

FINE MESS OF THINGS

By O. R. BARTON.

All the beautiful May morning Mary had wandered over the familiar old field—familiar yet new to the recently graduated, European-finished young woman who was the actual owner of these broad acres and stately house.

The last time she had played here, on an orphan of fourteen, her grandfather had watched her proudly from his chair on the terrace. Now he was gone and the place was hers. She felt very lonely.

At last she turned toward the creek. She wanted some quiet place to think and plan for the future. It had been an old habit of hers to carry her troubles to the little glen where she could sit under the old tree and think.

Suddenly the sound of chopping came over the field. Mary lifted her head. Clear, regular strokes sounded from the direction of the creek. She paused an instant listening intently; then she hurried on, frowning. She knew of no change in the law that the gardeners had always respected. The glen with its curving brooks and oak trees, the big flat rock and millions of violets was sacred to her. It had always been hers since the days her nurse had stripped off the little slippers and socks and let her dabble her pink toes in the water. Surely every one knew that!

Yet some one was in her glen now—with an ax—and using it. She flew toward an open space in the low willow bushes where the old path used to be, but stopped with a startled cry. Another step would have dropped her ten feet into a rushing current of muddy water. With dazed eyes Mary looked around her. This brown stream with straight steep banks had never been there before. Further over, her beloved old brook still splashed and bubbled over the stones. Near it was a man with an ax.

"You'd better keep away there," he shouted. "The rain washed away five feet more last night! Watch out!" He called sharply as Mary didn't move and several loose stones dropped into the water. Then seeming to realize vaguely that something was wrong and that he was in some way to blame, he dropped the ax and lifted his cap moving toward the girl so high above him on the other side of the creek.

"What do you mean by chopping down one of my trees? You must go away at once!"

He moved uneasily yet appeared unable to explain immediately just why it had happened. Surprise and amusement shone in his eyes. Mary's flushed in righteous anger. Such impudence was intolerable! "Can't you talk? Who are you? You are evidently not one of our own men or you would know better than to touch my trees. You are trespassing, and I warn you now to go away immediately. Why, I do believe you were actually chopping at my play-house tree!"

"If you please, miss, I guess you haven't been here long and don't know about all the place yet. I'm not trespassing, neither do I work for the place yonder." He nodded toward Mary's estate.

"Well?"

"I work for him," jerking his head backward toward Louden Hall, a rambling low white house on the crest of the opposite hill. "Mr. Villard, you know, he just bought the place."

"No, I don't know and don't care. He didn't buy this. I know that. It's not for sale. You are on my ground. Those are my trees. The creek divides the two estates and—"

"Which creek, miss?"

Mary started. "Why, that one over there. This one never used to be here. This must be a branch that has gotten loose from the old stream and swelled with the rain. Please tell your master what I say and that I shall be very much obliged if he lets my trees alone in the future."

The man lifted his cap again. "Yes, miss." He picked up his ax and started to go.

"Do you think the tree will die?" she called after him anxiously.

He stopped. "Hardly, miss; I only whacked at a few of the roots." The look of amusement was still in his eyes. "Mr. Villard intended, miss, if you care to hear it, to clear out this place and let in the sun. He was talking, I think, of making it into a swimming pool—building a dam you see and having the sides and bottom of marble and making it very nice. He likes to be outdoors most of the time, they say. Has to be always doing something, and they say too when he takes a notion to a thing he's the very—he's very set. But I have only just come and I don't—"

"Tell Mr. Villard what I told you, please," said Mary, white with fury. "Bathing pool, indeed!"

Mary had planned to make a few improvements on the old house and grounds before settling down in it. Her present stay had been limited in prospect until she got things started and her idea had been to live with some relatives in town until the work was done. Instead she now telegraphed for her entire belongings, including a widowed aunt, and settled herself to stay. She was ready for a fight. It was a shameless steal! Of course he knew which creek the deed meant!

When her aunt arrived she found Mary encamped comfortably in a large tent in the ravine and impervious to entreaty or argument. She conceded the fact that she might die of swamp fever or pneumonia, but added grimly that they could bury her there then and she guessed the Villard man

wouldn't enjoy swimming over her bones. And if necessary she could live in the glen always for possession is nine points of the law and the only way he would ever get this ground for a pool would be to drown her.

So her aunt retreated to the house and Mary held the fort, receiving her friends and lawyers informally in the tent.

An injunction prevented Mr. Villard from taking further steps toward the pool and things settled down to await the law. Old Jenkins, the butler lived in a second tent and acted as messenger, page and cavalier, having occasion to shoot off a stray cow at one o'clock one morning.

Mr. Villard appeared not—but every day Mary saw "the man" across the creek. "But on his own side," she thought triumphantly. Then she added contemptuously, "Proxy! Why doesn't he come himself and size up the old tarmacant that's squatted on the bottom of his bath tub?"

One night Mary wakened suddenly. Something was wrong. Men were shouting in confusion and above it all was a queer muffled roar. Jenkins was calling her frantically to get up—to "run quick, missy," but the road was thunder in a couple of minutes. She slipped into a kimono, and reached for her electric flash, but almost instantly she was struggling in ice cold water with the heavy sagging tent weighing her down. That was the last she knew.

She opened her eyes in a beautiful room bright with sunshine. Her head ached when she tried to remember what had happened so she closed her eyes again and prepared to go to sleep. About a thousand miles away she heard a watch snap shut and a man say, "Five o'clock. A tough pull, Mr. Villard, but she'll pick up now."

Mary didn't go to sleep. Instead she opened her eyes again and turned her head. She wanted to see Mr. Villard. The voice sounded familiar. Where had she—

A man in white dannels was standing near the window. He turned and came toward the bed. A distinct shock ran through Mary. It was the man who had cut her trees! He smiled. She closed her eyes and tried to think. Then she heard the doctor say, "Well, Villard, I've got to get out of here if I want to catch that train. The nurse ought to be here now, but I want to tell you two things before I go. Villard, you are the best nurse that ever helped a doctor. Miss Mary would have died if I'd had her alone, with her aunt in hysterics when she was most needed. Second—it's no kind of a house without a woman. Better find the right one soon. Hello! I hear the nurse now. Well, I'll give her a few orders down in the hall as I go out. Goodby."

Mary opened her eyes wide. "You—you are—" she whispered.

"George Villard," he said simply. "and this is Louden Hall. But I will tell you all about it. You are not allowed to talk—not a single word." He moved nearer to the bed.

Mary's rapidly clearing brain was beginning to understand a few things. Something, perhaps his clothes, perhaps the expression in his eyes made him seem altogether another person from the one she had known in the woods. She turned away confused.

He sat down by the bed and regarded her silently for a few minutes.

"Miss Mary," he said finally, very softly, "the nurse is here. She will be in a few minutes, but before she comes I have a confession to make and may not have another opportunity. If you had died last night it would have been my fault. The reservoir at Browntown broke about two o'clock. They warned the whole country by phone. We got to the creek just in time to see your tent go down. We got Jenkins out first but we couldn't find you. It was—it was—" He stopped.

Mary looked at him, wondering. She gave a short gasp at what she saw. His face was pale and drawn. In his eyes was a look of wretchedness and misery.

"Oh, don't please—" she began.

He put out his hand to stop her. "You will never know how nearly dead you have been. We thought you were, and brought you here."

He walked to the window and back again. "Mary, I love you," he burst out suddenly, "and because I love you I let you risk your life down in that hole. I thought it was romance—to have my lady love near me, where I could go and look at her when I wanted. A love sick fool will do anything. I didn't care about losing the place. I saw a chance for a thrill—something unusual, you know, after you took me for a servant; and loving you even while you were scolding me, I let you go on to this." He touched her cold little hand gently and rose to go.

"Goodby, Mary. I won't see you again and I don't ask forgiveness. It's high time I was going anyhow. I've made a fine mess of things. Stay here please as long as you like, the whole house is at your disposal until you wish to go home. Goodby."

The nurse came in. "Call Mr. Villard back, please," cried Mary, sitting up in bed. Then as he appeared in the doorway, she said demurely, for the benefit of the nurse, "George, I've changed my mind. I'll be quite well by tomorrow and of course you can drive me home."

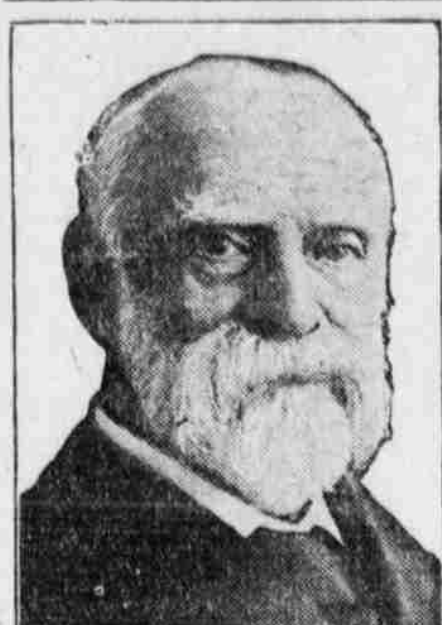
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Luminous Fly Paper.

G. A. H. Muller, a Canadian, has patented an insecticide, which is really a luminous and sticky paint. It acts like ordinary fly paper in the day time, absorbing the rays of light at the same time and becomes luminous at night. Its glow attracts all sorts of insects, which are then caught by its stickiness.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

JAMES BRYCE A BUSY MAN



The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, when he left the British embassy at Washington, announced that he was retiring from public life. That may have been true, but like many another retired British statesman, he is finding that he is busier in his retirement than he was as an ambassador.

Since his return to London from his around-the-world trip, Mr. Bryce has had not many days to himself. He did for a few weeks go into retirement at his modest country home, "Hind-leap," Forest Row, Sussex, but his retirement was almost entirely taken up in writing, for Mr. Bryce is certain to give the public something about the countries he visited after leaving America, and perhaps a book about America.

His real work henceforth, however, will doubtless be, as one writer has aptly put it, "to express the needs of the community upon the broader sides of life." Since his return home Mr. Bryce has delivered a number of addresses on a great variety of subjects. As popular as he was in America as a speaker, he is likely to become as popular in his own country.

KING FERDINAND AS SUPPLIANT

King Ferdinand spent the month of November in Vienna, a humble suppliant for his own throne. It is said because of this visit, the report went forth from Sofia that this talented scion of the house of Coburg, who but a short time ago was to revive in all of its ancient glories and breadth and width the old Bulgarian empire, is to be forced to abdicate in favor of his own son, Crown Prince Boris.



The role of suppliant sits so ill on no one as it does on this proud, ambitious man. He has all the pride of rank and family and the yearning for success where others have failed and where he came so near achieving. He comes of two great families, a son of Prince Auguste of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe, king of France, and is thus a cousin to most of the crowned heads of Europe.

AIDS WIVES OF PRISONERS



The duchess of Marlborough, who has opened a sale work in Sunderland house in aid of prisoners' wives, is the busiest philanthropist in London today. She found time, however, to co-operate in organizing a great picture charity ball in Albert hall a few days ago, in which she appeared in Greek costume.

Every year the scope of the duchess' activities widens. She is seemingly unable to resist any appeal made to her in a deserving cause. For the last few weeks she has made public engagements every day in addition to attending committees and making her own rounds among her charges.

Sunderland house has become a center of philanthropic undertakings, as was Grosvenor house for a generation under the late duke of Westminster.

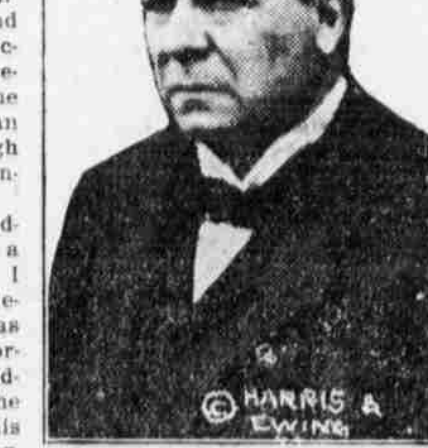
The duchess of Marlborough lade farewell at Euston station to her brother, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who left London on a special train to board the steamship Caronia at Liverpool.

The duchess was recognized by many persons on the platform. She wore a blue minaret skirt, green plaid jersey coat and a silk shirtwaist open at the neck, showing a string of pearls. Her hat was trimmed with a chaplet of white roses.

VISCOUNT HALDANE PRAISES AMERICA

The Thanksgiving dinner of the American society in London was noteworthy because of the pronouncement of the British government's indorsement of the Monroe doctrine by Viscount Haldane, lord high chancellor.

"I recently made a visit to the United States," Lord Haldane said, "and came back not only with a vivid recollection of the cordial welcome I received, but with a deep sense of the high ideals the British and American nations held in common—the high ideals of citizenship of the two countries."



"Before he became president, Woodrow Wilson was a thinking man and a moralist. In studying his career I cannot fail to be impressed by his detached character, and find that he has not ceased to be a thinker and a moralist because he has become the holder of a great office. We see in him the aspirations and ideals expressed of his nation to the world. It is not his expressed declaration that the policy of the United States is not one of conquest and annexation; but the world snoruous position and possessions, to carry on its traditions without adding to its possessions."

CARLSBAD AS HEALTH RESORT

Humorous Resume of One Pilgrim's Visit to the Famous Watering Place.

London.—It is not necessary to have a map to find a health resort. Just jump on a train and look steadily out of the window. You may ride a day and you may ride a week. Eventually you will come to a place where every person looks the picture of health. You will see streets crowded with men with thick necks and broad backs, and women whose shapes could be revised ad lib. The glow of health is in their cheeks and their clothes are expensive. Immediately you will recognize this place to be Carlsbad. All these people have



Principal Carlsbad Spring.

come to take the cure. Absolutely you are looked upon as being a perfect heathen if you are not considering the cure, for a poor man gets sick and takes the cure and a rich man takes the cure and gets sick.

I arrived in Carlsbad about four o'clock in the afternoon and after having been comfortably established in one of the hotel apartments I happened out on my balcony and there witnessed streams of people, all bound in the same direction and each and every one carrying little red bags. My first thought was that an American circus was in town, but then why on earth was everybody carrying their own refreshments. Instantly I caught up my hat, dashed out on the street and said: "Declare me in. I'm a sure-enough." Nobody in the crowded thoroughfare heard me, so I declared myself in. I walked and walked until finally I reached a place called Kaiser Park. There hundreds of these supposed to be invalids, instead of keeping to their strict diet of about 106 glasses of water a day and merely enjoying the music, were gratifying themselves with coffee and a superabundance of cake, which constituted the contents of the little red bags. Well, it was worth the long walk to hear such wonderful music, the time fairly flew, but the orchestra leader did beat it.

You go through the same routine about four times a day, or first walking yourself to death, then eating everything in sight. Then first thing you find yourself tipping the scales far beyond your own approval and instantly you wish to make a quick get away before you increase another inch in diameter. The only thing that detains you from taking the first train out of town is you must report to the constable of your intentions to leave, then gently slip him the lower half of your letter of credit for taxes on the water and music. Then you may leave with a light pocketbook, but plenty of excess weight. 'Twas ever thus.

ALCOHOL MAKES MARE FIGHT

Seeking Cause of Racket in Barn, Owner Expostulates and Gets the Worst of it.

Bremerton, Wash.—William Braken, a Colby farmer, placed a quart of alcohol intended for horse liniment above a feed box in his barn. Shortly after midnight Mr. Braken heard a commotion indicating that somebody was pulling the barn apart. When he peered into the stall and gently inquired "What's the matter, Molly?" that spirited animal kicked him.

Mr. Braken returned with scantling and slipped into the stall. The first kick missed Mr. Braken's head, but knocked the scantling out of his hands. Then Molly kicked him behind the door and kicked the door on top of him.

When Mrs. Braken arrived and removed the door Mr. Braken announced that he would call the battle a draw for the night.

In the morning it was learned that Molly's indiscretion was due to the spilling of the alcohol in the feed box. Aside from exhibiting some eagerness to get to the pump, Molly's "morning after" was uneventful.

Senior Ducked for Shaving Mustache.

Chicago.—John Green, senior at the University of Chicago, was ducked in the gymnasium tank because he violated the rule prohibiting the shaving of mustaches.

Runaway Horse Demolishes Saloon.

Chicago.—Detectives in a saloon settling the matter of a stolen overcoat, were suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of a runaway horse. Several persons were injured and the saloon demolished.

Won't Make Chicago "Dry" Town.

Chicago.—By a vote of 34 to 32 the temperance societies of the city have decided not to attempt to make Chicago a "dry" city in the spring campaign of 1914.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

Splendid Appreciation



He came in with a cheerful smile, and with a hand extended; "How do you do, old man?" he said; "see, but you're looking splendid! You're growing younger every year; I wonder how you do it?" He then espied an empty chair and took a fancy to it.

"The world has used you well, I hear," he said with glad conviction; "I always thought you'd get ahead; you've made good my prediction; it only proves that talent wins when properly directed; you've been successful, but no more than might have been expected."

"I hear men talking everywhere about the things you're doing; I wish I'd had the sense to take the course you've been pursuing; you always had the gift to see the proper time for action; the victories you've won must be a source of satisfaction."

It seemed as if at last the world was granting justice to me. And while he spoke I felt a thrill of gladness coursing through me; but presently he spoke again and changed my pride to sorrow; He purpose merely was to get "ten dollars till tomorrow."

The First Thing.

"You are always talking about the foolishness of the rich and telling us what they ought to do with their money. Let us suppose that you were in some way to become the possessor of a million dollars tomorrow. What, in that case, would be the first thing you would do?"

"I would rent an office where I could have an anteroom with a strong man on guard to shield me from people who desired to waste my time boring me with recitals of their own troubles and by asking me foolish questions."

OMITTED THAT.

"Well, snarled Stephen Groucher, "what did you do at your suffragette rally?"

"Oh, we did a lot of things," his wife replied; "so many that I can't take time to tell you about all of them. But there was one thing we didn't do."

"Huh! There was, was there? What was it?"

"We didn't sing 'Hall, Hall, the Gang's All Here.'"

Shameless Men.

Dainty maid full of woe; Clinging skirt; breezes blow. Men's remarks maid invites; Might as well be in tights. Dainty maid, cheeks aflame, Thinks that men have no shame. If she pleased, maiden might Wear a skirt not so tight. Couldn't think of it, though; Let 'em stare—let 'er blow. Naughty men, thus to smile; Maiden must be in style.

O Temporal O Mores!

"I want you and your wife to come and have dinner with us next Thursday evening," said Mrs. Wamsleigh. "We are going to have some friends from Cincinnati in."

"Thank you. It will be a pleasure to meet your friends, I'm sure. What time will you expect us?"

"Oh, about half past six. And please don't dress. None of us are going to."

Up and Down and Far and Wide.

"Yes, I believe in seeing America first." "How much of it have you seen?" "A lot. I've traveled from Upper Sandusky, O., to Lowell, N. Y., and from Longmeadow, Mass., to Brodhead, Wis."

One by One.

"One by one our children leave us," she sadly said, when their fourth daughter had started on her wedding journey. "Yes," he replied, a little more sadly, "and one by one they bring our sons-in-law back to us."