

THE DAY OF THE PARTY

THE room was quite dark. There is never much light at 7 o'clock on a December morning, and the thick curtains shut out any faint streaks of dawn that might have been outside. But neither light nor darkness mattered to one of the occupants of the room. He sat up in bed, for one moment he rubbed his fingers in his sleepy eyes to make sure he was quite awake, and then he proceeded to arouse the other person in the room, who was still peacefully sleeping.

"Mother, mother, wake up! It's my birthday, and the day of my party."

"Philip," she said, "it is not time to get up yet. Go back to your own bed like a good little boy and go to sleep again. The party is not till 4 o'clock, and there is plenty of time."

The party, which was partly for Philip's birthday and partly for Christmas, was to be very small and of the simplest description, for Mrs. Dalrymple was a widow and very poor. Indeed, simple as the entertainment was to be—only tea and a tiny Christmas tree—it is doubtful if she would have consented to giving it had not Martha joined her entreaties to Philip's and promised to help with all the preparations. Martha thought there was no woman in London to compare with her mistress, and no child in the entire universe worthy to be spoken of in the same breath as Philip, for whom indeed she had an adoration bordering on idolatry.

Martha entirely managed the little house in Stoketon Road. She had lived with her mistress as maid in the days before her marriage when she had known all the luxury that money can provide. She had accompanied her, when, in direct opposition to the plans and wishes of her worldly wise mother, she had left home secretly to marry the poor artist whom she loved, preferring poverty with him to riches with the squire favored by her mother—a rich man with nothing but his wealth to recommend him. It was Martha, too, who comforted the girl when her mother refused to have anything more to do with her, sending back her letters unopened and turning a deaf ear to her entreaties for forgiveness.

Perhaps if Violet Mitchell had realized how absolute was the poverty in which her marriage would plunge her she might have paused. But she never believed that her mother would really carry out the threat of considering her daughter dead on the day she changed her name; and, too, she had unlimited faith in her husband's talents winning him a name and fortune. But she was mistaken in her expectations. Her mother carried out her threat to the letter. Her husband might perhaps have justified her faith in him had not death intervened. He caught a fever and died two years after their marriage. The widow with her tiny baby and the faithful Martha left the little Italian town where they had been living, and came to London. A little house in a dreary suburban road was taken, and here Violet Dalrymple eked out her minute income by giving music lessons. She had given up all hope of her mother's forgiveness.

Philip lay contentedly by his mother's side and counted on his fingers the delightful things he had seen being prepared.

"Oakes; chocky; fags; crackers!" he murmured delightedly. Then he stopped suddenly, and a puzzled look replaced the smile on his face.

"Mother," he said, "why can't I have a granny to come to my party?"

Mrs. Dalrymple hesitated. How could she tell this baby of the years of stubborn unforgetfulness and hardness of heart that had denied him a granny; how explain to him the reason for his granny, though living, being as dead to him?

What a morning of delight Philip had on that day of the party. He helped Martha to set the table for tea in the little dining room, for on this marvelous day mother and Philisey must dine in the kitchen. And in the drawing room was the Christmas tree, wonderful even now before the candles were lighted. He helped mother to stick the little labels on each present. He filled the little muslin bags with sweets, taking frequent toll while so doing; he arranged the crackers in fantastic designs of his own. But occasionally in the midst of these delightful preparations the thought came to him: "How nice it would be if I could have a granny at my party to see all these beauties." Then the idea began to slowly possess him that perhaps mother had made a little mistake, or had forgotten, and that Father Christmas did sometimes bring grannies. That one had not arrived on Christmas Day, the proper day, mattered little. Since he had once been too busy to bring Philisey himself till the day after, might not the same thing happen again?

"Mother," he said in a husky voice. "Do you think Father Christmas would bring me a granny for Christmas, like he brought me to be your little Philisey, and he was very busy like then, and had to wait till the next day? Because if he brings the granny to-day there is no present for her, on the tree."

Suddenly a resolution seized him. Mother would not mind, he thought, but perhaps it would be safer not to ask her. He would go out and buy a present for the granny in case she came. He hurried into the kitchen.

"Martha," he said coaxingly, "I do so wish Philisey could have a penny." Martha was extremely busy, and it did not occur to her to wonder why a penny was so much desired at this particular moment.

"There's a penny on the dresser you may take, Master Philisey, dear," she said; "now run away, lovey, I'm very busy."

Philip knew exactly where to go for the granny's present. He had often admired a gaily painted bird swinging on a little hoop in a toy-shop window. Surely a granny would appreciate so lovely a thing. He put on his hat and coat, seized a moment when Martha was speaking to the milkman, and ran out. It was the first time he had ever been out alone, and the feeling of importance was very pleasing.

He had wandered into a more crowded neighborhood, and several people looked curiously at the little boy who, with a small parcel clasped tightly in his hand, ran on and on as if pursued. At last a woman, feeling sure he was lost and wanting to help him, tried to take hold of his hand. By this time, however, Philip was in a perfect frenzy of terror. He broke from her kindly hand and darted across the road to escape from her. The next moment he gave a piercing scream and lay motionless in the middle of the road, while a horrified crowd gathered round him. A carriage drawn by a pair of horses, and going at a great speed, had knocked him down. A young man, who was a doctor, elbowed his way to the front of the crowd. He fully expected that the child was seriously hurt if not killed, but when he picked him up Philip opened his eyes and said:

"Philisey was frightened and ran very quickly, and the horse knocked him down."

"I will take him home with me," said the old lady, "and on the way we will call at the police station and give information; his parents are sure to apply there as soon as they miss him. My horses were within an inch of killing him, and I can do no less than take charge of him now."

"Are you the granny?" he asked suddenly. And when the old lady asked what he meant, he told her all about the party, and how much he wanted a granny, and how he had gone out to buy a present for her in case Father Christmas brought her that day. He explained, too, how Father Christmas had brought him once to be mother's little boy, and how he had no daddy. He showed her the bird he had bought for the granny.

"Are you the granny to any little boy?" he asked finally, and he could not understand why tears ran down the old lady's cheeks, and what she answered, for she spoke in a low whisper, just as if she were talking to herself, and he could only hear a word here and there. "My folly and wickedness," "years of loneliness," "impossible to find them now," and other unmeaning phrases. But he felt sure the old lady was unhappy, for when mother was unhappy she often had tears on her cheeks, so he tried the same remedy that always cured her.

"This is writing mother put in my pocket for if I got lost," he said, confidentially, and held out a card on which was written "Philip Stewart Dalrymple, 8 Stoketon Road, Clapham."

When the old lady read this, she said, "Thank God!" and she kissed Philip again and again, and told him that she was his very own granny. She gave no explanations, nor did Philip demand them, for never had he imagined that a granny could be so beautiful.

The old lady told the coachman to drive as quickly as possible to Stoketon Road, and just as Mrs. Dalrymple and Martha had become aware of the terrible fact that Philip was nowhere to be found, the carriage drew up outside the shabby little house. The footman gave a thundering knock, and in another instant Philip was in his mother's arms.

"Mother, mother, I went to buy the present for the granny to put on the tree and the horse knocked me down, and Father Christmas has sent a granny in time for the party."

And behind him was a stately figure, whose proud face was quivering with emotion, whose somewhat stern voice was trembling as it said:

"Violet, my child, I have found you at last. Can you forgive me?"

Things were almost too wonderful to be true, Philip thought, but it really was true. He was washed and dressed in time for the party, and such a party never had been known in that street before. Mrs. Mitchell sent the carriage back to her house with a note to the housekeeper, and jellies, and toys of every description. And when the presents were taken off the tree and distributed, who so proud as Philip for his very own

beautiful granny drew him to her and kissed him and said:

"I shall always love the bird, Philisey, darling, because if you had not gone out to buy it, I might never have found my little grandson."

But Philip knew it was all through Father Christmas.—New York News.

HOW WOMEN STEP OFF CARS.

Few Understand the Art and Many Are Injured in Consequence.

All over the country the traction companies are being maled in heavy damages for personal injuries sustained by passengers who are thrown to the ground on alighting before the cars have fully stopped. The verdicts are exemplary in many instances, especially if the plaintiffs are women. The jurors rarely seem to concern themselves over the question whether the injured passengers of the precious sex get off with their faces or their back-hair turned toward the front of the compass which claims the attention of the masculine creature at the wheel. It is the proud privilege of the better half of humanity to descend from a car of any sort in just the way she prefers, with eyes to the front or retroactive vision and footsteps, and our transportation companies must revise their rules in accordance with feminine caprices and fancies.

Otherwise juries will deal unkindly with the owners of the trolley lines whether their power is overhead or underground. The matron or maid who is interfered with in her choice of gracefully alighting from a car platform backward or forward or in any other way evidently has a sufficient basis for litigation if she suffers injury and the car is put in motion before she has taken her way in untroubled security. So the juries seem to think. The harassed and unfortunate male nonentities on the front or rear platforms of the cars who are distraught already over the uncertainty whether lovely women will make her exit without harm have even worse troubles ahead than any which have hitherto afflicted them.

GILDING REFINED FOLDS.

Jefferson and Florence Criticizing Their Own Performance.

One night, some years ago, as I entered Dorton's oyster house on West Twenty-third street, writes E. H. South in Leslie's Monthly, I saw Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence sitting at a table near the door. Jefferson was talking earnestly to Florence, who was looking very much ashamed of himself, with eyes cast down and fiddling with his oyster fork. Glancing up he saw me, and, as if glad to escape from a scolding, he cried, "Come over here and sit down with us."

"How do you do," said Jefferson. "Pardon me a moment. I am telling Billy about a point he spoiled this evening." They were playing "The Rivals" at the Garden Theater.

"Well, I was thinking of something else," said Florence.

"Ah, that's it," said Jefferson, "but you missed the point, and let me tell you that you would have got a round of applause there"—naming some other portion of the scene—"if you had made the pause in the right place."

"Look here," said Florence, suddenly, losing his remorseful expression, "you killed your own effect by speaking too quickly on that line," and he instanced one of Bob Acres' best moments.

Jefferson's face fell. "That's so, Billy, that's so; I spoiled that line. I was thinking how well I was playing, too and I forgot my look before I spoke."

Florence became quite cheerful again. "He's been giving me fits," said he "for the last ten minutes. He wasn't so devilish good himself to-night."

To see those two veterans polishing their work, to find them in their hour of recreation gilding refined gold was an object lesson of some value.

Sympathy Was Powerless.

To exercise a general supervision over lost children and stray pets is characteristic of a kind-hearted resident of South Paris, Me., who is represented by the Lewiston Journal as ready to sympathize with every childish trouble. He was walking along the street recently, when he noticed a little boy on the sidewalk, evidently in the deepest trouble. His chubby fists burrowed into his fat little face. Great round drops of misery rolled down his cheeks and fell on his little blouse.

"Did you get hurt, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted man.

"No," howled the boy.

"Lost?"

"No," with a wilder burst of sorrow.

"Where do you live?"

The boy pointed.

"Waiting for your dad?"

"No, Boo-hoo!"

"Well, then, what is the trouble?"

The boy sobbed bitterly, and answered in tones of anguish:

"I've got the tummy-ache."

Larger Quantities.

Miss Gabbie—And she accused me of retailing gossip about the neighborhood.

Miss Sharpe—The idea!

Miss Gabbie—Positively insulting, isn't she?

Miss Sharpe—Yes, for you're really a wholesaler.—Philadelphia Press.

Convict Competition in Austria.

To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea.

It is said that the Lord tempts the wind to the shore lamb, but this does not cut any ice.

One thing a physician gets with a good practice is criticism.

MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

Theories Are Not Always Borne Out by Facts.

He (bring his chair beside the tea table)—A man's choice of a wife always excites my curiosity.

She (preparing the tea cups)—Curiosity? What curiosity? Interest, perhaps, but surely not curiosity, sugar?

He—Two dumbs, please. Yes, curiosity. Why not? Look at the incongruous women that some men pick out. Look at Jack Butler, for instance. Don't you call him the swaggiest man in town?

She (demurely)—All but one.

He (palpably hit, but preserving an outside calm)—Certainly he is. And lo you mean to tell me that you don't feel curiosity as to why he married that quiet little country girl? No, mon, thank you.

She—Cream, then. No? Are you sure she is so incongruous?

He—Isn't it evident?

She—Apparently it is, but how do you know—how does anyone know—that there isn't an affinity between them besides which the outer incongruity fades into nothingness?

He (leaning dangerously near the tea kettle)—You think that love is given an inner vision keener than the sight of his blinded eyes?

She (moving the kettle with just a shade of ostentation)—Yes, an ability to see traits of character and spiritual beauty that the unloving cannot perceive.

He (ignoring the hint of the moved kettle)—Then you don't believe in the attraction of opposites? Yes, an other cup, please. Your tea always is delicious.

She (taking his cup)—Thank you. Yes, I believe in the attraction of opposites. The truth of my theory doesn't necessarily mean the falsity of the old explanation of charm. One becomes so bored with one's self and one's own ways of looking and thinking and doing that anything that is different is winning. Now, I could never marry a man who agreed with me.

He (pointedly)—Have you happened to notice that I have been quarreling with you all the afternoon?

She (foolily)—It's strange, isn't it? We usually agree so well. Our dispositions are so much alike.

He—They are, but that doesn't prevent me from loving you.

She (making a last stand)—Perhaps, but on the other hand, it doesn't admit of your marrying me.

He (with determination)—That's where I disagree with you violently. And disagreement alone ought to plead for me. Won't you let it, dear?

She (weakly)—No.

He (in ecstasy)—Darling! When shall it be?—Kansas City Star.

THE DOMESTIC LITTLE JAPS.

However Rich the Family, the Women Are Taught to Work.

Even the higher class Japanese women, and no matter how rich their family may be, are brought up to be able to sew, cook, and attend to their homes.

In Japan the highest class of women never go to market. The market comes to them—that is, the dealers call and offer their wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish merchant brings his stock and, if any is sold, prepares it for cooking. The green grocer, the cake dealer, and nowadays the meat man, all go to their patrons' houses.

Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; at all events, even the very richest embroider their garments themselves. Dinner is served at or a little before dusk the year round. A small table about one foot square and eight inches high is set before each person. On this is a lacquer tray with space for four or five dishes, each four or five inches in diameter.

There are definite plates for each little bowl and dish. The rice bowl is on the left, the soup bowl in the middle. One's appetite is measured according to the number of bowls of rice one eats. A maid is at hand with a large box of rice to replenish the bowls. If a few grains are left in the bottom of the bowl she is aware that those eating have had sufficient, but should one empty his bowl she would never more fill it.—Table Talk.

Delicate Analysis.

"Do you regard Bliggins as a man of his word?"

"Yes; to a certain extent."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you see, Bliggins is one of those people who don't like work. If he says he is going to do something you are justified in having your doubts, but if he says he isn't going to do something you can depend on him every time."—Washington Star.

Some Relief Already.

"And you think the subway will relieve the congestion on the surface and elevated roads, do you?" the visitor asked of the New Yorker.

"Oh, yes; it is doing that already."

"Why, no part of it is in running order yet, is it?"

"No; but a lot of people are being killed in it who might otherwise add to the congestion."—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Answered It.

"Didn't you hear the doorbell, Bridget?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, why don't you answer it?"

"I did answer it; I said, 'Oh, fudge! mum.'—Yonkers Statesman.

It should be said of the versatility of women that she doesn't look so awkward with a saw as a man looks handling a needle.

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS



CERTAINLY in few fields has the progress been more rapid than in the care and training of wild beasts for the instruction and entertainment of the public. Of course it is natural that, with the growth of knowledge and experience in their handling, the treatment has become more humane, and the methods by which they are schooled have undergone the most radical changes. The man who has charge of a modern animal spectacle calls himself a trainer, rather than a tamer; and he is really a teacher in every sense of the word. He must be a man of fearlessness, to be sure, but he must also possess the magnetic qualities, the quick understanding and the ready sympathy which characterize the successful teacher of men. Indeed, it is something of a commentary on human educational systems that the trainer of animals is selected with far more care and receives a much larger reward than the instructor of men and boys. Then, too, he has this advantage over the public-school instructor—he chooses his pupils slowly and with an eye to their future. Indeed, the most important factor in attaining a complete, interesting exhibition is the choice of the animals who are to form the nucleus of the show. For this purpose the very young are always given the preference, and those born in captivity are obtained whenever they are physically perfect specimens of their kind, though the domestic-bred beasts are not numerous. Such cubs are always tamer to start with, and their attention is much more easily fixed. They do not have the far-away, longing look which can be seen in the eyes of a desert-bred lion. They have never learned to strike and to exult in the feel of quivering flesh beneath their paws.

As soon as a cub is able to crawl around in its cage, the trainer acts acquainted with it and feeds it and shows it that it has only kindness to expect while its behavior is good. When it is four or five months old, easy tricks are undertaken—sitting on a chair, lying down and rising at command, playing with a ball, and so on. At first, the trainer devotes all his time to a single animal until he has impressed it with his ability to control and direct its movements. Then an older, thoroughly trained animal of the same breed is introduced, partly for the example it can set in illustrating how the more difficult tricks are done and partly to accustom the cub to association with its kind. Many a trainer bears deep and permanent scars as a reward for performing the first introduction or for offering to arbitrate early differences of opinion between two future friends.

The hardest task of all is to accustom animals of one kind even to tolerate the presence in the same cage of animals of another kind, and months of patient effort are necessary before a newly assembled aggregation of animal actors will perform even the simplest combined tricks. The make-up of such an assemblage must be carefully studied out, for the methods of teaching vary with each new combination of animals.

Their health, too, is a matter of

never-ending anxiety, and gives a trainer more trouble than the impetuous feels over that of his high-salaried opera singers. If an actress is indisposed, her understudy can take the part at a moment's notice; but these animal actors have no understudies, and the omission of a beast or even his chair or pedestal from an act often discolors all the performers. On the other hand, to couple a sick animal to perform sometimes turns the act into a tragedy for the trainer, for if he once turns his back on his charges, and flees for safety, he may never be able to control them again, and if he stays to face the trouble, serious wounds may result. Once let a beast see that you fear him, and discipline is destroyed; and, indeed, a crisis in which a trainer flees or is rescued by helpers as a rule works so on his nerves that even if he should wish to enter the cage the secret that he feared his beasts would be discerned by them in spite of all he could do, and his mastery of them would be lost. Sometimes it happens that a trainer relaxes his caution or commits an error of judgment. Many a trainer takes desperate chances because he or she had been fascinated by the beauty of a particular lion and has determined to master it at whatever risk.

Almost all animals have more discernment than they are usually given credit for. They fix the responsibility for their discomfort where it belongs, and harbor grudges long after a trainer has forgotten the entire incident which aroused them. The greatest factor in the safety of a trainer and the success of the show as a whole is the health of the animals, and this is dependent directly on food and exercise. In its natural state a wild beast kills when it is hungry, eats what is good for it, and fasts until hungry again, but in captivity it seems to lose its judgment, and if given the opportunity will usually indulge in gluttony, or, in some instances, deliberately starve itself.

Very few proprietors of great shows capture beasts through their own agents. The organization of their business, with the mass of detail—advertising, transportation and finance—occupies all their time. Most of the animals now in captivity, therefore, are purchased of dealers who make this business a specialty.

There is a great deal of financial risk involved in a large business of buying and selling wild beasts. Risks must be carefully figured, and profit from sales and loss from deaths must be constantly kept in mind and balanced. Purchases are often made on the spot where an animal is captured, and the buyer stands the risk of transportation. The way in which a beast can bear a rough sea voyage plays a great part in determining its value. Even after its safe arrival, there is a continual liability to colds and disease. The loss from deaths, even among the animals safely installed in such a menagerie as that of Janarch in Hamburg, is rarely less than seven hundred to a thousand dollars a month.—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in the Cosmopolitan.

PROTECTING THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

To the average American, the precautions taken to protect the Sultan of Turkey against possible poisoning must seem utterly absurd, yet long experience has taught those who surround the imperial presence that too



PREPARING THE SULTAN'S DINNER.

many safeguards cannot be hedged about Abdul.

Before a meal is prepared the palace officials visit the royal kitchen and inspect the dishes, which are tasted and then sealed up with long ribbons, the ends of which are held by the major dome. Guards, reinforced by strong armed escort, then carry the food to the imperial presence.

AN HONEST SEWER PURGER.

Surprised Bank of England Managers by Appearing Among Its Treasures.

The strong room of the Bank of England, which probably contains more treasure than any other inclosure in the world, was once entered by an honest sewer cleaner.

After an unmarried woman had reached 25, and no takers, she reported that she commenced to do her hair up and started out so early.

How readily cheap men across oceans of "setting out!"