

Polly and the Prophecy

By STANLEY BARTON

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The fortune teller held Polly's little hand and gazed long and shrewdly into her eyes. The fortune teller was a woman, and therefore Polly did not blush, as she was wont to do under the admiring stare of men.

Nevertheless, Polly was uneasy. There seemed to be a set grimace about the tense mouth of this oddly-dressed peer that boded ill for the diminutive one before her.

"You would penetrate the future," began the fortune teller, "and you have come to me to find out what is in store for you. Well, then, young woman, I will tell you. Listen: An old man with money is to enter into your life. The stars tell me that you will greet him with open arms."

"I won't," protested the rebellious Polly. She had in mind, as she spoke, the sturdy Jimmy Hamilton, whom she had refused for the third time that morning.

"The stars do not lie," chided the fortune teller. "An old man will enter your life, and his impetuosity will fairly take your breath away. He will be old, but he has money."

"I won't hear a bit more," came from Polly angrily, and in a turbulent state of mind she drew her haughty little self indignantly out of the camp chair and bounced from the tent.

Polly Edmunds wasn't superstitious, and it was absurd to believe that she had gone to the fortune teller except through gentle curiosity.



"You Would Penetrate the Future."

ty; but it was enough to make any self-respecting girl angry—the suggestive words of that parchment-skinned, silly-talking Roumanian. She wouldn't believe, and she knew very well that she would always remain true to Jimmy Hamilton; he of the dark brown hair and blue eyes—Jimmy Hamilton, who could twist his love words and phrases to the daintiest proposals ever bringing the blushes to the cheeks of a maid. She would not receive any hideous old millionaire with open arms!

Polly was in a terrible state of mind when the luckless Jimmy espied her from across street and hastened to join her.

"You!" she stamped a foot in the fine frenzy of her rage. "As if I didn't have trouble enough without you coming along!"

Jimmy smiled and continued to plod cheerfully along at her side.

"If I had a mouthful of vulgar gold teeth," contributed the girl spitefully, "I'm sure I would keep it closed and not be always grinning like a Cheshire cat! It's what I call an ostentatious display of riches!"

Without a word of protest Jimmy obediently pulled his lips to a straight line.

"Are you dumb?" asked the fair vixen. "Can't you talk? Have you lost your voice? For gracious sake, say something! You get on my nerves!"

"It's a fine day," observed Jimmy Hamilton.

Polly glared. "You ought to read the advertisements and take a course in general intelligence."

The unabashed Jimmy laughed heartily. "You are the original little crook," he enthused. "The tobacco sauce, were, to the dull routine of life in Greenville. Really, I am proud of you, Polly. But why this most becoming petulance?"

"I don't know why I should tell you my troubles, observed the girl. "You haven't any sympathy—and, besides, I have decided to have nothing more to do with you. There!"

"I commend you on your decision," remarked the youth at her side. "But, honestly, dear, it's not original, and you don't mean it. I'm the only chap in the town weather-beaten enough to survive these sudden storms, of which the present one-sided altercation is but a reasonably fair example."

"You like to hear yourself talk," snapped the maid. "You are simply eating up with egotism. Some day your head will expand to the bursting point and prove the vacuum that I have long suspected."

Polly, in her tempestuous way, suddenly turned the conversation. "I

have been to the fortune teller, if you must know."

Jimmy, on the day before, had strolled through the camp of these picturesque nomads. "Gypsy queens have reputations for being rare seers," he observed, thoughtfully.

"Rare—fools," stormed the maid. "I just hate myself for having gone out there at all. I—I ought to have known better. No one and read the future," she concluded wisely. "It isn't possible."

"I deduce, then, that the parcel of information handed out by the swartly Minerva wasn't at all to your liking."

The girl flushed, then the storm in her eyes suddenly abated and a wicked little imp of mischief danced expectantly in its place. "It would be nice if I could believe her," she ventured, demurely. "You would advise me to, would you not?"

"Certainly," came from the grinning and unsuspecting Jimmy. "Gypsy queens are daughters of seventh daughters, you know. They are wise in the occult."

Thereupon Polly, with a happy little smile, unfolded the information vouchsafed by her Roumanian highness.

A frown clouded the youth's brow at the completion of the tale. "Rot," he grumbled.

"But," objected Polly, sweetly. "I have your own words for it that these gypsy people are vastly clever. Since talking to you I have no doubt but what it will come out as she said. Anyway, I must wait for my old millionaire man. I always did believe that I should marry for money, and then—who knows—he may be nice; and I can love him, if he is."

Polly was in a rare humor. Never before had she been able to tease this great, good-tempered giant. He never took her refusals to marry him as a good joke. But Polly was to see the sudden fruition of the gypsy's prophecy, whether she believed in it or not.

"Honk, honk!"

A most erratic automobile with two occupants came zig-zagging down the narrow road, interrupting for the moment the interesting dialogue between the two young people.

"Honk, honk!"

As the great machine reached them, it suddenly swerved to the curb, and one of the occupants was shot catapult-like into the very arms of Polly. Both were thrown to the walk. In an instant the new and spectacular arrival had bounced to his feet, and even before the astonished Jimmy realized what had happened had assisted the girl to her feet.

Profuse apologies came glibly to the lips of the man.

The newly arrived was short, fat, and well on the shade side of seventy. How a man of his age could spring so nimbly to his feet and instantly execute a Chesterfieldian bow was beyond the comprehension of the silent and wondering Jimmy.

"There is something wrong with the car," the man was explaining. "My driver has been working at it for an hour. He couldn't stop, you see. Only for you, young woman, I would have been dashed to this stone pavement, and probably killed. If you will allow me I would like to give you this as a little token of my appreciation." The old gentleman took a two-carat diamond from his finger and passed it into the hands of the astonished girl.

"Honk, honk!"

The car, now under control, came to a sudden stop beside them, and in an instant, the old gentleman had climbed in beside the driver, who put on full speed and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"Jimmy," gasped Polly, "I take it all back. I will marry you. Things happen so fast in this world that it is no place for an unprotected girl."

And Jimmy laughed joyfully.

Affable Executioner.

Arthur Ellis of Roylitt avenue, Toronto officiated at the hanging of Henderson in Petersburg. Having experienced some difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation, Hangman Ellis registered at the Oriental hotel as A. Speare, Toronto. His identity was not established until he asked the clerk to call him at five in the morning as he had some newspaper work to do and "we all had to be up there early." He is a man of small stature, between forty-five and fifty, weighs about 130 pounds, smooth shaven, blue eyes, and wears gold-rimmed spectacles. His work as executioner was satisfactory, but some of the officials rather resented his call later in the day, when he asked if things were all right, if they were satisfied, and bidding them good-by. Rev. Canon Davidson almost collapsed when called into his study he found the hangman waiting to bid him good-by and comment on the "success of the job."—Port Hope (Ont.) Guide.

Swiss Watchmaking Dwindling.

The Swiss watchmaking industry has shrunk to half of its one-time size.

Not in Such a Costume.

The Venus de Milo may be all right, but have you ever seen a Charleston girl?—Charleston News and Courier.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

JURIST ON THE RACE TRACK



Exchanging a seat on the federal bench of the old Oklahoma Territory for a seat on a sulkey behind fast-stepping trotters and pacers and filling both places in a satisfactory manner, John L. Pancoast, now a resident of Blackwell, northern Oklahoma, has been making the Oklahoma-Kansas racing circuit the past summer with a string of horses that have pulled down numerous purses for their erstwhile crime-wearer owner.

The love of horse flesh is the only reason why Judge Pancoast has changed from bench to sulkey. He is still a practicing attorney and is admitted to practise before the United States Supreme court, but he prefers to see the stoppers coming down the home stretch in a whirl of dust and hear the shouts of the onlookers as the mil-mal he is driving perhaps noses out a head under the wire.

Judge Pancoast was always a devotee of the racetrack. He has always owned a string of fast horses and during his days on the bench he watched with interest the progress of his horses. In early life, however, in Ohio, where he was born, in 1852, and admitted to the bar in 1878, he made up his mind that he would some day wear the crimine. This fact he kept steadfastly before him. He had that "bee in his bonnet" when he located in western Kansas in 1879, going through with the usual experience of a young lawyer and afterwards moving to Oklahoma.

During territorial days in Oklahoma the federal judges named by the president were also the district judges of the territory and in addition to being district judges, the seven of them sitting together at the capital constituted the supreme bench of the territory. Thus John L. Pancoast became not only a federal judge, but also judge of the Seventh Oklahoma district with headquarters at Alva and a member of the territorial supreme bench with the title of associate justice.

Pancoast was appointed in 1902 by President Roosevelt and again in 1906 by the same president. Being a judge on the bench with his one ambition in life realized, Pancoast did not forget his horses. It was his one relief from the bench, his vacation, his pastime, his fad. He served as judge until statehood abolished the court.

CIRCLES GLOBE IN AN AUTO



Mrs. Harriet Clark Fisher of Trenton, N. J., holds the unique record of being the only woman who has girdled the earth in an automobile. Mrs. Fisher's trip in her 10-horsepower machine makes new history in the automobile world, and particularly in the realm of women. With her on the trip were her secretary, Harold Fisher Brooks, who drove; a man and maid servant and Honk Honk, her pet bull terrier, who was taken along as a mascot. In addition, the car, which was especially built for the trip, carried a complete stock of tires, parts and cooking utensils.

The party landed in France, toured leisurely through it; thence through Germany and Switzerland; crossed to Italy, where a brief stay was made at Como. Thence they visited Vienna, Rome, Naples and Port Said, taking ship from there to India. Mrs. Fisher's letters referring to their experiences are interesting in the extreme.

"It was exciting," she wrote. "We live like gypsies most of the time. We found hotels few and far between. You never saw a more surprised set of people than were the natives when we would roll into one of their little villages. In the country between Bombay and Calcutta we preferred to camp out. When we got to China we had our troubles, but our most exciting experiences were in Japan. We started from Kobe and went from there to Osaka, and thence to Kyoto, Nagoka, Skidzonka, Atmi, Ouawara and Yokohama, bound for Tokyo. We found the streets so narrow, that in many instances our automobile barely grazed through them. We were forced to run our car over bridges that were old and unreliable, and many times we feared we would plunge through them."

"We were also obliged to cross on small ferries, and one of these trips, across Hamana bay, was three miles in length. To get across here we had to lash two fishing boats together and build a temporary platform on which to run the car."

The party met with several exceptionally exciting experiences that came near sending them back. After landing in San Francisco and starting east across her own country, Mrs. Fisher's trip was uneventful except for her arrest in Sandusky, O., for exceeding the speed limit.

AN ENGLISH PRISON EXPERT



At the invitation of the United States government Thomas Holmes comes from England to attend the International Prison conference. Mr. Holmes is the secretary of the Howard association in London, which is devoted to the double work of reforming prison administration. He is admittedly the foremost of practical English criminologists. He has made a lifelong study of criminals. Before he became the secretary of the Howard association he was for many years a court missionary.

For a long time Mr. Holmes has been advocating the right of offenders to pay their fines by installments and thus, in a measure, equalizing the glaring disparity in treatment which the law makes between the rich and the poor. At present the poor man or youth who commits some trifling offense—is bundled off to jail if he cannot immediately hand over the pecuniary atonement for his misdemeanor which blind justice demands of him. On the other hand, the offender with a well-thrust pocket, to whom the payment of the fine is no hardship, escapes the ignominy of imprisonment altogether.

Now, Mr. Holmes seems to be within measurable distance of getting his pet reform adopted by legal enactment. A few days ago, on behalf of the Howard association, he obtained an official interview with Winston Churchill, the home secretary, whose special business it is to look after the administration of justice, and Mr. Churchill since then has announced his intention of inaugurating this reform.

A PICTURESQUE PITTSBURGER



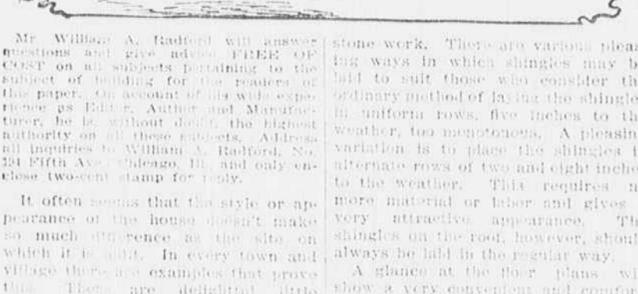
The most picturesque millionaire in Pittsburgh and one of the most bizarre in the country is Alexander R. Peacock, who recently came into public notice on account of a bad egg. Because he got one for breakfast he spent nearly \$70,000 to start a henery with which to supply his table with eggs fresh from the nest. He has the reputation of being the most frascible individual in Pittsburgh. What happened to his chef when Mr. Peacock tasted the cold storage egg that caused all the trouble may be imagined. After he had relieved his feelings he called up a real estate dealer.

"I want a farm," he said, "a farm that is big enough to raise a lot of chickens."

Before night the real estate man had the farm, within two days a chicken house, 200 feet long under way. The farm cost \$60,000, and the hen-house about one-tenth that sum. It has been rushed to completion. It has steam heat, electric lights, the flooring and electric incubators. Mr. Peacock received the first of his very expensive but superlatively fresh eggs recently.

Peacock's life story reads like an oriental romance. He was a clerk at the linen counter of a Pittsburgh dry goods store when in the course of his duties he became acquainted with Mr. Carnegie. The ironmaster took a liking to the young Scotch lad, aided him in various ways, and his career thenceforth was meteoric.

THE AMERICAN HOME



W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the owners of the paper, on account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is without doubt, the highest authority on all these matters. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 24 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It often seems that the style or appearance of the house doesn't make so much difference as the site on which it is built. In every town and village there are examples that prove this. There are delightful little houses set back among shade trees and powers the house really says plain and ordinary in design, which give one a restful, homelike feeling by walking past.

Then for every one of this kind there is one of the other, to keep the balance, probably. Every town has them. The house is large and pompous, quite an architectural creation. In fact, but it is set down on a small lot, crowded in with all the trees and shrubbery cut down to make room for it. In spite of its size and cost a residence of this kind is very far from attractive. The home builder would scarcely take such a model, yet many times the real element of success in planning the erection of a home are overlooked and a barren, uninviting place is the result.

The experienced home builder will always, if possible, select a rough and wooded site; if it is slightly hilly so much the better. It is true the labor and expense for grading and preparing the site for the building and for smoothing up the ground afterward is greater, but the satisfaction and success of the project is also greater, and the attractiveness of the place increases as the years go by, while the extra labor at the beginning is very soon forgotten.

Almost any style of house harmonizes well with such surroundings and is improved in appearance by the natural beauties of the building site. Some materials and some styles of house architecture seem especially well suited, however, for such use. The accompanying design is one of these.

It is planned something on the bun-

with a living room occupying the entire space at the left, while the dining room, with the kitchen back of it is at the right. On the second floor there are three bedrooms and a bath room, also four closets.

It is a design and arrangement that would be hard to improve upon for anyone desiring a comfortable residence of artistic appearance. The cost is estimated at \$1,000, including a good grade of plumbing and lighting and first-class basement heating plant.



Second Floor Plan.

KEEP WIFE AS SWEETHEART

Schemes by Which the Husband May Retain the Love of His Spouse.

If your wife does not love you as she did when you were married, you must have fallen off in your attentions. Remember that a wife is only a sweet-



First Floor Plan.

heart a few years later. Make believe that she is still your sweetheart.

When you go home from business have the maid send your name up just as in the old days. A wife likes these little attentions, and if she is the right sort she will send down word that she will be down in a few minutes. Then put a five-pound box of candy in a prominent place and wait patiently. When you hear her coming, run to meet her and kiss her in a manly way as if you had walked all across the wilderness. Then give her the candy. If there is any time left in the evening for her sit in it with her a stand. Now tell her the events of the day in the office in a witty way that will appeal to her eyes of fun.

When the dinner bell rings, hand her a bunch of American beauties, pull out her chair for her and tie her napkin round her neck yourself. Then, with a low bow, seat yourself opposite her and begin to praise the food. Ask her to make sprightly remarks, and laugh heartily at them. Urge her to tell you about the cook's doings. Just before dessert, show her the orchestra seats you have bought for the opera for that night.

Never light a cigar until you have asked her whether she objects to smoke. She may always say no, but there is no telling when her taste may change, and no gentleman will smoke when his wife objects to it. Give her twice as much as she wants for an allowance, and always forestall any requests she may be about to make.

In this way you will retain your wife's love and forever lead a Darby and Joan life.—Charles Battell Loomis in the Delicatore.

Method in Her Madness.

"It was your wife's fault you gave up smoking and drinking, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you have more money after having given up the habits, have you not?"

"Nope, but she has."