

The Maid of Arts

By M. C. SANFORD.

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Unbroken blue the sky and sea, shifting greens and browns the shore. Along the deserted beach and through the empty streets Autumn swished her rustling skirts with no one to heed her passing—no one, at least, save a solitary man who, having escaped at length from the stern dictates of "the law," had come to Surfside for a few weeks' freedom. Leaning over the fence which skirted the path around the rocky coast, he gazed dreamily out to sea, following the ragged outline of the shore and breathing in the salt of the ocean with the sweetness of the earth beneath him.

Suddenly a fresh cut in the weather worn rail caught his eye. "H. T. W. '04" some one beside himself had evidently sought out the shore late in the season. "W. '04?" he queried. "Wellesley!" He had it! For was not a knife blade broken off half short in the wood, an indisputable evidence of woman's work?

"So," he mused, "I am not to be alone with the 'natives' and nature, after all." He started to move on. Again he was arrested, this time by a small, bright object at his feet. It proved to be a Wellesley class pin.

"Lost it while she was carving her name with that doll's knife, I s'pose," Van Dyke argued to himself, as was his legal habit, fastening the pin meanwhile to his vest beneath his own Harvard pin.

Strolling on, he renewed his acquaintance with one after another of the favorite haunts of his boyhood—"swallow's cave," the rock that bounded like a cannon at high tide and innumerable cozy retreats to be gained by careful climbing over the chaos of big boulders on the cliffs. He whistled like a boy, as he went and sang snatches of the college songs so fresh in his heart. At last, in utter abandonment, he curled up in the lee of an overhanging rock and, soothed by the lull of the waves and the minor wail of the October wind, fell asleep.

He was awakened in a curious manner. Opening his eyes, he found them covered with a soft transparent something that wrinkled when he winked. He raised his hand to remove it and gazed in astonishment upon his sudden acquisition of a woman's handkerchief. A monogram was embroiled in one corner. His logical mind deciphered it in a flash with little expenditure of eye strain.

"Exhibit 'C,'" he murmured. Jumping up eagerly, "Now, here's the hoplog for the lady herself!"

But the most searching scrutiny of rocky "nests" and niches failed to discover her. Indeed, after several days of faithful explorations Van Dyke began to think his lady of the monograms a teasing myth.

Nevertheless he would have continued to hope for her realization if a letter from his sister had not put a cruel end to his romance.

"Dear Richard," it ran, "I have just learned that Helen Tudor, a college friend of mine, is staying at Surfside with her mother. She's a very clever girl; has just written a remarkable thesis on some learned subject and got an A. M. degree. You ought to like her. She's your kind. Be sure to look her up. I've written her you're going to 'She's staying at the Sea Cliff.'"

That dashed the whole thing. "His kind," indeed! He abandoned the "blue-stocking." So he fought shy of the Sea Cliff and ceased to look for "H. T. W. '04," in his daily rambles.

But with the proverbial irony accredited to her Dame Fate as soon as she perceived Richard's back turned upon her bobbed up in front of him most unexpectedly, or, to be strictly accurate, Richard to his own astonishment bobbed up in front of her.

With characteristic alacrity he had taken a handspring over a jutting rock and landed in a secluded niche below. His sudden appearance so frightened the young person curled up in it that she dropped her book into a pool of water.

"I beg your pardon," Richard blurted out. "Let me get it for you." It's probably dry enough to be proof against a wetting," was his mental comment. "I hope it isn't injured fatally," he added aloud, handing the water-soaked volume to its owner, who, he was surprised to notice, was a dimpled, rosy cheeked young woman with twinkling eyes.

"Goodness, I hope not!" was her emphatic reply. "I couldn't go to sleep tonight if I didn't find out how the story ended."

"Fiction?" queried Richard, cautiously. "Yes, of course. What else does one read on a vacation?"

Now, here was an incongruity to which he had not had time to fancy that "H. T. W. '04" would like fiction. But he would not be misled. "On a vacation," she had said. Doubtless the rest of the year she gave up to more solid literary accomplishments.

Realizing that he was expected to say something, although he had quite forgotten that her last remark had been in the form of a question, Richard braced himself for the ordeal.

"This is my favorite haunt," he announced, unconsciously displaying any air of proprietorship, as he established himself comfortably beside her. The girl smiled mysteriously. "Yes, I judged so," she answered simply. "Why, how did you guess?" asked

Richard in surprise. "I've never seen you here before." "But I've seen you." He gathered his wits together at this. It made no difference that she was pretty and that she was fond of love stories, like other girls—he knew her real self behind this mask of coquetry. She was really a haughty, overbearing, pedantic person with a string of academic degrees tacked on to her name. He would round up this little matter without any sentimental nonsense.

"Oh, yes," he said in his dignified, legal manner. "You probably refer to the day you dropped your handkerchief on my face. Here it is. I am glad to be able to return it to you. And here is your college pin also. I found it near the fence where you had been carving your initials."

He handed both souvenirs to her with a cold solemnity he had difficulty in convincing himself was genuine. The girl looked at the pin carefully, glanced up at Richard a moment in perplexity and then burst out laughing.

"Thank you," she said finally, recovering herself. "But why do you imagine the pin belongs to me?"

Richard explained with elaborate pride how he had traced the monogram on the fence, the pin and the handkerchief.

"I cannot be mistaken, Miss Tudor," he finished confidently. "You see, I discovered your identity some time ago. You did carve the initials on the fence, didn't you?"

"Yes." "And you did drop the handkerchief over my eyes?"

"It blew out of my hand." "Same thing. And you are stopping at the Sea Cliff, aren't you?"

"Yes." Richard made a gesture expressive of the futility of stating further evidence.

The girl made an effort to check her amusement. "I will take up your points in sequence," she announced, with mock gravity, looking at him with a frankness so charming that he forgot his dislike of her and smiled back indulgently.

"First, I did carve the initials in the fence, but they were the initials of the girl who was with me; second, it was she who lost the pin, and, third, the initials on the handkerchief are not H. T."

"Then you are not Helen Tudor?" exclaimed Richard, with such evident relief that the girl burst out laughing again. "And you don't write clever theses and tack A. M.'s on to your name?"

The girl shook her head. Richard took up her handkerchief, which was lying in her lap.

"It certainly looks like H. T. to me," he said, examining the monogram closely. "I am not yet convinced."

The girl handed him the water-soaked novel, open at the fly leaf.

"To 'Theodora H. H. H.'?" he read aloud.

He took up his pencil and began scribbling beneath the inscription. The girl looked over his shoulder.

"Theodora, I adore you"—That was as far as his foolishness had a chance to go, for in a flash, Theodora had snatched the book from his hands and sped like a deer over the rocks.

"Come back tomorrow," he called, "and tell me how the story ends."

And she did—and not only that day, but the next and the next, until the end of their own story, like that in the water-soaked novel, came with the asking of a question and an answer short, but sweet.

"But, oh, how near you came to marrying H. T., didn't you, Richard?" laughed Theodora bewitchingly. "Well, she's welcome to all the A. M.'s and other degrees she deserves. I'm happy with just V. D."

"There's one degree that's yours by nature, little 'maid of arts,'" said Richard lovingly. "Cupid must have conferred it on you at your christening. It isn't acquired from books, not even from water-soaked novels."

"Are You Left Eared?"

"Left eared?" said the physician. "Most of you girls are."

"Left eared?" said the young lady from the telephone exchange.

"Yes, left eared. The same as left handed—that is to say, is your left ear better at its work than your right one?"

She did not know, so he tested her, finding, sure enough, that her left ear was a little the acuter of the two.

"It is a natural thing," he said. "You girls use the left ear exclusively all day long in your telephone work, and the right ear has nothing to do; hence the left, like a muscle, develops, the right atrophies."

"Indeed?" he ended, "if the telephone comes into much greater use we shall have not merely left eared exchange girls, but we shall become a left eared nation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only One.

"At the unpeeling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet."

"H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the New Review. Of course this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself and so on. One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects a funeral went by with slow pace. Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said, with a worried frown:

"Can that be our subscriber?"

BUYING A SAW.

Find Out the Kind You Want Before You Go to Purchase.

When the man in the golf cap started downstairs his wife ran to the door and called him back.

"Harry," she said, "I want you to go into a hardware store today and get a saw. Don't forget it, please. We need one badly."

Being an accommodating person, the man in the golf cap said he would not forget it. He chose the luncheon hour as the most opportune time for making his simple purchase. He was in a good humor, and he smiled blandly when he went bustling into the store and said:

"I want a saw, please."

"What kind of a saw?" asked the clerk.

"Why," said the prospective purchaser, "I don't know; just a saw. Any kind will do, I presume."

The clerk sighed. "If you only knew what you want to use it for, perhaps I could advise you," he suggested.

"What I want to use it for?" echoed the man in the golf cap. "Why, I want to saw, of course—that is, my folks do."

"Saw what?" asked the clerk.

"I don't know," admitted the non-plussed shopper.

The clerk led the way to the rear of the store. "I will show you a few of the different varieties of saws we have on hand," he said. "Observation and explanation of their uses and prices may assist you in making a decision. Here is a metal saw. It is made of highly tempered steel and will saw iron, copper, lead and all manner of metals. Is that the kind you want?"

The man in the golf cap was sorely perplexed. "No," he said. "I don't think so. We have no metals at our house to work on that I know of."

"Perhaps you would like a meat saw?" suggested the clerk. "But you are not a butcher."

"Heaven be praised, no!" said the man who wanted a saw.

"Here is a regular kitchen saw for general utility purposes. It will cost you only 50 cents. How does that strike you? No? Then here is the cabinetmaker's saw. Then I have here the plumbers' saws, the fine delicate saws used by all manner of artificers and the ordinary wood saws, which will cost you anywhere from 50 cents to \$4. In that back room we have still other varieties of saws—the two man ten foot saws, buzz saws and circular saws. If you want to pay a big price, you had better take one of the circular saws. I'll give you a good one for \$500. Would you like to see them?"

The man in the golf cap looked about him wonderingly.

"No, thank you," he said. "I guess I won't take any till I find out just what kind I want."

"I regret being unable to make a sale," said the clerk affably, "but I really think that the best plan."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Richter's Conducting.

Countless are the stories told of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter. Once while rehearsing a Mozart symphony in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform these were played too heavily for Richter, who said: "Please, gentlemen, pianissimo! Queen Mab, not suffragettes." Again when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestral rendering of a scene from "Tristan and Isolde" he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king, not of a cook. On another occasion while rehearsing Tchaikovsky's "Roméo and Juliet" music the violoncellos have a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the needful warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."—London Tit-Bits.

Girls' Names.

In the eighteenth century girls were christened Sophia and Caroline, in the early nineteenth Emma and Jane. A little later Laura and Clara. Then came a crop of Dorothys and Mariettes, who are now all calling their own babies (in a reaction against the "quaint") Elizabeth. The names of men suffer no such emphatic fashions, and yet it is a pleasure to note that there are certainly no more young men called Alf and Gus, as were the young men who walked with the cripple in the days of Leech. Good is the sound of John through all changes.—London Chronicle.

A Trick With Numbers.

Choose any four consecutive numbers, as 50, 51, 52 and 53. Multiply them together, and the product may be divided by 24. This will be found to hold true for any four consecutive numbers we may choose: unless one of the numbers is 24 or a multiple of 24, such as 48, 72, 96, etc. In the same way any five consecutive numbers multiplied together may be divided by 120 unless one of the numbers is 120 or a multiple of 120.—St. Louis Republic.

The First Golf Links.

The orthodox number of eighteen holes, it seems, was fixed by pure chance. There were originally twenty-two holes on St. Andrews links, and so it continued till 1764, when the first four holes were converted into two. Thenceforward every full course has been laid out to correspond with this number.—London Saturday Review.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and surely shot at awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces.—Emerson.

RAISED HIS WAGES.

The Way an Employer Got Square With a Faithless Assistant.

A story is told in Milwaukee concerning an elderly German who conducted a good sized manufacturing plant on the south side. He had an engineer at his factory who had been with him for fifteen years and the old gentleman had implicit confidence in him. It was with a profound shock that he discovered finally that the trusted engineer was "grafting" most shamefully.

The proprietor thought it all over for a long while and then sent for the engineer. When that functionary arrived the following dialogue took place:

"Ah, John! Good morning, John. How long has you been working by this place?"

"Fifteen years."

"Ach, so. And you are your wages?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"M-m-m. Well, after today it will be \$5 a week more."

The engineer thanked his employer, profusely and withdrew. A week later the old gentleman sent for him again, and the same conversation ensued, ending with another \$5 a week raise.

The third Saturday he sent for the engineer again, and after the same questions and answers he raised his salary another \$5 a week.

On the fourth Saturday the engineer was again summoned before the boss.

"How long have you been working here, John?" asked the proprietor.

"Fifteen years," replied the engineer, who by this time had grown to expect the weekly question and salary raise as a regular thing.

"And how much wages are you getting?"

"Forty dollars a week."

"Ach, so? Well, you are fired."

"Fired?" exclaimed the engineer, almost fainting. "Why, you have been raising my salary \$5 at a clip for the last three weeks."

"Sure I have," roared the Teutonic boss, all his indignation flaring out at once. "And the reason that I did it was that it shall make it harder for you for when I fire you, you loafers!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

SILVER KING OF THE SEA.

The Feats That a Tarpon Will Perform When Hooked.

If you have never seen a tarpon imagine the Mediterranean sardine that you take from the box for lunch lengthened out to six or seven feet. Give it two enormous staring black eyes, a supercilious lip of the most grotesque shape coming down and twisting up again, a mouth that can be thrown so wide open that thirty feet distant when the fish is in the air you can see blue sky down its throat and out through the arched gills. Give the fish a greenish back and a long spine at the dorsal, a powerful sardine-like tail and equip its belly and sides with scales which look more like newly minted trade dollars than anything else, dollars often twice their natural size, into which the purest molten silver has been dropped, scales that flash thousands of rays in every direction, scales that gleam, corruscate and in the full glare of the sun form so many sunbursts to dazzle the eye and confuse the excited angler.

I have taken the "sabalo" under various circumstances and have seen it leap along the outer Florida reef and down by the Rio Grande, where it forms in gigantic schools and moves south in winter, and everywhere it is the same sensational equilibrist, the same air climber and sky scraper when hooked or snared. What the sensations of the tarpon are when hooked it would be difficult to say, but I fancy it is frightened and leaps in the direction away from the fish center and no two leaps are alike.

It may go directly up into the air, carrying a big wave with it, and lash the air, or it may go out of the water head first, rising like a ray of light ten or fifteen or more feet, then fall gracefully. Every possible position I have seen the frightened tarpon take, from standing on its tail as bright as a soldier to exactly the opposite direction, and an old angler informed me that he had seen a tarpon make a lateral leap of thirty feet.—Charles F. Holden in Recreation.

A Little Too Original.

"You New Yorkers are wonders," said the man from the west here for a brief stay and seeing everything from the Bronx to the Bowery. "Nothing is impossible here—at least I saw vines twined across the sky last night. It was in a restaurant in Forty-second street," he continued. "The ceiling is painted sky blue, and there are little electric lights set to look like stars. Also there are the clouds floating about, but then there are the vines that kill the otherwise very neat illusion. Originality is all right, but vines hitched to a sky is too much for a man from the west."—New York Globe.

The Main Point.

Mrs. Scrapeleg—They say, my dear, that the new rubber plant the Ficus pandurata, is extremely beautiful. It has a glossy veined leaf.—Mr. Scrapeleg (who has strained his back lugging the house plants around)—I don't care anything about its glossy veined leaves. What does the dum thing weigh?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Great Financier.

Cholly—Harry is a great financier. Chappie—Yass! Cholly—He borrowed sixpence from me yesterday to take him to the city to see a man that he knew he could borrow a pound from, and with that pound he flew off to stand a dinner to another man whom he borrowed a hundred from.—London Telegraph.

Her Sealskin.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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No one ever accused Mrs. Stone of being unduly sympathetic. Ten years' experience with a brutal husband and ten subsequent years of buffeting with the world had deprived her of that sentimental quality, if indeed she had ever possessed it. She was admirably fitted to be what she was—head of the Associated Charities of a large city. Impostors who came fawning down the corridor dreading this sharp eyed, thin lipped woman. What an expert cross examiner the years of insight and unbelief had made her! How difficult it was to have the telltale bottle or cover up the telltale odor when she descended on their abodes!

She had driven away half the mendicants in town. The worthy ones whom she had made comfortable at home—they even were not grateful; they missed the noise and excitement of the street. But Mrs. Stone was obdurate. If the police would not enforce the begging ordinance, she would. If the really needy ones would stay at home, she would see that they were provided for; if they infested the street, not a penny should they have from her, and she would see that they were arrested into the bargain. So the blind lavender men took to woodcarving, and they all grumbled and were very unhappy.

One morning a woman in a bedraggled black gown and a veil with a hole that came just over the tip of her nose made her way into Mrs. Stone's office. Mrs. Stone knew the type—husband, a laboring man, just dead; from three to six young children, not one of earning age.

"Be seated," said Mrs. Stone brusquely, but not unkindly, and her limp guest perched uncomfortably on the edge of the only chair, which was so located that every ray of cold gray light searched out the lines in the visitor's face. "What can I do for you?"

"I want work," said the woman.

"What kind?"

"Any kind of work by the day."

"Can you clean?"

"Yes."

"Wash well?"

"Pretty well."

"Cook?"

"Some plain things."

"I'm—cleaning would be best for you."

Mrs. Stone noted these details in a book, together with age, name, address, nativity, and then came down to more interesting details.

"How long have you lived here?"

"A week."

Mrs. Stone raised her eyebrows.

"Where did you come from?"

The woman mentioned a nearby town.

"Why did you leave there?"

"My husband died."

"How long ago?"

"About three weeks."

"How many children have you?"

"Five."

"Ages, please."

"The oldest is ten."

"Husband leave you anything?"

The woman hesitated.

"Yes, a little," she said finally.

"How much?"

"Well, the society buried him and paid the doctor, and I had a little left."

"How much?" came the remorseless question.

"About \$300."

"You have that?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did you do with it?"

"I bought something."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Stone's pencil was suspended in the air. "What?"

"A sealskin sack."

"A what?" Mrs. Stone almost shouted.

The woman cast down her eyes. "A sealskin sack," she repeated almost inaudibly.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Stone said aloud. "A charwoman with a new \$300 sealskin!" she added to herself.

"When do you propose to wear it," she went on to inquire—"to your work in the morning?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," continued the woman, taking the question seriously. "I wouldn't wear it every day. On Sundays I'll wear it sometimes, if it's not too sunny and doesn't rain. They say rain doesn't hurt 'em, but I wouldn't take the chances—and sun fades 'em."

"What good is it to do you, then?"

"Oh, I take it out of its bag and stroke it morning and night and between whiles when I have time. These isn't much danger of its being stolen. No one would suspect such a thing in a place like ours, and I'd thrash a child within an inch of its life who dared tell of it. Fire's the worst. I do dread fire. I wish I could insure it."

Mrs. Stone was facing one of the problems of her career.

"I don't understand it at all," she said, "why you should have spent your entire capital so wastefully and so uselessly? You have nothing to wear with the thing, and you come to a charitable association to get work for you."

"I'll tell you," said the woman eagerly, her face lighting up. "I had wanted a sealskin all my life. I was a factory girl, and on my way home at night I used to stop before the fur shops and look in—all those lovely capes and things—I wanted them all. I'd have learned to sew fur and have worked in a fur shop if I'd have dared, but I was afraid I'd steal something. Then I married John, and there was nothing but hard work and babies. Sometimes I couldn't get out to look in a fur window for a week at a

time. Then John died." The woman's face was alight. "Three hundred dollars wouldn't buy much for six, but it would buy a sealskin. I wanted it all my life! I never had so much money at one time before—I couldn't help it—I just had to buy it. I was never so happy in my life as the night I wore it home, and I'm just as happy with it now. I'd do it again. I'll work my fingers to the bone for my children. But I suppose you won't help me to get work now?"

The woman had risen from the chair's edge. Mrs. Stone was meditatively tapping the desk with her pencil.

"Wait a minute," she said. Mrs. Stone was thinking. She was remembering that two of her lady directors, lately widowed, were seeking forgetfulness in Europe, the meager allowance granted by the stingy departed having been multiplied by a generous court while the estates were being settled. Mrs. Stone might not be sympathetic, but she was logical and fair minded.

"There's a janitorship vacant in a school which I might get for you," she said. "It's \$60 a month, and you could live well on that. Are you strong enough to do the work, and will you do it well? Of course if you don't do it well you'll simply be discharged, but I should dislike to recommend an incompetent person."

"Put me on trial," said the woman eagerly. "Indeed, I'll do it well, and Jamie is old enough to help me some."

"Very well," said Mrs. Stone. "Come at 9 o'clock on Monday, and I'll see what can be done."

For several seconds after her visitor had left Mrs. Stone sat silent before her desk. Then she whirled about in her revolving chair to listen to the next tale of woe.

A month later one of her assistants said to her:

"I'm afraid that woman for whom we secured the janitorship place was an impostor, after all."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"Well, anyhow, I don't think she's as poor as Ellen West, who wanted it."

"She has five children to support," returned Mrs. Stone. "Ellen has only two, and she drinks."

"Yes," said the assistant, "but I saw her in the park yesterday, and what do you think she had on?"

"A sealskin sack perhaps," said Mrs. Stone, not looking up from the figures she was adding.

"So you knew?" gasped the other.

"Yes, I knew."

The assistant was bursting with curiosity. She waited a moment.

"Perhaps she has seen better days," she ventured.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Stone, "though it was a sort of inheritance."