FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

Chances Good That the Ancient Adage Once More Proved Wisdom of Man Who Uttered It.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a round-about way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred; no one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know."

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would; that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking minutes.)

"Alfred!" (coldly.)

"Y-yes?"

"Let's have a game of checkers."

A Question of Grammar.

Betty's uncle, who was a school teacher, met her on the street one beaut. May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going,'" and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Sure I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going." —Lutheran.

And All with Company There.

"Now, children," said the mother, as a whole roomful of company had come in, "suppose you run off and play by yourselves."

"All right, mother," replied Edith. "Can we go up and play Hamlet and Ophelia?"

"Certainly," smiled the mother, while her guests looked on at the tableau.

"Goody!" replied Edith; then, turning to her sister, she said: "Now, Maude, you run up to mamma's room and get all her false hair that you can find."—Judge.

"Chickens a Nuisance."

"Chickens a nuisance," declares the Charleston News and Courier. What, fried?—Baltimore Sun.

Chickens a nuisance? Yes, when all they leave of your garden is a reminiscence; yes, when the young cock, full of the joy of life, rouses you in the early dawn; yes, when some low-browed, vulgar fowl whips the very life out of your blooded pet; yes, when the pip or other ailment worries the amateur breeder. But when fried? Never!

Naturally.

Magistrate (to witness)—I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Magistrate—Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing.

Witness—He seemed to be doin' the listenin'.—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Practice.

"What on earth is she fussing and fuming about so?"

"She's fretting for fear she won't get in time to the meeting of the 'Don't Worry' club."

The Marriage Vow

MATCHES AND MATCHMAKERS

BY VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.

The matchmaker rushes in where angels fear to tread. And yet she is no fool. And her lot is not an easy one. She is suspected by the world-wise, tolerated by the young and uninitiated, and frequently ashamed of herself. Still she exists and continues to make matches.

In one of the Gypsy Brenton books, dear to the childish heart of a quarter-century agone, the small boy says that God made matches, but that "He used the burning brimstone from the bad place to put on the tips." Later a well-known author makes her heroine remark: "Matches may be made in heaven, but they sometimes serve to light the fires of—well—the other place, very effectually." The fact that the two characters mentioned referred to different kinds of matches does not alter the truth that may be drawn from both remarks. This truth is applicable to the match with which we have to do more than to the innocent little wood and brimstone article of commerce.

It is not difficult to understand why the devoted mother attempts to have a hand in the settling of her daughter's marriage. She takes it for granted that she will marry—most women do—and no woman knows true happiness until she is a beloved and loving wife and a joyful mother. Is it strange, then, that the elderly woman in whose power the happiness or unhappiness of her child cannot always rest longs to play destiny for her darling and establish her in life as she thinks will be most conducive to her future welfare? To this end she wants her girls to marry a gentleman, and—here the is the rock upon which many a mother and child spilt—a man with enough money to support his family in comfort.

Love must be the keynote of a happy marriage, but the keynote alone does not make a "grand, sweet song."

This is not pessimisim; it is truth.

The mother knows it is truth, and frowns upon penniless John's suit, knowing that if he is accepted the pretty girlish hands must wash dishes, perhaps make fires. At best, there must be the turning and twisting of ways and means, the counting of every five-cent car fare, the making over of last year's dresses, the lying awake far into the night wondering how the forthcoming bills of doctor and nurse are to be paid.

We may, therefore, pardon the mother who tries to make a "good match" for her child. If she sometimes sets aside the child's wishes, incites her to a cold, practical consideration of marriage that is to be deplored, we must remember that her over-zeal is due to a great love, and condone the error for the motive that actuates it.

We cannot say as much of the married woman who sees a possible engagement and marriage in every couple that she, or chance, has thrown together. One is almost tempted to wonder if there is a matchmaking microbe that attacks such matrons.

Since, as has been said above, the perfection of bliss is to be found in a happy union, the converse is also true. No greater misery is known than that brought about by an unhappy marriage. To be tied for life (unless one rushes with an eagerness worthy of a better cause into the divorce court) to an uncongenial mate, to live under the same roof, to eat at the same table, to share the same income, to consider the tastes and distastes, to receive the reproaches, to obey the behest of such an one, to humor his or her whims—is a foretaste of that locality from which the small boy declared the tips of matches were made.

Knowing all this, our matchmaker continues upon her way, playing providence or fate to many a young couple who were better left apart. Or, if not better apart, they will seldom appreciate the fact that they were brought together by a well-meaning friend, and if she calls their attention to her efforts in their behalf they will resent her suggestion. The idea! Were they not meant from all eternity for each other? Could she, or any one else, be instrumental in bringing together two persons whose affinity was a foregone conclusion? Verily, she has her reward!

If, on the other hand, the marriage is an unhappy one, both parties to the unpleasant contract will remember with disagreeable distinctness her instrumentality in bringing about the lamentable result. The wife will bitterly regret the intimacy that was woman-made, not the result of the leadings of providence; the man, while saying little, will inwardly consign the officious meddler to the match-tipping locality.

All these things being true, it is strange that the matchmaker exists. It is to some of us incomprehensible. If she is happy herself, let her thank heaven and take courage to live out her own happy life, letting the power that shaped her destiny shape others. If she is wretched, let her hesitate a long time before pointing out to others a pathway in which many fall, some stumble and few run.

She may receive the appreciation and thanks she seeks in a better world than this; she seldom receives them here.

MARITAL WOES OF RICH

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

I am not prepared to say, as an unqualified assertion, that there is more marital infelicity among the rich than in other classes of society. But there are many reasons which might go toward bearing out the claim.

For one thing, people who are very rich are often prominent socially. When such couples fall out the newspapers, eager for gossip and knowing the interest the world at large takes in the wealthy, stir up the dissension.

Foremost, however, among the reasons for especial matrimonial unhappiness among the rich (if such unhappiness really exists to a greater degree than among the poor) is the "marriage of convenience." Among people composing the wealthy set in our large cities marriages are oftener matters of policy and desirability than the mere outcome of mutual affection. There is, in many cases of this sort, no real love from the very outset. Women marry men of great wealth and social position because their families are ambitious and desire to see them well placed in the world.

It is but natural under such circumstances that more or less jar and lack of congeniality should ensue. Nothing but an unusual degree of tact can avert such friction.

Such people are, after all, but human, and a woman, who is forced by her family's ambition to marry a man for whom she has no natural inclination or affection, is not unlikely later to meet a man with whom she falls seriously in love. This is a condition which might perhaps have been wholly avoided had she been born in a less exalted financial sphere and allowed to choose a husband for herself. Family fortunes are thus maintained or raised, sometimes at a cost far greater than mere money involves.

Another cause is the manner of life led by so many of the very rich. They have little of real interest to occupy their attention. Their lives become idle and vapid. There is too much leisure. Where a poorer woman would be too busily occupied with her home and family the woman whose home cares are reduced to a minimum by money has time to become bored by her husband or to yearn for other interests.

I have an old-fashioned belief that a husband and wife should be real helpmeets; that a husband's business cares and perplexities should be understood and shared by his wife; that his business losses should be her losses and his triumphs her triumphs.

Often among the rich this is not the case. The wife, brought up to wealth and luxury, cares not in what way the riches that surround her are gained.

She knows little and cares less about her husband's business affairs. She has no real sympathy with him in his hardships and trains, and in consequence he is sometimes apt to go elsewhere for appreciation and advice. Should his fortune be swept away his wife, who knows nothing of his frantic efforts to keep that fortune together for her sake, blames him for careless management. If her own money is also involved in the crash she has still less sympathy for the man to whom she attributes the misfortune. All she realizes is that the one attraction which made him bearable has been removed. And she looks elsewhere for the happiness she has lost.

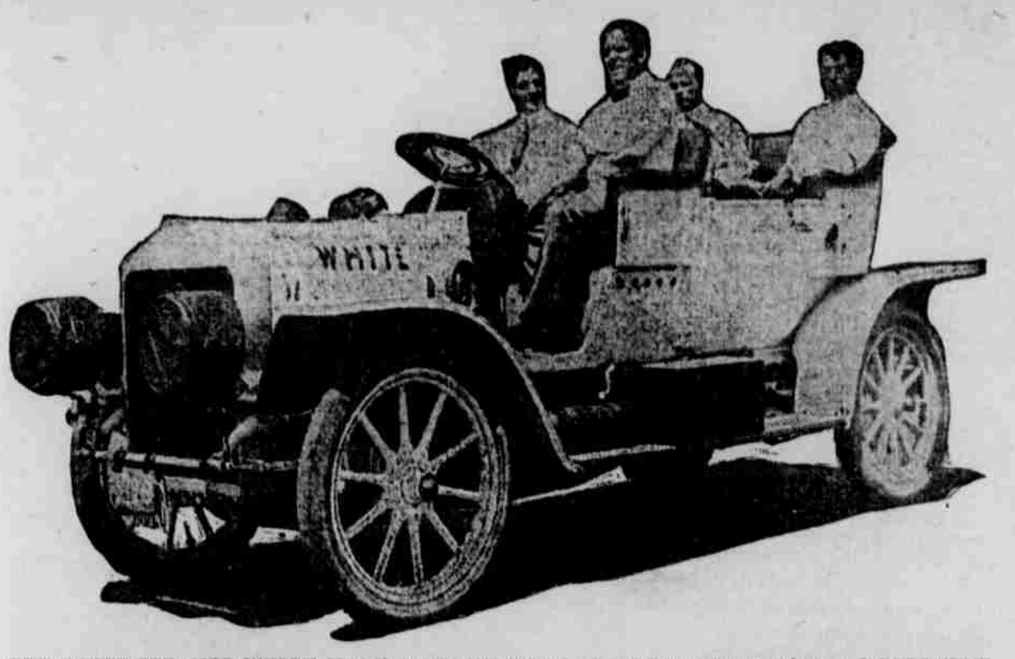
There are, of course, countless exceptions to this rule. There are many happy marriages among the rich, many luxurious homes where as true affection reigns as in less splendid dwellings.

Still another cause of uncongeniality among the rich is the absence of family life. In ordinary homes the husband, wife and children meet daily at table and elsewhere and the sweet old-fashioned home relations maintain.

In many rich families, however, the children are put out of sight, in a nursery with a governess or at some fashionable boarding school, and are thus deprived of any knowledge of what home life in its truest sense really is. A multitude of social engagements, too, rob the husband and wife of much of each other's society. How can home exist in such circumstances? The wife is absorbed in the duties that throng the path of a woman of fashion. The husband's time and thought are taken up by his business or his club. Absorbed in diametrically different interests, they naturally drift apart.

I think there will in time be a reaction from this sort of empty, idle, vain existence. People will tire of it, will see how little it amounts to, and will return to the home idea.

White Steamers Use Kerosene as Fuel



THE WHITE STEAMER WHICH MADE A SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF KEROSENE AS FUEL ON THE RECENT 2650-MILE GLIDDEN TOUR.

The most interesting announcement ever made in connection with the automobile industry was undoubtedly that made a month or two ago to the effect that the new models of the White Steam Cars could be run on kerosene, or coal oil, instead of gasoline. Everyone at once recognized that the use of the new fuel would add materially to the advantages which the White already possessed over other types of cars. There were some people, however, who were sceptical as to whether or not the new fuel could be used with complete success, and, therefore, the makers of the White Car, the White Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, determined to make a public demonstration of the new fuel in the 1909 Glidden Tour.

From the standpoint of the public, no test more satisfactory could have been selected. First of all, the distance covered on the Glidden Tour, from Detroit to Denver and thence to Kansas City, was 2650 miles. This was certainly more than sufficient to bring out any weaknesses, if such had existed. Still more important was the fact that the car was at all times while on the road under the supervision of observers named by those who entered other contesting cars. Therefore, it would have been impossible for the driver of the White to have even tightened a bolt without the fact being noted and a penalty inflicted. At night the cars were guarded by Pinkerton detectives and could not be approached by any one.

The complete success of the new fuel while on the 2650-mile public test and the advantages gained through its use were well described in the following dispatch which the correspondent of the New York Sun sent to his paper at the conclusion of the tour:

"A feature of the tour which was watched with special interest was that the White Steamer used kerosene, or 'coal oil,' as fuel instead of gasoline. The new fuel worked splendidly throughout the 2650-mile journey, and all claims made in its behalf were fully proven. First of all, as regards cheapness, the White driver secured kerosene all along the route from 6 cents to 10 cents cheaper per gallon than was paid for gasoline. Secondly, the new fuel was handled without any precautions, and it was not unusual to see kerosene being poured into the fuel tank while the crew of the car and an interested crowd stood by with lighted cigars and cigarettes. At the finish of the tour, the White was the only car permitted by the authorities to enter Convention Hall, where the technical examination took place, without draining its fuel tank. Thirdly, the new fuel proved to be absolutely without smoke or smell. Fourthly, kerosene could be purchased at whatever part of the route was most convenient, and not once during the trip through the ten States of the Middle West was there found a grocery store where kerosene was not readily and cheaply obtainable. Finally, the amount of fuel used on the trip showed that kerosene is at least fifteen per cent. more efficient, gallon for gallon, than gasoline. The car in other respects made a most creditable showing, and there was the usual rivalry among the observers to be assigned to the White so that they could ride with the maximum of comfort. The only adjustments or repairs charged against the car during the long trip were tightening a lubricator pipe and wiring a damaged mud guard. These penalties were not inflicted until more than 2000 miles had been completed with an absolutely perfect score."

A particularly interesting feature of the new White Steamer is that either kerosene or gasoline may be used as fuel. The necessary adjustments so that the fuel may be changed from kerosene to gasoline, or vice versa, may be made in a couple of minutes; but so completely successful has kerosene proved to be, that it is not believed that any purchasers will care to use gasoline.

The White Company report that the demand for their new steam cars—both the $2000-model and the $4000-model—exceed their most sanguine expectations. It is evident that the combination of steam—the power which everyone understands and has confidence in—with kerosene—the fuel which everyone has on hand and can handle without any danger—is thoroughly appreciated by up-to-date purchasers of automobiles.

Adjustable.

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed in the kitchen, when the young daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

What Did He Know About It?

"Jinx says there's nothing in this strenuous life."

"How long has he been married?"

It's too much to expect cross-bred dogs to be amiable.