

Hot stove baseball is a great sport and nobody gets hoarse cheering it.

It will be funny if the huge cotton crop does not make silk skirts cheaper.

A contemporary says there are 4,000 poets in this country. Who supports 'em?

An unkissed girl has delivered a lecture on the decline of chivalry. Gee, she must be homely.

There is no question but what it was a tough who assaulted the Chicago girl who lost two teeth in biting him.

Love of animals, says a New York specialist, is a disease. That Newport society circle must be an awfully unhealthy set.

A Bostonian has donated \$100,000 to combat college athletics. Probably it will be used to start chess, checkers and pingpong tournaments.

A Kansas City women's jury returned a verdict in three hours in a case in which a male jury previously had disagreed. They must have been talked out.

An Idaho feminine jury adjourned court at noon to go home and get dinner. And still there are those who say jury duties would interfere with woman's work.

Two Chicago detectives were obliged to give up after chasing two merry iron workers up and down the skeleton of a skyscraper. They were up in the air, all right.

A Pomeranian dog got stuck in a raincoat in Philadelphia, and a patrolman used a can opener to rescue it. That policeman knew how to get the lid off, all right.

A Chicago doctor says appendicitis is to be treated without a surgical operation. But an anaesthetic will be needed to relieve the patient of his banroll afterwards, just the same as now.

Apparently France is getting ready for the ten-cent vaudeville comedian. One of its savants has prepared a dictionary of the monkey language and made a collection of monkey songs.

A Columbus woman, knocked down by a street car, recovered to find that her deafness of ten years was gone. Quite likely the first thing she heard was an automobile honking for her to dodge it.

The Bronx zoo is the proud possessor of a wild ass that kicks 72 times to the minute. Wouldn't it be a fine thing to stand some of the New York police officials back of it, and see if they'd get into action!

It is held by a Gotham judge that a man need not support his wife who moves into the second flat of their building and remains there. Must have based his decision on the theory that she was too uppish.

One feature of such bets as that which compels a man to push a peanut along the sidewalk for four city blocks, with a sausage, is the probability that the winners will also get jobs helping to run the country.

It is reported that a Milwaukee man has invented a system where he can make milk from timothy hay without the aid of the cow. An improvement over some milk dealers, who have attempted to make it out of water.

A Parisian chemist has discovered a dye for dresses that changes color hourly. A time saving device for society matrons who heretofore have remade their toilette each hour.

Somebody shifted lead into the place of \$50,000 worth of British sovereigns in transit and England is as much amazed as the boy seeing the rabbit come out of the silk hat.

Suffragettes in New York, forbidden to speak at a big exhibition, have invented the "voiceless speech." This idea ought to take them enthusiastically in the average domestic arena.

It is rumored that the dog biscuit a Paterson woman fed her guests were not dog biscuits at all. They were simply her first attempt, and she hit on that excuse to hide her failure as a biscuit maker.

A contemporary reminds us that the English sparrow is largely responsible for the disappearance of the horseshoe. Bless you, we had innocently supposed the disappearance of the horse had something to do with it.

The starvation of the fly, beginning in the homes of the nation, might appropriately be continued in the markets, shops and other places where the flies naturally think themselves invited to a feast without restriction.

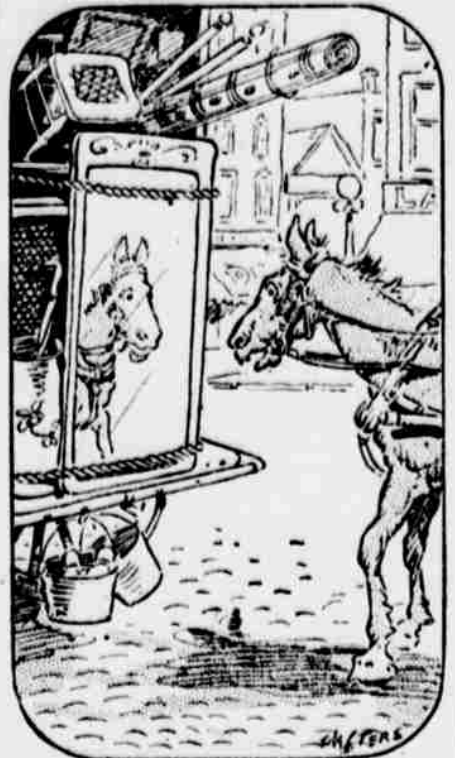
Alleging that he was pricked by a rusty needle in his mattress, a New Orleans resident has brought suit against a local hotel keeper. The only explanation as to how the needle came there is that it was the much mooted one of haystack fame.

### AS OTHERS SEE HIM

Produced Wonderment, Chagrin, Anger, Pleasure, and All Other Equine Emotions.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—To see himself as others see him, probably for the first time in an uneventful existence, produced wonderment, chagrin, anger, pleasure, and all the equine emotions combined, in a decrepit specimen of horseflesh which the other day was given its first opportunity to gaze into the limpid depths of a mirror. All of which caused mighty merriment to an admiring gathering of Penn avenue folks and consequent amazement to an astonished driver. It happened when a huge moving van, stalled by a street car blockade, in turn held up behind it the dilapidated outfit of a junk peddler.

Jauntily balanced on the rear of the moving van was a huge mirror.



Nose to Nose With a Brother.

and when the moth-eaten horse following in its wake came to a halt the driver promptly dropped off into slumber. The siesta was not for long. Suddenly there were nervous tremors from his steed. Then agitated quivers. The charger was nose to nose with a brother. He nodded. So did the brother. He twitched an ear in unembarrassed comradeship. A friendly ear twitched in sympathy. Then followed a varied and weird program of joyous gyrations, some combative, some sportive, all with surprising abandon. It took a frantic manipulation of the lines to break up the happy performance before the mirror was shattered. When the long line of stalled vehicles and street cars again moved on its way, the animated steed was proudly prancing in the wake of his new found friend, who, strange to say, was proudly prancing in perfect unison.

### "BEWITCHED MULE" AMUCK

Breaks Down Front Door of a House and Smashes Up the Furniture.

Spartanburg, S. C.—Aroused from their slumber at three o'clock the other morning by a furious battering on the front door, Charles Chapman, a farmer of near here, and the members of his family had no sooner arisen from their beds than the door fell in with a crash. With a snort Mr. Chapman's mule plunged into the room and cavorted around. The mule lunged and pitched about the house, letting fly his heels and kicking furniture into smithereens. The little children of Mr. Chapman were in constant danger of being struck by the iron-shod hoofs of the rabid beast.

After the family were removed in their night clothing into the frosty open, Chapman made a desperate attempt to capture the animal. Falling in every attempt, he got his shotgun. At the first shot the mule gave a belch and plunged about like a whale struck with a harpoon. The fifth shot dispatched the animal. At daybreak neighbors were summoned and helped drag the carcass out of the Chapman parlor. The mule is said to have been bewitched by a negro "conjurer doctor," who had a grudge against Mr. Chapman.

### CIGARS HOLD OFF WOLVES

Man, Unharm'd, Frustrates Hungry Pack of Animals With Lighted Weeds Until Rescued.

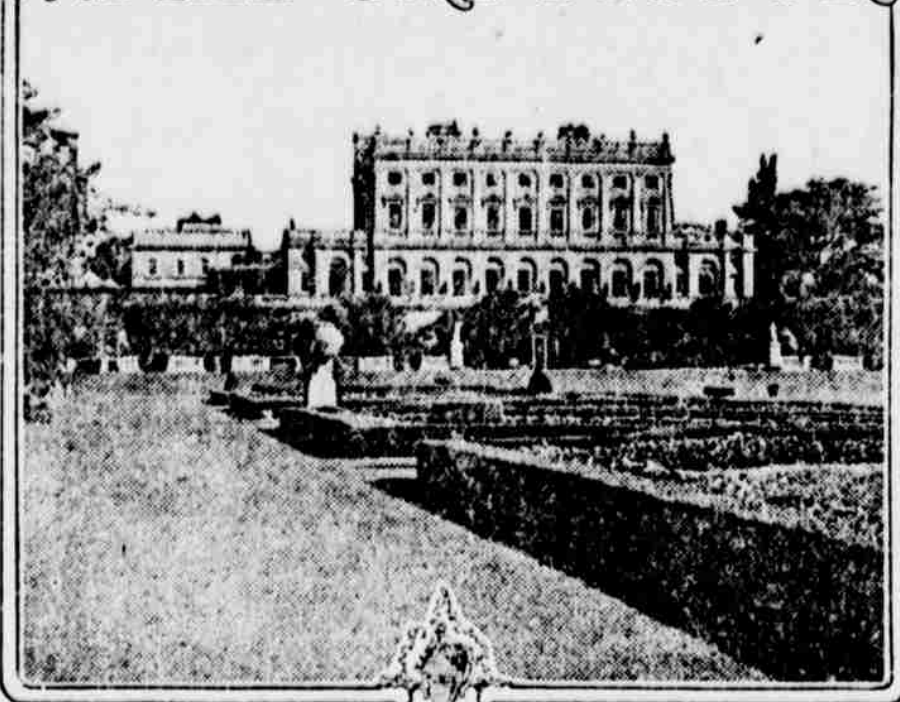
Duluth, Minn.—John Bergman of Palmer, Minn., today told of an attack by wolves the other night. With only four cigars as weapons, he successfully held a wolf pack at bay until assistance came from the camp where he is employed.

He went to Palmer on the afternoon train and was walking to the camp when the pack began to close in.

Lighting all four cigars, he jabbed the lighted ends at the wolves, only stopping long enough to puff them to keep them glowing. When he finally came within hailing distance of the camp he was exhausted. Men ran out with guns and the wolves fled.

Sure Enough "Tightwad." Chicago.—Miss H. Flaherty has brought suit against Mrs. Fred Shalton for ten cents back rent. She also asks that her tenant be ejected.

## CLIVEDEN of WALDORF ASTOR



THE GARDEN FRONT

I WENT to Cliveden, that stupendous natural rock, wood and prospect, of the duke of Buckingham's building—of extraordinary expense. The grotto in the chalky rock are pretty—it is a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The stand is something like Frascati as to its front, and on the platform is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon, which, with the serpentine of the Thames, is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular, and the cloisters, descents, gardens and avenue through the wood august and stately, but the land all about barren and producing nothing but fern. Indeed, as I told his majesty that evening (asking me how I liked Cliveden) without flattery, that it did not please me so well as Windsor for the prospect and park, there being but only one opening, and that narrow, which led one to any variety.

John Evelyn made this entry in his diary more than two centuries ago, but the impression made on the modern visitor is no less rich and striking. Nothing of the duke's house remains except the great under-building of the magnificent terrace, 400 feet long and 25 feet wide, but even this has been much altered, especially in the disposition of the stairways. The gardens have been changed and the prospect of the neighboring country is no longer bare, but cultivated and smiling.

### Checked History.

Although Evelyn was right in claiming for the royal castle a great and unconfined outlook, the view from the terrace at Windsor overlooking Eton college and the meadows scarcely surpasses the splendid picture which meets the eye from the terrace at Cliveden, with the Thames winding like a silver thread through the gaps in a foreground of trees. The house has had an unusually checked history. There does not seem to have been any building on the site until it was bought by George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham, some time after the restoration. The architect was Captain Wynne, or Winde, a native of Holland and a pupil of Sir Balhazar Gerbier. He was a man of considerable ability, and is, perhaps, best remembered now for his design of Newcastle house, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which remains, though somewhat altered. Very little is known of Wynne. He must have been a friend of Samuel Pepys, for he received a twenty-shilling mourning ring at his funeral in 1703, but there is no mention of him in the diary. We have no space here to attempt a sketch of so vivid and contradictory a character as George Villiers. Like Charles II., he dabbled in the arts and sciences, and as Bryan Fairfax wrote of him, spent much on building "in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls insanae substructiones." Unfortunately, Fairfax, the author of the only contemporary biography of the duke, gives no details of his architectural employments. The work at Cliveden was begun about 1666, and among the state papers there is a significant warrant dated June 21, 1677. The duke was then a prisoner in the tower and had permission to go to Cliveden, "attended by Sir John Robinson, to take order about carrying on some buildings of his there, and to remain till the 23d and then return to the tower."

In 1735 more building was done at Cliveden. Giacomò Leoni, the Italian, who was architect of Clarendon park, designed the small octagonal temple which stands southwest of the main building.

### Stately Structure.

The year 1795 proved disastrous for Cliveden, for on May 29 it was almost wholly consumed by fire, with the exception, we may well suppose, of the "insane substructiones." In 1824 the estate was bought by Sir George Warrender, who rebuilt the house. In 1849 it again changed hands, and became the property of the duke of Sutherland. Within six months it was again burnt down, but straightway rebuilt in the form in which we see it

### TURN OF THE PAGE

Pardoned Convict Breaks His Good Resolutions, but Is Saved by Dying Woman.

By FRANK FILSON.

"Come along, 752," said the head warder cheerfully, clapping an enormous hand upon the young man's shoulder. "The chief wants to say good-bye to you."

The convict stepped out of his cell and followed the head warder obediently. Three years of discipline had taught him to ask no questions, to demand no reasons. He hardly dared to hope that the pardon board had granted his petition.

"Tention! Eyes front!" said the head warder mechanically, and the convict mechanically obeyed. But the governor stretched out his hand and took the convict's in a hearty clasp.

"The board of pardons has granted you your freedom, Graves," he said. "I strongly recommended it at the last monthly meeting. I know that you will run straight in future. If you shouldn't, remember that the dishonor and shame will be mine, and it will be just so much harder for the rest of us. Here's a letter from your mother in Mapleton," he added, handing the missive to the prisoner.

Graves read it and the governor watched him curiously. The young fellow had impressed him favorably ever since he had entered the penitentiary three years before to serve a first sentence for forgery. He had been a model prisoner; but he seemed curiously hard. Even now he seemed unaffected either by the letter or by his release. He folded the missive and put it in the handkerchief pocket of his serge tunic.

"Yes, sir, I'll run straight in future," he answered.

"Good," answered the governor. "And my advice to you is, go home to your mother. You have about thirty-seven dollars coming to you. Go home, face the world in your home town, be a man and begin your life anew. You will find people kinder than you imagine. Good morning."

He grasped the prisoner's hand again and dismissed him. Graves went out. Subdued and deferential though he seemed, he remained totally unmoved. The governor shook his head as he watched him pass through the doorway.

As a matter of fact, Philip Graves was deeply moved, but for all that he had not the least intention of returning home. During his period of imprisonment he had been thoroughly initiated into the possibilities of crime by his fellow convicts. He would have liked to re-establish himself in the favor of his fellow citizens, but the idea seemed laughable. His old mother in Mapleton was doubtless able to exist without him; his sisters held good positions and could take care of her. He took the train to the capital and spent his money in two days' of riotous living.

The second evening found him penniless. It was cold and dimly wet, and the long tramp through the dismal suburbs had not raised his spirits. He sat down on the sidewalk and buried his head in his hands. That was the first time he had ever seriously considered the future.

"Forging's a mutt's game," one of the other prisoners had told him soon after he was brought to the jail. "Take my tip, lad, cracking a crib's the only thing worth while. Why, all you've got to do is to walk in after the lights are out, take your pick, and walk out again. But say, don't carry a gun, for that don't pay. Just trust to your legs if you have to get away quick."

A middle-aged man in a well-made suit, and bearing all the marks of prosperity, hurried by, not casting a glance at the ex-convict at his feet. Graves rose and followed him. At the end of the street was a long country lane, with finely-built, scattered houses lining it, each in its garden. The man turned into one and let himself into the home with a key. Graves watched him. Then he felt in his pockets. At the bottom of one, hitherto overlooked by him, was a dime. Graves knew where he could get all the whisky he wanted for a dime—if he chose the time when the bartender was not looking his way. He went there.

"Take your fill, boy," said the bartender good-naturedly, looking round just at the least appropriate time. "I guess you need it on a night like this."

Graves tossed off the fiery liquid, set down the glass, and went out. He walked the streets until his head swam from the liquor. It was very dark and the rain fell steadily. Graves was wet to the skin. He walked an immeasurable time, until at last, looking up, he saw the house into which the prosperous man had entered.

A flame of anger burned in his heart, hotter than the fire in his brains. Good resolutions! What were they for such as he? They were for the rich, for those who could afford to keep the laws! He was no fool to be bound by such a code.

He crept up the garden, felt a lower window, and found that he could raise it. A minute later he was groping inside a dining room.

Cautiously he struck and lit a match. Then he gasped in astonishment. For on the buffet, carelessly laid out, was a galaxy of silver plate. That central piece—that flat tray, which he could put under his coat and walk away with, must be worth a couple of hundred dollars alone! He would take it on his way out. He opened the door and crept upstairs. There were two rooms at the head

and inside, by the light of the lower-down gas jet, Graves could see a table strewn with rings. He crept in and stood staring at them. There were nearly a dozen of them—diamond, pearl, sapphire, cat's eye, flashing emeralds and rubies. It was the dressing table of some wealthy woman who.

There was somebody in the bed! An old, white-haired woman who lay there, hardly breathing, flat, with white hands picking at the bed covers!

Graves snatched up a handful of the baubles and turned. Suddenly two powerful arms caught him as in a vise and he looked up into the face of the middle-aged man.

"Come outside, you—you dog!" whispered the other. "Caught in the act, you dirty sneak-thief! Let me look at your face! So you would rob a dying woman, would you? I'm going to strip the hide off you before I call the police."

"I didn't know—" Graves babbled. A feeble voice from the sick bed made both start.

"John!" whispered the sick woman. "John! It's you, dear John! I knew you would come home!"

The captor and the captive stood motionless, thrilled by the pity in the voice.

"John, won't you come here and kiss your old mother?" pleaded the voice. "I knew that I should live to see you again."

The middle-aged man whispered into the ear of the thief.

"Her son was killed in an automobile accident last week. Now's your chance. I'll let you go if—"

"You're coming to me, aren't you, John?"

"Yes," muttered the thief, and with unsteady footsteps he staggered toward the bed, found it, and sank down upon a chair. He felt the hand of the old woman close upon his.

"Are you John? Are you my boy? I cannot see. Tell me that you are John," the old woman whispered.

"Yes, I am John," the convict whispered back.

She said no more for a while but seemed to doze. Gently, by almost imperceptible degrees, the man in the room lowered the gas light till it was only a little twinkling flame in the darkness. And the thief sat motionless, his hand held tightly in the light clasp of the dying woman.

After a long time she roused herself. "Johnny," she whispered, "turn me so that I can put my lips to your ear." And the convict turned the shrunken old body reverently, and with a new and strange fearlessness. Then the old woman spoke again, and so low and weak were her tones that he could only grasp them by bending his ear till her lips touched it.

"Johnny," she said, "I want you to be a good boy after I am gone. I want you to be good for your old mother's sake, Johnny. There's nobody will ever love you as I have done—nobody in the whole world. You've been wild, Johnny, dear, and people have said hard things about you and called you hard names, but I knew that you were my boy Johnny, my good boy, and that you were good at heart. Promise me you'll always run straight, Johnny!"

Graves promised. "Then I can go in peace, Johnny, dear. Kiss me." The dying woman half raised herself and Graves took her in his arms and pressed his lips reverently to her forehead. And not daring to stir, he remained thus half through the night.

Then longer—till the gray light began to steal through the shutters, vying with the low glow of the gas. The outlines of the room became apparent, the objects visible. Graves had almost fallen asleep when the man touched him on the shoulder and pointed.

The vital fires had burned themselves out; gently and imperceptibly the life had faded out of the old frame. The dead woman's placid smile seemed like a benediction.

Graves rose up. "I'm ready now," he said to the man.

"Go!" answered the man, pointing to the door; and the ex-convict shuffled along the carpet, his face working, his cheeks stained with tears. He halted at the door, hesitated, and shuffled back again. He went up to the man.

"I don't want to go," he muttered. "I want you to call the police. Say," he went on, in impassioned accents, "I've got an old mother like that in Mapleton, and she's alive and wants me to come home. Do you think if I went that I could ever become a man again? I've been in prison three years."

The man's hand fell on his shoulder, just as the head warder's had fallen. He seemed sorry for him; it was odd, to come to think of it, how kind men were to one another.

"My dear fellow, I believe that Providence sent you here—Providence, which is only another name for God," said the man. "Go back and face the world anew in your home town."

Why, that was just what the governor had said!

He held his hand out and the other took it and grasped it warmly. Suddenly Graves remembered. He pulled out from his pocket a handful of shimmering rings. He placed them upon the dressing table and walked lightly out of the room. He did not shuffle now, for his heart was filled with lightness and for the first time in years he was at peace.

"I'm going home!" he murmured. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Walkover. Mother—Now, do be careful how you act about that young man or people will think you are running after him.

Daughter—I don't have to do that, mother; I can win in a walk.