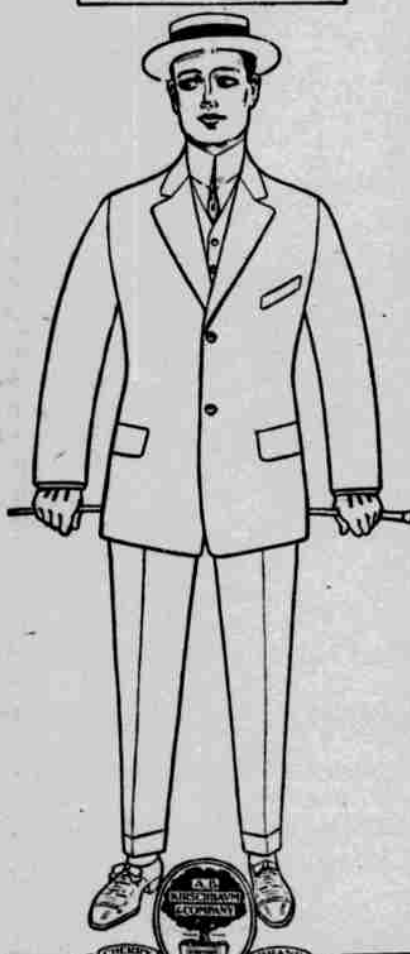


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NO WEEK END VISIT FOR HIM

How O. Henry Diplomatically Evaded Trip That Was Not to His Liking.

Wherever one goes, one hears a new story of O. Henry. Every one in magazine circle knows him, and most had a personal experience of two. Somehow, every story illuminates the man. They are not merely humorous tales, but through them one catches a glimpse of his characteristics—his broad humanity, or his generosity, or his love of the city. Robert E. Davis, editor of the Munsey magazines, recalled the other day that one occasion he went a-visiting with O. Henry, down on Long Island.

"It was a very hot day," said Davis. "We had climbed an everlasting hill. Another greater hill stretched before us. The sun was a disk of brass, and dust and heat and clicking insects rose from the ground. We sat on a fence to rest.

"Is there anything else I can show you?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Henry, wiping his forehead. "Show me a return ticket to New York."

On one occasion he had promised to spend the week end with Gilman Hall at his country place in Jersey. Mr. Hall had invited him several times. When Henry finally accepted, Hall gave him the most precise directions. "Take the three o'clock train on Friday afternoon," said Mr. Hall, "and I will meet you with the carryall at the station."

At 11 o'clock on Friday morning Mr. Hall was called to the telephone in his country home. The boy at the railroad station droningly informed him that there was a telegram for him, signed "O. Henry."

"Read it," commanded Mr. Hall, and the boy's sleepy voice buzzed over the wire.

"New York," he read. "Twenty-third Street Substation, Western Union Telegraph Company, 10:30 a. m. Addressed, Gilman Hall, Far Out, N. J.—Dear Hall: I have missed the three o'clock train. Signed, O. Henry."

Neither Henry nor Hall ever referred to the telegram or the evaded visit in their subsequent talks.

Mother of Twenty-one Grown Sons.

At a recent performance in a Kensington, South London, England, theater, 22 of the 33 seats representing the third row of the dress circle were bespoken for the occasion by a Lincolnshire lady and her 21 stalwart sons, the eldest of whom is a man of forty-eight, who recently arrived from Australia. The mother and this son, who were the first to arrive, were soon joined by a succession of finely built fellows, who filed along at short intervals, in twos and threes, and took their seats alongside their mother. The family resemblance soon became apparent to those in the vicinity. Some of the men were bearded, some wore moustaches, and others were clean-shaven, but all bore a marked resemblance to the gentle little widow. The further arrival in the dress circle of four splendid burly men wearing the King's uniform, representing the Lancers, the Army Service Corps, and other branches of the service, kindled a still livelier interest. Two more men were a moment later added to the party, having freshly landed from their fruit farm in Western Canada. The mother is a native of the Orkneys. All her children are alive—all boys, and eight of them are in the King's service. The sons had arrived from all parts of the Colonies to celebrate their mother's birthday.

Collecting Horse Hair a Fad.

There was a somewhat unpleasant incident at the Yarmouth race meeting caused by a curious hobby which is growing increasingly popular among lovers of race horses. A horse suddenly lashed out with its heels, and a man who was behind it narrowly escaped injury.

The trainer spoke to the man angrily, and when asked to explain the incident the trainer said that the man had been trying to pull hairs from the horse's tail. He added that many people made collections of the hairs from famous horses. Ordinarily they wrote to the owner or trainer for them, but there were a certain number of men who tried to make money by plucking them from the horses at different meetings.

It appears that there are many such collections, and one of them recently changed hands for \$100. Such a price is above the average, but this collection contained sixty hairs, three from each of the tails of twenty winners of classic races, among them being Galopin, Ormandie, Flying Fox, Scepter, Ard Patrick, Rock Sand, Pretty Polly and Spearpoint, the genuineness being vouched for by letters from the various owners and trainers.—London Standard.

Social Centers.

In Milwaukee the establishment of social centers is coming to be taken as part of the municipality's concerns. A faculty for such an institution has been appointed by the appointment committee of the school board, and as soon as the matter has been experimented with a little further, three more social centers will be opened, all three having been recently authorized by the board. Miss Julia Welch has been chosen as assistant director of the Fourth Street institution. A great deal of public interest has been enlisted in the social center idea, not only in Milwaukee, but all over the country. Club women particularly have become keen over the possibilities that are opening up along this line.

Cathleen's Capture

By **IZOLA FORRESTER**

(Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Listen!" whispered Cathleen excitedly. "Can't you hear him now?"
"Deed, and it's only the crackling of the telephone wires, Miss Cathie. Don't you be worrying so," soothed Blake, brushing out the long, beautiful waves of chestnut hair. "There isn't a soul out a night like this for miles. You're tired and a bit nervous."

"I'm not a bit nervous, Blake," Cathleen retorted haughtily. She stared at the reflection of herself in the oval mirror and frowned. It was certainly a white and troubled young person who returned her gaze of inquiry.

"Anyway, I don't think it at all right for papa to send me out here at this time of the year."

"'Tis a foine place for the asthma," Blake said gently.

"But I haven't asthma. It's papa who has asthma. I think he should have thought of me a little in the matter. It's cold and bleak and miserable down here on the shore this time of the year, and there's nobody living here—oh, Blake, there it is again. Don't you—can't you hear it?"

It was unmistakable this time, a steady, dragging sound on the roof. Cathleen reached for the pink-shaded lights, and extinguished them with fingers that strove to be steady. She thought quickly. They had arrived that afternoon, without warning, from New York. Her father was to follow the next morning with his nurse and secretary. Only Blake and the old housekeeper were in the house besides herself. The chauffeur was in town.

The house was one of several in a summer colony on the bay. The long gardens rambled straight down to the water's edge. It was the last of the row, and faced the sea on two sides. So far as Cathleen knew, there were no other residents there, only a few servants left in charge through the winter.

Blake moved cautiously to the nearest window and peered out. It was a stormy spring night. The rain was pelting down in sheets. Out to sea the lightning cut the darkness in long glittering gashes, coming swiftly after every crack of thunder.

The house was built with gables. Cathleen's suite was in the front, so that the side windows commanded a full view of the sloping roof on the east gable above the library. She leaned over Blake's shoulder, and watched for the next flare of light.

"There he is," she whispered. "He's climbed up as far as the parapet, Blake, and is crouching behind that chimney."

"And what should he do that for, Miss Cathie?" Blake objected.

"Wouldn't he go in the windows by choice?"

"I don't know," laughed Cathleen, her nerves running to extremes. "Maybe he prefers chimneys. I'm going to telephone the village and get the police out here just as soon as they can come."

Blake listened to the howl of the storm outside.

"Ah, sure, they'll never get up the shore in this gale, Miss Cathie," she groaned, but Cathleen had already sped down the long hall, and she spoke only to the windowpane.

"Yes, hello, hello," called Cathleen tremulously, as she got the number at Sesonsett headquarters. "This is Mr. Reid's residence on the bay shore. There is a burglar on the roof, and I am alone except for two servants, both women. Can you send help at once? What? I don't know. We only arrived about half an hour ago. The house has been closed all winter. Do hurry. I'm afraid you'll be too late."

She hung up the receiver and turned around to face Blake.

"I think he's trying to come down the chimney, deed, and I do. He's acting that crafty. And there's the open fireplace in the library, Miss Cathie. Do you think he'll be dropping down that way?"

Cathleen felt a wave of faintness sweep over her. It was her first experience with burglars. But she cleaneched both hands and stood fast.

"Shall I wake Mrs. Busby?"

"No," replied Cathleen, firmly. "She's too nervous. The police will be here in ten minutes. He won't come down a hot chimney. You go and build a fire in the library, Blake, and I'll get papa's revolver from his room, and cover him with it from my windows, and if he breaks in, I'll shoot."

The man on the east gable worked with deliberation. Now he crouched behind the low parapet as the wind swept in from the sea. Then Cathleen could see him start to work with renewed energy. He seemed to be tearing at the roof. There were slate plates on it, Cathleen remembered. Mr. Reid was British, and had his own ideas of what a roof should be like even on Long Island. She wondered if perhaps this was a slate thief, and then choked a laugh in her handkerchief, at the picture of any burglar stealing pounds of slate to bear away down the lonely shore a night like this. More probably he was a lunatic. There was a private asylum six miles away. Cathleen felt more hopeful. One might divert a lunatic where a burglar had preconceived notions.

Suddenly he began to descend with startling rapidity. He was down on

the veranda roof before she realized it, not thirty feet from her.

"They're coming, Miss Cathie!" called Blake, in a hushed tone from the lower hall. "You can hear them now."

Cathleen raised the window, and leaned out.

"Don't you move or I'll shoot!" she cried. He moved, nevertheless, and quickly, too. She leveled the revolver and fired into the darkness, but not toward the sound. There was dead silence on the roof below her, then she could almost have sworn she heard a laugh.

Blake was directing the police upstairs. She heard steps below in the garden, hurried, adventurous steps, and drew back from the window, white and chilled.

"They've got him; Miss Cathie. In the library," Blake brought the news. "He's that bold and daring, too. They want you to see him. Not a word will he say."

"Oh, must I?" Cathleen hesitated, but the Reid blood was not made of milk.

Head up, and steady nerved, she went down to the library. The burglar met her gaze squarely. He was young, smooth-faced, towls-haired, rough-coated, hatless. His curly hair was drenched and curled tightly. It was the hair that gave him away.

"Tommy," she gasped. "Tommy, how could you?"

"How could you?" retorted Tommy, mildly.

"But I didn't know you were here?"

"Your father sent me down on the afternoon train."

"But why on earth were you on the roof?"

Tommy's eyes twinkled. He raised his handcuffed wrists.

"It leaked, lady. I was only fixing it. It was coming in awfully, and I was asleep in the room underneath. I didn't hear you arrive even."

"You might have seen the light."

"But I was looking for a leak. Won't you please explain?"

Cathleen explained, with what dignity she could gather. The man was Mr. Thomas Drew, a close friend of the family. There was a mistake. She had no idea he was there at all. And she was very sorry.

When they were alone in the great dim library, Tommy took her in his arms with unmistakable intentions.

"You said I was a close friend of the family," he protested, "and you're the family. Do you suppose I was going to be railroaded down South or West, while you stayed here for three months? The governor needs somebody here to look after his business interests, and I applied for the position. Also, the word goes around that I'm to be a junior partner. Will you be a June bride, sweetheart?"

"Tommy, you don't know how funny you looked in those steel rings."

"The first week in June?"

Cathleen laughed, and raised her face from his coat sleeve.

"If you promise to keep off people's roofs."

Poet Can Live on Atmosphere.
Some of the dull, utilitarian minds of the world are sometimes at loss to know how the seemingly improvident poet can live on what appears to be a very meager income. Stupid things! They have not the comprehension and delicious imagination to perceive that the true bard can warm himself by his own poetic fire and secure his food and drink from his mince-Pierian spring.

Golden Rule.
Whatever I have tried to do at all, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand on anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been one of my golden rules.—Charles Dickens.

Would Hardly Go Around.
Willie—"Wonder what all the animals did during those forty days in the ark." Tommy—"Oh, they just lay around and scratched themselves, I guess." Willie—"Scratched themselves nothin'! What'd they scratch for when there was only two seas?"—Boston Transcript.

Woman as Worshiper.
Women are born worshipers; in their good little hearts lies the most craving relish for greatness; it is even said each chooses her husband on the hypothesis of his being a great man—in his way. The good creatures, yet the foolish!—Thomas Carlyle.

PHYSICIAN FOUND IN FIELD EATING CORN

Emaciated and With Memory Gone, Doctor Is Rescued After Four Days' Wandering.

Trenton, Mo.—Emaciated, half frozen and a physical and mental wreck, Dr. D. W. Belshe, who disappeared a few nights ago while on his way to make a professional call, was found in a field near Tindall, Mo., six miles from Trenton. When discovered



Found Devouring Corn From Shock.

ered the physician was in a corn field eating corn out of one of the shocks. He was brought here and taken to his home. In the few lucid intervals which he has had since being found, he was unable to remember anything that had transpired during the past few days.

Doctor Belshe refused to recognize his uncle or to admit his own identity for several hours. Both hands and feet bear mute witness in their swollen condition to the harrowing experiences which the physician must have undergone during his four days' wandering in the bitterly cold weather.

After he had been taken to his home here Doctor Belshe managed to say that he did not know what had happened to him, except that he had spent one night in a haystack.

NUNS HIDE FROM RESCUERS

Barricade Selves in Burning Convent to Observe Rule That No Man Enter Premises.

Paris.—Word comes from Le Puy, the picturesque capital of central France, describing an incident that happened there recently, when a terrible tragedy was averted only by the resolute action of the police and several civilians, who succeeded in saving aged nuns from death by fire in spite of their determination to die.

Fire broke out at the old convent of the order of St. Claire, and a brisk wind caused the flames to spread so rapidly that soon the whole building was in grave danger. The only occupants were seven aged nuns, who had been given leave to end their days in the convent in spite of the ministerial decree which dissolved their order.

The order is one of the most closely cloistered, and one of the first rules forbids the admission of a man within the precincts of the convent. Consequently, when the police came up



The Nuns Were Saved in Spite of Themselves.

they found that the sisters had withdrawn to a dormitory and had there barricaded themselves against the entry of their would-be rescuers. All the appeals of the police for the door to be opened were fruitless, and in the end an entrance had to be effected by force, when the nuns were saved in spite of themselves.

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