

# Trifling Telephone Tangles

By CLARA H. HOLMES

Kittie Smith and John Colson were lovers, but perversity in matters matrimonial had become a proverb, and their case was no exception to the rule.

Kittie lived with a married sister, and as frequently happened, she assumed more authority than the most exacting parent would have done. She most decidedly refused consent to their marriage. "That child," she exclaimed indignantly, and promptly forbade John the house.

But, love finds a way, and their trying place was in the thick shrubbery at the lower end of the garden. John was trying to persuade her to a clandestine marriage, but she lacked courage to assent. Her sister's shrill call from the back porch decided the question.

"Kittie, Kittie Smith! Come here this instant and put little Billy to bed."

"As if you were her servant!" whispered John indignantly. "That settles it, you are going to marry me to-morrow night."

"Oh, John, she'll never let me," breathlessly.

"She won't! Then we'll not ask her. You put these kids to bed as soon as the chickens go to roost, so you can get to the telephone office by ten o'clock. I'll put in the call with the operator and she'll give you the line so I can tell you where to meet me. Ten o'clock, sharp! I'll be waiting and so will the parson."

"Sister's coming," whispered Kittie, tremblingly.

"Let her come; she'll not find me," replied John airily, and leaping the fence, was gone.

Kittie met her sister with demure unconcern. "Were you calling?" she asked.

Kittie presented herself promptly on time at the telephone office and



"You Are Going to Marry Me Tomorrow Night."

giving her name, asked: "Is there a call for me?"

"Yes, Miss Olson," was the reply, at the same time indicating her box.

Kittie smiled consciously. "Colson! Well, now, or an hour from now will make no great difference," she thought.

"Hello, John," she called softly as soon as she had closed the door.

"Hello, Het," came the instant reply. "It's all right, come to the corner of Belmont and Main. I have an auto waiting, so hurry up."

"All right," she replied, and hung up the receiver. "Wasn't it funny that he called me Pet? I've heard him say a hundred times that he detested it—but I don't! I think it's just sweet. I suppose it's just the phone, but his voice didn't sound a bit natural," she murmured as she wrapped her veil about her head, completely concealing her features.

John, at the appointed place, lifted her to the seat without speaking. As he backed, preparatory to turning, another auto came swiftly down the street, and on the corner swerved toward them.

"Oh, so you don't, Dave Olson?" exclaimed John, speeding away.

"Hi, there! Stop, you idiot, or I'll have you arrested," yelled the driver of the other car.

"Come on, then," shouted John derisively. To Kittie he said: "Hold fast, I'm going to let her go."

But go as he would his pursuer kept pace with him, so he began twisting and turning, round one corner swaying ominously, skidding on another sharp turn until Kittie shrieked in alarm.

Escape seemed impossible, so he doubled back through dark and narrow streets, the lamps on the pursuing machine gleaming like menacing eyes almost within touch. On a lighted corner a policeman ordered him to halt, and as he failed to obey, fired a shot at him. Kittie screamed and half rose, as if to leap from the car.

"Sit down!" called John angrily.

At sound of a second shot she began to sob aloud.

"Oh, shucks," muttered John in vexation. A moment later he remarked, repentantly: "Why, Het, we don't get married every day in the year, but we are going to be married tonight if we have to smash the automobile record. I do believe that fellow's lost himself, or else the cop's got him." He began to slow down.

Kittie inarticulately murmured something about smashing the automobile record, to which John paid no attention.

As he lifted her down at the parsonage he whispered to her: "I never thought you'd show the white feather." With a laugh, he half pushed her up the steps to where the parson was waiting for them.

Kittie, endeavoring to untie her veil with trembling fingers, glanced toward

John, who stood, hat in hand, speaking to the clergyman. She made a dash and took refuge behind his reverence.

"I don't want to marry this man, I don't even know him, and—and—he's a maniac," she cried hysterically.

John turned to look at her. "Well, I would be crazy to marry you. Thunder, they'd have me up for baby stealing. Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Kittie Smith," sobbingly, "but I don't know who you are."

"Well, I'm John Smith. My tribe is numerous, but it doesn't include grown-up babies," sarcastically.

The parson stood rubbing his hands together helplessly. "Well, I do declare! My dear, were you expecting to be married?" he asked of Kittie.

"Yes, sir, I was, to John Colson. I don't know this rough man at all," beginning to weep again.

John fidgeted restlessly. "Miss Smith, can't you shut down the flood gate long enough for explanations? As I understand it, you planned to elope with John Colson. And I, John Smith, had a similar arrangement with Hetty Olson. Now, where were you to meet John Colson?"

"He left a call for me at the public telephone office, and when I talked with him—"

"But you didn't talk to him. That bungling operator gave you to me, and must have given him my party, Hetty Olson. Fine mix-up! I thought that fellow following us was Het's wrathful sire, but it must have been your John. Now, we'll find them in one of three places, at the police station, for speeding; at the hospital, because he got in the way of the policeman's bullet; or back at the telephone office waiting for us."

At mention of the first two places Kittie gave another little shriek.

"Oh, stop pulling the whistle. I'll have Het give you a few lessons. You wouldn't catch her doing the weeping act or squealing over anything. She's clear grit, Het is," he concluded with evident pride.

The same officer who hailed John Smith either took better aim or had a lucky accident: in the case of John Colson. When his second command to halt seemed likely to be disregarded, as was his first, his bullet just grazed John's elbow, benumbing his arm so that he had dropped from the steering wheel. Hetty pushed him aside, taking his place before the car had time to swerve.

"Is it broken?" she asked sympathetically.

"I don't know, but that doesn't matter; what does really matter is, they have got away from us," ruefully.

"They'll be hunting us when John finds out that he has the wrong girl," said Hetty laughing confidently.

As they came to a stop the policeman came up swinging his club impressively. "And what do you mean, racin' like that?" he demanded.

John laughed infectious. "I'll tell you, I was trying to catch a thief. That fellow ahead was running off with my best girl. Wouldn't you chase him?"

"Faith I think I would, then! Well!" beginning to smile.

"It's this way. The old folks object, and—you know how 'tis. Through mistake he got my girl and I have his."

"Well, g'wan wid ye, but don't ye dare let me catch ye racin' again."

"I think we better return to the telephone office," said Hetty, turning the car, but as they approached the building he saw that the office was closed for the night.

"What now?" asked John in a troubled tone.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Hetty with a laugh. "It wouldn't matter so much to us, only I'm certain father would never let me mix his toddy again. It's once—perhaps, twice—Never! With him."

"And Kittie! Oh, she'll never let me mention elope again," said John.

"Hello, what's this?" as a car came rushing toward them.

"That you, John Colson?" came the greeting.

"It certainly is," replied he.

There ensued a rapid fire of questions and answers, an equally rapid exchange of partners, a little weeping on Kittie's part over her John's arm, a speedy ride to the waiting clergyman, and in a very short time two happy couples came out again into the night, each man wearing an air of proud proprietorship.

The parson remained standing in the open doorway enjoying the happy termination of the affair, also smiling a little at thought of the two generous gold pieces clasped in his hand.

"We've given you lots of annoyance, parson, take these as a recompense," the two Johns had said.

**Plaster Cast of Jesus Garcia.**

Carlos Zaldivar, a well-known sculptor of Mexico City, has just completed a sketch in plaster of paris designed for the proposed monument to Jesus Garcia, the engineer who lost his life at Nacozari, Sonora, in saving the lives of hundreds of inhabitants of that camp.

The plaster cast will be placed on exhibition in some show window on Avenida San Francisco. The most conspicuous feature of the design is the figure of Garcia lying upon the wrecked cab and driving wheels of his locomotive, his hands still clutching the throttle and reverse lever of his engine. Other figures represent a group of workmen, wives and mothers whose lives were saved by the sacrifice and heroism of Garcia.

**Valuable Scrap of Lace.**

Italy owns the most valuable and expensive handkerchief in the world. It is owned by the queen, and is an example of the earliest Venetian lace, dating toward the end of the fifteenth century, about the time the point lace art was introduced into the city of Doge.

In spite of the great age of the piece of lace, it is in perfect preservation and is valued at over \$20,000.

# WIND'S GREAT GEOLOGICAL POWER

By GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT  
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**T**HOSE who live in the well-watered portions of the world, where rich vegetation covers the surface and protects it from the denuding force of the wind, can have little realizing sense of the effectiveness of this ever-active geological agency. Yet even in some well-watered regions dunes are familiar phenomena. Dunes are simply "drifts" of sand, closely resembling the snowdrifts of winter and protection against them is secured by similar means. As in snowy regions one sees long lines of close board fences some distance from the windward side of the railroad to stop the drifting snow on its onward career, so he may in many places see windbreaks to stop the drifting sand. But in many cases where the windbreak is not sufficient a constant force of workmen is necessary to remove the sand from the track at stated intervals or after every unusually severe storm.

At such places the railroad companies, to their sorrow, learn the enormous power of this constantly acting geological force in transferring finely comminuted earthy material from one place to another.

One of the best known localities for observing dunes is found on the southeastern shore of Lake Michigan. Nearly all, if not all, the railroads approaching Chicago from the east pass through this series of dunes as they come around the southern end of the lake. Many of the dunes are very fresh, with no covering of vegetation, and rise, like snowdrifts, 50 feet or more above the general level. Others are of such age that they have been covered more or less with vegetation, trees of considerable size being found upon them. But in all cases the action of the wind, in moving the sand southward from the lake, is evident. The wind blowing from the north keeps an exposure of bare sand upon that side and drifts it over into exposures of equally bare sand upon the outer margin. The width of this belt of dunes around the south end of Lake Michigan averages a little more than one mile. The material, being clean-washed sand, is unfit for agricultural purposes and the area is occupied by a few very houses, and those mostly belonging to railway employees.

The source of the material of which these dunes are composed and the rate of its movement are subjects of great interest. The sand is derived, in the first place, from the shores of the lake farther north, which are constantly being eaten into by the waves and currents. All along the western shore, from Evanston to Racine, the waves are wearing away the shore at an average rate of three or four feet per annum. The material that falls into the lake from the bluffs thus eroded is worked over by the waves until the very finest particles are washed out and floated into deep water, where the sand remains near the shore and is gradually washed southward by the prevailing currents. Everyone in Chicago knows how land is forming on the shore, giving rise to legal contests as to ownership. From observations of the United States engineers it was found that 129,000 cubic yards of sand were annually stopped by the two piers which were extended out into the lake to deep water. This vast amount represented, however, but a fraction of the whole amount of sand that was being carried by the currents past Chicago to the south end of the lake.

On reaching the south end of the lake the sand is washed up by the waves during storms and left for a considerable portion of the year exposed to the action of the winds, which have drifted it out into the belt of dunes, with which so large a portion of the traveling public is familiar. But, owing to the fact that the prevailing winds of this region are westerly, the largest accumulation of dunes is found upon the east shore, in Michigan. Travelers upon the Michigan Central railroad cannot fail to have noticed these great drifts of sand, nearly 100 feet high, at Michigan City. This belt of dunes, about a quarter of a mile wide, rising sometimes to more than 100 feet in height, extends northward all along the shore, being especially prominent at St. Joseph and Grand Haven. In many places they threaten to overwhelm whole villages and to compel the railroads to remove their tracks to get out of the way of the drifting material, while in some cases houses and forests have been completely buried out of sight.

It has been profitable to dwell thus fully upon the dunes around the southeastern portion of Lake Michigan, not because they are the largest or the most conspicuous in the world, but because they are the most accessible and the best known to the people of the United States. In some respects a still more interesting belt of dunes occurs in western Nebraska, stretching nearly across the northern part of the state, approximately parallel with the course of the North Platte river, but at a distance of many



SAND DUNES SOUTH OF LAKE MICHIGAN

miles from it. This consists of a belt of sand hills a half-mile or so in width, which is slowly traveling eastward across the state. The prevailing southwest winds are constantly blowing the material from that side and drifting it over onto the northeastern side, thus gradually shifting the line of the belt. So irregular are the drifts, however, that innumerable hollows are left between them, and so slow is the movement that vegetation covers their slopes and water is preserved in them; hence they furnish favorite centers for ranchmen.

The source of the material of this traveling embankment moving so majestically across the western plains of Nebraska and the manner of its movement are even more interesting than the similar phenomena around Lake Michigan. The sand of which this belt of dunes is composed is probably derived from the trough of the Platte river, where during the great floods of a former period it had been brought down from the Rocky mountains and deposited along the banks, whence it was lifted by the winds and started upon its victorious career over the uplands of the interior. The whole movement is exceedingly slow, but it is easily perceptible, especially to those who have built their houses and cultivated their gardens upon the eastern side. But when one considers the vast amount of material that is being transported by the wind along this entire belt the movement is majestic in the extreme.

The arid lands of Utah and Arizona afford innumerable illustrations of the activity of wind in drifting sand into regions distant from its original source of supply. The desert of Sahara, Arabia and the region about the

Red sea are covered with such moving drifts, but most attention has been attracted to them in the more thickly settled portions of Europe, where they have occasioned the population an immense amount of trouble. The coast of Norfolk, in England is fringed with sand hills 50 or 60 feet in height, where in more than one instance whole villages and ancient churches have been buried by the material. In Eccles the village church in 1838 was almost completely hid by the drifting sand which enveloped it, while 30 years later the same wind which

had buried the church uncovered it and exposed it to view upon the other side of the dune. The churches of St. Piran and Gwithian in Cornwall passed through similar experiences, while in 1668 a part of Santon (Sandtown), near Thetford, was overwhelmed by sand which had been slowly blown in from five miles to the west. In the course of a century this dune had traveled four miles and spread over 1,000 acres of land.

The northwestern coast of France is especially exposed to the destructive movement of dunes. On the coast of Gascony "the sea for 100 miles is so barred by sand dunes that in all that distance only two outlets exist for the discharge of the drainage of the interior. As fast as one ridge is driven away from a beach another forms in its place, so that a series of huge sandy billows, as it were, is constantly on the move from the sea margin toward the interior."

The entire coast of Flanders and of Holland and northern Germany is girt with these drifting sand hills. In Holland they sometimes rise to a height of 250 feet, but average only from 50 to 60 feet. Dunes of smaller extent also line the western shores of Ireland and Scotland, but on the Dutch coast they are sometimes as much as five miles wide. On the exposed shores of the Bay of Biscay, where vegetation has not had time to protect them, they are traveling inward at the rate of 16 feet per annum, while in Denmark they are in some places moving as fast as 24 feet per annum. The only method of protection against them, which, happily, is partially successful, is to plant pine forests, which readily grow in the sand and through the production of turpentine become the source of considerable revenue.

There are whole towns in Germany that do little else but make dolls for American children. They get small pay for making even an excellent doll, but it must be remembered that their wants are few.

**Family Study Valuable.**

Speaking to the students in an English women's college, an educator said: "Dig out all your family skeletons. Your relatives will probably be annoyed, but dig them out and face them. Make out your pedigree, tracing your family back to your great-grandfathers and their brothers and sisters. By this means you can learn what traits to avoid and what diseases to guard against. It takes time, tact and temper to hunt back to the record of one's family, but it is worth it. Two men may seem the same, yet one man may hand down disease and crime to his descendants, while the other may hand down only those qualities that are good."

**What They Will Do.**

The members of the graduating class of Wellesley college are 288 in number and of these only eight will admit that they plan to marry when school days are over. Eighty-six of them expect to become teachers, two will be professional farmers, nine will adopt literary careers and three will travel, only one expecting to take up domestic science. It is said that but few of the 86 expecting to teach really care for this kind of work. Seventy-three of the class will simply stay at home.

**Needed as an Antidote.**

"A man needs a lot of native sense," says the Philosopher of Folly, "to overcome the foolishness he acquires."

**Carrying a Cane.**

A man who carries a cane always seems important to us. An Atchison man not only carries a cane, but when he stops to talk he hooks it in his outside coat pocket in order that he may swing his arms freely.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

**One View of Them.**

"What a large family your neighbor has." "Why, there are only two children." "I know, but each one weighs over 100 pounds."—Baltimore American.

**Any Not Much of Either.**

The only trouble about the love letters of the idle rich is that they express as much love as they do intelligence, and as much intelligence as they do love.

# A Corner in Ancestors

By ELEANOR LEXINGTON  
Peckham Family  
(Copyright by McClure Syndicate)

The Peckhams get their name from the parish of Peckham, in Kent county, England. In Saxon "ham" signifies home or town, so Peckham would be the town of Peck, or the home of Peck. It is supposed that the family came originally from Scandinavia, when the Normans came to England in the eleventh century. Variations of the name are Peccam, Packham and Peckham.

John Peckham, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1279 to 1292, is generally considered the founder of the family. In 1127, however, there was one Robert Peckham, chaplain to King Henry I., and he may have been an ancestor of the Archbishop. Sir Edmund Peckham, one of the Archbishop's descendants, was master of the mint to Queen Elizabeth, and was knighted in 1542. He lived in Buckinghamshire, county Kent. His son, Sir George Peckham, was a merchant adventurer, and with Sir Henry Greenville and Christopher Carleile went on a trip of exploration in 1574. The party reached the "Newfound-

land" children. His six sons were John, William, Stephen, Thomas, Clement and James. William, who became a Baptist minister, is supposed to be the first minister of that denomination to be ordained in the colonies. In 1711 he was ordained pastor of the First Baptist church of Newport. All the sons married, and all but James left also married, and like the sons, all but one left families. They were Sarah, who married William Weedon; Rebecca, who married a man named Spooner; Debora, who married Robert Taylor; Phebe, who married Thomas Gray; Elizabeth, who married Peter Taylor and Sussannah, who married Peter Barker, and later Peter Wells.

With such a substantial beginning the family spread and prospered. By 1700 they were known as large landholders. They owned a great deal of property where New Bedford, Mass., now stands, and they were mentioned in many of the early lists of property sales. Members of the fourth generation, or the great-grandchildren of the first John Peckham, went to Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; and members of the fifth generation or the great-great-grandchildren, went to New York state and settled in Dutchess county.

The Peckhams were well represented among the soldiers of the revolution. Heitman, in his list of the officers of the continental army in the war of the revolution, gives the names of two members of the family—Baker Peckham, ensign in Tallman's Rhode Island state regiment, and Benjamin Peckham, who began as regimental quartermaster in 1777 and was made captain of the second Rhode Island regiment in 1782, serving in that position to the close of the war.

Good, substantial names seem to have been favorite with this family. Carew, John, Uriah, Susanna and Peleg appear with great frequency.

There are several coats of arms borne by the Peckham family, varying only slightly, however. The arms illustrated are those of the Peckhams of county Kent, from which the American family probably came. The emblazoning is: Ermine a chief, quarterly, or and gules.

Crest: An Ostrich proper.  
Motto: Tentanda via est.  
Ermine in heraldry always was a mark of dignity. In ancient times the wearing of fur was confined to those of good birth and wealth.



Peckham

landes (now Newfoundland) and came down the coast of North America.

Another Peckham, named John like the Archbishop, came to this country some time before 1638. He is the ancestor of the family in America to-day, and is probably descended from Sir George, the adventurer.

**Walworth Family**

Walworth is a suburb of London and the family is supposed to take its name from the town. The derivation of this word is possibly French, from "wawl," a crier, announcer, or herald. Walworth and Walsworth are about the only variations of the name, with "Allsworth" found occasionally in colonial records.

William Walworth, a settler of New London, 1689, and who came from Middlesex, is called the father of all Walworths of this country. He came over at the request of the Winthrop, to teach the colonists all about the methods of English agriculture, and was first given land on Fisher's Island, Long Island.

William "claimed" descent from Sir William Walworth, lord mayor of London, in the reign of Richard II. Sir William had his seat at Walworth. The pilgrim's sons numbered three, William, John and Thomas.

Like Robinson Crusoe, William the first was, for a long time, monarch of all he surveyed, and Fisher Island's sole citizen.

The Walworths have always been brave men, true patriots and firm friends of liberty. They served in every war. They were of those in New England who saw quite enough Indian fighting to make the text "There remaineth a rest for the people of God," a great favorite. On the Groton monument, in the list of heroes martyred at the storming of Fort Griswold is the name of Sylvester Walworth, grandson of William the first. He married Sarah Holmes, and the poor widow was consoled (?) at his death by a neighbor, an old woman, in this way: "Why, the poor man! It's too bad, and see he has his best clothes all torn and spoiled. But never mind, dear, you can make them over and they will do for your two little boys." Sylvester was the son of John, who was cornet of a troop of dragoons, 1744, and became captain.

Of the Walworths, pioneers of New York state, one of her most distinguished sons was Reuben Hyde Walworth, the last chancellor of the state. He was born near the close of the eighteenth century, in Connecticut. At 18, "he taught and gained a little Latin." Without much schooling, he became the greatest jurist of his day. He was also vitally interested in all the important questions making for the good of his fellow men, and was the first president of the New York State Temperance society, 1829; president of the American Temperance union; vice-president of the Bible and Tract society, and a member of the Foreign Mission society. As an author, besides the works on law, he published an elaborate genealogy of

the Hyde family. His home, Pine Grove Saratoga, was the resort of all the prominent and learned men of his day. He kept up the military record of the family. His father had been an officer in the revolution, and he was a general in the second war with Great Britain. His son, Clarence, a man of profound learning, was one of

the founders of the order of Paulist Fathers.

Judge Hyde's daughter, Anne, married Rev. Jonathan Trumbull Backus, of New York state, who, through his forebears, the Porters, Allens, Clapps, Gov. Saltonstall of Connecticut, traced his descent from Edward I. of England. Such names as the earl of Hertford and Lady Philippa de Neville appear upon this family chart.

Of one Abigail, the widow of a Walworth, it is written that "she lived 48 years after the decease of her husband, and never married again, which was unusual, in an age where not only early, but hasty, frequent and late marriages were the rule."

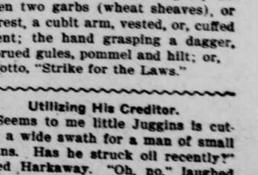
The arms reproduced, attributed to William the Pilgrim, is blazoned gules, a bend engrailed argent, between two garbs (wheat sheaves), or Crest, a cubit arm, vested, or, cuffed argent; the hand grasping a dagger, embued gules, pommel and hilt; or, Motto, "Strike for the Laws."

**Utilizing His Creditor.**

"Seems to me little Juggins is cutting a wide swath for a man of small means. Has he struck oil recently?" asked Harkaway. "Oh, no," laughed Robinson. "He's a good manager. He makes a little creditor go a long way."—Harper's Weekly.

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Walworth

# Not in Line With Progress

**Professor's Experience Aptly Illustrates Difference Between Old and New Worlds.**

Prof. George Loeb Grinnell, the noted western ethnologist, said in the course of a recent address before a courtess of librarians in Wichita: "My recent English tour has convinced me that we Americans write better English and speak better Eng-

lish than our friends overseas."

He smiled.

"Yes," he said, "we excel the English in the use of the language as we excel them in the use of plumbing. I visited an old manor house in Derbyshire one day that was for rent at a ridiculously low figure. With its crumbling carved stone and its black oak panelling, the house was appointed

I couldn't understand how, at so low a rental, it remained empty.

"But as I mused and wondered amid all that old-world beauty, the caretaker led me to a room under the hall. He lifted up a board and said with pride:

"And there's the cesspool. It dates back to the fifteenth century, sir."

Needed as an Antidote.

"A man needs a lot of native sense," says the Philosopher of Folly, "to overcome the foolishness he acquires."