

Patty's Visit to the Reunion

By Evelyn Snead Barnett

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Patty Eldred was pink of cheek and brown of hair, which was perhaps the reason that when the colonel, her father, promised to take her to the reunion in Louisville she ordered a pink umbrella edged with a gold-brown stripe.

Patty had always gone everywhere with her father, but that everywhere was neither far nor wide, as, with the exception of the Lee ball at "The White" and two trips to Richmond, she had never left the town of Dinmore, where she had first seen the light. The excitement of making so extended a trip inclined her to airs, so when she waved her hand from the back of the train to the crowd of devoted swains who had come with flowers and candy to speed her on her way, she rather hurt the feelings of Will Rogers, whom she was supposed to favor.

As the train was about rounding a curve he had run by the car calling: "I've a great mind to get ahead of these fellows and meet you in Louisville."

To which she had replied: "Do you think I would look at you by the side of the gallant Kentuckians? If you know when you are well off you will stay where you are."

Which retort roused a certain quality in Will that he went home and packed his valise. Dinmore was on the highway and trains were plenty.

Patty's train must needs make so many stops to pick up soldiers and their families that it was late by two hours. The colonel grew fidgety, for he was on the program for an answer to the first speech of welcome to the national committee at eight. As they left Lexington he looked at his watch, made a calculation, and announced that by the time he had taken Patty to the hotel and dressed himself he would be just one hour too late.

Arrived in Louisville, he put his daughter and her belongings into a coupe and gave minute instructions and large money to the driver.

"As I engaged the rooms several days ago, you will have no trouble whatever," said he as he banged the carriage door.

When she reached the hotel the crowd in the lobby was somewhat confusing, and Patty became a trifle nervous. A cheerful bellboy piloted her to the desk, where she registered in a good vertical hand, and, with an air that she fancied was nonchalantly cosmopolitan, asked to be shown to her rooms.

The clerk questioned and investigated and reported that no rooms had been engaged and that none were to be had. Patty's looks appealed to him, and he heard her tale and advised her to go up to one of the parlors, where her father should be sent the moment he arrived.

Patty entered the very red and white room and settled herself in a big armchair near the window, where the roar of carriages and the buzzing of many voices fostered meditation, but prevented slumber. She was unaware of the lapse of time when she was suddenly brought to a consciousness of her surroundings by the entrance of a string of porters bearing cots with which they rapidly transformed the parlor into a dormitory and then—Oh, horrors!—an awful man in the corner actually began taking off his clothes.

Patty fled only to bump against more men in the corridor and more cots. Making her way back to the office now swarming with gray coats she again sought the desk. A strange clerk listened politely to her tale of woe. He was certain that her father had not yet arrived, but as he might come at any moment he advised her to stay in sight and—impelled by the pink cheeks and brown eyes—he even went so far as to wake a sleeping soldier and make him vacate his chair.

Tired as Patty was, she was too forlorn and nervous to sit still. She was also embarrassed by the attention she attracted—so many men all staring. She left her chair and went over to a less conspicuous place by the wall. A little farther on she spied a glass door ajar and edging her way towards it found that it led to a dark empty room containing a row of chairs shrouded in white. She chuckled as she found that here she could escape observation yet still remain in sight of the desk. In she slipped, closing the glass door and, lifting the sheet, climbed into one of the chairs.

"Funny place for a dentist," she said aloud as, settling herself with a relieved sigh, she fixed her eyes on the big register distinctly visible on the clerk's desk. As soon as a familiar hand beat over that register she was ready to come to light. In the meantime here was soothing darkness and rest from staring eyes. The chair offered a comfortable reclining position with its cool linen head-rest. Fatigue dulled her brain and before she knew it she slept.

She did not see a white-jacketed man come out of the bar-room, open the door, fall down its green blind, beck a safe and stagger away, but, with the soundness of tired youth and health, slept on.

"There came the colonel, holding himself with extra straightness, flushed with the success of his speech. Meeting the cast-iron smile of Clerk Num-

ber Three he signed his name with a flourish and asked to be shown to his rooms.

"Rooms!" repeated Number Three, making the word unnecessarily plural, "how many do you want?"

"Two," answered the colonel, "ordered two weeks ago. My daughter has already taken possession of one of them; I ask to be shown to the other."

The clerk looked at the signature: "N. A. Eldred, Eldred Park, Dinmore, Va.," then went behind a mottled glass box and consulted another book. Next, he called a tired straw-colored woman, who examined various pigeon holes. Returning, he announced with the same fixed smile that no letter had been received, and behind the words the colonel's sensitiveness saw doubt.

"My daughter is here," he said with quiet firmness, pointing to the modern characters inscribed some lines above his flourishes. "All I ask is to be shown to her room."

Number Three did not know anything about that party, as he was night-clerk, just come on duty, but he pointed to the blank opposite the party's name, proving that she had not been assigned a room.

A very spick and span young man here bent over the register.

"Why, Will—how on earth!"

"Come by train after yours, colonel. Where do you suppose she is?"

"These people don't seem to know or care. Come, help me find her. One thing is plain—she couldn't get in here, so went somewhere else. Of course she left a message, but nobody seems to remember it. She should have written a note, but one can't expect an inexperienced child to think. I see nothing to do but make the rounds."

In the congestion caused by 30,000 extra inhabitants not a carriage was to be had, so the colonel and Will were somewhat longer than need be going to all the hotels and prominent boarding houses. But their search was fruitless.

Returning to the hotel nothing would do but the colonel and Will must investigate the sleepers on the parlor floor, and soon they had a lot of half-dressed men rudely awakened.

Not one had seen Patty, but several told the colonel to go to a certain place to find her.

All night the two distracted men hung over the telephone in the office



Oh, horrors! An Awful Man Actually Began Taking Off His Clothes.

of the Holt House, but for them it was silent. That signature was all they had to hold by. She had been there once—she might come again.

At six came the barber. After paying a morning call on the barkeeper, as was his custom, he took his towels and soap to make ready for business.

The office was almost deserted. The smart drummer was pricking up his ears over a newspaper tale of millionaire; the little fat man who had slept on a slab was writing a telegram and exhaling steam; a couple of maids on wet knees were wiping up the marble floor; a row of dusky bell-boys were nodding on a bench; and the clerks behind the counter were busily writing.

Suddenly a piercing scream broke the stillness. Will and the colonel jumped to their feet—there was something familiar about that scream. Clerks, bell-boys, maids, men and barkeeper followed the sound to the barber shop. At the door, flying straight into Will's arms, came Patty, a big swipe of lather on one cheek. She looked at Will, at her father, and uttered a glad cry. The frightened barber hurried to explain—he had mistaken her curly head for a customer.

But Patty had forgotten her terror and her sorrows. She continued to embrace impartially Will and her father, leaving big dabs of tear-mixed lather on the coats of each. Will looked ecstatic. An embrace from this Virginia girl was as good as an "I will" before the altar. Suddenly she recovered herself, straightened up and said with dignity: "I thought I warned you not to come."

"But willing to be compared to the fascinating Kentuckians, I have ventured to disobey you; you seem to have succumbed at first sight."

WIFE OF THE NEW JAPANESE AMBASSADOR



Baroness Takahira, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Japan's ambassador to the United States, likes America and the diplomatic life at Washington.

SISTERS ARE BRAVE.

TWO SOUTHERN GIRLS MAY RECEIVE MEDALS.

Julia Bolton, Aged 12, Saves Drowning Companion, While Etta, Age 14, Saves Mail Sack When Tossed Into Stream.

Memphis, Tenn.—For their remarkable acts of bravery, Carnegie hero medals will probably be awarded to Misses Julia and Etta Bolton, aged 12 and 14 years respectively, daughters of H. H. Bolton. They lived near Hattiesburg, having removed recently from Mobile.

Etta and Julia, with Miss Stella Breland, 17 years old, and Miss M. Estlin went swimming in Purvis creek, not far from the Bolton home. Miss Breland suddenly lost control of her limbs and sank. As she went down the second time Miss Estlin cried: "Stella is drowning!"

Julia Bolton dove just as Miss Breland sank for the third time, and caught the drowning girl by her left foot. After a desperate struggle she pulled her friend to the bank, where the other girls helped get her out of the water. Miss Breland was unconscious. Julia Bolton was thoroughly exhausted. Both were taken to the Bolton home, where they were soon joined by the father of Miss Breland.

Etta Bolton was a free rural mail carrier in Alabama when she brought fame upon herself. She was driving her mail wagon across a swollen stream over a rickety bridge. The structure gave way and the girl, horse, wagon and contents were pitched into the turbulent waters.

Miss Bolton swam out, then plunged again into the torrent, and though the current was sweeping her down stream, she removed the harness from the horse, gathered the sacks and pouch under one arm, and, guiding her horse with the other, struggled to the shore. She reported to the post office on foot.

Word of the girl's heroism, when received at Washington, elicited the following letter:

"Miss Etta Bolton, Carrier on R. F. D. Route 1, Mobile, Ala.: Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the 16th ultimo, reporting the finding of the letter box keys lost by you during the recent washout on Bolton's creek.

"Your courage, presence of mind and regard for the safety of the mail in the face of the great danger which confronted you have the commendation of the department. Very respectfully, "C. A. CONRAD, "Acting Fourth Assistant Postmaster General."

When President Roosevelt's attention was called by a Hattiesburg resident to the heroism of Julia Bolton in rescuing her drowning companion, the citizen received the following letter: "The White House, Washington.—

RIVER BOAT USES WIRELESS.

Device Proves Great Aid to Navigating River in Alaska.

Dawson.—The steamer Sarah, which has arrived here from St. Michaels, is perhaps the first stern-wheel steamer in the world to have a wireless equipment. The big packet, which plies between here and St. Michaels, has found that the apparatus is of immense aid not only to herself, but to other vessels on the river.

She was in communication with the wireless station at Circle City before arriving and after leaving that station. The Circle City station is at the head of the Yukon flats, where the river gets very shallow in summer time, and information was sent from the station about shoals and bars which had been reported.

The government telegraph line runs on the banks of the Yukon river for several hundred miles, but not where

My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th instant, with inclosed clipping, has been received. In reply, I would suggest that you communicate with Mr. F. M. Wilnot, secretary of the Carnegie Hero Fund, Pittsburg, Pa., setting forth the facts in the case to which you refer. Yours very truly,

"RUDELPH FOSTER, "Acting Secretary to the President." Since then custodians of the Carnegie Hero Fund have been communicated with in regard to giving each of the Bolton sisters a hero medal. The matter is now under consideration.

OXFORD GRADUATE BEGS JOB.

Lieutenant in Boer War, Hungry, Wants to Wash Dishes.

Cincinnati.—"See, I have just 15 cents—one dime and a nickel. Saturday night my room rent is due. I haven't a friend in the city, sir, and I want work—work of any kind, sir. Washing dishes would do, for I haven't eaten a substantial meal in a week."

This was said to Mayor Markbreit the other day by a tall, gentlemanly young man, smooth shaven, wearing a fancy waistcoat, neat clothing—everything betokening a prosperous man, rather than one on the road to starvation.

"Lambart is my name, sir; Charles E. Kielcoursie-Lambart, Oxford graduate, lieutenant in her majesty's service during the Boer war, cousin of the earl of Cavan, and—but we'll let that pass. I'm not looking for charity; What I want is work."

The mayor will try to find him employment. He told the mayor that he was best man at the duke of Manchester's wedding in 1900. Then he had \$25,000, but horses, wine and women dissipated his fortune.

IS YOUNGEST OF FIREMEN.

Boy of Six Sleeps in Firehouse and Answers All Alarms.

Columbus, Ind.—John Hendricks, six years old, son of Capt. William Hendricks of the local fire department, is probably the youngest "fireman" in the state.

Nothing delights him more than to be allowed to sleep at the firehouse with his father, and when he has any spare time from seeing that the horses are in shape and the wagons ready to go out he practices sliding down the pole which the firemen use when they are on the second floor of the building and an alarm sounds.

One night John was sleeping with his father at headquarters when the gong tapped. He was out of bed like a flash and yelled: "Come on, papa; I'm the first man ready."

He slid down the pole ahead of the members of the department, scrambled to a seat on the hook and ladder wagon, and went to the fire.

Plum Pudding Will Be Scarce.

Washington.—Smyrna figs and raisins for the Christmas plum pudding and fruit cake will probably be scarce and high in price. The Syrians, who make the boxes in which those fruits are sent to this market, are on strike, so Consul-General Harris reported to the state department. He said that the crops are almost ready for packing but there is no sign of a cessation of the strike.

LOVE FREES EXILE

SAMUEL LEFF'S THRILLING ESCAPE FROM RUSSIA.

Fugitive Arrives Safe in New York City, Thanks to Effort of Brave Woman Who Planned Daring Flight.

New York.—"The cunning and vigilance of the Russian soldiers who guard the prisoners in the Siberian mines may be 14-karat, but they couldn't outwit the shrewdness of a little woman who aided me to escape imprisonment there—a little woman who is now my wife and will join me here."

Samuel Leff, 24 years old, now stopping on East One Hundred and Third street, thus started the story of his thrilling escape to a reporter.

"I was a student of chemistry and engineering in a college at Barastow," he said. "Nearly all the students there had witnessed outrages committed by the czar's Cossacks. Jewish women and children were shot down in the street. There was no thought of liberty or even of common humanity among those soldiers, and many of us harbored resentment against them.

"One day, when the soldiers had aimed their guns at a group of women and children, I sprang forward and begged in God's name that no shots be fired. I was promptly arrested and thrown into a dirty hole which the officials genially called a 'cell.' "Then I was sent to Siberia. That was in 1906.

"Miss Mary Rittinger was accustomed to bring food to the political prisoners, of whom I was one. Mary and I fell in love. The guards did not know this. Mary was too shrewd for them. She hatched out a plot with a student friend of mine, also a prisoner, whereby one night we stealthily got over the wall of the prison and got some distance away.

"We were caught—that student friend and myself—and my friend was shot by the guards. I was taken back to prison and tortured. I will not attempt to describe how those soldiers treated me. Just look at me. I guess that'll be enough evidence."

The scars and emaciated appearance of the man seemed to bear out his statement.

"Mary and I were married just after my first unsuccessful attempt to gain liberty. We were married quietly. She also was arrested, and luckily sent to the same part of Siberia where the Russians sent me.

"One day we were sent to pick wood in a forest. We had horses to carry the wood. When the guards were not on the alert we rode away on the animals and finally arrived at a town 300 miles distant, where we had friends.

"On that awful trip, through snow, slush, water and mud, we nearly starved. My wife and I had to go without food. We reached Minsk, where we met revolutionists who heard our story and cared for us. Then my wife and I separated, she taking a different route, but bound for New York, where I also have friends. My wife reached Austria, I learned, after an exciting rush across from Minsk.

"On the boat which bore me to this country there were two Russian spies. I knew them. They knew me. But I also knew that under the American flag I was safe—and here I am."

LOST PIN ODDLY RECOVERED.

Fraternity Badge Travels Far in Old Paper.

Marion, Ind.—Earl R. Hunt of Indianapolis, member of the 1905 class of De Pauw university, lost a Sigma Chi fraternity badge while driving from Greencastle to Cloverdale, in Putnam county, two months ago. The pin has just been found in the "beaters" at the Marion paper mills.

The supposition is that the badge, which was set with opals, was gathered up in old papers which were baled and shipped to the Marion paper plant. The fraternity pin was disposed of by the man who found it to a local jeweler at a nominal price. The pin was placed in the show window, where it was soon discovered by a member of the fraternity and its owner was identified by the name and chapter on the back of the pin.

MANY NEW TOWNS DISCOVERED.

Mexican Commission Locates 7,679 Not Known Of Before.

City of Mexico.—The geographical commission appointed by the government seven years ago to map all of the towns of the country has just made its report.

The commissioners make the astounding statement that they discovered 7,679 towns which were not officially known to exist and which have heretofore had no federal control.

Many of these towns are of considerable size, ranging in population from 5,000 to 15,000 people. Most of them are situated in the remote recesses of the Sierra Madre, far removed from ordinary courses of travel.

Picked Trout from Bushes.

Buffalo Park, Col.—A cloudburst above this place sent a flood down the canyon and caused Buffalo creek to overflow. At Buffalo the water ran over the banks and trout became stranded on the land. A large number of the fish were caught in low bushes along the river banks when the water receded. They were picked off vines and eaten by the people here at the evening meal.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

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SHE GOT HER MAN—HAPPY.

Indian Woman Not Likely to Be Left Far Behind in Life's Battle.

Writing of the famous Dean Kaye of Topeka, in *Suburban Life*, Paul A. Lovewell, says:

"Dean Kaye has had interesting experiences during his sojourns in the wilderness. Once an Indian woman came to his cabin.

"You marry? she asked. "Yes, said the dean, I can marry folks. Have you got a man?"

"Again the woman grunted, and departed. About sundown she returned, dragging with her an apparently abashed and reluctant brute.

"Get him," she remarked, laconically, producing her marriage license. The man knew no English, but the woman prompted him when it became necessary for him to give his assent to the dean's questions. When it was over the squaw paid the minister his fee and led her husband away in triumph."

WHEN YOU GET RICH.

Only Then Are You Appreciated for Your True Worth.

Upton Sinclair, the novelist, was talking about wealth at Lake Placid.

"It is pleasant to be rich," he said. "Nobody can deny that. Many of the pleasures of wealth, though, are false and mistaken ones.

"When I was making my living by the composition of blood and thunder tales for boys—and I could turn out my \$,000 words a day—I knew a pale, beat, ink-stained old chap who wrote love stories.

"His stories did not pay; he was very poor; but an amir died, and suddenly the old fellow found himself a millionaire.

"He saw me one afternoon on Broadway. He stopped his red car and we chatted about old times.

"And is it pleasant to be rich? I asked.

"Yes, it is," he answered, as he lighted a Vuelto Abajas and handed me another. "And do you know what is the pleasantest thing about it? You have an opportunity to make real friends, friends who can understand you. You get at last to know people capable of esteeming you for your own qualities alone. You find, sir, that you are at last appreciated."

Baked Ham.

Cover the ham with cold water and simmer gently just long enough to loosen the skin so that it can be pulled off. This will probably be from two to three hours, according to the size of your ham. When skinned, put in a dripping pan in the oven, pour over it a teaspoon of vinegar and one of hot water, in which dissolve a teaspoon of English mustard. Bake slowly, basting with the liquid, for two hours.

Then cover the ham all over to the depth of one inch with coarse brown sugar, press it down firmly, and do not baste again until the sugar has formed a thick crust, which it will soon do in a slow oven.

Let it remain an hour, after covering with the sugar, until it becomes a rich, golden brown. When done drain from the liquor in the pan and put on a dish to cool. When it is cool, but not cold, press by turning another flat dish on top, with a weight on it. You never will want to eat ham cooked in any other way when you have tasted this, and the pressing makes it cut firmly for sandwiches or slicing.

The International Congress on Tuberculosis will be held in Washington next September. A great exhibition illustrative of what is being done the world around in the fight against the disease will be held in connection with the congress, and the two will continue from September 21 to October 12.