

The Life of Love, and What It Depends On

By Eatrice Fairfax

LOVE is the one thing in which every human being is interested. Scientists are interested in science, artists in art, money-makers in money, but to greater or less degree they one and all are interested in love.

You may be a disgruntled, sour old man or woman, but at some time in your life your heart has beaten quicker at the thought of some one person.

Or, you may be a dreaming schoolgirl, or a rough and tumble boy with a boy's hearty contempt for sentiment; but your turn will come. Some day you will love.

Love is the one thing that makes the whole world kin. Through all the millions of years, men and women have loved; and through all the millions of years to come, they will go on loving.

The strange thing about it is that the most wonderful thing in all the world should be regarded as such a commonplace thing.

Hundreds of wise men and women have written solemn discourses and sentimental poetry on love, and yet today love is just as gossamer and intangible a thing as it was at the beginning.

It is at once the longest lived and the shortest lived thing in the world. It is deep and it is shallow. It is kind and it is cruel.

It thrives under neglect, and, again, it withers under kindness. It is a garden rose, and an orchid. It is ennobling, and it is degrading.

It is a thing apart from all other emotions, and it holds the whole world in the hollow of its hand.

People continually ask me: "Miss Fairfax, what is love?" That is a hard question to answer, because no one person can explain to another just what love is.

All people love differently. My way of loving might not be yours, nor yours mine; and yet in her own way, each might love well.

But I have seen much of love. I have seen it thrive, and I have seen it die; and about that I can tell you.

I have seen men and women kill love, inch by inch. Some have cloyed it to death with sweets, others have killed it with bitterness.

Sometimes it has died hard; sometimes it has drooped and died at the first blow.

There are many different ways of killing love. Perhaps you have killed love. Perhaps some one has killed it for you.

Sometimes love goes limping along in a half-hearted way that is sadder than death.

All those who would hold love must make up their minds to one thing, and that is: That love must be all paramount; it must be the biggest, most important thing in their lives.

It does not shut out all other interests, but it must come first. In the articles to follow this you may recognize your own method of killing love, or of keeping it alive.—From the New York Evening Journal.

The Outlook for Plain Folk

By Professor E. A. Ross

THE newspaper cartoon is a democrat. Some day the inventor of it will rank with Gutenberg, for in enlightening the people on public affairs it is to red ink and capitals what the arc-light is to the tallow dip. Give it much of the credit for the growing failure of the bosses to hoodwink the voters. It is like the Greek fire that saved civilization from the Turks. Lie? Of course the machine, too, can launch its cartoons, but a false cartoon is like a wet rocket. It does not go off.

Some, I know, will pooh-pooh my showing. "You are behind the times," I hear them say. "Actually the trend is all the other way. How about the rule of Big Business in American cities and states? Have not special interests, working through party machines, made self-government a fiction? And if democracy has become a sham in the house of its guardians, what hope is there for it elsewhere?"

No. What has been lost is not democracy, but certain fruits of democracy. The interests have their way only because they work in the dark—always in the dark. They contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. There is robbery by the mailed fist, and robbery by the lithe hand. The feudal classes spoiled the people like a Front de Boeuf, the corporations today filch from us like Fagin. The plain people here are not weak, as they are in Russia, but they have not been taking notice—that is all. They have been too sure, too careless, too trusting. But it will not take generations of slow upbuilding to put the people again at the helm. Ring the tocsin a few years, and we shall see who is master.—From Everybody's.

The "Women's Revolution"

By "Dubious"

ONE result of the "Women's Revolution" women themselves may well consider: If it becomes general, it means the perishing with startling suddenness of most of the progressive races of the world—the French, German, English, Scandinavian, Spanish, Scottish, Italian, Australian, English-American, Hungarian and Slavic stock. These must all pass away, as the New Englander of native descent is passing now.

It means the actual conquest of the earth, within the lifetime of women now living, by Negroes and lower-class Chinese, East Indians and Malays. Only the rapidly decreasing number of those who bear children from reasons of religion, and the Japanese, who reverence their national ideal above personal ambition or indulgence, will survive to cast a little gleam of light upon a world slipping back to the mental and moral level of the cave-men.

Can a movement be wholly good whose consequences, already visible in their swift beginnings, are so stupendous?

Insect Johnnies.

"Jim!" bawled the impresario of the troupe of performing fleas, "Yessir," said his assistant. "Chase them water bugs away from the stage entrance. They annoy the performers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Man's Way.

Green—Smith asked me to forget my troubles this morning.
Brown—What for?
Green—He wanted me to listen to his.—Chicago Daily News.

More than 4,000,000 barrels, living in 100 cities, obtain water for domestic and industrial purposes from the great lakes.

Heidelberg university has received...

THE HILLS OF HOME.

The winds are wild in your mountain peaks,
I hear them wail and scream,
But the breeze on the little hills of home
Winks softly as a dream.
The brown bees come and go,
And the ships of cloud sail past.
What is their haven who may know?
But they all reach port at last.

Over your towering crags
The strongest find no way,
But a child on the little hills of home
Shall wander safe all day.
And for his delight shall be
Rich tapestries of bloom,
The sound and the shine of the distant sea
And the hazelwood's perfume.

Your mountains climb to the sky,
They are crowned like kings with snow.

But, oh, for the little hills of home,
The friendly hills I know!
Green to each grassy crest,
Flower-stained purple and white,
With sunny slopes where the tired may rest.

And wait for the coming night!
—J. W. Linn, in Youth's Companion.

THE LADY.

By Martha Alma Prouty.

The man and the dog had taken the long hill on Pond street wearily, doggedly. They passed Sunset Rock without a glance in its direction, ploughed through the ruts without lifting their heads, and when they reached the easy walking along the marshes, not even the flickering of multiple wings nor queer dodging bits of light and dark for awakened their interest. The dog had kept at his master's heel, content to follow him, and the master had trudged on steadily because he wanted to be at home. When they saw the pond, perhaps a light akin to the faint glow of the dying sunset had lighted alike the eyes of the man and the dog, and yet had not been the reflection of the sunset light, but only the reflection of a passing thought.

They had skirted the pond warily because all along the edge the water seeped inward and often they sank ankle deep. An artist might have willingly gone hungry and worked his stiffened fingers gladly because of the prospect spread before these two, a landscape of silver tints like new silver such as one sees in windows and wonders about because it seems as if nobody possibly could have money enough to buy it; like oxidized silver, blackened into shadows; like old family silver, treasured stuff worn thin and softened like nothing else of its kind; and in the very centre of the pond, where the light concentrated, lay a great silver plate. But the man and the dog saw the pallid sea of tough young trees, hewn in the far depths of the forest, twisted and backed into place to form a barrier against storms and unwelcome guests.

Entering the narrow gateway in the pallid sea, at last each of his own accord had thrown up his head. They had come home without game, but home was good after the long tramp even if they don't deserve much and were a little ashamed of themselves. And supper had been good, for the man knew how to cook and they had shared it together until both were satisfied.

The hut itself was roomy and planned with a view to comfort, partitioned into two rooms, the rough timbers overhead being partially covered with skins and with the clutter of snowshoes, canoe paddles, fishing nets, and the like. In one end of the living room, a huge stone fireplace gave out warmth and sufficient light for their needs, because the dog had no vanity of any kind and the master didn't care whether his necktie was tied or untied, whether his hair was parted straight or not parted at all. They were very happy together these two. The dog was as usual at his master's feet, and the master smoked his pipe.

The master sat in an armchair he had made himself. It was big enough and strong enough, and its workmanship did not trouble him. The chair was placed a little to the left of the fireplace and the dog lay towards the centre. To the right another chair had been placed, not made by the master, but rather of finely polished mahogany, of perfect line and proportion, and having rockers. It had a green-cushioned seat, and another cushion rested against its back. It looked very inviting, so it was no wonder that the lady always chose it when she came in. First there was a little patter-patter of steps outside and a slight-rustling of dried leaves as her dress brushed against them, then you knew that she had slipped softly in, and the slow, sweet smile on her face meant just that she was glad to be there and knew that the master and his dog were glad too. She never shook hands as she came forward, she just let her right hand drift across the master's shoulder with a friendly little tap, and then settle on the dog's head with another little tap. Then she fitted into the pretty chair, herself a pretty picture as ever a man and a dog looked at. She wore a thick white cap and a heavy coat, but when the master shook his head at her and pointed to the wooden hooks on the wall she always got up and slipped out of the heavy coat, and shook her curls out of the cap, and then you could see that she was dressed in a dainty little house-

gown of the color of crushed rose leaves. When she was back in her chair again, you would never have known that the lady was merely a guest, she seemed to belong right there by all the laws that make folks happy.

She always insisted on putting more wood in the fireplace herself, she wanted to crack her own walnuts, and pour her own coffee. There was a very special china cup and saucer for her, and she knew just where to find them.

It was too bad, of course, and they both knew it, but just as soon as they had placed their cups where they wouldn't knock them on the floor, and when they were at last utterly without anything to do, they commenced an argument that went like this, she on her part getting a deeper color and leaning forward until her curls almost touched his face, earnestly fighting for her side, while he just crouched deeper and deeper into his chair and looked back at her fiercely and pounded his fist on the arms of the chair while he fought for his side.

"Are you going to let me come here and stay always?" she would begin, never varying her argument. "I shall not be lonesome and I shall not be afraid when you have to leave me here alone, and I shall not miss the comforts I give up, and I shall have no regrets."

"You cannot come here to stay always," he would answer, "It is not a fit place for a lady. I love you too much to ask you to share such a life. You are my lady of luxury and light, the lady of white lily land."

Sometimes she would just look sad, and again she would cry over so little and just hug the dog's head, and then, of course, she went away, always letting her hand drift across his shoulder with that friendly little tap that meant peace established once more.

But it was different tonight. The leaves rustled with a heavier rustle, there were hasty steps, and some stamping, too, and the door was flung open until it gave a bang. She never had made any noise before. When she had stepped inside her lips parted and she made a little sound between a laugh and a sob, and a sound that you could really hear, and she seemed to expect the master to shake hands. When he only stared, she sat down abruptly in her own particular chair and opened her usual argument without warning.

Somehow he got his breath back, and somehow he answered that argument much as usual, although he did not seem so sure. He got to the part "you are my lady of luxury and light"—when she leaned so far forward that her curls actually touched his lips, and she whispered:

"And love," very softly, but very forcibly withal. The master looked at his dog and saw him with both paws on the lady's knees, his nose in her hand. It was evident that he wanted her to come for good and always. Thus the master learned one thing about a lady that he had never thought of before, that a lady will sooner or later get her own way.—Boston Sunday Post.

WORST-SPELLED WORDS.

Professor Believes English Would Be Universal with Reformed Rules.

An interested audience listened last evening to Professor William B. Owen of Lafayette College on "A History of English Spelling," before the Academy of Science and Art at Carnegie Institute. He told of existing absurdities in spelling of some words, and of the confusion that followed, and illustrated his idea by reference to many words that have from time and usage grown to enormous length with no change in meaning. He said that the English word rhyme was probably the worst spelled word in the English language.

The speaker mentioned the use of the word wish and wished, the latter being a longer way of spelling "wist." The same would affect the kiss and kist, instead of kissed. He said he favored shortening the word but not the act. He declared the future of the English language depended upon an improvement in its spelling. The universal language could and should be English. He declared Esperanto was merely a linguistic plaything.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Wanted Something Haberdashery.
"Would you mind letting me look over some gentlemen's collars?" asked the lady in the haberdashery department.

"Certainly, madam," hastened the polite clerk. "Thinking about purchasing some for your husband?"

"Oh, no. I just want to look over the pretty names."

"The names?"

"Yes; you see we are going to name the baby and we want something real bizarre."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Overjoyed.
"How did papa act when you asked him for my hand?"

"I could see that he was trying to control himself, but he presented all the symptoms of a man who has drawn a straight flush."—Houston Post.

Sixty languages are spoken in Russia.



ACCORDING TO THE MELODRAMAS.

Genevieve, the Sewing Girl—why, we can't explain—
Dreadful villains try to hurl underneath a train.
Ethelwyn, the Kitchen Maid, cannot go to work;
Gangs of scoundrels, she's afraid, in the parking lark.
Marguerite, the Pretty Cook, must desert the sink,
For upon her trail a "dook" and his minions slink.
After Housemaid Geraldine vicious rascals yelp.
That is why, or so I ween, housewives can't get help.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOT EXACTLY FICKLE.

"She's very fickle, isn't she?"
"Oh, I wouldn't say that. She's been divorced only twice."—Detroit Free Press.

RATHER DUBIOUS.

"Yes, ma'am, this is genuine spring lamb," declared the butcher.
"Which spring?" asked the careful housewife.—Judge.

NOT YET, BUT SOON.

Nan—"Has Harry proposed yet?"
Fan—"Partly. He brought up the subject of divorce when he called the other evening."—Chicago Tribune.

TESTIMONIAL.

Knicker—"What books have helped you most?"
Bocker—"Cook books; they saved my life when I was first married."—New York Sun.

DIVISION OF ARTISTIC LABOR.

Stella—"How do they plan to spend the summer?"
Bella—"She expects to draw the countryside while her husband paints the town."—New York Sun.

ADMIRE THE JOB.

"Prinkly is a self-made man, isn't he?"
"Yes, and he is always giving himself testimonials as to the excellence of the workmanship."—Chicago Tribune.

GOOD SHOOTING.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—"Good heavens, man, where are your shots going?"
Recruit (tearfully)—"I don't know, sir; they left here all right."—Punch.

THE POINT.

Elderly Aunt—"I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and, oh, how I ran!"
Hans—"Did you get him?"—Fle-gende Blätter.

FUTURE DIVIDENDS.

"I observe that you do a great many favors for that influential citizen."
"Those aren't favors," answered Senator Sorghum; "those are investments."—Washington Star.

IT WORKED.

Dill—"Has your wife a recipe for removing spots from clothing?"
Pickle—"I should say she had! She removed two five-spots from my trousers pockets with quietness and dispatch last night."—Judge.

QUERY.

The child saw Mr. Smith, wearing a silk hat and smoking a cigar, go past the house. "Mamma," said she, "why doesn't Mr. Smith fix the draught so the smoke'll go up his chimney?"—Town and Country.

A MAN OF DEPTH.

"Do you regard Biggins as a man of great depth?"
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "his conversation is hard to follow. But his is one of the natures that avoid seeming shallow by being opaque."—Washington Star.

GOOD REASON.

The poetical young man with soulful eyes was walking with his mother-in-law by the riverside down Kingston way last Saturday afternoon.
"How the stream tosses in its slumber!" he exclaimed.
"Yes," answered his brother, "and you would, too, if your bed were full of stodes."—The Sketch.

THE CHRISTENING.

"And the name is to be?" asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precious armful of fat and flounce.
"Augustus (Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks."
"Dear me!" (turning to the sexton). "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—Tit-Bits.