

Companions in Misery

By Edmund Moberly

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The quarrel was short, but decisive. "I don't want you to think me unduly captious, Fred; but I must say that you have been exhibiting more fondness for Anita Ferguson this evening than is becoming in an engaged man," said Miss Helen Stagg, with as much calmness as she could muster.

"Nonsense, Helen. We've been having a little good-natured fun, but neither of us has for a moment lost sight of the fact that she is engaged to Harry French and I am engaged to you," replied Frederick Drayton.

"Well, if you haven't lost sight of it, you've both managed to keep it pretty well in the background," retorted Miss Stagg. "Your good-natured fun, as you call it, seems to me to be in very poor taste, and I must insist that you, for your part, discontinue it."

"That is unjust, Helen—and, furthermore, I don't concede that your position as my betrothed carries with it the right to make such a demand."

"Oh, you don't!" exclaimed Miss Stagg in angry surprise. "If that is your view, you may enjoy yourself with Miss Ferguson to your heart's content. You need not feel hampered by our engagement; for it has ceased to exist."

"You mean that, Helen?"

"Every word."

A partner claimed Miss Stagg for the next dance. She whirled away on his arm, and Drayton, somewhat bewildered by the suddenness of it all, passed slowly out of the door into the friendly darkness of the club-house veranda.

As he approached a secluded corner at the far end, he observed that someone was already there. In the darkness he could see a dim, white figure reclining disconsolately in the depths of a settee.

"Is that you, Fred?" came from the settee.

"Why, Anita!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing out here alone in the dark?"

"I find the darkness very friendly just now."

"Why?" he asked, seating himself by her side.

"I've just had a blow," she replied wearily.

"Is it something I may know?"

"Yes; it is simply this: I am no longer the future Mrs. French. Harry and I have broken our engagement."

"Whew!" ejaculated Drayton. "It seems to be in the air this evening."



"Oh, You Don't!"

Less than ten minutes ago Helen informed me that ours had ceased to exist.

"She didn't, Fred!"

"Oh, but she did—and all on account of you. She declared that I showed more fondness for you than was becoming in an engaged man, and demanded that I comport myself more in accordance with her ideas of decorum. I questioned her right to make such a demand, and bing!—the engagement was off and Helen was out in the middle of the floor waltzing with Tommy Osborne before I could get my breath."

The girl's flatness fled, and she suddenly sat erect.

"Our conduct this evening seems to have been dreadfully improper, Fred. It is likewise at the bottom of my trouble. To begin with, Harry has never liked you very much, as you must know."

"I confess I have never been scorched by the warmth of his regard," responded Drayton.

"Well, tonight, when he saw us having a good time, it made him simply rabid. He said a lot of mean, sarcastic things about you, and finally informed me that I was too feather-brained ever to attain the dignity and responsibility fitting in one presiding over a domestic establishment. I retorted that he need give himself no worry; for I would never preside over him—and then I somehow managed to find my way out here."

"And here we are, companions in misery," said Drayton, with forced

lightness. "What shall we do—hunt them up and say we're sorry?"

"I will not say I'm sorry," declared Miss Ferguson.

"Well, then, shall we make them say they're sorry?"

"Do you think we could?" she asked eagerly.

"Surely. They'll both say they're sorry inside of a month, if we carry out a little plan I have."

"Explain, please."

"It's simply this: You and I must become temporarily engaged. Beginning with this evening—right now, I will devote myself to you assiduously. In a week or two we will allow it to become rumored that we are engaged. That will do the trick. I know already how French will act. At first he will run around in circles and emit loud cries, but finally he will come to you and ask forgiveness for the sins of the past."

"And I know just how Helen will act," said the girl with a laugh. "She will at first retire into a shell of icy disdain, but in the end she will feel that it is her duty to rescue you from my clutches, and then she will unbend sufficiently to admit that she was a trifle hasty, perhaps. It's a fine plan, Fred; let's try it."

"Then we are temporarily engaged," he said, extending his hand.

"Yes," she replied, giving it a warm clasp.

During the remainder of the evening, the conduct of Anita and Fred evoked much comment. The manner in which he monopolized her, and her apparent enjoyment of it, was a near-scandal to those who knew them well.

In the days that followed Fred gave a perfect imitation of a devoted lover, and Anita enacted the role of a happy fiancée with splendid realism. It was rumored they were engaged. Their friends gasped.

And then their prophecies were fulfilled.

"Well, Harry has come to time," said Anita one evening when Fred was calling on her. "He did precisely what you said he'd do. He was here this afternoon, pleaded guilty to high crimes and misdemeanors, and asked to be forgiven for the same."

"And you?" he asked eagerly.

"I told him I must have time to consider."

"Helen also has deigned to admit that her anger might have been unjust," said Drayton. "I had a note from her yesterday. I haven't answered yet. I suppose that our sham engagement, now that it has served its purpose, is at an end."

"I suppose so."

"I suppose there is nothing left but to overlook their past transgressions and receive them with open arms," he continued.

"I suppose so," she answered dully.

"Are you glad?"

"No; I'm not!" he exclaimed. "To be truthful, Nita, there isn't going to be any reconciliation between Helen and me."

"Fred, you can't mean it!"

"I do, though," he said, rising and pacing the floor. "After the last few weeks with you, Nita, returning to Helen would be like going into cold-storage for the balance of my life. I know there is no chance for me; but before I go out of your life and French comes back in, I want to tell you that I love you. That's why I haven't answered Helen's note."

The girl rose and advanced until she stood before him. She colored warmly, but smiled bravely into his eyes.

"There is a chance for you, Fred—a big chance," she said slowly. "Harry can never come back into my life, if you wish to remain."

"You mean our sham betrothal may become real?" he demanded, almost roughly, as he caught her to him.

"It is real, Fred, dear," she whispered, hiding her face upon his shoulder.

HIS ONE GREAT ADVANTAGE

Bachelor Is Free to Get Married at Any Time If He Wants To!

The advantages of being a bachelor are so many that their mere number is confusing. While one is lolling around in the midst of them, so to speak, this confusion may be disastrous, for it is just in these moments that one is most likely to fall in love with some one. Let us, therefore, dwell on only one advantage as being paramount to all of the others.

This advantage then, is that a bachelor is always free to marry if he wants to. Think of it! There is no other condition like it!

For example, if you are once married, you are then not free to marry again when you want to. To do this you must first go to your wife and explain the matter and get her consent. You can do nothing without her co-operation. Now, it is by no means easy in these days to get an appointment with one's wife. The object must first be fully explained beforehand or she will have none of you.

With a bachelor, however, no difficulty presents itself. At any moment he has only to say to himself, "I believe I will get married," and the thing is as good as done.

Not that he is compelled to avail himself of the opportunity. Of course not! The idea of any kind of freedom is never to avail one's self of it. The great advantage is that it is always there. We never draw upon it. It does us no intrinsic good. It is just there.

And so for a bachelor, "being married" is always "just there." He contemplates it with satisfaction. He can do it if he wants to. Therein lies his supreme strength. To avail himself of the opportunity is, of course, to take away his own freedom.—Life.

NEVER SICK A DAY

Remarkable Record of General Duncan, Just Dead.

IN ARMY ALL ADULT LIFE

Fought in All Climates But Was Untouched by Illness—United States Consents to Guard Polling Places in Panama.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—Gen. Joseph W. Duncan, commander of the department of Texas, United States army, who died at Fort Sam Houston a few days ago, was born in the state in which he died. The death of General Duncan leaves three vacant brigadier generalships in the United States army, and there are as many applicants for the places as there are colonels in the army. It is supposed that President Taft will appoint colonels to the vacancies, for there does not seem to be a disposition today, as there was some time ago, to promote junior officers over the heads of their seniors to make brigadiers of them.

General Duncan was fifty-eight years of age and he had been in the army all his adult life. His father and his grandfather were army officers. From the time that he entered the service when he was twenty years of age General Duncan never was on the sick report for one hour. Personally he had no need for the services of a surgeon, and this is considered one of the most remarkable records known to army annals.

General Rucker, who died two or three years ago at the age of ninety-four, entered the army in 1837 and left the active list about 40 years thereafter. General Rucker was never on sick report, and his case and General Duncan's are record breakers.

Withstood All Kinds of Climate.

It is the more remarkable that Duncan never was ill for a day when consideration is given to the nature of his service. He fought Indians in the southwest, the middle west and the northwest in all kinds of climates and in all kinds of weather conditions. He was in Cuba for months when the men were falling from illness on his right hand and on his left, and yet he stood untouched. He fought in the Philippine jungles and came through as healthy as the day he landed in the islands. His death came suddenly without any warning. An hour before he died he did not know that he was ill.

General Duncan was born in an army tent on the plains of Texas in 1853. He lived the army life as a boy and as a man. He has a son in the service, thus making a series of four generations of army officers in the Duncan family. General Duncan led the assault upon a supposedly impregnable stronghold of the Moros on the island of Jolo. This was one of the most decisive battles in the islands and the loss of the troops was heavy, but in the midst of the fight General Duncan, who then was a colonel, moved unscathed.

Panama Fears Election Riots.

They are soon to hold an election for president and vice president of the republic of Panama, the Central American state from which the United States secured the territory known as the Panama Canal Zone. It is said that the Panama people want to have their republic continue under peaceful conditions, and that they are afraid there will be such trouble at the presidential election as to jeopardize the future of the country, and so they have asked the authorities at Washington to delegate United States officials to supervise the election and to see that it passes off peacefully. The United States has consented.

It is a long while since there were troops at the polls in the United States. It is possible, of course, the troops may not be sent to the voting places in Panama, but that civilian officials may be asked to perform the duty, this government taking it for granted that their presence will have the necessary moral effect. The chances are, however, that the Tenth Infantry, which is now stationed on the isthmus, will be sent into Panama on registration day and again on election day to keep the rival factions in order and to see that there is fair play all around.

Cuba at last has a navy and the United States, which stands in the position of a sort of a father to the Cuban republic, has seen two ships sail away from a home port to take orders under the president of the island republic. Cuba now has a cruiser which happily enough has been named the Cuba. It also has a training ship for seamen, called the Patria. The Cuba and the Patria were built on the Delaware river, and when they were completed and set sail they both fired volleys in honor of their own flag and then in honor of that of the United States.

People Flock to Mount Vernon.

The women regents of Mount Vernon have just held their annual session at the ancient mansion of the Washington family. The buildings on the Washington estate, except the main structure, have run down and extensive repairs will be necessary. From the first of April until the present writing the number of pilgrims to Mount Vernon has broken the records of the years for the same length of time.

The board of women which has charge of Mount Vernon on behalf of the association, which years ago took over the care of the estate, is composed of enthusiasts in the cause of

the preservation of things historic. Some years ago when the board met one of the members occupied the room which George and Martha Washington used as a bedroom. There was instant protest from a good many sources and since then the regents when they met at Mount Vernon have kept aloof from the old bedroom, and have contented themselves with quarters in Martha's second room and in the guest chambers of the mansion.

Recently an attempt was made in congress to have the fee for admission to the grounds at Mount Vernon done away with and to secure a congressional appropriation which would enable the place to be kept up without the necessity of charging people to see it. The bill, however, failed and some people think it is better so, because by charging a small sum to enter the old grounds thousands upon thousands of visitors in a way help to preserve the old place and so feel that they have an ownership as well as a patriotic interest in the home of the Father of His Country.

Visited by Governor Mann.

Governor Mann of Virginia and the members of his staff have just visited Mount Vernon. The state of Virginia takes a great interest in the place and does something toward its maintenance. The visit of the governor was made the occasion of an official inspection of the entire estate. A reception after the old style was given him and his official company. Mount Vernon therefore was the scene of an old-time Virginia gathering much like those which were given at the time that Washington was alive and when the great of this land and other lands journeyed to Mount Vernon to be his guests.

They the careful at the Washington estate to guard against the possibilities of fire. The heat in winter is conveyed to the building from without, and many of the rooms are not even piped for the transmission of steam. There is a kitchen in the main mansion, but no fire is allowed there. Expert foresters are employed to care for the trees on Mount Vernon, several of which were planted by George Washington. The garden hedge, 125 years old, still green and thriving, was planted by the first president, who drew the hedge lines so that they should inclose a fine, old-fashioned garden which Martha helped George to lay out.

Many Washington Relics.

The regents of Mount Vernon are surprised every year at the number of relics of the Father of his Country, authentic in nature, which appear and many of which are sent to the Mount Vernon association to be preserved in the mansion on the banks of the Potomac.

Within the last few days the association has received a part of Martha Washington's wedding gown. It was the gift of Mrs. Ellen S. Steger of Wilmington, Del. S. F. Withington of West Somerville, Mass., gave the association a pocket knife which General Washington carried all through the Revolutionary war. Frank Walter of Washington has sent to Mount Vernon a bronze bell used by Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George.

In another article on Mount Vernon it has been told how several of the trees which Washington planted are still thriving. It has been the custom of other great men to plant trees at Mount Vernon from time to time. When General Lafayette visited this country in 1825 he planted a coffee bean tree close to the Mount Vernon mansion. After eighty-seven years of life the tree is as flourishing as any tree lover might wish. It grows side by side with another tree of the same kind which was planted by Thomas Jefferson while he was president.

When the late King Edward of England was Prince of Wales he sent to Mount Vernon a small English oak. It was planted by a member of the nobility of England. This tree also is thriving and bids fair to be a rival in strength and beauty to the great American oaks which shadow the lawn of the Washington home.

Memories of Lafayette.

Until ten years ago one frequently met in Washington elderly people who remembered well seeing Lafayette on his visit to this country. One man then was living who had seen him plant the tree at Mount Vernon. The old ladies who as children were kissed by Lafayette were as numerous as blackberries in August, but today they are all gone, so far as one can determine.

Perhaps one of the last of the old residents of Washington—although she afterward moved to Chicago and there died—who saw Lafayette and who, in fact, was of a household which entertained him, was Mrs. Davidson, who before her marriage was a Miss Annum of South Carolina. She was a granddaughter of William Washington, a first cousin of George Washington.

It was William Washington who had a hand to hand fight with General Tarleton of the British forces at the battle of the Cowpens during the Revolutionary war. Washington cut off Tarleton's thumb with a stroke of his sword and then Tarleton retired from the conflict. The parents of Mrs. Davidson, William Washington's granddaughter, entertained Lafayette when he visited Charleston on his last visit, and there, as a child seven years old, Mrs. Davidson saw the French officer and remembered him well until the time of her death.

Willie's Proof.

Teacher—"Willie, give three proofs that the world actually is round." Willie—"The book says so, you say so, and ma says so."—Puck.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

BOOKS THAT THE BOYS ENJOY

Philadelphia Press Makes Denial That Children of Today Are Wiser Than Parents Were.

An English trade publication, after a prolix and profitless discussion of the risks of issuing juvenile literature, makes this portentous statement: "The simple fact is this—children today are wiser than their parents were. They don't want Robinson Crusoe or Alice in Wonderland. They are up to the Iliad and Dante's inferno while their parents are reverting with delight to the immortal books they scorn."

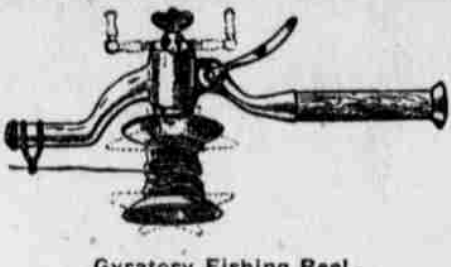
We doubt that, says the Philadelphia Press. A healthy boy wants and enjoys a boy's books. Jules Verne wrote them for him; so did Henty, by the score, so did Noah Brooks. The beauty about the boy is that his literary taste—if he is properly reared—matures with his years. He cannot be always tied to apron strings; he escapes from the Swiss Family Robinson to the search for Treasure Island; presently his adolescent eye widens to the clattering hoofs of "The Three Musketeers." Then, as he has aged he has sagged; in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson himself, "he takes horse with D'Artagnan." Thenceforth he may open with impunity the pages of Virgilibus Puerisque.

Meanwhile his parents have retraced their steps. They are reading again with astonished minds the classics of their childhood. They see amazing beauties, forgotten or unperceived. They are harking back. They are boys again.

INGENIOUS FISH-LINE REEL

Spool Not Only Rotates, But Performs Eccentric Gyration—Does Not Tangle in Winding.

This gyrotory reel is so named because the spool not only rotates, but performs eccentric gyrations, the purpose of which is to cross-wind the line so that it cannot tangle, says the Popular Mechanics. It is applying to the reel the winding principle employed in winding a ball of twine by hand, and it cross-winds the line without the aid



Gyrotory Fishing Reel.

of hand or a complicated spool. When the line is being cast, no part of the reel is in motion except the spool itself.

One Worm After Another.

A state superintendent of schools was recently examining a class of girls in natural history. "Tell me the names of animals you know," he began; but the faces of the children expressed bewilderment at the request. At length, however, a little girl at the back of the class shot up her hand as though a bright idea had suddenly struck her. "Ah," said the questioner, "the smallest girl in the class knows. Well, my dear, what is it?" "A worm," came the triumphant answer. "Well—er—yes a worm is really an animal, but can no one think of any other?" Again profound silence reigned. "If I were one of you big girls," the superintendent remarked after a pause, on seeing the same hand held up, "I should be ashamed of myself." Then, turning to the little scholar, as a last resort: "Well, what is it this time, my girl?" "Another worm, Mister," was the quick response.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

"Pouring oil on the troubled waters" as a quotation is hundreds of years old, but it is only recently that it has been actually adopted as a means for calming real storms on the ocean. Within the last few months many of the seamen who navigate our own great lakes have begun to carry oil in bags on their vessels. These bags will be hung over the sides of the ship and the oil will be allowed to dribble out slowly and form a coating over the surface of the water. Its effect is to prevent the breaking of the waves, converting the sea into long, smooth swells.

Neckties of Wood.

A syndicate comprising English capitalists has been formed to promote the sale of "tie silk," composed of 50 per cent. wood pulp and 50 per cent. artificial silk. Samples are being submitted to the New York wholesale neckwear manufacturers, and considerable experimenting is taking place. In point of price this material shows advantage over conventional fabrics. Its luster, feel and general appearance closely resemble genuine silk.

Would Have Given Warning.

Papa—"I hear you have been a bad girl today and had to be spanked." Small Daughter—"Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher, I'd a told you not to marry her."

GOOD QUALITIES OF LLAMA

Alpaca Variety Will Endure Much Hardship, But at Times is Extremely Bad Mannered.

A hard working but at times bad mannered animal is the llama of the variety known as the alpaca. A specimen has been presented to the London Zoological society and of the breed a writer in the Queen says:

An old writer, Gregoire de Bolivar, says that in his time 300,000 llamas were employed at the mines in Potosi. Again, Augustin de Zarate, who in 1544 was treasurer-general in Peru, wrote in praise of the llama—which he called a sheep—its great use to the natives, who habitually rode upon it, used its flesh (which was accounted as good as that of the fat sheep of



Spit Full in His Face.

Castile) for food and depended upon its wool for all kinds of clothing. Besides these merits, the llama under domestication, is, for its size, the cheapest possible animal to keep, since it requires very little food, and even less water, and can do without either for several days at a stretch.

Little camel, the name used nearly two hundred years back by a traveler, one Capt. George Shelrooke, an Englishman, is by far the best term for this animal, which, in many respects so like the true camel. In disposition llamas, and particularly the alpaca variety, are considered responsive to kindness; at the same time, all possess independence of character to a fine degree, which often stands them in good stead, as when at nightfall they slip to earth with their burden, a sure sign of their determination to be unloaded, and a sign which no sensible driver disregards, for it is soon learned that neither cajoling nor punishment at such times has any permanent power to change the creature's will. Neither are these animals without wit, for if a man persists in riding one when it is overtired, it will from time to time deliberately turn round and spit full in the face of the man.

GOOD SANITATION IN HAWAII

Washing Trough Placed in Dormitory of School Building for Boys to Cleanse Their Feet.

That the inmates of a boys' school in Hawaii may not suffer from uncleanly habits, a unique contrivance is installed in its new building. The Hawaiian Star tells about it:

In the dormitory a new feature has been adopted, which is the putting in



The Boys Walk Through.

of a washing trough, in which the boys can cleanse their feet before retiring for the night.

The trough is some thirty feet long and ten inches deep. The boys walk through the trough and each of them is handed a towel as he emerges. As the floor all around is cement, the lads walk clean footed to bed.

Judge Sentenced Dog to Death.

"It is almost as hard for me to sentence that dog to death as it is to sentence a fellow-being to serve punishment, but I must do it," said Judge Frick in police court to John Brennan, who owned a fine black and white dog, says the Cincinnati Times-Star.

The dog followed a woman to a butcher shop. It supposed she had some meat in her hand and leaped on her, his fangs tearing the skin of her arm. The woman had Brennan arrested and Judge Frick had the dog brought to court. There the canine made friends of everyone. But he had gone beyond the bounds of dog law. Brennan's eyes glistened as he walked from the courtroom. "How am I going to tell the children that the dog is dead?" he asked.

Boy Had a Reason.

A prominent Slough public man, who is a smoker himself, told a good story at his own expense. He entered an omnibus at Slough and found a lad inside puffing away at a cigaret. "My boy," he observed, "if you smoke you will never grow a big man." "Don't want to," was the retort. "I'm going to be a jockey!"

Spoiled Children.

"I like spoiled children." "Why?" "It's great fun to see them make their parents obey."