His Second Valentine.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

"It's no use, Arthur," said the woman, looking straight before her and speaking in a dull monotone to keep her voice from trembling, "it's no use. Our marriage is a failure. I do nothing but make you miserable with my reproaches. You break my heart by your neglect, and we should both be better off, and—and—happier—if I went abroad indefinitely. That's the haven, you know, of the virtuously divorced—the people who are separated without a scandal."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you," she went on wearily. "I suppose it is inevitable—there was bound to come a time when the fire of love would burn down and leave nothing but ashes on the hearthstone. Only it chills me to death," and she shivered as she drew her lace trimmed morning gown closer about her shoulders.

"Well, of all the unreasonable women in the world you are the most illogical," the man began fiercely, and then he turned suddenly upon her. "In God's name" he cried, "what does it take to make you happy? You have the finest house in town, you have diamonds, and horses and automobiles, and everything that money can buy. What more do you want?"

"Nothing, nothing," she answered, with a bitter smile that was not good to see, "I have diamonds and automobiles—what more could a woman want?"

The man arose and began putting on his topcoat and hat. "I remember the time when you thought yourself fortunate to have a shabby house on a shabby street and one maid-of-all-work," he sneered, as he closed the door behind him.

"Ah," moaned the woman under her breath, as she watched him walk down the street, "but I had you then."

An hour later Arthur Ellington, millionaire merchant and director in a half a dozen gigantic enterprises, entered his office, nodded a curt good morning to the clerks, who grew suspiciously alert at sight of him, and passed with rapid footsteps to his private office, whose outer sanctuary was guarded by a sandy haired lad, whose hard, shrewd, worldly wise little face looked as if it might have worn out a dozen such bodies as the one it surmounted.

The swing door fell softly to behind him, and in the doorway Ellington paused, for, perched upon a stool, his thin little legs curled around it, his tongue thrust into his cheek, his fingers clutching a pen in a vice-like grasp, was Tommy the office boy, in the throes of literary composition. The sight was an unusual one, for Tommy, when not professionally engaged was accustomed to beguile his leisure with "The Bandit's Bride" or "Three-Fingered Dan, the Terror of the Spanish Main," or literature of like character, and Ellington smiled with cynical amusement at the spectacle of him turned author.

"Hello, Tommy," he asked derisively, "writing poetry?"

Tommy looked up, startled and chagrined at being caught, but there was an unmistakable look of fright in his little rat-terrier face as he turned it to his employer.

"Yep," he answered laconically, "valentine."

"Oh," answered Ellington with a sudden liking for the boy he never felt before. He was a fighter himself, and the lads courage appealed to him. "Let's see it."

Tommy handed over proudly for his inspection an ornate filigre paper affair, adorned with a bleeding heart, surmounted by two cooing doves. On the back of it he had written laboriously in a big, unformed hand:

"If you love me like I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

"Say ain't that a Jim Dandy? Ain't it a corker?" the boy asked as Ellington finished reading it. "Say that's poetry all right, all right, ain't it?"

"That's what it is my son," replied Ellington with mendacious enthusiasm, "who are you going to send it to?"

"Aw, quit yer stringin' me," cried the boy. "Me steady, of course," and then he added confidentially, "Say, I've got to square myself wid me calico, and that's the reason I blew myself for this beaut, for she's dead sore on me 'cause I ain't been jollying her lately. I tell her I'm too busy, but that bunch of excuses don't go with her, and I got to do her to the grand to make good wid her. But, say," he went on with unabashed directness, "ain't youse goin' to send no valentines? Last year de place where I works de boss had me hot-footin' it all day to swell de dolls' houses wid violets and candy, all done up like they was hearts. Ain't youse goin' to send one to your best girl?"

"No," said Ellington carelessly, "I am a married man."

"Where does dat cut any ice?" asked the boy simply. "'Cause you ties up wid your steady don't make her loose her sweet tooth, does it?"

"Oh, of cours not," replied Ellington, "but you don't er—er—er—er—er—pay your wife so many attentions as you do your sweetheart, you know."

"Huh," grunted the boy, "I'm on. Before youse marries you pushes de velvet for all it's worth but as soon as youse gets de girl youse get de cold feet and cuts out de love making. De way I frames dat up it ain't giving de petticoats a square deal. You touts it to 'em dat yous goin' to fan 'em wid hot air as long as dey live, and den when you gets tired an' lays down on de job it ain't playin' fair wid 'em. You are welching."

"You don't understand what you are talking about," Ellington replied with a heat that surprised himself. "After you are married you don't express your affection for your wife in words, but deeds. You don't talk love to her. You work for her."

"Cut it out. Forget it," cried Tommy derisively. "Say, Mr. Ellington, I ain't on to de ways of de swells like you is, but down my way it's de soft talk dat goes wid de calico. Dere's Dennis O'Hagan, who comes home wid a jag and beats his old woman, but de next morning when he's crying sorry wid a head dat feels like it was as big as a barrell he tells her dat she's a lalapaloosa dat has got every girl in de block left at de post, and Mrs. O'Hagan lies to de cop about falling against the bed and getting de black eye, and goes out scrubbing to support de family, and swears she's got the best husband in de ward. And dere's Mrs. Flanagan, whose husband never gives her a lick nor a compliment, and she's green wid envy of Mrs. O'Hagan."

"Say, I ain't de seventh son of a seventh son, but I'm wise dat if you don't pass up de soft talk wid de women youse sure to lose out, no matter how much you work for dem."

"Well, send your valentine," said Ellington, kindly, "and here's a dollar to stamp it," and with that he passed to his private room.

It was a busy day for him. Men—magnates in the financial world—came and went. Transactions involving great interests came up for his decision. Messengers with telegrams hurried in and out, and he gave his attention, quick, comprehensive and incisive, to each in turn, but through it all ran the undercurrent of what the boy had said about valentines and love. He had left home with a heart full of rankling bitterness and hot anger against his wife for what he esteemed her injustice and unreason. If he had worked, he had worked for her no less than himself. If he had striven it had been that she might have luxuries as much as that he might have power, and now he had succeeded, she had turned his triumph to dust and ashes by her unhappiness and reproaches. He had gained all that he had set himself to win. By every law of reason he should be happy, and he was miserable. Somehow vaguely, unconsciously, he blamed his wife for it, and mixed up with the feeling of helpless rage against her was the memory of all the years of toil and sweat that had been in vain

Today for the first time he was thinking of her side of the story. She complained that he neglected her. Well, it was true. He had given his days and nights, his thoughts and aspirations, his very soul to business. He had not intended to be unkind, but—perhaps Tommy was right, and there were things a woman wanted more than fine gowns and jewels and automobiles. Perhaps deeds didn't count, and she hungered for words, and even foolish, sentimental valentines. Who knew? Women were queer creatures. And—how long was it since he had kissed her or told her that he loved her? Days? Weeks? Months? Years? It was so long that he could not even remember.

Had he even ever sent her a valentine? Yes. Once when they were children, and, curiously enough, he had written on it, just as Tommy had on his:

"If you love me like I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

Well, her love had stood the test. There had been long, hard years of privation, and struggle, and labor in the beginning of their married life, but the two-edged sword of poverty had never been sharp enough to cut her love in two. Nothing had daunted her loyal affection and there had never been a tear or a reproach until he had gotton so absorbed in business that he had forgotten her. The fault was his, all his, he cried to himself, and then the old lover that was not dead, but only slumbering, waked up, and he bowed his head on his desk and wept as children weep. Then he touched his bell.

"Tommy," he said, as that philospher answered it, "do you think that you will be able to square yourself with your steady with your valentine?"

"Sure thing," replied Tommy, confidently, "all the petticoats want is a chance to make up with us."

"Then," said Ellington, "take this money, run out and buy a valentine exactly like yours. I—I've got to square myself good and hard."

The early shadows of evening were falling when Louise Ellington, looking up, saw her husband standing beside her.

"Louise," he said, his face tender with a light it had not known in many years, "I have brought you something," and he held out to her the cheap and tawdry little valentine. She opened the envelope with trembling fingers, and then as her eyes fell upon the billing doves and the old familiar bit of doggerel and the meaning of it all came home to her, she turned to him with a little cry of rapture that not all the diamonds and rubies he had showered as gifts upon her had ever brought.

"My valentine," she cried, "oh, heart of my heart, have you come back to me?"—Kansas City World.

Too Much Money.

The damning influence of too much money is striking illustrated in the case of Harry Thaw. The profligate young millionaire who is now on trial for murder had a splendid ancestry. Money was his ruin. It was not necessary for him to work—to be industrious. He was one of the idle rich, and vast wealth at his command every avenue of vice was open to him. E. G. Stitt, of Sabetha, was an old time friend of William Thaw, the grandfather of Harry Thaw, and he tells the Sabetha Herald the story of how the Thaw fortune was started, and incidentally he mentions the sterling character of old William Thaw, on whose grandson the attention of the nation is now riveted. William Thaw was an old canal man on the Pennsylvania canal and made a good part of his money in the canal business. He had in a measure retired from the canal for larger interests when Mr. Stitt, now of Sabetha, was interested in canal contracts. William Thaw, Andrew Carnegie, a man named Clark and Thomas A. Scott built a bridge over the Alleghany river to connect two railroads which heretofore had transferred passengers by drays and busses. The four men asked Mr. Stitt to take a book of stock in the bridge. In fact they were rather insistent about it. But M. Stitt was fearful of the venture and dared not sink the money. Had he put in a thousand dollars, he would even at this time be receiving enough money to keep him well, from the receipts of the bridge. The four men mentioned were the bigstockholders. They charged 25cents each for all passengers over the bridge and $5 for each car and engine. The same charge is still in effect after half a century. There are thousands and thousands of passengers and cars passing over this bridge daily. Harry K. Thaw, millionaire murderer is one of the beneficiaries of the immense amount of money brought in by the bridge now. Mr. Stitt says that William Thaw was the most beloved man in Pennsylvania. He was loved by young and old, rich and poor. Saturday afternoon Mr. Thaw gave entirely to the interests of the poor. They rang the bell of his palatial Pittsburg home, and he personally talked with them and heard their troubles. He then alleviated them by money or sympathy, as the case required. He personally saw that the cases of trouble were genuine. Upon his death the city of Pittsburg went into mourning. William Thaw was worth a hundred million dollars at the time of his death. He left ten millions to each of his ten children. This is the sort of a man whose grandson is now facing a murder charge and is known as the degenerate son of riches. It is no wonder that Solomon in his wisdom exclaimed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."—Topeka Journal.

MISUNDERSTOOD SITUATION.

Shortsighted Parson (to badly bunkered golfer who has lost his temper)—Hush! my good man, hush! I know that stone breaking is a trying and arduous occupation, but surely it doesn't justify you in using that dreadful language!"

ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS.

Germany's now famous captain of Kopenick comes of a calling which has given the world some very great men. One authority asserts that the majority of cobblers have exceptional brains—that their attitude when stooping over their work tends to a cranial development in the part where the intellectual faculties are seated. Some one has written a book on illustrations shoemakers. In it are Sir Cloudesley Shovel; Gifford the Terrible; Bloomfield, author of the well-known "Farmer's Boy;" Carey, the orientalist; Admiral Myngs; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; John Kitto, the Biblical scholar; Sturgeon, the electrician. The list of illustrious shoemakers runs into scores.

ILL-AMENDED CALENDAR.

To the modern world a "calendar" is merely a harmless necessary reminder of weeks and days, to be hung up on New Year's day, and consulted in dating letters throughout the year. It has no such mournful sound as "calendarium" had for the ancient Romans. The original "calendar" of their times was the money lender's account book, so called because interest was due from the debtor on the calends, or first day of each month. Seneca speaks of "calendar" as a word invented outside the course of nature on account of human greed.

WOULDN'T IT!

Soulful Woman (to escort)—Those men over there are all brilliant writers. Wouldn't it be a treat just to hear their conversation?

One of the Brilliant Writers—Gus, do you remember those sausages we had in Berlin? Talk about cook in this country!—Puck.

THE RETORT BITTER.

"Why, how d'ye do?" said the barber to his old-time customer.

"Howdy," snapped the latter.

"You're a stranger. I haven't seen your face for a long time."

"That's odd. I left most of it on your razor the last time I was at your shop."

A SWINISH ERROR.

"In my scrapbook," said Clyde Fitch, the famous playwright, "I have many examples of typographical errors.

"Of all these errors, I like best one wherein a tea given by a society woman in '97 was called 'a swill affair.'"

KNOWS MANY SHREWD TRICKS.

Wise Old Elephant Develops More Than Usual Sagacity.

Our fine Indian elephant Gunda has not only grown stouter and taller, but he has also developed in intelligence and sagacity in a manner that is bound to make him famous. The greatest care has been exercised with his training, food and everyday life, and thus far it appears to be labor wisely expended. If actions speak for themselves, he appreciates the attention bestowed upon him. In numerous ways he indicates his complete satisfaction as to his bill of fare and the kindness of the keepers. He kneels at command, salutes, shakes hands and has lately become a banker. Some of the devious methods he employs in his particular bank indicate that there will be serious trouble unless he mends his ways.

If one throws a penny on the floor he picks it up and drops it into the box above his head, after which he rings a bell with his trunk. Then he looks for a reward. If it is not forthcoming, in the shape of forage biscuits or peanuts, he rings the bell until it does come.

It was soon apparent that, although the deposits were heavy, there was also a correspondingly heavy shortage. Upon inspecting the books it was learned that the teller dropped the cent into the box, but afterward very deftly picked it out and put it on the floor until a visitor came along, when he went through the form of dropping it in again and ringing the bell. To prevent this fraud small staples were driven in the bottom of the box so that the penny fell between them. He simply elongated the tiny tip at the end of his trunk and therewith lifted the cent. It was only by using long nails in place of the staples that the trick was prevented.—New York Zoological Society Bulletin.

HE FOUND A DOG.

In returning to his home one night last fall along a lonely highway, a lad in western Missouri was approached by an animal he took to be a dog. He whistled it up and patted it and it followed him home, rubbing against his legs now and then on the way.

He shut the lost dog up in the barn before entering the house, and a few minutes later his father went out to have a look and was almost frightened to death.

The "dog" turned out to be a panther that had escaped from a circus a month before, and he was held until the owner could send for him. The boy still wants a dog if anyone has one to spare, but not that kind. They growl too much and show their teeth too often.

TOBACCO GROWN IN CANADA.

"Sounds funny to hear of tobacco being grown in Canada, doesn't it?" said W. J. Clancy of Toronto. "Not so much perhaps to Wisconsin people, who know that it is grown in this state, where the mercury frequently goes out of sight, but the average American thinks of the waving palms of the tropics as soon as tobacco culture is mentioned. It is a fact, however, that the weed is now grown with great success in Ontario and other provinces in the eastern part of the Dominion. So great have been the returns, in fact, that many farmers are giving up wheat growing and are planting tobacco in their fields."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

CENSORED.

"When Maxim Gorky lunched with me," said a literary New Yorker, "he talked well about the Russian censorship.

"He said that during the Russo-Japanese war he had occasion in an article to describe the headquarters of one of the grand dukes. He wrote of these headquarters, among other things:

"'And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large photograph of Marie la Jambe, the beautiful ballet dancer.'

"Before this article could appear the censor changed that sentence to:

"'And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large map of the theater of war.'"

BUT KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.

She—Would you like to have me sing "For All Eternity" for you?

He (seizing the opportunity, also her hand) — Indeed — indeed I would.—Boston Transcript.