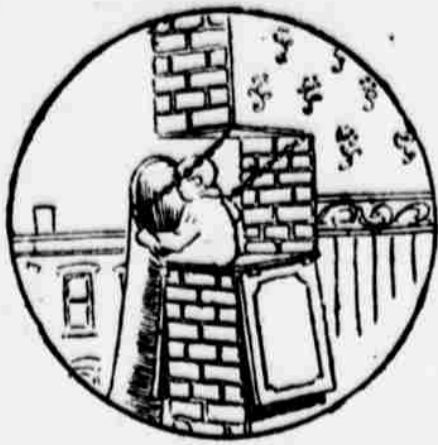


NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE

HOW CHILDREN'S LIVES MAY BE SAFEGUARDED WHEN THE HOME IS AFIRE



Sectional view, showing the shutters which inclose the escape and the permanent fastenings which keep it in place.

Every big fire has some effect on the invention of appliances which are used in the saving of life at such a time, and the great loss of children's lives in the Iroquois disaster has directed the attention of inventors to the rescue of the little ones when they are too overcome by fear to think for themselves. For their protection from fire in the home one clever mind has just designed the accompanying escape for children's nurseries.

An opening is made in the wall of the room, which connects directly with the street. The outside and inside of the opening are protected with shutters, both opening away from the wall. Into the space between these shutters a collapsible canvas chute is packed in much the same way as an accordion folds up, with one end securely fastened to the wall by means of chains.

When there is an alarm of fire all that has to be done is to open the inside shutter inwards, give the outer shutter and chute a push, and the whole thing falls to the ground, disclosing a canvas passage, down which it is easy to make a safe journey to the ground. The nurse or some grown person should descend first to receive the children, though their descent may be regulated by themselves, if they re the chute, thus forming a brake. member to press against the sides of the house, there is no confusion caused in a hunt for the escape in a time of need as is so often the case where portable fire escapes are the reliance of more than one person. In addition no unsightly attachments mar the beauty of the architecture.

VERY EASY FOR HER.

Problem Presented No Difficulties to This Woman.

A "woman's reason," with all its traditional lack of logic, came out in an amusing fashion at a recent dinner party in Brooklyn.

In the course of the evening the conversation drifted around to those odd little mathematical bits of the How-odd-is-Ann variety, when one of the company, with explanations that the next problem would not be a very difficult one, questioned as follows:

"If a bottle and a cork together cost \$1.10, and the bottle cost a dollar more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?"

Almost instantly one of the ladies was ready with the answer:

"Why, the cork cost five cents and the bottle \$1.05. That's too easy."

The lady's husband, familiar through years of experience with her woeful lack of skill in figures, looked up in astonishment.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How did you come to get that so soon?"

"Why, my dear," was the reply, "corks always cost five cents, don't they?"—New York Times.

DOLLARS AND CENTS.

It's dollars and cents that rule the world
With greed as the nursing bed;
But there's a banner that's still unfurled.

With hearts as the fountain head—
The banner of love for a fellow man
And hope for a goal intense
To keep humanity in the van
And discount dollars and cents.

For dollars and cents won't always win
And world such a potent sway;
There's something else that is coming in
And love will avail some day.
Old clubs are trumps at the present time
In all the different marts,
But coming sure is the world a rhyme,
And the trumps will all be hearts.

For there's nothing else in life, my boy,
That nature's art so deft,
Can bring you sunshine, hope, and joy,
Like the throbb-heat on your left;
It's all there is in the world of strife
With trials and griefs immense—
You can take some love at the close of life.

But you can't take dollars and cents,
—Harry S. Chester, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE STORY THAT TOLD AND SOLD

By O. E. ULNESS

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Dear Miss Stanley—Inclose please find check for your story, "The Price of Fame." We will gladly consider anything else that you may care to submit. Yours truly,

The Arcadian.

The recipient of this letter could hardly believe her eyes. It was the first remuneration she had received for her work during long years of struggle. Her successful effort was the story of a woman who had sacrificed love to win fame in her chosen profession, in which she succeeded. She reaped wealth, fame and honor, but her heart was not satisfied. The man whom she had rejected, but still loved, was now bound to another. She had paid "the price of fame."

The same day on which Agatha Stanley received payment for her story, she read in the society column of a daily paper the following:

"Mr. Reginald Lorimer, the newly appointed editor of the Arcadian, is said to be worshipping at the shrine of Miss Florence Lippincot, a prominent society belle of the city in which he lives."

A mingled expression of surprise and pain came into Miss Stanley's eyes. "I never dreamed that he was the editor who accepted my story," she soliloquized. "Did it merit publication, or did he act from personal motives, I wonder? Could he read the author's heart between the lines? If so, how he must mock it. Am I to suffer a like fate with my heroine? It can only be in degree, however, not in kind; for, is not mine 'the price of fame?'"

Reginald Lorimer and Agatha Stanley had been playmates, schoolmates and friends. As they grew to manhood and womanhood their friendship had developed into love.

When Agatha was nineteen, her father died, leaving a large family in poor circumstances, and it fell to her to look to the welfare of the family.

Some time after Mr. Stanley's death Lorimer declared his love and asked Agatha to become his wife. Feeling that her duty was at home, and although it nearly broke her heart, she rejected his offer. She gave him no hope for the future, and so they parted.

Time passed rapidly. Lorimer had gone to a distant city and entering the field of journalism had made rapid strides.

Miss Stanley had taken up literature as her life work, but her journey was long and disheartening. At length, however, her persistency was rewarded. One manuscript placed seemed to clear the way and her subsequent efforts were accepted with requests for more. Still, with success standing brightly before her, there was an aching void in her heart.

One beautiful morning in early June Agatha was sitting by an open window, writing. She seemed unable to

"Thanks; but, Mr. Lorimer, higher praise is due to you because of your rapid advancement. I sincerely wish you happiness."

"I am truly grateful, but for your praise, which is flattering, and for your sentiments of friendship; but I would ask you, can success, alone, make us happy?"

Miss Stanley colored slightly, and answered: "It depends on what one is successful in. Happiness, itself, is the greatest of achievements, but its attainment is dependent upon success in various directions."

Mr. Lorimer laughingly replied: "Possibly I have earned the good will of some budding genius by sending a welcome check. Rather a slim source



"I should think that a certain Miss Lippincot ought to have first place."

"of happiness, though, I'm afraid, unless—it should be you, Miss Stanley."

"Why me, more than others you have helped, Mr. Lorimer? I should think that a certain Miss Lippincot ought to have first place."

"Miss Lippincot! I do not know that I have done anything to merit her good graces."

"Haven't you? This would seem to contradict you," she said, handing him the paper in which she had read the item concerning him.

When he had read his mirth was uncontrollable. Finally regaining composure, he said:

"Well, well! That is news to me. Whoever wrote that notice must have been under some strong mental hallucination. The idea of associating my name with that of Miss Lippincot, whom I have met but a few times. No frivolous creature like her for a staid chap like myself. A sensible woman is what I want. Agatha—Miss Stanley, do you know why I have come here to-day? Simply to tell you that I have waited patiently for a different answer to the question I once asked you. The outward obstacles then in the way are now removed. You are on the road to independence. Is there any other barrier? Have I waited in vain, and must I, too, pay 'the price of fame?'"

The story that sold has also told.

A New Enemy of Whisky.
The Shawnee News gives a novel remedy for the "drink habit"—or, "sworn off" to remain "on the water cart." It consists of ice water drunk through a raw potato. Peel the potato and cut down one side of it until it can be easily inserted in the mouth; dip the potato in water and suck it every time a craving for strong drink comes on. It is claimed that this treatment will effect an absolute cure. The why and wherefore are not stated, but the process is such a simple one that there can be no harm in trying it if one is afflicted with a thirst which he really desires to lose.—Kansas City Journal.

"Condensed Eggs."
Condensed eggs are being largely exported to South Africa and are meeting with a ready sale. Fresh eggs are from 85 cents to \$1.80 a dozen in Johannesburg, so that the substitute is welcomed. It is prepared by depriving the ordinary fresh egg of its superfluous water and by adding sugar. The mixture is then inclosed in tightly sealed canisters, fifteen eggs to the pound. When unsealed the compound with a little added water is whisked rapidly and, according to a British consular report, cannot be told from the fresh egg.

Woman Sexton of a Cemetery.
Another Meriden woman has taken a position unusual for the fair sex. Mrs. Annie Gibson has been appointed by the Selectmen as sexton of the East cemetery, which is owned by the town. Her property adjoins the cemetery, and for many years she has had a sub-contract for caring for the yard. The position has no salary, but for every grave that is opened \$4 is paid to the sexton and out of this amount she will have to pay about half to the gravedigger. Many people owning plots call upon the sexton to keep the plots in order and for this work she will realize a fair income.—Hartford Times.

Arcade.
A crimson, windy sunset. Through the whimpering, leafless trees, A silent winter evening
Creeping in across the leas.

A snapping, crackling oak-log
In the ancient, blackened grate,
The writhings of old-time faces
That the thin, red flames create.

A pipe of sweet tobacco
And a stein of ripened brew.
A shelf of tales and verses,
An easy chair—and you.

Sing me no birds and sunshine,
No fields and skies of blue,
Nay, just a winter evening,
Some books, a grate—and you.
—Frederick Palmer, in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

HOANGHO A CROOKED RIVER.

It is 2,600 Miles Long, Draining 750,000 Square Miles.

The most crooked river in the world is the Chinese river Hoangho, or Yellow river. It is crooked both in habits and shape and a more uncertain stream cannot be found, for it is subject to sudden changes of depth, volume and channel, says the Montreal Family Herald. Before the great floods of 1853 its outlet was 309 miles south of its present mouth.

The Hoangho, in its course of 2,600 miles, drains nearly 750,000 square miles of land. Its crookedness can be gathered from the following facts: Flowing from the Kuen Luon mountains, it runs northwest, then northeast, then changes to east as far as Hanchow, whence it flows due north to Dunchu. Here it takes a complete curve eastward for some 209 miles, then abruptly goes direct south. For some 300 miles it flows on to Tungchow, then changes to an easterly direction to Hoanking. Avoiding its former bed, it finally flows to the northeast and enters the sea at the Gulf of Pechili.

Other very crooked rivers are the Brahmapootra, the Niger, the Volga, the Mississippi and the Jordan, but these are far behind the Hoangho for irregularity of course.

SOLITUDE DRIVES TO MADNESS.

Effect of Life in Far-Off Siberian Settlement.

Harry de Windt, the explorer, describes in a recent book Sredni-Kolymsk, a dismal Siberian settlement in the arctic regions. While the expedition party was there the place had a population of 300, fourteen being political offenders, the remainder officials, criminal colonists and natives of the Yakute, Lamute or Tunguse races. This outpost drives one to insanity; there is not a single person of perfect mental balance among the exiles the author saw there. "A couple of years usually makes them shabby," said the official, "and the strongest minded generally become childish when they have been here for five or six." "But why is it?" I asked. My friend walked to the window and pointed to the mournful street, the dismal hovels and frozen river darkening in the dusk. "That," he said, "and the awful silence. Day after day, year after year, not a sound. I have stood in that street at midday and heard a watch tick in my pocket. Think of it, Mr. de Windt, I myself arrived here only a few months ago, but I shall soon have to get away for a change, or—" and he tapped his forehead significantly.

His Monumental Bluff.

When Brander Matthews went to his club one evening not long ago, according to the Bookman, he went to the letter box and looked through the compartment marked "M," and found in it a very peremptory dun from a tailor. Mr. Matthews was puzzled, as he had no dealings with the insistent tailor, until he again looked at the envelope and found that he had unwittingly opened a letter belonging to another member of the club; so he put the bill back into the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Mr. Matthews was turning to go he noticed the member for whom the bill was intended coming toward the letter box. A minute later he came into the reading room, where Mr. Matthews was sitting with several others. Taking from its envelop the bill, he read it attentively for a few minutes, sighed, tore it into bits, then with a wink and the leer of an invincible conqueror commented: "Poor, silly little girl."

His Misery Complete.

When the doctor came to see what he could do for the Herliby family, by whom he had been hastily summoned, he found Mrs. Herliby in bed, her face and head adorned with plaster and bandages, and Mr. Herliby sitting in solid misery at her bedside.

"Cheer up, Tim," said the doctor, "she'll pull through all right. I don't believe there are any bones broken." "Don't be troynin' to raise me mind," said Mr. Herliby, dully, "for it's impossible, dochter. Here Oi had her insured against accident of every kind only four days ago, an' paid down me \$5 as prompt as any man eud, an' before the week is gone she falls down stairs wid a bucket o' coal, an' now luke at her, murred from ind to ind!" —Youth's Companion.

THEY MADE IT TRUE.

Queer Marriage Proposal Accepted by Lady Duff Gordon.

A quaint story is told of the manner in which the late Lady Duff Gordon was proposed for by her husband. When she was a young girl she was thrown much into the company of Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, and people began to gossip about them.

"Do you know people say we are going to be married?" Sir Alexander said to her one day.

Indignant that he should mention the matter so bluntly, she burst out with a hot retort, but he checked her. "Shall we make it true?" he asked.

She forgot her indignation and shyly answered "Yes."

Lady Duff Gordon lived a great part of her life in Egypt, and was loved by the natives more than any other Englishwoman has been before and since. She was very beautiful, and a veritable Helen of Troy in her power over the hearts of men. When she was a gray-haired grandmother a young Arab sheikh begged her to divorce her husband and marry him, telling her that she was "a woman for whom men killed each other or themselves."

Write Notes to Themselves.

"Actors are great hands to write 'mash' notes to themselves," said a stage manager. "The leading young men, you see—the heroes that marry the beautiful girls—are supposed to attract to the theater myriads of young women. They draw big pay on this account, their friends talk seriously of the powerful, almost hypnotic influences that they exert on romantic females. This power is the stock in trade of the actor who travels on his beauty instead of on his art, and he must always have tangible proof of it. So if the young women don't come up each mail with a bunch of authen-

tic mash notes, he sees to it, anyway, that he gets mash notes all right. He times them so that they reach the theater during rehearsal. The manager every afternoon brings them to him—a half dozen pink and blue and cream envelopes, smelling of violet and orris. He takes them with a guffaw, reads them, passes them around. Every one pretends to be amused at their silly contents, but the minute the actor's back is turned the murmur passes back and forth: "They're fakes. He wrote them himself. He spends two hours a day writing himself mash notes." To tell the truth this actor gets a number of authentic mash notes, but nobody believes it. It is thought that every note is a fake."

Life and Love.

Most men know love but as a part of life; they hide it in some corner of the breast. Even from themselves; and only when they rest.

In the brief pause of that earthly strife wherewith our world might else be not so rife.

They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy).

To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy).

And hold it up to mother, child or wife. Ah, me! Why may not life and love be one?

Why walk we thus alone, when at our side

Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?

How would the marts grow noble, and the street,

Worn like a dungeon floor, with weary feet,

Seem then a golden courtyard of the sun.

Send Geese to Germany.

The whole import of live geese to Germany amounted to 6,220,955 in 1900, 6,431,247 in 1901, and 7,254,145 (valued at \$5,513,492) in 1902, a steady increase which is typical of most food imports which supply the great middle classes of the German people.

Marconi Stamps.

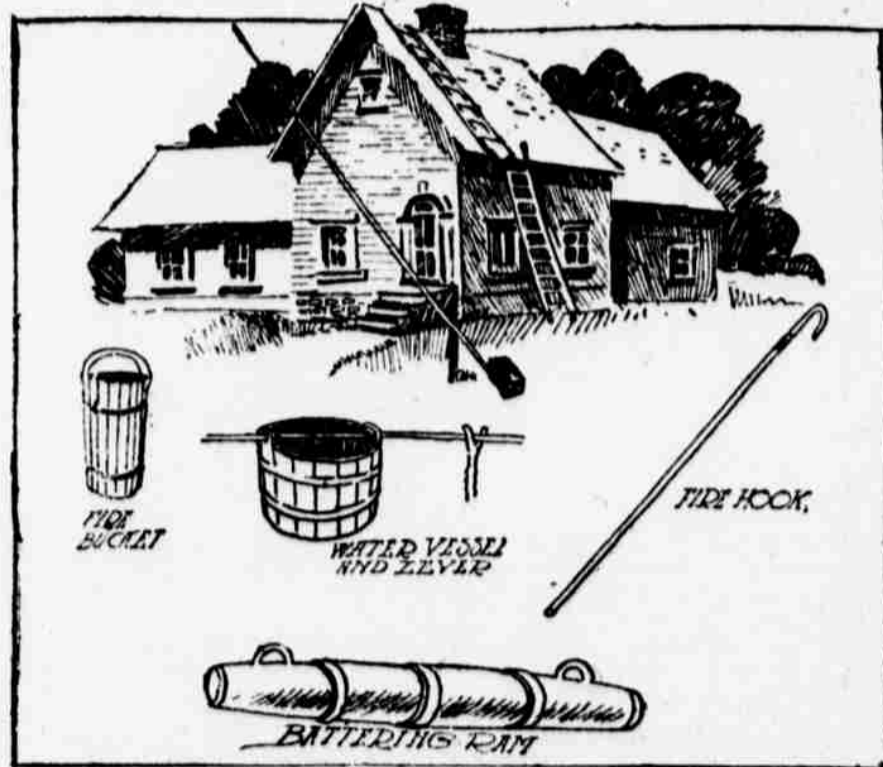
A portrait of Marconi is to be engraved on one of a new issue of Italian stamps.

FIRE FIGHTING IN THE EARLY DAYS

Fire ordinances are by no means modern or even complicated, at least in proportion to the new inventions and causes, electric lights and other elaborate and inflammable fixtures, and to the various inventions and methods of prevention. Nearly a hundred years ago there were ordinances as numerous and as long for the prevention and extinction of fires. In 1815 Detroit had an elaborate fire ordinance. It ordered every householder to provide a pair of water buckets and a wooden vessel holding twenty or twenty-five gallons, "with two loops strongly attached thereto," which were always to be kept full of water in a place where it could not be frozen and to have a lever or pole of sufficient weight and strength to sustain said vessel. To each chimney of his house he must attach a substantial ladder, to be fastened to the roof, and another ladder long enough to communicate with the first.

Every male person capable of giving assistance must, on an alarm of fire, repair to the scene, carrying one or more of such vessels, and obey the orders of one of the trustees. Twelve householders appointed by the board of trustees were to provide themselves each with "a good felling ax" and repair to the place of the fire. Six others were to be provided by the corporation with three battering rams, to be used at fires. There were also twenty-four to be provided with "fire hooks." Every shopkeeper must provide himself with two or three bushel bags with which to beat out the fire.

For neglecting to provide these various implements a fine of \$4 was im-



OLD TIME FIRE APPARATUS

posed; for neglect of duty at the fires, a fine of \$10.

The present habit of disregarding fire ordinances would seem to be an inherited one. But at least this cannot be said of the failure to enforce the ordinances. The record shows that at least once a week there was some complaint of noncompliance. An

entire session, July 2, 1821, was taken up with this business. Nearly forty delinquents were fined from 75 cents to \$1.25 for being "deficient" one or more ladders, having ladders in bad condition, lack of bags or buckets, or for not having their names on them. All would seem to have gone to the fires, for no fines are recorded.



By an open window.

concentrate her thoughts; from her work to the grand scene outside, and then to the feelings of her own heart. As she sat dreaming of the old days, her attention was attracted to a man coming up the walk toward the house. He rang the bell, and as Agatha opened the door an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips; for there, before her, stood Reginald Lorimer.

It was the first time they had met in three years.

"Miss Stanley, allow me to congratulate you on your success. It is certainly merited."