

A Lesson for the Girls

By Hope Daring

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

The Daileys were seated at their midday dinner when a neighbor's boy unceremoniously pushed open the screen door and tossed in a letter.

"Got your mail, 'Mis' Dailey," he called out as he ran off.

Mrs. Dailey, a little faded blonde, turned and picked up the envelope. "It's from Katherine, girls," she cried, her voice not quite steady.

Bernice, the eldest daughter, held out her hand. "I will read it, mamma," she said, speaking in a commanding although well-bred voice.

Mrs. Dailey handed her the letter. To be sure, it was addressed to herself, but Beatrice attended to the affairs of the entire household.

Beatrice was 23, tall and erect, she resembled her mother, only her eyes and hair were darker, and she had the air of one born to command. Bernice, three years Beatrice's junior, was the beauty of the family. She was small and dark, with sparkling face, and long-lashed, Spanish eyes. Gladys was 18, and looked like her mother. She was musical and ambitious, their limited means alone preventing the thorough cultivation of her gift.

The letter was from Mrs. Dailey's sister and only near relative, Mrs. Katherine Dillon, who had been for years abroad with an invalid husband. Mr. Dillon had died several months before, and the return of the sister and aunt had been eagerly looked forward to by the Daileys.

"Why don't you read it aloud?" Bernice asked petulantly, as Beatrice turned another leaf of the letter.

"Oh, I always knew life held something for me besides existence here in Hamlin," the elder sister exclaimed,



"Tell You I Have Decided to Adopt Your Mother."

her face aglow with excitement. "Listen to Aunt Katherine's letter:

"Dear Sister:—I will arrive in Hamlin on or about the tenth and will probably remain a month. I long to look again in your face, Margaret, for it is 12 years since we met. Now that I am alone in the world, my heart turns to you and your dear daughters. I almost envy you, sister. I would gladly give my wealth for your girls. I am going to borrow one of your treasures for the winter at least. Which one we will decide after I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. I shall spend the winter either in Florida or southern California, and am sure I can make the season a delightful one for a girl. Good-bye, dearest sister. I shall have much to tell you when we meet. Love to all.

"Your affectionate sister,

"KATHERINE DILLON."

"Of course she'll take me," Bernice cried, a crimson flush staining her olive cheek. "Just think of dozens of new dresses and a winter in a fashionable southern resort!"

Gladys sat bolt upright and opened her pale-blue eyes to their greatest extent. "I don't see why you should be so sure. Aunt Katherine loves music, and when she knows how eager I am to study under the better masters—"

"Don't dispute, girls; it's vulgar," Beatrice said. "Mamma, a cup of fresh tea, please. You all seem to forget that I am the eldest and strongly resemble Aunt Katherine."

Mrs. Dailey sighed as she hurried out to the kitchen after hot water for Beatrice's tea. No one remembered her own deep joy at the coming of Katherine.

"But I am selfish to think about myself," she concluded when dinner was over and she began clearing the table. "Katherine will be as proud of my daughters as I am. No, girls, I don't need any help. I can do the dishes."

The next few days were busy ones. As the exact date of Mrs. Dillon's arrival was uncertain, the Daileys resolved to be ready at the earliest possible time when she could be looked for.

She arrived at nine in the morning,

and walked up from the depot. Margaret Dillon was a woman of 40. Her form was slender but gracefully poised. Her face was much like that of Beatrice, but the years had brought to it lines of thought as well as to her blue-gray eyes a serene light.

"Aunt Katherine," both girls exclaimed, hurrying forward.

Mrs. Dillon greeted her nieces affectionately. Gladys heard the hum of voices and came running down, her bow was still in her hand.

When the aunt could make herself heard, she said softly: "You forget, my dears, that I want your mother."

Mrs. Dailey was busy in the kitchen. Through the open door, Katherine caught a glimpse of her. Springing forward, she caught her in a close embrace.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Dillon held her sister at arm's length and carefully studied her face. Mrs. Dailey was worn and wan, she wore a faded but clean print dress; her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and specks of flour clung to her toil-hardened hands.

Katherine Dillon's keen eyes noted the warm kitchen. Then she glanced at the three girls. "What have you been doing with your mother, girls? It is not only that she is warm and tired, but what has brought this old look? You are only 40, Margaret, and should be a comparatively young woman."

The days went by. Mrs. Dillon's comfort and pleasure was so deftly ministered to that she could not be grateful enough to the bright-faced girls whom she was learning to love. The only drawback to her enjoyment was her disappointment regarding her sister.

What was wrong? Katherine did not doubt her sister's love. But the hours of companionship she had looked forward to were few and unsatisfactory. Mrs. Dailey spent the greatest part of her time in the kitchen. When not there, she was silent, her daughters evidently not expecting her to take part in the conversation. She seldom went into society, read little, and was really "behind the times."

Mrs. Dillon gave the matter much thought. She saw that the girls were much surprised when she expected their mother to take her rightful place both at home and in the society of the little place. It was not easy to tell where the fault lay.

A month passed. September gave place to October and the air grew crisp and invigorating.

"A week more," Mrs. Dillon announced one morning at the breakfast table, "a week more of pleasure. Then we must decide which of you is to go with me, and I must hire me away to Chicago to provide a suitable outfit for myself and my companion."

It was the first time she had directly mentioned the matter. The color deepened in each girl's cheeks, but they made no reply. They had all grown very fond of their aunt, and a winter with her had many attractions.

The week that Mrs. Dillon had mentioned went by. They were again at the breakfast table when the southern trip was referred to.

"I shall start on Thursday," Katherine said. "Now as to who is to go with me."

She paused and reflectively stirred her coffee. "Girls, I hope you will all be satisfied when I tell you I have decided to adopt your mother."

No one spoke. The canary trilled gayly, a passing wagon rattled along the street, and Mrs. Dillon finished her graham gem with apparent relish. Then she went on:

"I mean it, girls. I don't know whose fault it is, but there is something wrong in your home. Instead of being your friend and confidante, instead of being petted and cared for, instead of enjoying the Indian summer of her life, your mother is a kitchen drudge. More than this—she is fast

approaching a broken-down and loveless old age. She may be as much to blame as any one. I am going to make one effort to bring sunshine into her life. I shall take her to Chicago and purchase her a supply of suitable and dainty clothing. Then I shall carry her to the south for the winter. She shall rest, read, enjoy pretty things and bright people, and be loved and petted. In the spring she shall come back to you—if you deserve her."

"Oh, Katherine, don't," cried the mother. "I couldn't leave my girls alone, and besides I would rather they should have the pleasure."

"Aunt Hester Main, my housekeeper, is to come and spend the winter here," was Katherine's cool reply. "About your going, let the girls speak for themselves."

Another pause. Then the latent nobleness of Margaret Dailey's daughters asserted itself.

Beatrice arose and went round to her aunt. "We want her to go. Thank you, Aunt Katherine. You have taught us a lesson, and we needed it."

Bernice added: "We will try to deserve her when she comes back."

Gladys caught her mother in her arms. "Precious little mamma! We do love you, even if we have been so careless."

Mrs. Dillon's programme was carried out. The lesson was, as Beatrice had said, a needed one; but, like many such, the learning of it was not pleasant. A quiet winter at home, sharing the duties that had been too long relegated to the mother, contrasted sharply with the pleasures each had confidently expected for herself. They missed and longed for the gentle presence they had so little prized.

The mother and aunt, happy in each other, yet anxious for the real welfare of the girls at home, knew that a womanly care for the happiness of others was being developed in the nature of Margaret Dailey's daughters.

The reform was a thorough one. In the spring the mother went back to be the real mistress of her home and the loved mother of her proud daughters.

Swiss Naval Wars.

References to the Swiss navy are usually jocular; but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the Lake of Geneva.

The great fleet was that of the duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by turrets and propelled by a crew of oarsmen varying in number from 40 to 72. These vessels besieged Versoix and even blockaded Geneva.

But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chillon in 1536; and when the Bernese annexed the Canton of Vaud they too had their flotilla. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, eight guns, and 150 fighting men.

The Appreciative Word.

This old world would be a happier place if we made it a habit to tell our friends of the nice things we hear about them. We all know how pleasant it is to hear things of that sort. The employer who appreciates and occasionally praises the work of his employe gets far better results than the one who never takes the trouble to recognize the well-meant efforts of those whom he employs. It is so in every kind of work.

He Knew.

Self-made Man (to highly educated grandson)—Well, Teddy, my boy, what do you learn at school?

Teddy—Latin and Greek and French and algebra.

Self-made Man—Ho, indeed! And what's the algebra for—cabbage?—Tid-Bits.

Sudden Changes.

Evelyn—I hear that Reggy Windy called his new motor boat the Lobster.

George—Yes; but it isn't a lobster now.

Evelyn—Why not?

George—Because it turned turtle—Harper's Weekly.

If you are witty, be sure that your wit is always innocent and kindly.

True Mission of the Play

By ETHEL BARRYMORE, Actress.

song where such diversions are offered. But surely there is also a great purpose in the drama, and any big question affecting a great class of the people of the world should surely prove of great interest and value to those who take the theater seriously.

The follies and injustices of the times are the dramatists' themes and tools. When they are skillfully handled they never miss their aim. Sheridan's "Rivals" did more to suppress the blustering, oath-cracking swagger of his period than a thousand tracts could have done.

MORE ABOUT MARS

SOME DEDUCTIONS FROM RECENT OBSERVATIONS OF PLANET.

Prof. Lowell More Than Ever Convinced That There Is Intelligent Life Upon Heavenly Body.

There is scarcely more fascinating subject to absorb the attention than speculations whether or not there is life on Mars. Mars is the nearest planet susceptible to observation, for, although the orbit of Venus lies nearer that of the earth, it is never possible to see its full disk. Speculation about Mars, then, is naturally in order, because, although only once in fifteen years the planet reaches its nearest apposition to the earth, it may be viewed in a fairly satisfactory manner most of the time. The strange markings which appear on the surface of the ruddy planet are so mysterious that they challenge the speculative powers of almost every observer.

To these strange markings may be assigned most of the modern interest in the earth's great neighbor. It is entirely upon them that evidence has been adduced by Prof. Lowell to show that there is intelligent life upon Mars. From his data obtained in his observatory he deduces that they are artificial, and, consequently, the work of intelligence.

Observation shows that the markings are subject to changes. It has been found that they are, for the great part, in parallel lines. From what we know of natural markings upon our own globe and its satellite this is regarded as unlikely to have a natural origin. On the other hand, there are so many astronomers who fail to accept this view that it cannot be said to be regarded as established.

Recently Mars was in closer proximity to the earth than it had been for 15 years. At this time Prof. Lowell obtained some remarkable photographs on which are shown the markings on the surface of the planet. This is a triumph in one way at least, for it forever disposes of the view that the markings were not on the planet but were nothing more or less than an illusion. It is true that many eminent astronomers who have pointed their telescopes at Mars have confessed their inability to see the so-called canals. With photographic evidence there no longer can be doubt of their existence, and those observers who do not see them when they look at the planet will be forced to confess a weakness of vision.

But while some English astronomers now admit the photographic evidence presented to them, they still loath to believe the canals are the work of intelligent beings inhabiting Mars.

Prof. Lowell has given some of his reasons for believing that Mars is in-

habited by intelligent life. "Now, with Mars," he says, "the state of things accords completely with what is demanded for the existence of life. The climate is one of extreme, where considerable heat trends on the heels of great cold, as the surface shows conclusively. In summer and during the day it must be decidedly hot.

"Indeed, the conditions appear to be such as put a premium upon life of a high order. The Martian year being twice as long as our own, the summer there is proportionately extended.

"Another point, too, is worth considering. In an aging world where living conditions have grown more difficult, mentality must characterize its



Lowell Observatory at Tacubaya from Which the Planet Has Been Studied.

beings more and more in order for them to survive, and would, in consequence, tend to be evolved. To find, therefore, upon Mars highly intelligent life is what its state would lead one to expect."

Of the canals he has this to say: "They cannot be rivers, as Proctor advanced, because of their peculiar straightness. Nor can they be cracks, because of their uniform size. Their unbroken character is another fatal objection to this argument.

Suggestive of design as their very appearance is, the idea of artificiality receives further sanction from more careful consideration on at least eight counts:

"First. Their straightness.

"Second. Their individually uniform size.

"Fourth. The dual character of some of them.

"Fifth. Their position to the fundamental planetary features.

"Sixth. Their relation to the oases.

"Seventh. The character of these oases.

"Eighth. The systematic networking by both canals and oases of the whole surface of the planet."

ON A DUTCH CANAL

FEATURES OF A TRIP ON ONE OF THE SLOW-MOVING BOATS.

Interesting Sights and Experiences—Whirling Windmills, Level Greenness, and Black and White Cattle to Be Seen Everywhere.

To refute the popular idea that this is a hurrying world, wherein it is to be met naught but bustle and unrest, one has only to step on board a Dutch canal boat, say at Delft, and travel by its slow-moving stages to Rotterdam. The quay at Delft is a quaint spot, little altered since Vermeer painted his immortal picture of it; to reach it one must tread tile-paved ways where the canals wind, bordered by blossoming lime trees in July, where vigorous servant maids come to draw buckets of water on long poles for their furious sousing of doorsteps and house-fronts as one goes by warily. A weather-beaten canal boat awaits; half-a-dozen carpet-seated stools provide accommodation for the luxurious tourist aboard the Johanna Maria. At the other end gather a group of blue-bloused peasants, all smoking fat pipes, a cargo of baskets, market produce and bales of merchandise. After a great deal of puffing from the short black funnel amidships, and the clanging of a brass bell in the stern, we are off. The chief mate, after ringing the bell, immediately sets to work to polish it to a state of winking brightness. In the course of our leisurely passage, the chief mate polishes everything within reach; one feels that it is only motives of politeness that keep him from including ourselves in the process.

It is Saturday, and all along the way the good housewives are busily scrubbing and scouring doorsteps, window-sills, door-frames; and in one instance the very landing-stage itself

is feeling the effect of the national passion for cleanliness. Rows of wooden shoes—"klompen" is the native term for them—stand at thresholds. One does not wonder that they are allowed no further entry to those spotless interiors of austere cleanliness. We steam leisurely through the flat, placid meadows where herds of black and white cattle, troops of goats, sheep and horses feed contentedly on the rich green pasture, repeating as though by instinct the favorite Dutch combination of black and white. A red-hued Devon cow, one feels, would look almost improper in this land of Quaker black and white. As far as eye can reach, and that is a great distance in this fenland of flatness, one sees the same prospect—whirling windmills, level greenness, black and white cattle. Just the landscape that Ruysdael loved to paint, never seemed to tire of painting; it has changed no whit, apparently, since his day.

Near Rotterdam the fields get fewer, we pass between rows of the poorer houses where women are bartering on the quays for their Sunday's vegetables, strong dogs pull the little vegetable carts from door to door, and the children stamp in and out among them, surprisingly nimble in their heavy "klompen." We draw in at the Delfsicht port. Electric trams clang in the distance. The commonplace of civilization include us in their grip once more; but whenever you lament the "strenuous life" and desire to escape it, take the canal boat from Delft to Rotterdam, and you will know better than to believe that this is wholly an age of unrest.

Information Wanted.

She—Did you hear they had a falling out, last night.

He—No; hammock, canoe or automobile?—Yonkers Statesman.