

### A Reminiscence

What was it—a word, or a gesture?  
A glance or a note of surprise?  
But I could not tell you why I started and  
grew  
So suddenly sad in your eyes;  
I could not tell you why a turn of your  
head  
Turned backward the tide of my life—  
It was only a motion, or something you  
said.  
But it went to my heart like a knife!  
Why was it? We laughed and were hap-  
py—  
The present was ours, safe and fast;  
What imp in the air came and prompted  
you there  
To stir up a ghost of the past?  
Why could you not be your own sweet  
self alone,  
And not waken old longings anew?  
I had thought they were dead—till you  
lifted your head  
In the way my old love used to do!  
—Cleveland Leader.



## The Woman in Her

BY JEROME KATTE

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Ring! ring! ring! The telephone bell had been ringing at five minute intervals all morning and the woman's nerves were on edge. How she hated the very sight of the neat oaken telephone box and the shine with its leaden bells! It brought back unpleasant memories; and there are some things that even a woman with a firm, determined chin and cold eyes will want to forget. The two men—the one whom she loved although he did not love her, and the one who loved her although she did not love him—were unpleasantly associated in her mind with the box on the wall. To the one, she had overdone the matter of telephoning until she had lost his good comradeship—more fool she! The other had telephoned her until she was tired of it—more fool he! It's a queer old world we live in!

It was raining and the snow underfoot was getting slushy and gray. The sky was low and leaden—and the telephone bell kept on ringing. The woman was out of temper when she went to answer it. A certain dressmaker was ready, now, after a long wait, to finish her a gown, but the woman thought just then that she didn't care if she never again saw a new gown. She answered sharply and hung up the receiver with a bang.

On her desk beside the fire was a great bowl of red roses from the man who worshipped at her shrine. Beside it was a letter from the man at whose shrine she worshipped. She picked up the letter and read it again, perhaps for the dozenth time.

"My dear Miss Allen,"—it ran—"I am sorry that I think our quarrel past mending, but I suppose that it is really better so. Our friendship was a source of great pleasure to me; but now that we have disagreed so persistently, that friendship could never be the same again. We will both be happier if I continue to accept your first ultimatum and remain, as you said then, just a mere acquaintance. You are generous to take the blame so entirely upon yourself, but I will not take advantage of your generosity. You will understand, I am sure."

She understood! She was no fool! She was clever enough to read between the lines, as he had meant that she should. She was young yet, but there had been many men—and she understood. She had done a brainy girl's earnest work in school and in college, and she had creditably filled for two or more seasons now the position of a clever, attractive young woman of society. Marriage, she had always said, was a matter of tact and management and, while she had been too busy and too gayly occupied to take serious thought of the future, she had always felt that when the one man came to her, she would be wiser than some other girls had been. Well! the one man had come—and gone—and the fault was hers! She clenched her hands and laughed a



Sat quite motionless.

She got up, restlessly, and wandered to the window. What a gray day it was! Would it never stop raining? Could anything pleasant happen in such a mud-colored world on such a God-forsaken day? It was a day to weep about, and the woman wept, her head against the window casing.

By-and-by, she threw aside the curtain, savagely, and came back to the fire. She sat down again, leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin resting in her hands, and stared again into the flames. As it was a day for weeping, so it was a day for serious thought. What did she want to do with her life, the woman asked the fire. She had been a drifter and a butterfly too long. She had always said that God put us here for a purpose, to do some work in the world—but what was her purpose? What was her work in the world? She must answer those questions some day. Was it time to answer them to-day? Had she a serious work to do alone in the world, a name to achieve? Did she want to go on like this, admired and courted, as long as she could? Or did she desire—something else? An oft-quoted line came to her. "There is a tide in the affairs of men—" She felt that she had just made a bitter mistake. Suppose this were the tide and she was about to take another step yet more unfortunate? She knitted her brows. Oh! for sense to think calmly! Would she choose her future life to-day when the opportunity was given her? Or would she—wait?

It seem to her all at once that little faces wreathed themselves in the darting flames and little forms reached out their arms to her—a chubby-faced boy with a hurt finger to be kissed and rosy cheeks to be washed, a blue-eyed girl with curls to be smoothed and a sash to be tied, and a baby, round and dimpled, to be cuddled. The woman bent nearer the fire. The room grew very silent and she sat quite motionless, staring into the grate. The clock ticked loudly and the rain hit the window pane. Dusk was falling, but she did not appear to notice.

The telephone bell rang sharply and the woman, with a new, strange light in her eyes, got up softly and went to answer it.

"You were good to send me the roses," she said into the mouthpiece. "To-night?—Yes, I had meant to call you and tell you that you might come—My answer?—A woman's voice is a telltale thing! I think you have guessed my answer, dear."

#### Load Lifted From His Mind.

Meek—I say, old chap, I'm in shocking bad luck. I want money badly, and I haven't the least idea where I can get it.

Beek—Well, I'm glad to hear that. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow from me.—Stray Stories.

### GOT WORTH OF THEIR WORTH.

#### Belgians Paid Doctor Big Fee, But Made Him Earn It.

Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500, and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the deck he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late; the patient had died that morning.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we know that you did what you could, and we do not intend that you shall be out of pocket a shilling. We shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a singular nature to that for which he had been called over. When he finished, all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lied. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price!"—The Reader for December.

The Fortunate Isles. You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles. The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song? Then steer straight on through the watery miles. Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right. But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight. The Fortunate Isles where the yellow bird sings with golden ring. And life has gift with golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far. They lie within reach of the lowliest door. You can see them gleam by the twilight star. You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore.

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones. Of glory for souls that have sailed before. And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles? Why Duty and Love and a large Content. Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles. That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust; Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust; Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles. And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles. —Joquin Miller.

#### What Should We Eat?

Germany is eating horse. A ten-course dinner of Algerian lion was served by a Parisian Tartarin, who basely bought instead of shooting the game, says Everybody's Magazine. Monkey is said to be excellent, with a faraway flavor of rabbit, but many diameters more savory. Still, monkey eating is cannibalism, if our ancestors really were arboreal in their habits.

An English traveler and game bagger in Africa swore that baked elephant's foot was a dainty dish to eat before a king—not an African woolly monarch, but even Edward VII. himself, who knows something of the refinements of artistic cookery and has an experienced palate. Another Englishman—why is it always an Englishman to whom these original and courageous tastes are attributed?—an Englishman averred that boar-constrictor, properly cooked, was better than the best veal. And yet boar-constrictor has no mercy on the calf.

To conclude, man can and does eat most anything, and in drink his courage is still greater.

#### Cake Made by German Empress.

When Poultney Bigelow was a boy in Germany he was often asked to spend his holidays with the young prince who is now German emperor. On one occasion the two lads were having supper in the gardens, a meal of milk, bread and butter, stewed fruit and some very simple raisin cake. All the young princesses were there, as well as Prince Henry, who now commands the German navy. The cake aroused much interest, being a luxury highly prized in a household where the diet was measured by hygienic principles. Mr. Bigelow writes: "The future kaiser nudged me and, with a voice full of pride, whispered: 'Do you see that cake? Isn't it magnificent?' I assented, though at that moment I saw no particular occasion for becoming enthusiastic. 'Well,' said he, 'my mother made that.'"

#### It Looked That Way.

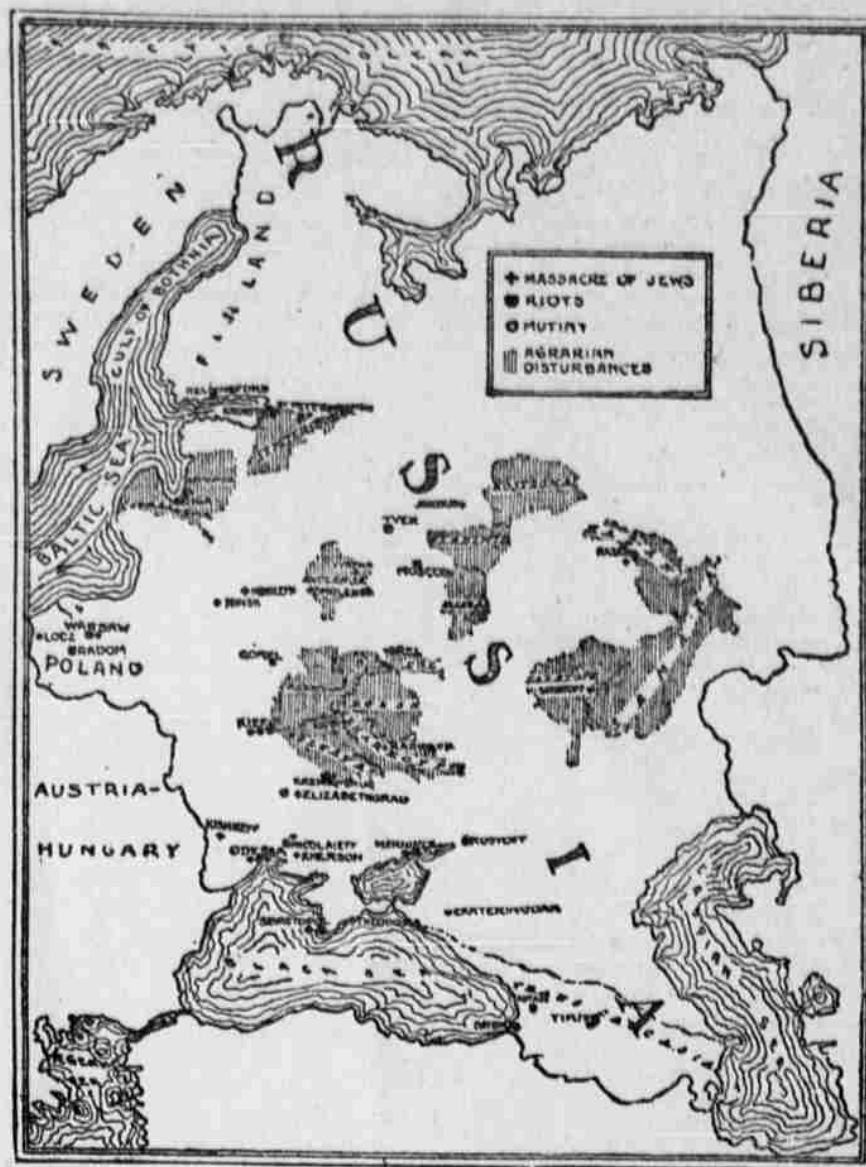
An Irishman and his mother-in-law were crossing the Atlantic. They were both seasick and the mother-in-law died. According to marine custom they wrapped the body in canvas and in the absence of pig iron to weigh down the body, a bag of coal was attached. Just as they were about to cast the body into the deep, Pat, sufficiently recovered, came on deck, and seeing the preparations, asked:

"And what are you doing?"

"Well," said the captain, "Pat, we are burying your mother-in-law, and the weight, you know, sinks the body down, down, down."

"I know where she's going all right, but does she have to take her own coal?" was Pat's question.

## Russia's Storm Center



### SCENES IN RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

#### Men on Strike Orderly and Law-Abiding, but Determined.

Percival Gibbon writes from St. Petersburg of conditions which prevailed in that city about the middle of November: "The police are still at their work in the streets, the brisk traffic is undiminished, the handsome shops are still open. Such business as can be carried on by the shop folk and so on continues, but along the wharves the snow lies untarnished on the merchandise, and the derricks are idle on the ships. There is no electric light and no gas, the trains have ceased to run; we are without mails or the means of sending letters. Here and there around the town troops are in waiting, but not in evidence, for the fact is that these strikers of the new sort give no occasion for the use of violence. They are orderly, law-abiding and quite inaccessible to reason. They have their orders not to work, and they make it abundantly plain that they will obey these orders and no others, and, moreover, their attitude will make it difficult for the usual hooligans, who are at home in a riot, to complicate matters.

"For instance, I saw a little row this morning in that quarter which is called Goose Island, a place of wharves and shipping on the east fringe of the city. The cold was mordant, with a tooth like acid, and the thin snow was trodden to slush in the roads. There was no work going on, but workmen, muffled to the ears and high-booted, were everywhere in groups, busy in talk. Their idleness and the plenty of them at all corners made one feel wary; they were big, limber fellows, with so obvious a capacity for the use of force, and their rude clothing, with some tag of bright color at the belt or scarf, gave them so barbarous a touch in the long streets that their peacefulness was almost incongruous.

"Of a sudden, at a point where a number of wagons complicated the narrow entry to a yard, came shouts, the high voice of a man in fury and the pay of quick feet on the snow. Seven or eight men issued in a convulsive group, struggling noisily about an unkept and vociferous figure in the middle, a man of pale face and a shrill, tremulous red mouth. The thing acted itself in a breathless moment. The man in the middle tore loose and drove forward at one of the others; something gleamed, brief as a spark in the wan sun, and a man cast up one arm, crumpled at the knees and fell among the feet of his fellows—knifed in the heart.

"There was a staring second of quiet, an instant of horror and realization, and then from round about the workmen closed in and put hands on the murderer. There was no rush, no frenzy; they came gravely, eyeing him with an emity that was half wonder, with the manner of responsible men; they twisted the knife from his hand and his hands behind his back, and held him in a silence like the isolation of the scaffold, while others went to bring the police.

"It may be, of course, that in some stage of this war of the classes, the policy of their leaders may discover a purpose for disorder. The men may yet be unleashed, they may be slipped at any quarry. But at this moment, whatever may come afterward, the

#### Professional Musicians Revolt.

Leading professional musicians of Philadelphia have joined in a movement to correct an abuse known as "society graft." For years persons of high social standing have been obtaining the services of talented artists at musicales, without pay by leading musicians to believe that future profitable engagements would result from such appearances. Little or no such benefit has been derived, so now the musicians have decided to turn down all requests of the kind indicated.

strikers are carrying themselves with a decorum, a care for appearances, which are positively sublime. They even take off their hats to the flag that flies over the winter palace. They can afford to."—Chicago News.

### DECAY OF BRITISH HOME LIFE.

#### Bishop of Liverpool Sounds Warning to the Nation.

The bishop of Liverpool, interviewed upon the decay of home life, recently said:

"There are not wanting signs threatening a break up of the old style of British home, and with it of that home influence which has helped to make this country what it is.

"In the upper classes nurses and governesses are taking the place of the mother, and school masters and college tutors are expected to fill the place of the father.

"So great are the claims of business and politics supposed to be that fathers and mothers declare that they have no time to look after their children.

"What is the remedy?" asks the bishop.

"It lies in the revival of true home life. Marriage must be treated with the utmost honor and reverence, and we must uphold the pure reverent love of one man for one woman. The claims of society must never be allowed to compete with the claims of home life."

The bishop of Manchester in a similar interview declared that he viewed with amazement the large palaces which were springing up on all sides for the amusement of the people.

"Clergymen," he added, "who can not find people at their homes must follow them to places where they collect, and seek to make a first impression on them either in their places of amusement or near them, following them home afterward to complete the work.

"Evangelists as well as pastors are required if the church of England is to continue to do its duty by the nation."—Washington Star.

### FINE INSTRUMENTS OF SCIENCE.

#### Enable Accurate Measurement to Eight Millionth of an Inch.

The eight millionth part of an inch is what the physicists are measuring. The twenty-five thousandth part of an inch may be taken as the limit of measurement of mechanical measures of general application. But we possess a physical means of measurement 300 times more refined than this and free from difficulties. This is one which enables us to determine variations in length, thickness, or position with absolute accuracy to the eight millionth of an inch or one three hundred thousandth of a millimeter. The foundation of this wonderful scale is the wave length of light—a quantity which is now known with great accuracy for the most important lines of the spectrum. Moreover, the method is rendered esthetically beautiful by the fact that an actual visible scale can be produced, composed of black interference bands on a brilliant background of pure monochromatic light. Further, the interval between any two bands can be subdivided into 100 parts by employing a micrometer eyepiece on the observing telescope.

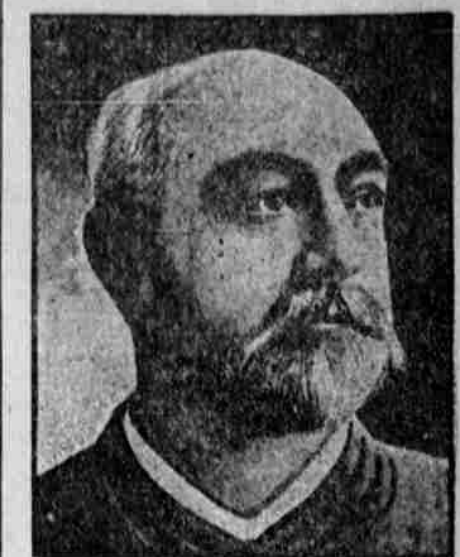
#### Poor Boy Has Done Well.

John B. Tracy, recently elected mayor of Taunton, Mass., is one of fifteen children born to a poor man in the neighboring town of Milford. Twenty years ago, when a small boy, he went to Taunton and began life as a bootblack. Later he managed shoe shine stands in other towns and accumulated a little money. Buoyed up by his pluck, he studied law, borrowing money to pay for his tuition, was admitted to the bar and when elected mayor had a practice worth \$12,000 a year.

### GREAT FRENCH SOLDIER DEAD.

#### Gen. Saussier's Long Services to His Country Ended.

Gen. Felix Gustave Saussier, former commander-in-chief of the French army, died Dec. 20. He was one of the best known and bravest officers in France. In the battle around Metz a quarter of a century ago he distinguished himself most signally. The famous infantry charge at St. Privat, which practically barred the progress of the Germans on that side, was led by him. Saussier was one of the officers who signed the protest against the surrender of Metz. Gen. Saussier



The Late Gen. Saussier.

also served in Italy, Mexico and the Crimea. He was a deputy for some time and in 1873 distinguished himself in the discussions on the reorganization of the army.

### FLEE FROM HOUSE GALLERIES.

#### House Quickly Empties When Certain Members "Orate."

Congressman John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee and Robert Adams, Jr., of Pennsylvania somehow or other have acquired reputation as being very poor speakers. When either begins speaking the galleries become empty about as rapidly as though the house were on fire. Mr. Adams began a speech the other day and there was such a rush outward that the man whose duty it is to lower the flag at adjournment started to perform that task. A member of the house who had not been in listening to the speeches came to the same conclusion as he pushed into a crowded elevator. "When did the house adjourn to?" he asked the elevator conductor. "It hasn't adjourned," said he. "Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania is speaking," he added, whereupon the member guessed he would go home anyhow.

### PRISON FOR LEADING LAWYER.

#### Abraham Hummel, New York Legal Light, Convicted of Conspiracy.

Abraham H. Hummel, one of the biggest in New York, was last week convicted of conspiracy, sentenced immediately to one year in the penitentiary and a fine of \$500, and taken from the courtroom across the bridge of sighs to the Tombs prison. The charge upon which Hummel was convicted was that of conniving with the aid of the perjured testimony of Charles F. Dodge, to break



up the marriage of Charles W. Morse, ice man and banker, to the divorced wife of Dodge. There are still two indictments for subornation for perjury pending against Hummel.

### Demand for Good Literature.

A veteran bookseller, basing his conclusions upon a wide experience of many years, finds among other tendencies of the day a marked increase in the intellectual life of America. Not only have business and professional men come to be reckoned in great numbers among buyers of good literature but a large clientele of women readers prefer a well-written story of only moderate interest to a badly written romance of absorbing theme. He also finds a growing appreciation of really good poetry, a tendency to pay more attention to book reviews in periodicals of acknowledged standing and a demand for books of serious import to be "read in" instead of "read through."

### What He Was.

"Once I knew a man," said the interesting conversationalist, "who was born in mid ocean. His father was an Englishman and his mother was of French-German parentage, but was a native of Greece. So what do you suppose that man is?"

The listeners thought steadily for some moments, but at last announced that they could not guess.

"He is a dry goods merchant," explained the interesting conversationalist.

### Read it again.

strained, unnatural laugh. She could not believe it of herself!

She drew a great leather chair before the open fire and sat down in it, staring hard at the blazing logs. If there had not been two men, she told herself, perhaps she would not have been so tactless. But then, that was to be!

She sighed. Mentally, she was comparing the two men. A vision of the man she loved, although he did not love her, flashed before her eyes. She saw him in the chair opposite her, as she had seen him so many times in the days that had just slipped back, leaning forward in the characteristic