

The Heart of an Actress

By H. M. EGBERT

"I want you to be my wife, Rae," pleaded Lester Donald as they sat side by side in the cabaret.

Rae Mable tapped her little shoe against the floor in agitation, but she did not answer him immediately.

"Rae, you know how much I care for you," pleaded Lester. "It isn't as if we hadn't known each other for months. Why can't you say yes? You admit that you love me. What is there that is to come between us?"

"Five or six million dollars, Lester," answered Rae, lifting her eyes to the young man's. "And your mother and father. And all the wealthy relatives you have. And your fashionable friends. And my position as a chorus girl. What do you suppose your people would say to a chorus girl daughter-in-law?"

"But when they see you, Rae, they will think the same that I do," answered Lester. "I know how good you are, and that you joined the chorus to support your mother, because you had the opportunity. It isn't the job that degrades the woman, it's the woman who makes the position what it is."

Rae flushed at the young man's ardor. She was very fond of Lester; had loved him for six months, in fact. And she was the prettiest member of the sextet, and undeniably straight as a die.

"There's something else, Lester," she answered. "You know, I'm—well, common. I don't always speak grammatically. You know that's pretty bad. How would you like your folks to hear me say 'you was'? Not that I don't know better, but that's the way I was bred, and it naturally slips out sometimes."

"Dearest Rae," said Lester, taking her hand, "my love is strong enough to overcome all those difficulties. Be-



"When I told him who I was he turned perfectly yellow."

There was nobody but Rae in the suspiciously furnished apartment when Lester called. She was attired in a magnificent dress, which left an indistinct impression of gold and black lace. There was such a smile on her face as might have been given any chance acquaintance.

"This is very charming, Mr. Donalds," she said, "but does it not strike you as a trifle unwise on your part?"

"Why?" he demanded, feeling an insane jealousy in his heart for this woman, calm, unapproachable, whom he had lost.

"Because you can hardly wish to rake up unpleasant memories. As for me," she confessed, "the remembrance of a certain six months burlesque and stings. By the way, I had the pleasure last week of refusing the hand of Charlie Duckert, the first of your friends to cut me, you may remember. When I told him who I was he turned perfectly yellow."

"Rae," said Lester, "you have never been out of my thoughts these years past. I want you—I want you, Rae. I want you with all my heart."

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"Listen, Lester," she went on, with ringing scorn. "I left you because I was heartbroken. Then I resolved that I would show you what I could have become. I did study grammar. I went abroad and learned singing in Rome—never mind how. Anything can be done if one is determined enough. And I came back to show you what you had lost. Well, I have shown you. I have had my revenge. And now let me tell you I have no further wish to floutize it among the shallow, heartless people of your set. Once I gave up my career for you. Now I have it again. And I hate you—hate you, Lester, and I never want to see you again."

She spoke like a queen of tragedy. But something in Lester's heart rose to match the passion in hers.

"I love you, Rae, and I'm going to win you again," he said. "Rae—my Rae."

And, as the tow kindles to the fire, suddenly the ice melted in Rae's heart. He was holding her in his arms and looking into her face.

"Rae, you didn't mean that?"

"Lester, I—came back to hear you tell me what you are telling me now."

Selfishness Antidote.

A few knocks now and then are the best antidotes in the world for selfishness. The girl or young woman who is constantly petted and waited upon by an indulgent mother very seldom appreciates what her parent is doing for her, but let her mother become suddenly ill and the girl is obliged to get up an hour earlier to prepare breakfast for a week or two and she will begin to realize that her mother is entitled to some recognition for the hard work she does and that she (the girl) has heretofore been downright selfish.

Sparrow's Amazing Appetite.

A tree sparrow has been known to eat 700 grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full-grown man. A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white-tailed eagle, weighing 12 pounds, with a wing-spread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing 42 pounds, raise it to a height of a hundred feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Wise and Otherwise.

If a man is a liar why does he get mad if he's called one?

Perhaps no man appreciates a legacy more than a man without legs.

If the shoe fits it's a sure sign a woman will ask for a smaller size.

And one good turn is usually followed by two bad ones—in a variety show.

Even when a man knows a woman's age she never thinks he thinks she looks it.

Some men never give a thought to the hereafter except when they have occasion to pass a graveyard on a dark night.

The man who tries to buy his way into heaven may discover later that he gave up money for an unauthorized representative.

The truth about some men is never known until after they acquire money.

Genius Rebuffed.

"If you'll cut some wood I'll give you your breakfast."

"Madam," replied the tattered wanderer, "during my last term in a prison which shall be nameless, I was a celebrated intramural poet. I'll write you a sonnet for my breakfast."

"No, you won't either. I might be able to start a fire with your sonnet, but it wouldn't keep a fire going."

Not a Dry Speech.

Mrs. Flatbush—You say the dinner was given in the open air?

Mr. Flatbush—Yes, it was.

"Go off all right?"

"Well, it rained."

"Really? It must have spoiled everything."

"No; it prevented the speakers from being dry."

Heartless Man.

"Henry," said Mrs. Flatbush, "there's an agent at the door selling a device to keep children from falling downstairs."

"Well?" replied Mr. Flatbush.

"He wants to demonstrate it."

"I'm willing if you'll borrow the baby across the hall."

had gone with the intention of never returning to him.

This obstinacy aroused, he went back to his parents' arms. It was not long before the insidious suggestions of a divorce, coupled with the eager welcome extended by his friends, as to a man who had made a fool of himself, but had repented, worked upon Lester. He sued his wife for divorce on the ground of abandonment. The case was not contested; Lester thought Rae was ignorant of it.

III.

Three years later Lester found himself many times a millionaire. His parents were dead; he had succeeded to his father's stock exchange business, and was spoken of as one of the coming men of the Street.

It was just at this time that Madame Cossi was announced with a flourish of trumpets on the part of her impresario as the greatest singer of the age, now about to make her first public appearance in the metropolis. And in this case the impresario was right. The town raved over her. Never had so talented an actress appeared since Rachel. Never was there such a raving. The papers estimated her princely income as not far short of that of any captain of industry. Her studio apartment on the avenue became the haunt of celebrities.

Society took her up. Madame Cossi was the lion—or lioness—of every fashionable entertainment.

Beautiful, talented, and undeniably charming, Madame Cossi had the city at her feet.

When first he saw her lithograph upon the billboards Lester felt sure that it was his wife. He went to see her in "Carmen." There before him, tantalizing, elusive, was the woman whom he had won only to lose, of his own perverseness. Her acting thrilled him.

"Yes," he heard a bald-headed cynic at his side say to his companion, "she's been in love—helplessly. It takes that to bring out the acting quality in a woman. After all, every woman is a potential actress."

Lester remembered the words when he met her unexpectedly at Mrs. Van Tromp's reception. Without a shade of hesitation Rae put out her hand.

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Donalds," she said.

She touched him to the heart. The woman seemed made of stone. He pleaded for an interview. For some time she refused to grant one.

"I am at home to my friends at five on Saturdays," she said finally.

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Passing of French Dowry

Boon to the Country, But Blow to Fiction Writers

The French custom of providing marriageable daughters with a dowry has been a social Gibraltar in that land. Without it the plots of novels and plays would have been crippled. It is a staple of French literature. Now it appears that this is only one more of the social landmarks which are being swept away in the war flood.

Young people who hesitate to marry because of lack of property once they lose everything proceed instantly to marry. The one bright spot in the South at the close of the Civil War was the wholesale marrying of young people who had not a red cent. After the San Francisco disaster in 1904 weddings were a leading industry among young men and women who had hesitated in the time of plenty.

The new custom in France is a vast improvement on the old. It is gratifying for the young folk, but it is hard on the fiction writers.—Boston Globe.

Deplores "American Voice;" Doctor Suggests a Remedy

Dr. Charles Prevost Grayson of Philadelphia reproved American doctors at the annual meeting of the Laryngological, Rhinological and Otolological association because they had done nothing whatever to correct the "American voice," in which, he averred, "no amount or depth of patriotism can so anesthetize our ears that they will find anything musical."

Doctor Grayson did not suggest surgical treatment, but merely that the education of children in proper articulation be compulsory. He blamed indifference and lack of proper training for the habit of slurring and clipping and muddling our syllables, and urged that no teachers be appointed who have not clear voices and do not enunciate distinctly.

The Sleep of Fishes.

It has often been asserted that fish never sleep, a sufficiently amazing story that anything can do violence to the laws of nature. Brehm used to contend that fish slept soundly, assuming during that time peculiar attitudes which could not be construed otherwise than sleep. Experiments go far to confirm this theory. He paid particular attention to the leach, which, he found, assumed an attitude of repose, during which its functions were less active and the keenness of its sensorial faculties diminished. It sleeps at any hour of the day or night, and in doing so it rests on its caudal fin, the body being slightly bent, while the head sometimes leans up against the sides of the aquarium or an aquatic plant. Respiration is weak at these times. Sometimes it slips on its back and remains in this position absolutely motionless for hours.

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Hand-Painted Bodice Latest.

Hand-painted undergarments are making a bid for favor in the lineup of fall apparel.

Hand painting has appeared so far only on bodices of georgette crepe designed for wear under dainty transparent evening gowns, but one of the prettiest novelties imaginable is thus developed. The daintiest of floral patterns is properly selected, and the painting must be done with an exquisite fineness of touch to produce the desired result.

An underbodice may be decorated with hand painting over its entire surface, or a mere border about the neck may be chosen in preference.

Stenciled designs are also approved as a decoration for next season evening underbodies, and here, as in the case of the hand-painted garments, very dainty floral patterns should be selected. Georgette crepe is the prime choice of fabrics to be so adorned.

England's First Scientist.

The first great English scientist was Roger Bacon, who died 621 years ago. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but it is believed that this year marks the 700th anniversary. He was persecuted and condemned and much of his work destroyed, so that the extent of his discoveries cannot be definitely known. It is certain that he was centuries ahead of his ignorant and credulous times in chemistry, mathematics and mechanics. Branded as a magician, he was thrown into prison. From 1277 until a short time before his death Bacon was immured in a filthy cell. He is said to have invented the camera obscura.

Still Shows Battle Scars.

Cartagena still shows many scars of battle, for she had a hard life of it in the past. As she was the principal stronghold of Spain, all Spain's enemies attacked her first when they moved on the Americas. English buccaniers sacked her half a dozen times. The English Admiral Vernon besieged the city unsuccessfully for months, but in spite of his poor success he inspired such admiration in a young colonial officer that the latter named an American country estate for the admiral. The officer was one Lawrence Washington, and he named the country place Mount Vernon.

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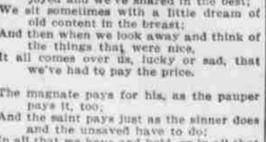
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HOW MUCH IS HUBBY WORTH TO YOU?

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

There's no 'luck about 't' hoose. There's no 'luck about 't' hoose. When our gude man's away."

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers from one end of the country to the other concerning the disappearance of a husband. The deserted wife in an advertisement offered for information a list of the things which would lead to his whereabouts. She added pitifully that she was very poor and could not afford to pay a larger amount as it had taken the last dollar she had saved to pay the debts he had left.



Tender-hearted wives with feeble husbands were sorry for her. Independent spinsters, who put men in the places they belong, expressed surprise at her extravagance in her willingness to pay that sum for a worthless hoot. The question now arises—how much is the average husband worth to his wife?

It seems to me that there is so much figuring to be done on the subject that it would lead one into such an entangling labyrinth that it would be hard to discover where one is actually at.

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Purgatory Chasm

EVER been in Purgatory? Many persons have declared their expectation of going there eventually, but there are thousands who have already made the trip, have enjoyed the experience and have come away wondering why more people do not go there.

The Purgatory in question is located in the town of Sutton, Mass., and those who have visited the spot are convinced that the commonwealth has missed an opportunity to become famous for having within its confines one of the strangest and most interesting freaks of nature in the world.

Purgatory, in Sutton, is a chasm. Its admirers declare that it is more attractive and remarkable even than the Flume in the White mountains, and they are back of a movement to have the commonwealth acquire the property and make a reservation out of it for the benefit of the whole people.

Purgatory chasm has for years been a source of wonder to geologists, for they cannot agree as to what caused it. A large number of them seem to think that at some time, eons ago, a portion of the earth at this point dropped down out of sight, leaving a great chasm whose base is filled with giant bowlders and deep caves.

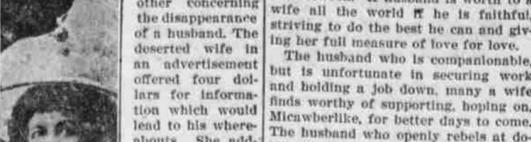
Until a few years ago this chasm, situated in the midst of a forest of pine, hemlock and spruce, was a favorite outing spot for people in Worcester and surrounding towns, but as the roads to it were not kept in good condition the visitors decreased until now it has practically been forgotten except by a few enthusiasts.

Explored by Commission.

Led by Arthur E. Seagrave of Uxbridge, who is assistant attorney general of the commonwealth, they have been endeavoring for several years to have the legislature take an interest in the matter of preserving the natural wonder, and finally succeeded this year in securing an appropriation of \$100 to be used for an investigation of the matter by the state forestry commission. This commission, which is composed of the state forester, Frank W. Rouse, Harold Parker and Harvey N. Shepard, with Charles O. Bailey as secretary, has completed its investigation. Not one of them had ever seen Purgatory chasm before.

"I was amazed," said Mr. Bailey when he returned to Boston. "It actually averted me. It was so majestic, so wonderful. In some ways it resembles the Lost River chasm in Vermont, and to my mind is more interesting than the Flume in New Hampshire. After going nearly a mile through the woods you suddenly come upon this freak. There are stones weighing 50 tons at least that have been hurled about. Some of them stick out at least 15 feet from the sides of the chasm, 40 feet or more in the air. There are caves where ice remains much of the summer, and at the end of the chasm is a wonderful cave on the floor of which is an immense slab of stone that looks just like a giant's coffin. It is called the Devil's Cave.

"The vegetation there is remarkable. Great trees grow apparently from the solid rock, their roots often going up 10 to 15 feet over the bowlder, then turn down over it to reach the soil. If a balloonist should start from the Rocky mountains and land at this spot, he would think it was a part of the Rockies. Speaking as a private citizen,



WHERE THE WALLS ARE 80 FEET HIGH.

zen, I believe it would be a great shame to let a few dollars stand in the way of preserving this great natural wonder for the people of Massachusetts."

Some Great Caverns.

"Hell's Coal Bin" is one of the largest caverns in Purgatory, not far from the northern entrance. It would hold 25 persons easily. The "Devil's Ice Box" is another great cavern, its ceiling lined with icicles until the middle of June. "Pulpit Rock" is a wedge-shaped piece 40 feet high, from which many a sermon has been preached by the unordained.

For all its ruggedness, the trip through Purgatory chasm may be made by women, although it is not a place for silk hosiery and thin-soled pumps.

Some of the rocks in the chasm are as large as a bungalow, and the mass of bowlders extends far into the earth. It is possible for one to go down into great crevices until well out of sight below the surface, and in other places rocks may be dropped into other holes and they rattle from bowlder to bowlder until the sound of their downward progress is lost in the depths.

In spite of the ravages of forest fires in this section, the virgin wood surrounding the chasm for more than a mile has not been harmed.

Final Aid to the Unresponsive.

The Masons live next door to the home of a very capable, resourceful and attractive young woman.

One evening, as the Mason family sat on their porch after dinner they heard the young lady's voice through the open window talking in an animated manner to someone who made no audible reply. After a time the voice ceased, and in a moment the girl appeared on the Masons' porch, pink-dressed and shining.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason," she began, "can you lend me some chocolate? Two squares will be enough. I may have to make fudge tonight. I've a new beau coming—that nice Mr. Arnold who's recently come into the bank—and I've just sat in front of my mirror and said everything I can think of to say, and talked about everything I know, and told every story I can tell, and it takes only forty minutes, if he stays any longer than that, I shall just have to make fudge!"

The Range of Light.

When I first enjoyed the superb view, one glowing April day, from the summit of the Pacheco pass, the Central valley, but little trampled or plowed as yet, was one furred, rich sheet of golden composite, and the luminous wall of the mountains shone in all its glory. Then it seemed to me the Sierra should be called not the Nevada, or Snowy range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years spent in the heart of it, rejoicing and wondering, bathing in its glorious floods of light, seeing the sunbursts of morning among the icy peaks, the noonday radiance on the trees, alpenglow, and a thousand dashing waterfalls with their marvelous abundance of iridescent spray, it still seems to be above all others the Range of Light, the most divinely beautiful of all the mountain chains I have ever seen.—John Muir's "The Mountains of California."

Animal Isles.

There is the Isle of Dogs and Whale Island, Pwll Island, in Essex, and Crane and Gulf Islands, off the coast of Cornwall. Near Lundy Island are Rat Island and the Hen and Chickens. A few off the coast of Wales are Puffin Island, Sheep Island and the Cow and Calf Island, in Pembroke.—London Chronicle.

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The first great English scientist was Roger Bacon, who died 621 years ago. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but it is believed that this year marks the 700th anniversary. He was persecuted and condemned and much of his work destroyed, so that the extent of his discoveries cannot be definitely known. It is certain that he was centuries ahead of his ignorant and credulous times in chemistry, mathematics and mechanics. Branded as a magician, he was thrown into prison. From 1277 until a short time before his death Bacon was immured in a filthy cell. He is said to have invented the camera obscura.

Still Shows Battle Scars.

Cartagena still shows many scars of battle, for she had a hard life of it in the past. As she was the principal stronghold of Spain, all Spain's enemies attacked her first when they moved on the Americas. English buccaniers sacked her half a dozen times. The English Admiral Vernon besieged the city unsuccessfully for months, but in spite of his poor success he inspired such admiration in a young colonial officer that the latter named an American country estate for the admiral. The officer was one Lawrence Washington, and he named the country place Mount Vernon.

Novel Idea for Electric Truck.

A novel electric truck of Bradford, Eng., is an old trackless trolley car altered by the general manager of the city tramways for special use. On the regular tramway route, the truck is driven by current from the overhead trolley, but a storage battery is carried, and when necessary or desired, the vehicle leaves the trolley line and makes up energy of the battery. Though the voltage of the trolley supply is 500 and that of the battery only 150, the extension trips are made at a low rate of speed without difficulty.

Van Bluecher.

Gobhart von Bluecher was born in 1742 at Bostock, Prussia. At the age of fourteen he entered the Swedish army and four years later was captured by the Prussians in the Pomeranian campaign. His captors urged him to enter their service and he received a lieutenancy. Bluecher first came into notice in the later battles of the Seven Years' war, under Frederick the Great. His course life of many excesses

Gilded Hopes.

"I understand Paris is going for municipal reform."

"Good! If Paris can set a good example as successfully as it sets most of the fashions, the result will be wonderful."

War Makes New Economies.

War is producing some queer economies. The Italians, who are fighting above the snowline find wood scarce and fires a rarity. Their difficulties have aroused the scouts to action. They visit every house, collect the waste paper, and then hand it over to the girls collected in a central station. These girls, working under the eye of a teacher, spread the sheets flat and feed them into a machine which rolls them tightly into a roll of about an inch in diameter. But they are too long for use, so a chopping machine worked by hand produces as a final result, little tight rolls about two inches long. These can be dropped into a knapsack, and when a fire is wanted three or four are taken out, placed on the ground, lit, and enough heat is generated to warm thoroughly a mugful of soup.—London Chronicle.

Hand-Painted Bodice Latest.

Hand-painted undergarments are making a bid for favor in the lineup of fall apparel.

Hand painting has appeared so far only on bodices of georgette crepe designed for wear under dainty transparent evening gowns, but one of the prettiest novelties imaginable is thus developed. The daintiest of floral patterns is properly selected, and the painting must be done with an exquisite fineness of touch to produce the desired result.

An underbodice may be decorated with hand painting over its entire surface, or a mere border about the neck may be chosen in preference.

Stenciled designs are also approved as a decoration for next season evening underbodies, and here, as in the case of the hand-painted garments, very dainty floral patterns should be selected. Georgette crepe is the prime choice of fabrics to be so adorned.