

THE LOVER'S ROSARY

Parting of the Ways — A Memory of Boyhood.

Gray eyes so archly tender,
Our homage must we render
And pay our tribute to you.
On Allen strand we wander,
Stung by desire to roam,
Our health and wealth we squander
And sadly dream of home!

Gray eyes whose depths are deeper
Than any bubbling spring
That cools the thirsty reaper,
Where moss and ivy cling;
Dear eyes with rapture gleaming,
Flushed with shy, pure disdain,
Charged with sweet, girlish dreaming,
As starshine drenched in rain.

How fast the time went flying,
How swiftly sped the hours,
Scant shrift for lover's sighing
Brief space to garner flowers,
The first mad boyish passion
Has tamed its fierce delight,
We loved in frantic fashion,
And part in foolish spite.

Your song was low and sweeter
Than birds that sigh for rain,
Or music's mournful strain,
Or Swinburne's sumptuous strain,
You dawned on the beholder
Like sunshine 'mid the gloom,
When wintry blasts still colder,
Lamenting summer's doom.

You came and all was gladness,
Your step was like the dawn,
Your buoyance had the sadness,
The chaste delight of dawn,
You trocked through the Maytime
As dream of pure delight,
Your golden hours for playtime,
Like apple fawn in flight.

As sea bird from the ocean,
You fluttered to his side,
He raised you with devotion
And tamed your girlish pride,
A gleam of sunshine straying
Across his wintry life,
A snatch of song allaying
The soul that sighed for strife.

But time, who scoffs at lovers,
Gave them a little grace,
The white shy Spring uncovers
Her flushed, wet, amorous face,
Your rose leaf face was fairer
Than foam from wind-swept spray,
Your beauty's rich and rarer,
Than harbinger of May.

Love brought them as a token
The trophies of the fray,
A boyish heart was broken
And bruised, and cast away,
He found you blithe, capricious,
Your hair as fair as foam,
Wild, candid, and delicious,
A sea bird keen to roam.

Time's up for love and laughter,
Soft vows and bridal bliss,
Remorse must follow after,
And chill sweet clinging kisses,
You were the daintiest creature
That ever the Sun caressed,
As fair as foam each feature,
But fickle like the rest.

Farewell, the dream has vanished
As mist melts in the sun,
Fond boyish hopes are banished,
Those golden days are done,
They've had their share of pleasure,
They've drained the sweets of life,
Joy gave them hooping treasure,
Of Love's keen lusty light.

—JAMES E. KINSELLA,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

A PURITAN ABROAD

BY PAUL BLAKE

(Copyright 1935 by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Charles Livingston, of Puritan ancestry and New England training and rigid business habits and principles found himself in New Orleans in mid-winter on a mission for his house. He was a partner in the house, although barely thirty, and his head was considered not less cool nor his judgment less steady and conservative than that of his gray-haired associates.

As to his character and habits—but why speak of that? He had been a model youth, as he now was esteemed a model man. By this it is not meant to suggest that he was goody-goody, or anything of that sort. He was a strong, robust, healthy, normal fellow, who had been born of good stock, with good principles, had been well brought up and respected himself and the precepts of his parents. At college he had gone in for athletics, but not for dissipation. When he graduated he took up the serious business of life and, of course, found a ready opportunity, of which he availed himself to the uttermost. So at thirty he was well established for life so far as business was concerned, and was well along on the road to being a rich man. He was not married, never having found time to indulge in social pleasures, nor to cultivate the very considerable streak of romance which ran through his nature.

Through no fault of his the business he had in hand at New Orleans cragged fearfully, and he was detained there much longer than he had been anticipated. But it was of sufficient importance to demand his presence. So he found much leisure on his hands and gave more time to sight seeing and pleasure than he ever had done before. He enjoyed especially to go away from haunts of trade and plunge into the old historic section of the city, letting his imagination run riot with the old houses and filling his mind with pictures of what might have happened in bygone days.

He had almost exhausted the sights, tired of the theater and other forms of pastime and was beginning to chafe at his enforced stay, when he overheard a conversation one day which put a strange idea into his head. For you know Santos finds mischief still for idle hands to do. He was at the old absinthe place, sipping a glass of the stuff, against which there are so many warnings, and wondering how anybody could become addicted to its habitual use, when two young fellows at the next table started in to discuss a fancy dress ball, to be given that night. They talked so loudly that he was an involuntary listener. Without being at all interested he learned that the ball was public, that it was to be

can go masked and nobody will be the wiser."

Well, of course, that happened which always happened when old Beelzebub gets up to lend an ear for a moment. Livingston temporized, hesitated—and fell. The fall occurred along in the evening and with fatal exactness he recollected having seen a customer's shop with a sign "Open Evenings." His feet carried him unerringly to the place and he selected a black domino and a mask. Very soon he rolled up to the place at which the ball was held, in a cab,



"I cannot make my identity known," and in a trice was a part of the gay and brilliant throng.

For an hour it made him fairly dizzy. The masking of the women seemed to make them more audacious in the display of their charms and Livingston marveled greatly at the ingenuity with which they had contrived to adopt costumes so as to suggest to the full the graceful and alluring lines of their figures. Some of the skirts were so high and necks so low as to make the mask the most considerable article of apparel.

It was all very new and very interesting to the northern business man, with his strict training and correct life and he was deeply interested. He was leaning against a pillar watching the kaleidoscopic panorama, when a tall and graceful figure, in a most alluring domino of purple silk of the richest texture, paused before him and said:

"Why standest thou all the night in moody contemplation, oh, most sombre Knight?"

Startled, Livingston straightened himself and glanced at his questioner. Her raven hair was caught up with costly jewels, her costume bespoke a generous purse; her domino clung about the lines of a figure of singular perfection; her slipped feet and daintily gloved hands bespoke the aristocrat. "Still, who knows?" thought Livingston. Summoning his wits he replied:

"A stranger in a strange land I must be content to gaze from afar upon the promised land."

"There are no strangers here to-night," said the woman. "All are comrades and friends. Be not a death's head at the feast, I conjure you."

With wildly beating heart Livingston took the plunge. "If indeed none here are strangers I claim you. Come!"

He stepped forward and without a word and without hesitation she took his proffered arm. They walked through the rickety crowd, she clinging close to him, he with his head in a whirl and his heart thumping. She spoke softly in the very voice of love and glancing down at her mask he saw the gleam of flashing eyes, and was filled with strange and powerful emotions. They passed a door within which were palms and flowers and rustic seats.

"Let us go in and sit down," he said abruptly, and turned back. She acquiesced with a silvery laugh.

"I would see your face," he said,

as he handed her to a seat. With the words he tore off his own mask. She gazed for an instant into his clean-cut, high-bred face and with a graceful motion removed her own mask.

The two gazed searchingly at each other for longer than strict propriety would allow. He saw the most beautiful woman he ever had looked upon, with the white complexion, the lustrous eyes, the long lashes, the full red lips, the rich coloring and contrasts of the daughter of the South. She saw the strong features, the flashing blue eye, the clear complexion, the blonde hair of the true northern gentleman.

A flush suffused her features. In an instant his mind was made, as decisively as in any business deal. He threw discretion to the winds.

"I know not who you are, but I would fain have leave to pay you my addresses—yes, yet further, I who have known you but a few moments now and here declare my love. I am no knave or fool, my name is—"

"No, no; I refuse to hear it," she said, rising and interrupting him, "for I cannot make my identity known, nor will it be of any use to follow me. I thank you and respect you for your ardor and your frankness. I know that you are a gentleman and knew it when I accosted you. I may say that I am not unworthy of your avowal in any way. It pleased my fancy to see if I could inspire just such an avowal as you have made. I have had my emotion, you have had yours. Good-by."

And before he could speak or move she had vanished through the door. He pursued furiously and arrived at the outer entrance just in time to see her jump breathlessly into an awaiting carriage, well attended by driver and footman in livery, and be driven rapidly away.

That was the end of the episode, but many times as Charles Livingston sits in his well-appointed home, watching his brown-haired wife and tow-headed children at work or play, his mind turns back and he muses wonderingly.

WITTE LOVED BROOKLYN MAID.

Russian Peace Envoy Lost His Heart to Little Miss Bawo.

News has reached Brooklyn that M. Witte, the Russian peace envoy, whose triumph at Portsmouth did much to redeem the czar's prestige, lost his heart on the trip across the Atlantic to a very fair little daughter of Brooklyn, according to the New York World. M. Witte sailed some weeks ago on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. Among his fellow passengers were Carl Bawo of 214 8th avenue, Brooklyn, and Mr. Bawo's family. The youngest of this family was Miss Anetta Bawo, a pretty brown-eyed girl of 4 summers, and it was with Miss Anetta that the big Russian diplomat fell in love.

He began to pay attention to the wee Brooklynite immediately after the ship left the Narrows, and one of the sights that amused the passengers was the big bearded representative of the czar and the tiny maiden from Brooklyn romping up and down the deck. The delights of the smoking room had no charm for M. Witte while Miss Anetta was out of her berth.

Mr. Bawo, who is a wealthy bric-a-brac importer and manufacturer, and is combining with a pleasure trip through Europe the business of inspecting his factories in Germany, stopped at Bremen and there M. Witte parted from his little American sweetheart.

His parting gift was a very pretty jeweled bonbon box, which the little lady will regard as quite a treasure when she grows up. Meanwhile she is quite inconsolable over the loss of her big playmate.

To the New Baby.
Little kicking, cuddling thing,
You don't cry—you only sing!
Blinking eyes and stubby nose,
Mouth that mocks the hiding rose,
Down for hair, peach blows for hands—
Ah-h-h-h! Of all the "baby grands"
You're the finest one for me!

Skin as soft as velvet is;
God (when you were only his)
Touched you on the cheek and chin—
Where he touched are dimples in—
Cresses on your wrists, as though
Strings were fastened round them so
We could tie you tight and keep
You from leaving while we sleep.

Once I tried to look at you
From a stranger's point of view;
You were red and wrinkled; then
I just loved, and looked again;
What I saw was not the same;
Do you know the blessed flame
Of a father's love consumed
Faults to stranger's eyes illumed.

Little squirming, cuddling thing!
Ere you shed each angel wing,
Did they tell you you were sent
With a cargo of content
To a home down here below
Where they hungered for you so?
Do you know, you finless pearl,
How we love our baby girl?
—Baltimore American.

The Way In.
Mr. Stingiman's antiquated steed is, to put it mildly, somewhat attenuated. As if to make up for the thinness of its body, however, Nature has given the animal a head many sizes too large.

Of course people talk about that horse, and Mr. Stingiman doesn't like it. The other week, for example, he had gone to the expense of a new collar for the brute.

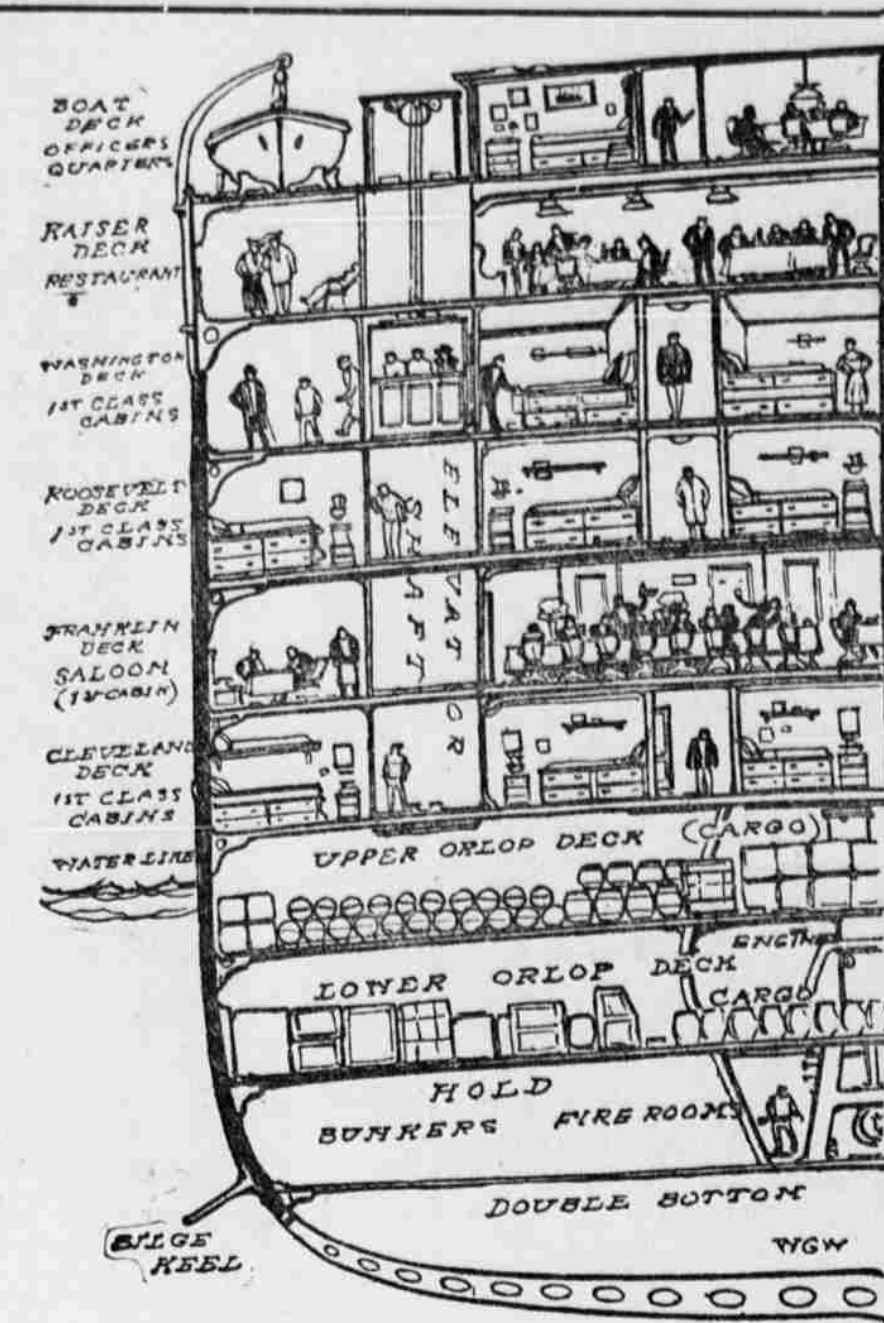
Ten minutes after delivery he was back at the saddler's with the collar. "You blunders!" he observed, in the polite way characteristic of him. "You've made it too small. I can't get it over his head!"

"Over his head?" ejaculated the saddler. "Man, it wasn't made to go over his head. Back him into it!"

—London Answers.

Gulf of California Pearls.
The whole coast of the gulf of California abounds in pearls, and last year \$350,000 worth was harvested in lower California alone.

MAMMOTH NEW SHIP NOVELTY IN MARINE ARCHITECTURE



The new wonder of the seas, the latest novelty in marine architecture, luxury and land features, the Amerika, a plodding, steady-going ocean traverser, now lying, a stately fabric at the Hamburg-American Line pier in Hoboken, has already been christened by the worldly wise as the "Floating Carlton."

New ships make the profits in the steamship business. These in actual returns and in advertising the line. It is estimated upon the experience of other ships and an appropriate deduction for the smaller cost of labor under one German flag, that the total cost of running the giantess Amerika across the Atlantic on her maiden trip was \$55,500. The ship herself cost \$3,500,000.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SOUDAN.

Labors of Missionaries Have Much Prospect of Success.

The work of introducing the beneficial influence of Christianity into the Soudan is the more likely to be successful because it has not been done in a hurry. Missionary societies have frequently been blamed—in some instances justly blamed—for frittering away their energies in regions which were not yet ripe for their ministrations. This cannot be said of the missionary enterprise in the Soudan, of which the first announcement is made this week. The country has for years been enjoying the blessings of peace and good government. It has subsided into that settled condition which is most favorable to missionary work, and the lack of which, as Dr. Livingstone knew in his bitter experience, prevents the fruition of the most arduous labor. Not only the time for beginning the mission, but the region in which it will be carried out, has been chosen by Lord Cromer; and the public will look upon this able administrator's association with the enterprise as the best guarantee that it will be conducted with wisdom, discretion and success.—Weekly Scotsman.

Fateful History of Rug.

It is stated on the authority of a London magazine that the czarina, fearing the baleful influence of a historic rug sent by the sultan of Turkey as a gift to the imperial parents on the occasion of the infant's birth, has sent the young heir to the throne to a place of hiding known only to herself and the czar. The rug sent by the sultan is said to be one known as "The Blood-stained Rug of the Tenth Century," which was taken from the walls of a Moorish palace in the twelfth century, when it was pronounced bewitched. It next appeared in Rome in the fourteenth century, but was banished from an Italian palace because of its uncanny influence and was moved from place to place during the next 100 years, leaving death and destruction in its wake. It was lost during the sixteenth century, reappearing in the palace of the sultan at the beginning of the eighteenth, where it remained until sent to St. Petersburg, where it arrived at the beginning of the war with Japan.

Gasoline Motors Are O. K.

The trial trip of the gasoline motor car built for use on branches of the Union Pacific Railroad, was recently made, and the car was pronounced a success. The run was made from Omaha to Valley, Nev., and return, a speed of fifty miles an hour being maintained and a maximum speed of 62.2 miles being attained at one point. It is reported that the Union Pacific company will rush the construction of these cars as fast as possible and place them on all the branches of the road.

The receipts from the passage were about \$149,480, leaving a profit for the line of \$93,980.

There are 520 souls in her crew. The wages in the engineering department for one trip would be about \$9,000, victualing department \$15,000, wear and tear \$3,750, sailing department \$2,700, pilotage in New York harbor \$197.76, pilotage in Hamburg, Dover and Cherbourg waters \$150; tugs at \$10 an hour for berthing, stevedoring, custom house, longshoremen, Marconi wireless telegraph and miscellaneous \$12,252.36, and expenses of restaurant \$3,000; total, \$55,500.12, leaving a balance of \$93,980, equal to interest on the cost of the ship, \$3,500,000, at the rate of between 2.6-10 and 2.7-10 per cent.

TAKES HONORED KINGLY NAME.

Choice of Prince Charles of Denmark Pleases Norwegians.

The choice by Prince Charles of Denmark of the name Haakon VIII, under which to reign over Norway, appeals strongly to the nation's patriotism. Norwegians as a result are reviewing the history of a period that takes them back over 500 years, when Haakon VII, son of Magnus VII of Sweden, succeeded his father, and with the Princess Margaret, his wife, daughter of King Valdemar of Denmark, reigned over Norway for thirty-seven years, displaying a splendor which richer and more extensive kingdoms could not afford.

King Haakon VIII and his queen will rule the most thinly populated country in Europe. Little of the style of that last King Haakon will be attempted, no doubt, but Norway expects the new king to secure for them an honorable and honored station among the nations of the earth.

Wealthy But Moneyless Duke.

Though enormously rich, the duke of Westminster never by any chance has money in his pocket. The other day he went to London to make some purchases, leaving behind the man servant who attends to his small disbursements. He met an intimate but impecunious friend and the two spent the day in a hansom cab. Before starting for home the duke borrowed a couple of sovereigns from his friend and then forgot all about it. In a day or two he received a reminder in the shape of a bill written thus: "For the privilege of riding in a hansom with a duke, £2." His grace promptly mailed a check.

Comes to Live in America.

Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez, chief opponent of President Palma and now practically an exile from Cuba, having taken up his residence in this country, is a short, rather stout, swarthy man with a quiet face and contemplative eye. Before coming to the United States he was governor of Santa Clara province. He holds that annexation of this country would be preferable to the Palma dynasty. Gen. Gomez is a soldier with an enviable record, a shrewd politician, a Cuban by birth and possessed of a long heritage of enmity toward Spain.

Will Not Sell Old Trinity Church.

The vestrymen of old Trinity church, on Broadway opposite Wall street, New York, recently refused \$3,000,000 for the site, which was wanted for skyscraper office buildings. This is not the first time that a large sum has been offered for the property, but the vestrymen steadfastly turned their backs on all such prospects, mindful of the historical associations connected with the old place, and perhaps reflecting that the Trinity corporation, already enormously wealthy, does not need the money.

DEFECTS IN RUSSIAN VESSELS.

Errors Contributed Greatly to Togo's Decisive Victory.

A French naval officer has been attempting to explain the collapse of some of the Russian line of battle-ships in the fight in the Sea of Japan. He said that, from their design, a number of ships had only a moderate degree of stability. They were top-heavy and some of them rolled so much on the voyage out that the officers were afraid they would turn turtle. When a large amount of coal was taken on board, some even being carried on deck, the vessels were submerged to well below their ordinary water line and as a result the ships were crank and their water line armament in some cases submerged. This deep loading caused the vessels to roll, and, in the opinion of the French expert, holes made by the shells from the Japanese fleet were thus frequently under water, which, with the vessels in ordinary trim, would not have been the case. As the fire of the Japanese was naturally directed at the bows of the approaching Russian ships their forward compartments filled first and the ships went down by the head and capsized. —Boston Herald.

HUMAN SOUL TO BE STUDIED.

St. Louis Woman Plans University for Novel Research. Mrs. Charles F. Joy of St. Louis announces she has been offered a site at Santa Barbara, Cal., for her pro-



posed \$1,000,000 university in which the human soul will be a principal subject of study. The university will attempt to establish scientifically the existence of the soul and to put other psychic phenomena on a scientific basis and make it useful in everyday life.

Long Search Well Rewarded.

The romantic story of how the Dr. Arnold Pann, one of the foremost lawyers of Vienna, laid the foundation for his wealth is related in the newspapers of that city. About a quarter of a century ago a local jeweler named Ott died, leaving a fortune of 7,000,000 florins. He was a bachelor, and he left no will, nor were the courts able to find out the name or whereabouts of any of his relatives. Arnold Pann devoted himself to the task of finding them. For months he followed clues in Austria and Germany and was finally rewarded by finding not one or two relatives but thirty. The money was handed out to him to be equally divided among the claimants, while he himself received 250,000 florins, a record fee.

De Brazza a Strange Personality.

Count De Brazza, the explorer, who was sent to Africa by the French government to reform administration abuses, and who lost his life there, had an odd-looking personality. A Paris correspondent says: "He had the strangest physiognomy I can remember ever to have seen, and the most serpentine form—tall, lithe, extremely thin. The profile was as the skeleton of an eagle, but the nose very long. The black eyes had I know not what that struck me as Hungarian and opidian. The jet-black hair was cut close enough to resemble a skull cap. The complexion had the color of a not very fresh lemon under black gauze. The eye was evasive and one could not conceive him as ever having laughed."

Will Have No "Sunken Grave."

Harve Durand, a wealthy pioneer resident of Fond du Lac, Wis., has finished constructing his own grave as well as that for his wife. He is not superstitious and has had no premonition that the end is near, but he has a horror of what he terms "sunken graves." By building a brick vault several feet beneath the surface of the ground and placing a heavy slab of stone across the top, Mr. Durand believes that the graves will not sink, as the earth can be tamped over the slab after the caskets have been deposited in the vault. Mr. Durand erected a large granite monument bearing the names of himself and wife in the family lot at Rlenz cemetery some time ago.

Distinguished Career Promised.

Rev. Hugh Black of Edinburgh, Scotland, who recently accepted a chair in the Union Theological seminary, New York, is only 37 years old, but already has achieved a leading position among the clergymen of his native country. When still under 30 he was called to be colleague of Dr. Alexander Whyte, pastor of St. George's United Free church, the leading congregation of that denomination in Edinburgh. His writings are almost as well known in this country as in Scotland.



Was esteemed a model man, very gay, and that most people went masked.

For some reason the conversation lingered in his mind and kept recurring to him all day.

"Why not go?" he thought. "I never saw a fancy dress ball—nor any sort of function participated in by the half-world. I'm bored to death and would like to see something new. I