted to consent." She knew that Mr. James, too, cared for her, although, like Dick, he had never voiced his sentiments. He was a bachelor and rich, and the latter factor was something to be considered, although he it to June's credit that love meant more to her than wealth.

They were a happy business family, the three of them. Formalities were dispensed with in this inner office of the big industry. The boss, his right-hand man and chief stenographer worked together for the interests of the firm, and the business prospered.

While June thus idled away her time with cogitations, things suddenly happened.

The great Mr. James bounced from his chair, evidently having arrived at a decision of much moment. His voice rang through the room.

"Quick, Miss Afton and Mr. Routon! Get on your coats and hats! We've got to motor at once to Hastings. The success of the big Jones contract is involved. The directors are meeting there right now, and we must arrive before their conference ends, or we lose."

Within the space of five minutes they were seated in Mr. James' touring car, heading at as rapid a pace as the law permitted for Robinson road, which led to the city of Hastings, thirty-eight miles distant. Dick was at his wheel, with his boss and the latter's stenographer in the tonneau. June had a big pad and some well-sharpened pencils with her, for it was hoped some documents would have to be rushed, through the typewriter.

Eight miles they traveled, before anything happened; then "bang!" went a tire, and before the car could be brought to a stop, "bang!" went another.

"Two blowouts!" exclaimed Dick, as he stopped the car beside the road. "I was afraid these tires were about ready to quit. Luckily we have two inflated extras." While he was speaking he had turned up the front seat and was extracting jacks, tire irons and other implements.

The great Mr. James was frowning and fuming over the delay.

"Here, boss," Dick admonished, "you take one of these tires off while I get busy with the other." He extended a jack and one of the irons.

Mr. James looked dismayed.

"Why," he flustered, squirming on the seat, "I can't change a tire. I don't know the first thing about it." Dick glared at him for a moment, then smiled, and went to work. June offered to help, but she could do little. Rattle, rattle, went one jack, and a rear wheel was hoisted. With furious haste, but making every move count, Jack changed two tires in the space of thirty minutes and they were

again pounding along the road at breakneck speed.

Across the Cascade bridge they sped and up a hill, round a set of curves and down a smooth incline.

Then of a sudden the car stopped, for no apparent reason.

"What's the trouble now?" rapped the great Mr. James.

"Out of gas, I guess," replied Dick, hurrying round in back. "Yep, the indicator registers nothing."

"What'll we do?" fumed the boss. "Stop a car and siphon some from its tank. In the meantime I guess I'd better see about oil." He raised the hood, took a look and nodded. "Good thing I looked. Fortunately, there's a can in the tonneau, and we have a rubber hose with which to siphon the gas."

"Here comes a car!" cried June. "Good," said Dick. "Stop it and ask for gas while I get busy with the oil. Boss, I guess it's up to you to siphon the gas."

"Why—I—don't know how," protested Mr. James. Dick was busy pouring oil into the engine, June explained to the boss.

The incoming car arrived shortly and was stopped. In the meantime Dick discovered two loose spark plugs and was tightening them.

"Up to you at the siphon, boss," he called. "Every minute counts. I would suggest that this car be kept in better running order."

So the great executive clambered down from the car and, permission having been readily obtained, thrust one end of a rubber hose into the tank of the other machine and held a can to catch the needed fuel. He crouched by the tank and, placing the tube in his mouth, drew on it. In a second he was coughing and gasping, while a stream of gasoline gushed from the hose. He had got his mouth full of the liquid.

By this time Dick was through with the engine. Quickly he snatched the hose from Mr. James' hand and directed the stream into the can. Then it was funneled into the tank of the helpless car, the driver of the other car was offered pay and refused, Mr. James was hustled into his own vehicle and away they sped.

At Alto, the next town, the party filled the gasoline tank, and then at a fifty-mile gait the journey was resumed. June enjoyed the wild ride, but her boss clung to the car with desperate fear, as he was bounced about, and when they drove down the hill into Hastings he slumped back exhausted, limp as a deflated football.

"Dick," he said, weakly, "take me to the hotel. I'm going to bed. This day has been too much for me. You and Miss Afton can attend to affairs at the meeting."

June turned on him, amazed. "Why, Mr. James! Surely you don't mean it. We certainly can't get along without you."

The boss smiled wearily. "I'm not worrying, while Dick is there. He's the brains of the concern, anyhow, and I'm just the figurehead. Surely you must have noticed it. Miss Afton, Dick does all the thinking, and I merely act as the mouthpiece. He's run the business for five years, and I've simply acted on his orders. Dick, to the hotel for me."

And June sighed, and then smiled at the back of Dick's head.

FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS

Whale Shark, Caught Off Miami, Fla., Something of a Surprise to the Scientists.

The first whale shark ever captured is on exhibition at the Smithsonian institution at Washington. Capt. Charles Thompson of Miami, Fla., who has some big fish captures to his credit, including the largest devilfish ever lifted to land, is the captor of this monster. He caught it while cruising off Knight's key. It took 20 men nearly two days to bring it ashore. The net weight of the fish is 30,000 pounds, its length is 45 feet and its circumference at the thickest part is 23 feet 9 inches. Its tail measures 10 feet from tip to tip.

The scientists who looked this fish over said that he was only an infant whale shark and that full-grown ones are two and one-half times as large. It inhabits the ocean at a depth of 1,500 feet and its hide is of great thickness to withstand the enormous water pressure. A .45-caliber bullet could not even dent it.

How this baby whale shark happened to come to the surface is conjecture, one explanation being that it was thrown up by a submarine volcanic disturbance and that in the journey its deep-sea diving powers were injured so that it was unable to sink to its natural water-levels.

The whale shark has little circular lidless eyes that are sightless. Its mouth is 50 inches wide and 43 inches deep its tongue is 40 inches long. Hundreds of teeth line the sides of its jaw. It had a speed on the surface of 45 miles an hour and put up a fight before being captured, that lasted two days and a half.

Too Little Mustard. "Why did Tom quit the photographer's daughter after all these months?" "He says he's been calling four times a week, and she hasn't gotten half through the picture album yet."

Knows What It Means. "Shall I do you mean to say, Betty, that you understand French?" "Bobby—Yes, I do, for when pa and ma talk it at the supper table, I know that after I'm asleep, they're going to the movies."