

THE BABY OVER THE WAY

May Riley Smith

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its folds of satin and lace,
I see, with its crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
The throng in the street looks upward,
And everyone, grave or gay,
Has a nod and a smile for the baby,
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,
His chin in his dimpled hands,
And a patch on his faded apron,
The child that I live for stands.
He has kept my heart from breaking
For many a weary day;
And his face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way.

Sometimes, when we sit together,
My grave little man of three
Sore vexes me with the question,
"Does God up in Heaven like me?"
And I say: "Yes, yes, my darling,
Though I almost answer 'Nay,'
As I see the nursery candles
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And loosen the clumsy garments
From his limbs so round and sweet,
I grow too bitter for singing,
My heart too heavy to pray,
As I think of the dainty raiment
Of the baby over the way.



Oh, God in Heaven forgive me
For all I have thought and said!
My envious heart is humbled;
My neighbor's baby is dead!
I saw the little white coffin
As they carried it out today,
And the heart of a mother is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are crowning
My darling's forehead today;
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way!

The Events of a Day.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.
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"By George! but I wish I had a chance to know her! She's about the prettiest girl I ever saw."
Joe Martin ended with a sigh, for although he was not aware of it, he had already taken the first step toward falling desperately in love with Susan Meade.
He had seen her for the first time in his life while walking slowly along a trail that led across the cattle range of western Texas. Hearing a woman's screams, he had turned off to the east a few yards where he had found Miss Meade in great distress.
In reaching out over a little slough, trying to get a choice water lily, she had lost her balance and tumbled into the water. She had quickly regained her footing, but the bank was so high and steep that she could not ascend it. So, drenched from head to foot, and standing in water waist deep, she was compelled to wait for some one to come to her rescue.
When two long hours had passed, and she had called, time and again, without attracting notice, she lost hope and began to wonder if she would have to spend the night there, or whether it was not possible that she might remain there until she died of starvation. Just as she had succeeded in conjuring up the very gloom-



Joe Appeared on the Bank.

lest of prospects, and was having a hard struggle to keep back her tears, Joe Martin appeared on the bank above her.
She looked up at him with mingled feelings of joy, shame and anger. It was joyful to know that a rescuer was at hand, but she was too womanly to forget for an instant the sad spectacle she presented in her drenched condition, and the faint trace of a smile she saw on his lips angered her.
Reaching down toward her he commanded her to give him her hands, and she hesitatingly obeyed, and the next moment he drew her up to his own level.
"I hope you are not hurt," he said, looking at her anxiously.
"Not in the least," she replied, shrinking before his gaze. "I am very well now, and aged not trouble you

further. I am very grateful to you for your kindness."
"Which means," he said, "that I may go as soon as I like."
"Don't feel that I am ungrateful and unappreciative," she answered. "But you—"
"I know," he said. "It is your appearance. I am not cruel enough to take any notice of that. Isn't there some other service I could render you? Can't I see you to your home?"
"I thank you, but I prefer to go alone."
"Then I'll bid you good day."
"Good day."
As Joe continued on his way he recalled her features, and the more he thought of her the more eagerly he wished that he might know her. She, too, thought of him and wished she might know him.
"But it can never be," he said to himself, "for tomorrow I leave for my home, back East."
"Perhaps I shall meet him again," she said to herself, "for one can never tell what may happen."
She was right. One can never tell what may happen. Joe discovered the truth of those words sooner than might have been expected. And he discovered it in a way not to be readily forgotten.
He had gone but a short distance when he met a man on horseback. The man had been riding hard, for his horse was wet with sweat and was well blown.
"Are you going to town, stranger?" he called eagerly, bringing his horse to a stop.
"I am," Joe replied. "Why?"
"I thought you might be willing to do me a favor," the other answered quickly.
"Certainly. What is it?"
"My brother has just been severely hurt and must have the attentions of a doctor at once. There is no one with him and I hate to leave him alone, so I thought if you would just take my horse and ride to town you could send the doctor out."
It all seemed reasonable enough to Joe, so he consented to the arrangement.
"Just leave the horse at a stable there," the man added, "and tell the doctor that it's at Hi Blenkins he's wanted."
"All right," Joe replied, swinging himself into the saddle, as soon as the other had vacated it.
"And remember that there's no time to waste," the man said, "for it is a matter of life and death."
It was a matter of life and death, but in a different way to that which Joe suspected. He understood something of this, however, when ten minutes later he rode full tilt into a gang of cowboys and found himself stopped with a dozen pistols pointed at his head.
While he sat staring amazedly at the cowboys, wondering what their conduct meant, one of their number remarked dryly:
"Powful 'commodat'n' of you to come right to us, young feller, 'stead o' havin' us chase you all over the prairie. Saves us a heap o' trouble. Don't 'pear lack it shows much good judgment on yo' part, though."
"What do you mean?" Martin managed to gasp. "What are you talking about?"
"Oh, nothin' partic'lar. You jest go

long up to the ranch with us and we'll explain matters there."
"But I can't go to the ranch. I'm in a great hurry. I am going to get a doctor for a man who's badly hurt."
The cowboy grinned dryly.
"Oh, the man ain't hurt yet," he said, but he will be pretty soon, and when he is, he won't need no doctor. Doctors ain't no use to hoss thieves when once we git our hands on 'em."
"Hoss thieves! What are you— why you are mad!"
"Talkin' 'bout you. That happens to be our horse you are riding, and as you didn't buy him it stands to reason you stole him."
"But I did nothing of the kind. It's a lie."
And then Martin told how he came to have the horse in his possession, but the cowboys only shook their heads and smiled incredulously. "You can tell that to the boss when we get to the ranch," one of them said. "Mebby he'll believe it. Mebby so."
Joe perforce accompanied the cowboys to the ranch. There they were met by the owner, a young man of good appearance, and to him Joe told his story, hoping it would be believed. However, when he had finished, the other slowly shook his head and replied:
"You tell a very plausible story, but I am a little afraid to believe it. I am fearful I can't do anything for you, but I will think it over. In the meantime we will hold you. Go into that room there."
Martin went into the room indicated and sat down in a dejected attitude. It was bad enough for a young man of irreproachable character to be suspected of such a crime as horse-stealing, but that was nothing compared to the prospect of being hung to the nearest tree. He had not been in Texas long, being only there for an outing, but he knew that a horse thief, and sometimes those who were merely suspected of the crime, were summarily dealt with there.
He had been sitting so for a long time when suddenly a woman's voice broke a deathlike stillness, and he raised his head to listen.
"Oh, Rob," she cried, "I have just had the greatest experience! It would have been perfectly lovely under other circumstances."
"It must have been lovely anyway, judging by your appearance. You look as though you'd been wallowing in a pond."
"I have. Not wallowing, exactly, but I fell in, and the handsomest, sweetest young man came along and pulled me out. Oh, dear! I wish I could know him."
Rob was silent and thoughtful for a little while, then he said:
"Would you know the man, sister, if you were to see him again?"
"Of course. But I shall never see him. More's the pity."
"Did he have a horse?"
"Not then. But I saw a man give him one, or sell it to him, or something, directly after he left me. But why do you ask that?"
Robert Meade, the owner of the ranch, took his sister to Martin, and, of course, she recognized him at a glance. Then Meade understood the whole situation. The horse thief, finding himself too hard pressed by the cowboys, put Martin in possession of the horse to throw the suspicion on him.
Martin not only established his innocence and regained his liberty, but



What Do You Mean?

he became a guest at the ranch, and finally bought an interest in the business and stopped permanently.
He never forgot his experience of that day, and he never regretted it, either, for otherwise he would likely never have won Susan for his wife.

Won Race with Tornado.

The engineer on a Burlington freight train from Juniata to Hastings, Neb., had an exciting race with a small tornado the other day and won. The wind picked up a large barn and carried it straight toward the train for a distance of a hundred yards. The engineer saw his peril, put on full steam and an exciting race followed, but the wind changed its course before reaching the track.

Nurse Inherits \$300,000.

Mrs. Ethel Castello, a nurse in the family of J. H. Bostwick of Kalamazoo, Mich., has received a letter bearing the news that by the death of her late husband's uncle she will receive a legacy of \$300,000. The uncle was Martinez del Pino Castello, a wealthy diamond merchant of Honduras. He had also given \$200,000 to charitable institutions.

A Huge White Affair.

An odd hat just turned out by an artistic milliner was a huge white affair, with a very slight indication of a crown, bordered with a wreath of blue ribbon loops, and having hydrangeas, a pet flower of fashion, under the brim.



The STORY of MONTE CARLO

The object of this article is to show the demoralizing effect of gambling. The craving to get something without honest, hard work can never be the true foundation on which to build a successful career. Gaming is seen in its most vivid phase at Monte Carlo. No thinking man can witness the play there without realizing the utter emptiness and folly of it. Even mathematical statistics show that every player must sooner or later lose his all if he continues to gamble, and with his losses his self-respect also goes.—Ed.

Five million dollars per annum, or nearly so, have been realized during the past few years from the gambling tables at Monte Carlo. Let it be stated briefly how the gambling tables were taken there. Francois Blanc was father to the schemes which have completely transformed this natural beauty spot of the Riviera into an earthly paradise, and centralized in the picturesque little principality all the luxuries and comforts, as well as all the vices that belong to mankind at the beginning of the twentieth century. But there were gambling tables at Monte Carlo long before Pere Blanc arrived. As far back as 1853 the late

2,000. Then the bank in Nice, which had always financed the Casino, got a large number, and several politicians and Paris journalists who helped to assist the affair were favored with the paper. Altogether about half the shares were distributed in this way, the rest were offered to the public.

A Gambling Enterprise That Rules a Principality.

As Pere Blanc remarked: "He who breaks the bank to-day will be broken by the bank to-morrow." The winner at Monte Carlo returns to make a little more; the loser returns to try to get his money back again. And so, in the end, the bank wins.

Let us now proceed to the debit side of the Casino account. To take the items of expenditure in the order given upon the balance-sheet, of a recent year, we note first the \$250,000 paid annually to the Prince of Monaco, under the contract, for the concession to carry on the gambling business in the principality. When Prince Albert "came to the throne" in 1889, he was credited with a desire to close the Casino, and thus, by wiping out the stain which his father had laid upon it, restore the prestige of the ancient House of Grimaldi. The Princess (who was the Duchess of Richelieu, nee Mile, Heine) was also anxious to range herself among the crowned heads of Europe. But Prince Albert looked from his palace across the Bay of Hercules toward the gilded minarets of the Casino, and found himself powerless.

Theoretically Prince Albert is as absolute a monarch as the Czar; practically he is as impotent as the deposed African king, and is held just as much in bondage. The Principality

of Monaco is entirely governed and controlled by the bank, and if Prince Albert were to attempt to break the contract it "might cost him his crown!" Financially such a step would be much against his interests, seeing that, in addition to the \$250,000 which he receives from the concession, he gets revenue upon 5,000 shares, and on this his average profit amounts to \$200,000 per annum. Altogether the income of the Prince of Monaco cannot be less than the comfortable revenue of \$750,000 a year.

Agreeable Friends.

I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies.—Petrarch.

Books as Levelers.

In the best books, great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own



The Casino.

Prince Charles granted a thirty years' concession to a company with a capital of \$500,000 to carry on the gambling business.

Pere Blanc, who was a man of the French bourgeois type, simple in his habits, but clever and strong-headed in finance, died on July 27th, 1877, leaving a fortune of nearly \$35,000,000; and this notwithstanding the immense sums that were spent during his remarkable career upon his several gambling establishments.

The Casino was carried on for the Blanc family by Count Bertora (who aspired to marry the old man's widow) until the original concession expired, in 1882. In October of that year he was successful in concluding another thirty years' contract with Prince Charles for a consideration of \$250,000 per annum from the profits of the gambling and 5,000 shares in the new company which it was then decided to form.

The statutes of this the existing company are dated December 14, 1882; they were approved and signed by Prince Charles on March 15, 1883; and in them are embodied all the conditions of the original concession, certain modifications being made to meet the requirements demanded by the new management.

A Close Corporation with \$6,000,000 Capital.

The capital of the concern was fixed at \$6,000,000, divided into 60,000 shares of \$100 each, to bear a fixed interest at the rate of 5 per cent, or \$5 per annum, payable after the half-yearly meeting in November and a dividend upon the profits of the gambling of the year—the amount to be divided by the directors at the annual meeting in April. A clause was inserted in the statutes to the effect that, in order to be able to take part in these meetings, a shareholder must own at least 200 of the shares, or \$20,000 worth of the Casino stock; and, when the allotment was made, good care was taken that only members and friends of the Blanc family should be permitted to take up this number, so that the control of the concern should remain in the hands of their little coterie. Some years ago, however, all that was changed; and the paternal Blanc-Bertora administration gave place to another of a very different character, with two Paris bankers at its head.

Five thousand shares were, as already stated, given to the Prince of Monaco; Prince Radziwill took 4,800; Prince Roland Bonaparte, 4,000; M. Edmond Blanc, 4,200; M. Camille Blanc, 4,000; Count Bertora, 2,000; the Wagatha family, related to the Blancs,



The Large Gambling Room in the Casino.

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Found Guineas to Lose Them.

One of the most cruel stories that we have read for a long while is that of the remarkable find of guineas, some 50 in number, by two little girls at play in a garden of the village of Ludington, near Goole, in Lincolnshire.

It is a fine marshy country that conceals excellently well any secret committed to its keeping. Here these little girls found one of the guineas lying on the grass and called their mother. The soil was dug up, when about fifty were discovered. At this very pleasant point in the story, the inevitable marplot of all children's best devices swoops down in the shape of the police and the law, claiming the guineas as "treasure trove" for the crown. The guineas were in a fine state of preservation. Their date is 1774 and later, and no doubt they must have belonged to some former owner of the house, pulled down last year, which stood in the garden where the little girls found the guineas of which the hard law despoiled them.—Country Life.

Sideways for Bicycles.

The New York statutes authorizing the construction and maintenance of side paths for the use of bicycles along public roads and streets and for use of such paths by persons riding bicycles have been declared constitutional by the supreme court, appellate divi-

time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. . . . Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart.—Channing.

King's "Standoffishness."

The prediction that the king would follow the example of his ancestor, Henry V., daily finds fresh confirmation. Since his accession he has developed a "standoffishness" towards his old intimates, which is little short of startling. Intimations that he will not in the future dine or sup with a subject have caused endless heartburnings. "Favorite" is to be an unknown word in his court, according to present calculation.—London cable.

Patriarchal Lawmakers.

Senators Hoar, Stewart, Pettus and Morgan are a patriarchal group in the upper house at Washington, but they are overtopped in age by the dean of the British house of lords. Lord Gwydyr has just completed his ninety-first year. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1831.

Miss Lucy C. Coolidge recently received the largest vote ever cast for one person in Portland, Me. She was on all tickets as a candidate for the school board and got 8,413 votes.