

TO THE OTHER ONE

Man and Woman of World Go Back to Elemental for Mates.

By DOROTHY DIX.

It was the eve of his wedding day, and Richard Airle sat alone in his luxurious rooms, thinking. The last detail of the arrangements had been completed. The night before he had given his farewell bachelor dinner to his old companions. Somehow he felt that it would be almost a sacrilege to go from that mad, gay feast, with its wit and wine and song, to his pure, little puritan Priscilla, who had been kept as untouched by the world as a snow drop in her prime New England home.

"I will see nobody tonight," he had said to the dusky buttons who guarded the outer door of the fashionable apartment house. He wanted to be alone. There was so much to do, so many letters to burn, so many pictures to destroy, so many links with the old life to break. Not that there was anything to cover up, or be ashamed of. Airle had lived cleanly, but his friends had been the men and women of Bohemia, and Priscilla would not understand.

He glanced about the beautiful rooms, littered with artistic souvenirs and trifles, and sighed as his glance fell upon a photograph of "For Dear Dickie" scrawled across its face. It showed a little dancing girl in short, spangled skirts, waiting her cue to go on the stage. No. Priscilla would not understand.

"And yet," mused Airle, "an honest little creature never lived. By George, I wonder how many of the good women who draw their garments away from her as they pass her, would have the courage to go cold and hungry, as she has done, when they might have champagne and terrapin, and soles for the taking?"

On the mantel shelf, in a quaint, gold frame, was another picture—a bold, impressionistic sketch of a woman leaning back in a long chair, the blue smoke of a cigarette curling about her red gold hair. The woman's lips were curved with laughter, her eyes shone out merry, mocking, tender. It was Madge Horton, the cleverest newspaper woman of her day. Just as Boothby had drawn her in that very room one night when a party of friends—writers, artists, actors, musicians—had forgotten to celebrate the good fortune of one of them.

"Priscilla would not understand Madge either," Airle repeated to himself. "She would think that a woman who smoked cigarettes, and treated men with the familiarity of a companion, instead of the awe of a demigod, or the romantic adoration of a hero, wasn't nice."

He smiled at the inadequateness of the world, for his mind had flown back to a dark page in his own life, when he had quarreled with the rich and tyrannical old aunt who had reared him, and he had come to New York to make his living. It was then that he had first known Madge, when they were both doing "cub work" on an evening paper. Fortune had not smiled on him at first, and there had been an evil hour when, after six weeks in the hospital with typhoid, he had found himself facing the world without a dollar in his pocket.

Weak, discouraged, dispirited, he lay on his cot, dreading to take up the struggle of life again, when a letter was brought to him. It was a mere typewritten line, enclosing \$100, and signed in a hand so crabbed as to be undecipherable. "Dear Airle," it said, "I return you the money you lent me once in Chicago when I was down on my luck." In his prosperity Airle had lent many a man money that had never been returned. The wonder of it was that it should come to him now, but in the surprise and delight of having it, for the two crisp fifty-dollar bills meant hope, and courage and life to him, he almost forgot to speculate about the sender, and it was not until years afterwards that he knew that Madge out of her slender salary, for fame and money had not come to her then, either, had been the one to reach out a helping hand in a way that he could not refuse to take.

"The heart of a woman and the brain of a man, God bless her," said Airle, "and yet Priscilla will not think her nice."

"A lady to see you, sir, and she says it's important, sir, and I was to give you this card, sir," deprecatingly interrupted a servant. Airle frowned as he reached out his hand for the card, and smiled as he read the name on it.

"Madge, be good of you," he exclaimed as he pushed the long chair she affected up to the grate. "I was just on my way out to dinner," she replied, throwing back the long cloak and showing a slight, tall figure clad in a thin, black dinner gown, "and as I was passing I remembered that this was your last night, and I thought I would drop in and say a final goodbye to you."

"You speak as if I was going to die," objected Airle. "So you are, as far as your old friends are concerned," she returned. "Matrimony is that bourne from which man never comes back to those who loved as I love him." A wife's first duty, you know, is to snub all of her husband's former companions. Yours, for instance, with a saucy moue as

him, "won't approve of my dropping in to smoke a cigarette with you, and talk things over when they lie heavy on my mind, and—and—it came to me, as I was passing, that I should—miss it—Dick."

Airle murmured an indistinct something about hoping that she and Priscilla would be good friends.

"Don't," interrupted the woman sharply, "between a man's wife and his women friends there is a great gulf fixed, and they are wisest who do not attempt to cross it. I—I am glad you are going to marry, Dick, and I am glad its Priscilla. You are very masculine, Dick, and she is the kind of clinging, ignorant, appealing little creature that was bound to be your ideal. I understand the fascination of that kind of woman—the sort of woman who has been kept safe and sheltered in her home, like a pearl in cotton wool, and who has never known anything of the hard and sordid struggle for bread, or the temptations and the fight of life."

"They are like white lilies that the dust has never smirched," said the man softly, "and we who are toiling in the grim life worshiping eyes upon them."

"Yes," she replied, "it is the woman who does not know, and does not understand—who never understands—before whom a man pours out the incense of his soul. It is just because she is so ignorant of all that makes the life of man like you that such a woman fascinates him."

"When I first saw Priscilla," Airle said, "she was coming down a daisy strewn path in the early morning, and the young day was not more fresh and fair, nor the flowers about her feet whiter, or more innocent than she. I was sick of women with painted faces, and the turmoil of the town, of women who talked in epigram, who could analyze to the last hair the psychic interest of the latest problem play, and she came like a vision of the heaven we worldlings have lost."

"Marrying an angel is a risky experiment for a mortal," returned the woman with a grim humor, "and, did you ever think, Dick, that what we call a 'good woman' is the best thing on earth, and the narrowest and hardest? Oh," she held up her hand as he began to speak, "I know what you are going to say—that women like I am are brave and helpful and strong and companionable. That is true, Dick, but men like you do not fall in love with us. We know too much. We have rubbed shoulders with sin, and misery and we are no longer shocked at things. We are only sorry—or amused. We see things like men see them, and so, I understand, that when a man like you meets a woman who has never touched a cocktail, or smoked a cigarette, or seen a problem play, or read a novel that wasn't an expurgated edition, her very ignorance and innocence grips him with its charm—its difference."

"You haven't wanted to marry me, Dick, and I haven't wanted to marry you, for in a way we have both wanted to go back to the elemental. Your ideal has been innocence and ignorance. Mine, the strength that one could cling to as to the rock of ages. You have found your pure, prim little Puritan Priscilla. I have found—"

and she broke off to strip the long, long glove from her hand and show a gleaming diamond.

"What, you are going to be married, too?" cried Airle. She nodded. "No one you know. A man I knew years ago, out west—a primitive creature, with aboriginal ideas of right and wrong and duty, and faithfulness, who has not learned to console himself for a broken heart by analyzing its throbs for a magazine article, as we have, or to dissect his friends in the interest of psychological study. We have our virtues, you and I, Dick, and those of our kinship—we are merry and open handed, and we laugh with those who laugh and cry with those who weep, but one can't live on omelette soufflé always, you know, and one wants a grander strain to march through life than the music of cap and bells."

"You and I—we shall be very happy, Dick, in our new lives, but don't you think—don't you fear that sometimes we shall be very tired? Won't there be times when our hearts shall be heavy for the old life? When the grand opera will get upon our nerves, and make us long for opera comique? When the ignorance and innocence of your Priscilla will be dust and ashes in your teeth, and the rook ribbed seriousness of my husband will be a burden on my soul?"

"Then—ah then, Dick—we will long for the old life, the old discussions, the old friends who were broken reeds on whom to lean, but who sang the merry roundelay of life in the same key that we did, and understood our speech. We shall have what we want, but not all we want, for somewhere in every heart is the lurking shadow of that other one who could supply the missing notes to make the perfect harmony. Oh, the pathos of it! Oh, the helplessness of it!"

She got up abruptly and began drawing on her cloak, and as she stretched her hand out in farewell Airle stopped her.

"Before you go," he said, "drink a stirrup cup with me." He filled two glasses from the wine jug upon the table, and the man and woman looked solemnly into each other's eyes as they touched glasses.

"To the Other One," he said. "To the Other One," she murmured, and then with a common impulse they sent the crystal goblets shivering on the floor.

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AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

What's in a name? One answer Shakespeare himself gives: "But he who flitches from me my good name Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor, indeed."

Not altogether in the sense indicated by this reply will my story deal. Surnames of negroes who were slaves were usually of their own selection, as they, like all mankind originally, were known by one appellation, a given name.

When it became necessary our Jewish people selected surnames that meant something and are generally euphonious, as Rosenbaum, Silverstein, Loeb, Rothschild, and so on. When Anglo-Saxon surnames were added or adopted in the eleventh and twelfth centuries some seem to have been taken haphazard, and are of no significance. Our colored people retained, in the main, after freedom, the surname of "Old Mastah." Most of them felt proud of the family whom they served and spoke of them as "my white folks." "No croger blood in our family, and us cullored ones ain't got no use for po' white trash, neither." Perhaps it is not generally known that "he term 'po' white folks," so often used by the negro servant, had no special reference to financial conditions, meaning, rather, social status—"Mannah and customs," as they sometimes expressed it.

An example of family fealty is the case of Nelson Crews. This really remarkable negro was born on the plantation of Dr. Samuel Crews of Howard county, Missouri, who at that time owned over 500 negro servants. His parents were far above the average in intelligence and integrity. Joanna, the fine old mother of Nelson Crews, lives now in Kansas City. She was the weaver at the Crews home, and I believe there are wooden counterpanes yet in the possession of the family that bear evidence of her skill.

With us yet is a staunch, dependable negro woman, industrious and self-supporting, though long past three score years and ten, who, though she has led to the altar—yes, led is the word—three husbands, has never changed her surname; she either made pre-nuptial arrangements with her various suitors or brought them to law afterward, for Susan Clark was, is, and ever will be. "I was bo'n and bred on the plantation of Beverly R. Clark, the finest white folks in Kentucky or any whap upon the yearth, and twel I meets up with a bettah name I not see no 'casion to change mine," insists Aunt Susan.

The numerous Collinases, Bradleys, Simpsons, Stones, Smart's hearabouts bear out my assertion that negroes after freedom selected for their own the surname of former owners. Howard, Scott and Wallace Smith, negroes, good and creditable citizens of the vicinity of Kansas City, Mo., were slaves in the family of a sister of Cassius Clay. Though they are proud of the fact that they are of the Clay clan of colored folks, they prefer Smith, the name of the member of the family to whom they were assigned. Among their proudest possessions is a portrait of a handsome, distinguished-looking what man, inscribed on the margin this testimony:

"For my dear old Mammy From Green Clay Smith."

The donor was, you remember, nominated presidential candidate by the Liberal Republican party.

When Marguerite Williams, two years old, slipped and fell into a creek near her home at Kansas City, Edward Reed, a negro eleven years of age, pulled her out of the shallow water. The girl was unconscious. Then the negro remembered the training he received in the public schools and resuscitated the child by applying first aid to the drowning. A physician said the negro boy's efforts probably had saved her life.

George Washington Buckner, the new American minister to Liberia, has been in consultation with Ambassador Page for one or two days this week, reports the London Times. He is a negro doctor, of Evansville, Ind.

Apparently he is approaching his task in the African republic with great zeal and ardor, in company with Lieutenant Martin, a graduate of Howard university, who will help organize the Liberian constabulary.

There are 7,000 monks on the Mount of Athos, in southern Greece.

Moji, Japan, is to have a new railway station to cost \$100,000.

In the battle which is constantly being waged by the natives of Africa and the denizens of the jungle 19,104 snakes and 19,000 wild beasts were killed in one year, 1910.

You can never tell. Genius sometimes wears clothes that fit.

Some men fall in love and never get on their feet again.

Many a girl deludes herself with the belief that she has completed her education before she marries.

One of the keenest observers of the proceedings in congress is Eugene Patten, the only negro who ever served as a page in the house or senate. Sixty years have whitened his hair, but his step is sprightly and his mind alert, while from mere force of habit the trend of legislation on the hill and the personnel of the two branches which shape the laws are the center of his interest.

Patten is still an employe of the government, but in the humble capacity of gathering rubbish from the parks instead of responding to the hand-clap of lawmakers in the lower house. He has a memory like a phonograph, wide in its range and astonishingly accurate. The good old days, when the giants of debate sat in congress during the Democratic regime immediately following the era of reconstruction, have become "the ocean to the river of his thoughts," and he loves to linger over the memory of them. As he recalls the incidents and cites the characteristics of eminent men, an absorbing panorama of political history unfolds before you.

Patten was born in Huntsville, Ala., and when he drifted to Washington as a lad he was one of the few Democrats of his race. He was no ordinary lad, and his political views were a matter of real conviction. The promptness and intelligence with which he discharged minor errands brought him to the attention of influential members of congress, who resolved to secure him an appointment. Never before in the history of congress had any but white boys been appointed pages, but the men behind young Patten decided to break all precedents. Such celebrities as John Randolph Tucker, Eppa Hunton, Tom Ewing and Alexander H. Stephens exerted themselves in his behalf, and in due course he was appointed a page.

One question was debated 50 years ago, and that was the question as to our ability to support ourselves from a physical and personal point of view. There were not a few who 50 years ago predicted that this newly freed race would become a perpetual burden upon the pocketbooks of the nation. It was freely predicted that we would neither feed, clothe nor shelter ourselves. Every year the American congress is asked to appropriate between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000 to be used largely in providing food, clothes, and shelter for about 300,000 American Indians. While this is true of the American Indian (and I have nothing but the highest respect for the Indians) ever since the days of Reconstruction the American negro has not called upon congress to appropriate a single dollar to be used in providing either clothes, shelter or food for our race. Absolutely in all these personal matters we have supported ourselves and mean to do so in all the future, and very seldom in any part of the country does one find a black hand reached from a corner of a street asking for any man's personal charity. Within 50 years, then, we have proven that we can survive from a physical point of view, and we have proven that we could not only support ourselves but contribute taxes from \$700,000,000 worth of property toward the support of local, state, and national government.—Booker T. Washington.

Paraguay has valuable forest resources, the most important of which is quebracho, particularly rich in tannin.

The total acreage of Hungary is about 80,000,000, of which 28 per cent is in forest. Of this, 50 per cent is owned by individuals or corporations, 20 per cent by municipalities, 15 per cent by the government and 15 per cent by the church.

An aviation school has just been founded in Lima under the auspices of the National Aero league (Liga Nacional Pro Aviacion) under \$27,000 subsidy by the Peruvian government for acquiring aeroplanes and other equipment necessary for such a school.

Thimbles have been known for many centuries. Some specimens unearthed by archaeologists are known to be 2,500 years old. They are of bronze, and their outer surfaces show the familiar indentations for engaging the head of the needle.

St. Paul's 1914 school budget calls for expenditures aggregating \$1,115,210.

One hundred thousand miners in Scotland have received an increase in wages of six cents a day.

The re-establishment of direct communication between San Francisco and Bristol through the arrangements for the Maple Leaf line of steamers to call at Avonmouth, has rendered valuable aid to the development of the trade in canned fruits and salmon.

In St. Petersburg no outdoor musical performances are permitted.

Five hundred and fifty-five persons attended the evening classes in academic subjects at the University of Cincinnati last year.

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