Her Art—Or Heart? London's Oldest Custom Relic of

By CATHERINE COOPE

"Haven't I already promised to love,

"Well, I must be off. Come and kiss

Julia went and stood within the cir-

The girl, left alone, threw herself

When Leon left his wife he turned

places he had seen in his dreams for

I was terrible to buy only one tick-

et. The pleasure of traveling had been

traveling companions were few. Leon

There was no one to rhapsodize

with; there was no one to grumble

with and-there was no one to talk

Home and the thoughts of home be-

great chair in the living room at Wil-

son Manor, his pipe and tobacco were

always there. He thought many times

of his big clean bed with its sheets

that smelled of lavender. Most of all

he wanted to sit in his own dining

room and watch Julia pour him a cup

Some five or six weeks later, hav-

ing come by the quickest route from

the interior of Japan a man alighted

from the train as it steamed into the

station at Wilsonville. The long sta-

tion bus was discernible in the dark-

ness and the man sprang eagerly to-

Before the lank horses started off

another passenger crept into the bus.

Wilson could see that it was a

The wheels rumbled on through the

darkness and finally drew up at the

huge entrance posts at Wilson Manor.

The horses would have turned in,

"I'll walk up through the grounds."

He spoke shortly because the sight of

the old tree lined drive had made

He swung off through the winding

His suitcase dropped on the road-

tle panting figure had tumbled into

"Julia - sweetheart!" he breathed.

"How in the world-" He could only

"I dropped my bag down by the

enough to catch up with you-I came

Her voice halted, but he still look-

"I couldn't stand Parls any longer

"Leon," she asked quickly, "do you

He felt for the hand with its two

"The lights are beckoning-aren't

Fair Offer.

to have her rights at any cost, and

when she was hauled up before the

justice of the peace for exceeding the

speed limit she demanded to be repre-

sented by counsel. "I just tell you one

thing, judge," she said, whacking the

table with her right hand, "I'd rather

pay a lawyer \$25 than give this court

\$10 for a fine." "All right, madam,"

said the judge. "I'm th' only lawyer

hereabouts, and if ye'll jest hand over

that \$25 I'll guarantee to appear be-

fore myself and get ye off."-Harper's

Too Suggestive.

of proceedings at a colored church

conference states that a large collec-

"That is a word which should never

"It starts a 'pusson' to thinking

He-Brown says he's mad enough to

She-Will he go home and lick her?

He-No, he'll stay downtown and

Its Urgent Need.

"One which will work."

"What kind of labor bill does your

deep thoughts about a chicken roost."

His Usual Way.

"I see where the newspaper report

She was strong-minded and meant

rings and his own closed over it.

"Without-?" he prompted.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"Shall we go home now?"

but Leon Wilson sprang lightly out,

of Mammy Jane's black coffee.

ward It.

woman.

speech hard,

him a second time.

his arms.

in the bus."

without-"

love anyone?"

they, Leon?"

Weekly.

tion was 'lifted.' "

have been used."

party want?"

"No?"

ed down at her.

afraid of the shadows!"

gaze down into her eyes.

was desperately lonesome.

down on the couch and sobbed out her

tears and set to work with a will,

cle of his arms and he drew her close

"Julia, just be sensible and reason Julia with tears in her voice. "And this thing out with me." Leon Wil- promise you will do the same." son, astride a chair gazed over folded arms at the girl. "You want to honor and obey?" he chided lightly for follow-a career and I haven't a de- the tears were very near. aire in the world to marry and never will have. Why not go through the your husband goodby!" he commarriage ceremony with me? Come manded. -be sensible."

'It was a perfectly detestable thing to do-to make such a will." Julia into them. "Now, be good to yourself-and study hard." He turned and was was on the verge of tears. "Uncle Harry might have known I would foltow my art without his money!"

'That's just ft," expostulated Leon. The old man hated careers and he knew that you couldn't study without loneliness. Paris without Leon, Paris money-and you can't Julia. You can't with only work ahead seemed a very ters and all that sort of thing without money and if you are not married by the end of next week you are penniless into all the booking offices be passed and I get all the money. It puts and purchased tickets to Rome and St. me in a mighty mean position-espe- Petersburg and Berlin and all the cially when we are such good pals."

"I know-but-we don't love each many years past, other-that way," cried Julia.

"That's the joy of the whole arrangehis chair. "If we did, it would be to buy a ticket for. During the long goodby to career, goodby to mp trip journeying, Leon managed to pick up around the world and goodby to the an occasional friend, but occasional themselves there in 1184. freedom we both love."

"You are putting it rather sensibly," admitted Julia, "But-you may fall in love some day and then-"

"Never! Living all my life with so perfect a specimen has made me indifferent from the ordinary woman." He turned frank, serious eyes toward her. Uncle dld me the greatest turn of my life when he picked a little waif out of the snow and gave her to me for a sister. Do you think I am going to let an old man's foibles stand in the way of your desire? If you were in love with some one and thinking of marrying in time to save the money it would be all right, but you are not-are you?"

"No," laughed Julia,

"Good! We can be married immediately as the will demands and thenwe can drop each other at the first lamp post," he added lightly. "It is a good idea," admitted Julia,

"but I still feel that I am stepping between you and happiness."

"Rot!" Leon's tone satisfied her. "In another minute I would will this beautiful old Wilson Manor and give the money to a home for stray mice. Just because Uncle Harry was jilted by a girl who chose a career instead of him and a family I see no reason why he should seek to cut you off."

"Perhaps be expected that clause in the will to make me settle down with a husband and family," Julia laughed.

"Then it's settled! Julia, you are a

"So are you," echoed Julia. "Settle the bargain!"

He leaned over and they kissed each other-a kiss void of tremor.

"Eloping would save a lot of embarrassment," Leon suggested. "We can gend the certificate back to the lawyer, and he will fix you up with the

'Half of it," corrected Julia. "But I didn't know you were coming with me.

He raised his surprised eyebrows.

"My dear Julia! Do you want all the villagers to know the conditions of our marriage? Certainly I will escort you to Paris-I suppose that's your destination-and from there I will start on my Joyous trip. We are both sick of this place—the conditions of the will are really a blessing to each of us. If the break hadn't come this way we might have hung on at the old place for another decade."

"Yes, and we couldn't have lived in this house together, anyway," laughed Julia, "and wouldn't the place seem terrible-with one of us gone?"

"It could be. Our marriage is doubly sensible." Leon gazed reminiscently about the old-fashioned sitting room. We will leave old Mammy Jane in charge while we are away." He turned and faced Julia. "There is a full moon-are you game to elope tomorrow night? We can sail Saturday and I am sure you would rather get a trousseau in Paris than in Wilsonville,"

"You forget-I don't need a trousпови."

Leon looked uncomprehendingly at her, and a slow blush mounted her cheeks.

"That's so," he laughed, quickly. Well, I must be off to get the rings. They are to be thick and broad so that none of those French guys will try to filrt with my wife."

The word sounded strange in Julia's ears and she would have called him back, but he was gone.

The following evening they slipped off and were quietly married. A trip to France was filled with keen enjoyment nor was it marred by embarrassment at their unique position. It was more a continuation of the life they had always led.

The day of parting arrived. It was raining and gloomy. Leon went to Julia's studio in the Latin Quarter.

"Remember, Julia-1? you are over tonesome or if you have the slightest desire to marry-just telegraph me, In the former case I will come to cheer you and in the second-we will look into an annulment of our marriage. It

is all very simple." "You are an old dear," murmured

HORN DINNER CALL

Benchers, Barristers and Students Summoned by Ancient Method-Recalls Days When Clocks and Watches Were Unknown.

London.-Nowhere do old customs cling more firmly than in the ancient seat of legal learning, the Middle Temple, London, which still jealously guards the traditions it has inherited.

To the present-day benchers, barristers and students are summoned to dinner each evening during term time by the blowing of a horn-a custom which has survived on this spot since the romantic days of the crusaders. Every evening at 5:30 during the three weeks of the legal terms, a warder, in gold-braided uniform, procures the go abroad and study under good mas- dreadful place to Julia. She dried her ox horn from the strong room of the Middle Temple, and proceeding to the famous fountain in Fountain court, summons the members to dinner by blowing a blast on this primitive in-

strament. He then visits each court in turn, according to ancient custom, and many a bencher throws up his window to listen to the sound of the winding ment." Leon jumped excitedly from diminished by one-half with no Julia horn, which has been heard continuously in these precincts since the time when the Knights Templar established

Its use recalls the days when clocks and watches were unknown, and the voice of the watchman, calling out the time, was a familiar sound through the night watches. Sun dials were then the only guides the people possessed as to the flight of time, and came an obsession. He longed for the of these more than one still survives,



Summoning Lawyers to Dinner.

lane on which the trees cast weird with its quaint motto, on the walls shadows. When the lights from the of the Temple buildings. It is to the living room gleamed through the fo- sworn enemies of the Knights Temliage the refrain of "Home, Sweet plar, the Saracens, oddly enough, that Home," burst from his lips-nor did as we do, indeed, the greater part of he hear the voice that had called to our mathematical knowledge as well.

When the Templars founded their "Leon! Leon! Wait for me-I am new monastery between Whitefriars and Essex house in the Strand, the latter was, as its name implies, merely way as he turned swiftly but a lit- a beach beside the silver Thames, and | tree that grows has so small a geoall around was open country, the site graphic range as the Torrey pine. of the present law courts being a large field which was used as a tilting this species of pine in the world. One ground by the knights. In later days, is about 18 miles north of San Diego, the settlement of the Knights Tem- group. It is evident that the Torrey gate," she panted, "so I could run fast | plar, the students, who were resident | pine, like the glant redwoods of the in the Temple, were dependent on its Sierras and the Monterery cypress, is kitchen for their daily meals. After a & relic of a past geological epoch. hurried breakfast in the buttery at law books, and wander off along the Here the trees are found close to the Strand, where, in summer time, they ocean, on a rugged and inhospitable lay under the trees and bushes study- coast, where they are swept alternateing law. Some would row across the river to the Surrey fields, and wander

through the open country. Half an hour before dinner the panyer man, who drew the daily supply of bread every morning from Westminster, used to take a large ox horn and walk along the river's side, blowing the horn as a signal to the student's to return to the temple for

dinner. The panyer man, who was formerly charged with the duty of winding the horn, had also to provide the hall with mustard, pepper and vinegar, his annual wages in 1638 amounting to \$26. Other useful members of the staff were the chief wash pot and the under wash pot, the chief turn broach, the steward's servant and under turn spit; the last named receiving \$6 a year.

The horn now in use in the Middle Temple posseses no antiquarian interest in itself, dating back only some ten years. It was brought over from the Argentine by one of the members shortly before it was found necessary to discontinue the use of the old one. "Ye horn of ye Middle Temple" had become so decrepit, through age and constant use, that the weird and fancy sounds it emitted were calculated to bring it into ridicule. It had become a mass of silver bands, which had been added from time to time to keep it together, and close up the cracks in its sides. But in spite of these bands the air still escaped so freely that the warder who blew it had to place a wet handkerchief over the horn every

time he used it. So the ancient horn, which had sounded the welcome summons to dinner in term for generations, was placed on the retired list, and now it with the rest of the Middle Temple's death was due solely to a broken proud display of silver plate.

EGYPT'S MUMMIFIED MONKEYS

Some Specimens of the Hideous Objects Found in the Tomb of Amenhotep II.

Boston, Mass.-It is no strange thing for a man to have household pets chosen from among the numberless forms of life in the animal world, but his attachment is seldom so great as to result in the preservation of their bodies after death, as was done by some of the ancient rulers of

Possibly the man of today who erects a monument to mark the last resting place of his pet dog would gladly follow in the foosteps of the Egyptian by preserving the remains



Mummified Monkeys of Egypt.

of various other pets, if he knew how, It is much better that he does not possess this knowledge. For one thing, the country would be more or less littered up with animal mummies, and we have about all the junk we can consistently care for as it is.

When Amenophis, or Amenhotep II. succeeded his father, Thotmes III., on the throne of Egypt in 1814 B. C., he was destined to a short reign. It was a lively one, however, for he took Nineveh by assault and conquered the Ethiopians. Some writers even identify him with Memnon, who fought in the Trojan war. One would scarcely expect so active a warrior to spend much of his time in fondling pets about the palace, yet this King was very fond of monkeys and enjoyed having many of them around him during his reign of about a dozen years. This has been proven in recent years by the finding in his tomb of their mummified remains.

Other curious contents of the tomb were mummified ducks and chickens, but it is not likely these were considered as pets by this old-time ruler. These latter were preserved in wooden vessels, carved to represent the bird they contained in this old tomb, the oddest finds in this old tomb, however, was a vessel containing honey, which had retained its deliclous flavor all these thousands of years since Amenhotep II. himself was laid away amid such strange surcoundings.

. A look at the picture, showing some of his companions, impels one to wonier if the King's slumber was ever broken by any strange or fantastic dreams.

PINES RELICS OF DIM PAST

There Are Now but Two Small Groves of the Torrey Species in the World.

San Diego, Cal.—Possibly no other There are but two small groves of when the men of law had taken over Cal., and the other is on Santa Rosa

The grove north of San Diego is the eight o'clock they would take their largest of the two that still exist,



The Torrey Pine.

ly by the westerly winds off the Pacific, and by hot blasts from the deserts in the interior. Probably it is owing to this situation that the trees are dwarfed in size, and that most of them are grotesque and fantastic in shape

When planted in favorable regions, the Torrey pines grow tall and straight, and grow very rapidly. They are of little value for the purpose of the lumberman, and are not often planted except for shade and ornamental purposes.

Dies of a Broken Heart.

Hempstead, L. I.-Extreme grief over the tragic fate of her little girl caused Mrs. Kate Bleowski to die of a broken heart. Last week the little one was fatally burned at a bonfire in front of her home here and as she was carried into the house the mother collapsed. She remained in a semionly sees the light on grand nights in | conscious condition until her death, hall, when it is placed on the table The attending physician says that her heart.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

PROSECUTED THE M'NAMARAS



In the quest of the "men higher up," said to be involved in the Los Angeles dynamiting plot that resulted in the confession of the McNamara brothers, John D. Fredericks, district attorney, is pretty certain to be a looming figure,

All through the trial of the brothers Mr. Fredericks showed an unmistakable brand of judgment and energy. He and his associates were opposed by the cleverest counsel that could be obtained, but the trial was a regular progress of victories for the prosecution, even before the later stages, when outside events began to undermine the case of the defense. Added to Mr. Fredericks' legal acumen is a large fund of personal popularity in California

In addition to being a stern and rather uncompromising individual, Mr. Fredericks is a man of imagination and distinctive sentiment. A little more than a year ago, when he

attended a meeting of the Los Angeles "Votes for Women" club. Mr. Fredericks was invited to attend and speak on "Woman's Sphere on Politics," which he did, but first he got into the program in a very unexpected manner when the members were asked to sing a sort of parody on "America," Mrs. Bertha Wilkins Starkweather declining to sing the recognized version on the ground that America was not the "land of liberty." She proposed a substitute which called for women's votes and other things before admitting the land of liberty clause,

"You are making history here tonight," Mr. Fredericks protested, "in refusing to sing the national anthem. You are asking the right to vote, but you'll never get it by that sort of tactics. I am in favor of giving you suffrage, but you'll never get my vote by that attitude. There is a feeling in your attitude that the whole world will resent."

That was a poser to most of the women, who speedly "reconsidered," and the real arthem was read aloud and then sung with enthuslasm—although there was a pretty strong "No" vote on the motion,

TELLS OF CHINESE HORRORS

Gradually the horror of the present outbreak in unnappy China is being brought home to us as the news sifts through the press censor's fingers by way of private letters from officials and missionaries who are in the midst of the turmoil and bloodshed. To the friends here who receive such letters details of the tragedy of war are brought home with stunning force.

Dr. Joseph Beech, whose portrait is here shown, is one of those who, through no act of their own, are on the firing line, so to say, in the rebel-

lious provinces of China. In a letter to a friend here in America Dr. Beech describes his experiences after the outbreak against the Manchu dynasty and declares that the suffering there is beyond description. He states that over 6,000 persons were ruthlessly slaughtered, while many women and girls committed suicide at Chentu, West China,

where he is connected with the Chentu Methodist Episcopal College,

He was still penned up there with the refugees in Chentu when the letter was written, but this letter was smuggled through the disturbed area in some manner and found its way to the friend here, who has made known its

WINNER OF A NOBLE PRIZE



Prof. Wilhelm Weln, whose picture appears herewith, was recently awarded the Noble prize for Physics. Professor Wein is only 47 years old. He studied at the University of Gottingen, Heidelburg and Berlin, and is the author of a number of books on Roentgen rays, hydrodynamics and electricity.

The awarding of the Nobel prizes is an annual occasion of great interest throughout the world. It takes place on the anniversary of the death of the founder of the fund, Alfred Bernhard Nobel. The fund amounts to over \$8,000,000 and the five prizes closely approximate \$40,000 each. Those for physics and chemistry are awarded by the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, that for medicine by the Caralus Institute of Stockholm, and the literary prize by the Swedish Academy. The peace prize is awarded annually at Christiania, Norway, by a committee of five chosen from

the Norwegian Storthing.

Others receiving awards were: For chemistry, Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie, famous for being with her husband the co-discoverer of radium. For medicine, Prof. Allvar Gullstrand, of Upsala University in Sweden. For literature, Maurice Macterlinck. For peace, Prof. T. M. C. Asser, of the Netherlands, and Alfred Fried, an Austrian editor, who divide the prize between

PUTS CONVICTS ON HONOR

An interesting experiment in the humane treatment of convicts has met with the success that it deserves and its author, Governor West, of Oregon, at first regarded as a sentimental enthusiast on prison reform, is now receiving the plaudits of those who would be doing something for the "under dog."

Salem is the center for a number of the state institutions, all of which have considerable tillable ground surrounding them-hundreds of acres of rich arable valley land ready to return to its cultivators abundant harvests of golden wheat. It was Governor West's self-imposed task to bring to this work the hundreds of strong, naturally active men shut up in the penitentiary, and at the same time to establish a system

which would be of mutual benefit to the state and to the convict. The governor declares that sentiment had nothing whatever to do with the "honor system."



The system has worked admirably whether the men have been employed at farming, roadmaking, brickmaking or in the shops. The men are forgetting earlier lessons in law-breaking and learning fresh ones in citizenship.