Meg's Elopement

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

Meg Bertram had refused her Cousin Roland many times, but she had meant to please her family and herself by marrying him, until the Hon. Clay Cecil came to Lowville.

The Hon. Clay was tall and blonde and languid, with a drooping mustache, and an intermittent drawl-he explained the trace of western burr marring it by tales of life on his Cousin Glenham's ranch. Glenham had quit the ranch to fill an earldom; at least, that was a logical inference. The Hon. Clay was always admirably vague in his statements. Lowville ladies said he was "so unpretentious." Men there, contrariwise, thought him inclined to play his hand for its full worth.

Still they had to admit there was no offensive display of what the Hon. Clay called "side." His card read simply, "Clay Cecil," with "Autocars" in the lower left hand corner. He dressed well, had money in reasonable amount, and though he was lucky at bridge played a scrupulously fair game. Nobody ever had known him try to turn an acquaintance to profit.

Notwithstanding this, Roland did rot trust him. The distrust was quite apart from Meg-at least, Roland told himself he would have hated the fellow if there had been no woman in the world.

The Hon. Clay ignored Roland's hospitality in a way that was truly masterly. It stood him in hand to do so. Roland and Meg would inherit pretty well half of Lowville, and much beside, when Grandmother Bertram, who led as well as owned, the town, should be gathered to her fathers.

It was a startling triumph for the Hon. Clay to sell grandmother the first auto car ever owned in town. He himself had hardly dared hope for it. Possibly it was this initial triumph which inspired him to try for a greater one, nemely, Meg herself. She was as handsome as she was rich-moreover, she had an air, one that, he told her often would make a duchess jealous.

The car buying was really her doing, She liked new things, dash and speed, and the oversetting of ancient bounds, Roland was in all things conservative. He would not ride in the car except to bear grandmother company. Meg had to put up with folk outside and the chauffeur. But she was never lonesome. Notwithstanding other sales due to the weight of grandmother's example, the How. Clay found time for many spins beside her, and at length, as her enthusiasm mounted, offered to teach her the art of running the car.

Meg was enchanted, but grandmothsaying, laconically, that she didn't mean to have \$7,000 turned into scrapiron for a girl's folly. The Hon. Clay bowed and smiled, and in strict privacy, told Meg her lessons might begin in his runabout.

Thus it came to pass that early upon an August morning, misty-moist, but lacking dew, Meg slipped away unseen, and five minutes later was spinning beside the Hon. Clay across the countryside. Up, down, back and forth, around corners, down by-lanes the red car twinkled. Meg never in her life had been so ecstatically happy. She held the wheel, but all the working of it came through a stronger hand that fell over hers-and sometimes during longer than was strictly necessary.

She hardly noted the clinging nor did she note distance, direction and the fact that clouds boiling up, had quite hidden the sun. She was even oblivious to the fact that they had left the level farm lands until a hill steen and rocky, almost stopped the trig machine. By good hap and caution the car was coaxed up it. At the summit Meg looked about, a little apprehen sively. There was a far view, all hills and hollows, with steeper swelling hills at the boundary-and not a single house in sight-scarcely, indeed, a sign of human occupancy.

"Turn back! It's going to rain," Meg said, sternly.

The Hon. Clay laughed. "You mean it is raining-hard," he said. "I think there's a barn down there in the hollow. Anyway, we'll look for it-any shed in such a storm."

"Inside of five minutes they had found the barn and were under shelter. but drenched and dripping. Meg, more over, began to feel desperately hungry In the excitement of the expedition she had eaten no breakfast. She clapped her hands as her companion drew from some recess a small hamper, full of good things.

"You're a special providence every way," she said with a grateful smile, setting her white teeth in a sandwich,

as she spoke. The Hon. Clay also smiled. "I think you'll find out I know how to take excellent care of you," he said. "Much better than that muff, Roland. Won't he be wild when he knows?"

"What?" Meg asked, startled. The Hon. Cecil looked at her narrowly, and answered with his best "Oh! our elopement-you know we are across the line-in a state that demands no such foolish formalities as licenses or the consent of guardians. We should get that consent easily-if we went back for it-tomorrow. But I don't care to go back for it-do you? As soon as the rain stops we will go on and find our waiting minister."

"You! Do you think I'd marry you? To save your life? Or mine?" Meg cried superbly, her eyes blazing.

The Hon. Clay shook his head, bu. laughed lazily. "You'll do it-to save your reputation, my dear," he said, making as if to take her hand. "Be a sensible darling," he went on, "You like me-and you must marry somebody. We are known to have gone away together-even without the storm we could not have got back before morning. You need not hope we have been followed. The big car would never take our roads, even if anybody knew them. And what horses

could make and hold half our speed. "My sorrels," Roland cried, springing upon the Hon, Clay, half throttling him, then shaking him as a dog shakes a rat. "They caught you-if you did have an hour the start. No doubt you ran rings to bewilder this poor girl-but they would have caught you without. They know it was more than life and death. They brought me here in time! They are almost dead-almost, not quite, thank God. The three of us will go back together. I shall give it out that this mad prank wasa test of their speed, and endurance. That will explain everyhing. If you dare say anything else."

"Well what?" the Hon. Clay panted,

smiliny uneasily. Before Roland could answer, Meg had slipped to his side and put her hand in his. "That won't do, Roland -I know a better way-very much better," she said.

"What is it?" Roland asked. She looked up at him bravely, but looked down again, blushing deeply, and breathing hard.

"Let's have it that I ran away with him to-to marry you," she said.

As Roland caught her in his arms the Hon. Clay grinned. "You owe me a whole lot, cap'n," he said, bowing things that required her hand, and to Roland. "For, if she didn't marry had changed her morning gown, it was you just this way, I doubt if she'd do

He said it with a twinkle that ought to have enlightened Meg, yet it was six months after her marriage before she even suspected that it had been all a conspiracy against her. Roland, really in despair, had fallen in with the Hon. Clay's scheme of vicarious elopement. Meg forgave them both like the thoroughbred she was. She buys a new car every season from Hon. Clay, who gets a thumping commission. He is a married man himself now and very fond of his wife.

THE GOOD SHIP TATUMBLA

Tragic End That Befell the Last Vessel of the Wonderful Honduran Fleet.

The Honduran gunboat Tatumbla is no more. Her end was sudden and sorrowful. No braver ship ever sailed from Puerto Cortes-colors flying, engines clanking merrily, every man, boy and flea on board ready to do his other children as of his own. She

Several weeks ago the Tatumbla overhauled a smuggler 20 miles from do. Then the maid called her to She could almost see her husband Puerto Cortes, and 20 of her crew lunch. boarded the outlaw ship. The villains promptly surrendered and the pirate captain told Capt. Zelella of the Honduran navy that there was plenty of good rum in the hold. Soon the naval force was celebrating. When they succumbed to the delightful beverage up rose the smuggler's crew, flung overboard every man, boy, and flea of the Tatumbla, scuttled the gunboat and escaped. Two of the Tatum bla's crew, accompanied by 12,000 fleas, managed to swim to a floating

lifeboat, and escaped to tell the story Harrowing as the tale is, it connotes a worse. The Tatumbla was the last ship of the splendid Honduran fleet, known and studied by naval experts for its efficiency, beauty, and insect life. She was vivacious and aspiring. She could have sailed to the uttermost ends of the earth, if she had had the coal. She would have been received by all crowned heads, and her officers dined by the greater nations. Alas, it was not her fate.

But she had the undying fame of not attending the Hudson-Fulton celebration.-Van Norden Magazine.

ROUSED THEM FROM SLUMBER

Few Words Uttered by Scottish Divine Most Powerful in Their Effect on Congregation.

comer in the parish, finding it impos- ly unobservant, and to pet Robert and sible to arrest the attention of his pronounce him the picture of his facongregation, became desperate. No ther. They left her feeling like an tury, Had he done so and thrown sooner did he appear in the pulpit unprofitable servant. Then his mother away his electric fan because it did than they promptly composed them phoned her-very sweetly-and asked as the stranger did, he would have

selves to sleep. sition, he rapped sharply on the ledge almost never saw her son any more! in front of him, and addressed his Mary forced herself to be civil, even somnolent flock in tones of severe kind, to bid the old lady get him to heating plant in his house can use remonstrance.

"Now, brethren," he said, "it's not had one of her bad headaches. fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done directly I begin my sermon. Ye might children out, and tried to lie down. wait a wee till I get alang, and then but she was too restless. She reflectif I'm no worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ed that another woman would send for more evenly. Merchants are now usye, and I'll no care; but dinna go be a doctor. Should she send for-Dr. ing fans for circulating warm air in fore I ha' commenced. Gie me this Ainslee? She laughed bitterly to herone chance."

by that time, he went on:-

Quite Proper.

persistently blackens his own busi-

"What does he do that for?" "Because he's a stove polisher."

The Woman at Home

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

Mary Ainslee handed her doctor husband his second cup of coffee, and listened while he told her what hospital he would be operating in that forenoon. He then began speaking of the children, but absently and she knew he was worrying about the Preston case-Mrs. Preston was as likely to die as to live. He tried not to talk shop at table, but it irritated his wife to know that his work was everlastingly first in his mind. She felt herself growing unlovely in thought, though she sternly schooled her outward behavior to perfection. As they finished the meal she was obliged to remind him of the money he had forgotten, for two days, to give her.

"I'm sorry, my dear-I quite forgot," he replied, and wrote her a check double the amount she had originally asked for. He was a generous man. What troubled her was that he was as generous to the world at large as to his own family.

After he had kissed her good-by and started for the office she went over the house with the maid, gave the cook her orders and then dressed little Robert, gave him his breakfast and sent him off to school. Then the baby had to be fed and dressed. By the time she had done the little almost luncheon time. The baby was asleep, and she sat down deliberately in her own room to correct her own thought.

She realized that she was becoming irritable and jealous—yes, jealous. What was she to do? Not for her life would she have betrayed her feelings, have made a vulgar scene. Besides, what could she complain of? She tried to be reasonable. And it was not only the women who were ever lastingly cooing about him, admiring and deferring to him, pitying him volubly for his busy life, calling on his sympathy-it was the children, the men, the string of ailing human beings that filled his office and his life. She had, after eight years of marriage, come to feel that the doctor's family was simply a secondary possession of the general public. Women called-out of courtesy to the doctor -to see the doctor's wife, his children, his house. Old ladies-and silly young ones- sent him ridiculous gifts. Nurses deftly obeyed his behest. And it seemed to her, he was as fond of care! She wondered what she should night, without permission, like this!

She waited ten minutes, 15, a half hour, then had the meal served, so the boy could get off to his kindergarten in time. They had nearly finished when the doctor entered, distrait, pale, evidently exhausted. His wife rose to his need, letting him alone. Finally she was told that Mrs. Preston was worse, and the morning's operation a success, but only by a miracle. He bolted his food, and was off again with scarcely a good-by. She knew it would have been infinitely easier for him to have lunched downtown, and that he came home in deference to her wishes.

It was truly a black afternoon for the girl, for she was barely twentysix. For the first time she owned to herself that her life was becoming unbearable. In the two years before little Robert came, and even till a few months ago when the baby appeared, it had been possible for her to go about with him-to lunch downtown at his convenience, to drive him about to his calls, to get him to the theater, to church, to a reception or dinner now and then. Now she was tied down by the children even when he could go. She felt bitter and alone,

wondering what life was for. Several women called during the afternoon, friendly, but not near friends. They took occasion to intiif she might "borrow" him for dinner lost an invaluable aid. One evening, after taking up his polithat night, adding plaintively that she come if she could. By that time she it for creating a forced draft, thus

self. He would come, all kindness, all Finding they were all fairly awake concern, doing his best-as with any assist materially in ventilation in "I shall take for my text the two it out, and then, she knew how busy finder. words 'Know thyself,' but I will say he was. He had to go out to the new before I begin the discourse that I house they were building, besides his would no advise this congregation to other work. In the new house, farther make mony such profitless acquaint out, she would never see him, she thought miserably. She began for the There was not a snore or a nod in first time that summer to feel the the kirk that evening, and after that heat, to be half hysterical, wholly unday he found his task comparatively happy. She realized that she could not live without him-nor with him.

Finally, at almost dinner time, she rose, bathed and dressed. Then the "I know a man who deliberately and phone rang, and she answered it. It was his voice, quick, irritable, but kind, asking how she was, and the children, saying that he was really obliged on short notice to go to some dead in earnest."

edical banquet, and was sorry he could not be home to dinner-he would not be back till late, and she was not to sit up. While she was listening, the tears fell down her cheeks. She an-

wered pleasantly. She made a pretense at dinner, and finally got the children to bed. Then she came down to the hammock under the trees. Her headache lessened, and she tried to think things out calmly, as a man would. After hours she reached only one solid conclusionthat if she only knew that he really loved her and the children better than all the rest of the world together; if it was a grief to him to see so little of them, she could bear it. And then

she fell asleep. When she awoke she was, somehow, conscious that it was very late. The moon looked as if it had been up a long, long time. The woman rose and went softly into the house-she must be in bed before Robert came homeit would irritate him to find her waiting up for him like a reproach at his long absence. Things ought to have been dark in the house, but as she entered the hall she saw that his den was lighted up. She heard his voice, carefully lowered. Whom could he be talking to?

She started upstairs, and then stopped. She came softly back, stoop ing to remove her high-heeled slippers. She knew it was a base thing to do, but she simply must know what he was saving and whom he was addressing in so heartfelt a tone-not his professional tone. She crept along the hall to a little turn where she could safely listen.

"That's all very well, Trafton," he was saying. So it was Phil Trafton, his bachelor friend, come from nowhere! "All very well," he continued, "but I've something to work for and it looks to me as if you haven't. I get as sick as you, as any other doctor gets of women-an ailing, whining, fawning lot. Half of them need a spanking worse than they need medicine. Some of them need a little common sense. We almost never see a woman that appeals to us-save as a burden-except the nurses, the bustnss women, who, from my standpoint, are not really women at all. They simply serve my need in my work. It's different, now, when-a fellow has a wife. It's the woman at home 'that counts with a man like me-with any real man. I give you my word, woman-surrounded as I am, that I never really give a thought to any woman but Mary-and my mother. And I almost never see them! I am straining every nerve to get the place where I can have more time with them. That's what I live for." He paused The other man spoke in the queer, quick way Mary remembered so well.

"You married men are all alike, and I suppose you are right. But I must say I know married men who wouldn't hated herself for caring-but she did dare to bring a friend home at mid-

swell with pride.

"Mary never fails to welcome any one I want," he said. "There is nobody like her. Say, Traf, why not come on a trip with us? I thought it out to-day that I would ask Mary in the morning if she wouldn't take the babies and come to the mountains for a two months' vacation. She needs rest worse than I do, and we could all have a good time, providing we can

lose you occasionally!" Trafton laughed. "Not for mine," he replied, "but thanks all the same. I don't fit in with married bliss, old

man!" Mary Ainslie slipped off upstairs, slippers in hand. Once in her own room she redonned them, touched her hair into order, twitched the soft dress to the proper folds. Then, with shining eyes and a thankful heart, she went downstairs to greet her husband and his friend.

USES FOR FAN IN WINTER

Almost as Necessary for Comfort During the Cold as the Warm Summer Months.

There is an old story of a monk who would have nothing to do with a stranger who stopped at his cell, because the fellow blew on his hands to warm enough to her so that she felt them them and into his teacup to cool the beverage. "Away with thee!" exmate that the doctor looked pale and claimed the monk. "I will have no A certain Scotch minister, a new overworked, as if she were unnatural- man about me who blows both hot and cold from his mouth." But that monk didn't live in the twentieth cen-

There are many uses to which the electric fan can be put in the winter, as, for example, the man who has a aiding much in getting the house She called the maid to take the warm on a cold morning. The fan can also be made to blow through a radiator and distribute the warm air the show windows to prevent the accumulation of frost. Of course they other patient! She preferred to suffer both summer and winter.-The Path-

To Abolish Secret Societies.

Wellesley students have decided not to have any more secret societies. Each of the presidents has signified her intention of taking the matter up with her sorority. Miss Baxter of the Agora society said that it was not better methods of conducting the society that were needed so much as the abolition of them altogether.

The Language. "Funny thing, isn't it?" "What is?"

"That a live man in fact is always

A Profession For a Lady

By ALICE DUER MILLER

(Copyrighted by Short Stories Co., Ltd.) "The question is," said Aunt Julia; "how my brother ever came to lose so much money.'

"The question is," said Aunt Henrietta, "how Jane is to support her-

"The question is," said Aunt Lily, what are we going to do for her?" And to judge by the ladies' expression this was the most pertinent of the three. "Really, Lily," said Aunt Henrietta, do with bribes.

who was the only one of the three under further obligations toward Jane. She has been, well, let us say unfortunate in some of her speeches to me. "What a pity it is that Jane has no

taste for needlework. Some of those skate-bags at the fair brought very good prices and were not hard to do,' said Aunt Lily. "Needlework!" said Aunt Henrietta,

with a sniff. "Do you know that one libel suit. Pray, sit down. Or," she of her ideas was to become a dressmaker?"

"Oh, dear," said Miss Lily, "I should not like to see the name of Woodman on a sign in the window!"

"If," Aunt Henrietta remarked, "she had an ounce of energy or executive moment, added cheerfully, "but I ability she might attempt something could get one, couldn't 1?" like this. She fumbled in her reticule idea." She put on her glasses and andread:

MISS GATES, Room 503, Goliath Building, New York City. Ladies unwilling to undertake the physical exertion and mental anxiety of Christmas shopping may be assured that by employing Miss Gates their purchase will be carefully and economically se-lected, attractively tied up, and promptly delivered. Miss Gates will buy designat ed articles at definite prices, or if it be desired to avoid the whole problem Miss Gates will undertake, on being furnished with a list of the names, ages and occupations of those on whom it is intended to bestow presents, to select and dispatch such sultable objects to each, as will incomplete satisfaction to all Charges will be five per cent, of amout

Out of town expressage extra, "Now that," said Aunt Henrietta, laying down her glasses, "is what I call an intelligent idea. It will be well worth my while to save myself the fatigue of elbowing my way about the crowded shops, to say nothing of a trip to New York. Old Mrs. Forbes is going to send to her for a case of champagne, and knitting needles and all sorts of things; and Mrs. Herbert, who I am sure spends thousands at Christmas time, has turned over everything to this woman-just sent her a descriptive list of all her relations. She was telling me how amusing it was to make it out."

again discussing Jane when the footman opened the door and announced:

'Mrs. Herbert!" Mrs. Herbert ran in all sables and pearls, and in evident distress. She kissed all three of the ladies, or rath er flung herself from the arms of one to the other, while she gasped:

"O, dear, Mrs. Boggs, forgive my coming in like this, but I know so few people here, and you have beer so kind to me, and I'm in such ar awkward position!"

'My dear, what is the matter? Fred erick, a glass of sherry for Mrs. Her bert. Sit down, my dear!"

Mrs. Herbert sat down in the center of the circle, undoing her furs, while the ladies bent forward in attitudes of sympathetic attention.

began. The ladies nodded.

"Well, she said she would take charge of all my Christmas presents, if I would send her a list of the people I wanted to send them to, and so I ticket home. did." She was approaching tears. "I box, and I pinned the description to the right card, so that there should not be any mistake." Here her handkerchief went to her eyes. "And what do you think she did?" A pause. "She forgot to unpin one of themthe worst!"

"How unfortunate! How careless! cried Miss Julia.

"It was for my husband's stepmother," continued Mrs. Herbert. "A dreadful old woman-no, I don't mean that, but I like her much less than some of his relations, and it is most important to keep on good terms with her, as she owns half the mills. shall never dare tell him!"

"And what had you said of her?" "I can't remember quite all, but I know I said, "The old lady is 65, though she is always talking about what she means to do when she is 50. Her tastes are literary, but don't give her books. She doesn't like them. It is not so important that her present should be tasteful, as that it of money.

"What shall you do, my dear?" said Mrs, Boggs, with firmness. "Calm yourself. The woman must apologize. case to him.'

head. "I can't do that. I am afraid experiment in Curacoa, and Oliver of Richard. He might tell my hus. Cromwell did the same in Surinam.

"You must make it clear that he cannot do so. He can represent to Professor, is there any foundation this woman that if she will accept the for the belief that eevry particle of situation, which is after all of her matter is a universe in itself?" letter to your mother-in-law, that you lief on human credulity.'

will'-Mrs. Boggs hesitated, as others have done before her, in search of a polite expression for bribery, and finally ended rather lamely with "you will do something kind for her?"

Mrs. Herbert protested that it would be a dreadful ordeal to tell her brother-in-law, who was a superior sort of person, but she admitted that she would have ample opportunity, as he always came to luncheon with her when he passed through St. Albans. At length, upheld by the sympathy and advice of the ladies, she took her departure.

At luncheon her brother-in-law was more unbending than she had expected. Indeed he laughed himself speechless at the description of his respected stepmother, and went away declaring that he would have no difficulty in obtaining the apology for nothing. He would have nothing to

It was with a stern and legal mansisters who had married, and was re- ner that he stepped from the express spected accordingly, "I do not feel elevator in the Goliath building that very afternoon, and opened a glass door, which was simply inscribed, 'Miss Gates, Shopper,'

"Miss Gates," he said, "my name is Herbert. I am the lawyer of Mrs. V. T. Herbert."

Miss Gates looked vaguely at her pile of letters. "Oh, yes," she said. You want to talk about that absurd added, with what he knew she considered a good business manner, "perhaps you had better see my lawyer."

"Who is your lawyer?" She looked hopeless. "I have not got one," she answered, but the next

"The matter," Dick continued, "can and produced an oblong envelope. "I be settled more simply. It would be, received this circular this morning. of course, very bad for your business It struck me at once as an excellent if this became generally known,

> "I shall not keep on with this business. It is horrid and troublesome, and people are so ungrateful."

> "Ungrateful!" said Dick, foolishly allowing himself to be thrown off the track.

She nodded. "Think what a beautiful umbrella I selected for Christmas for you." She sighed. "It was 50 cents more than Mrs. Herbert wanted to spend, and so I paid it out of my own commission.'

"Upon my word," cried Dick, "I had forgotten that I was on the list, too. And it was you who bought that umbrella. It is, I may say, an ideal umbrella. The only perfect example of the sort I ever saw. An umbrella I am proud to carry. I have a hansom at the door now, and if you will permit me the pleasure of dining in your society, we can, I am sure, settle this business before we have finished soup. I am a stranger in New York, Miss Gates, but I think I know where as

good a dinner-' He stopped, Miss Gates had risen and was looking at him with an expression that was more chilling than a cold shower bath. He stopped, but she did not instantly speak. When she did, her tone was like ice:

"Mr. Herbert, it will not be my misfortune, I hope, ever to address you again. It is not, perhaps, necessary Several days later the ladies were in the legal profession to know a lady when you see one, but a little tact and common sense are never a hindrance. As, however, you do not seem to be in possession of these qualities, let me make the facts perfectly clear to you. My name is Woodford. You have probably heard of my father, who died recently, leaving nothing of a once large fortune. I have been trying to earn my own living, without the knowledge of my family. For this reason I have assumed a business name. I see, however, that my aunts were right in supposing that a lady can live safely only at home. It is such men as you, Mr. Herbert, who make it so. I will send the letter you wish in the morning. If, as is possible, we should ever meet in St. Al-"Well, you know that dreadful bans, I shall not recognize you, and Christmas shopper, Miss Gates?" she I trust you will do what you can to save me the necessity of making my opinion of you more marked. At present I wish you good afternoon!"

That very afternoon she took her

When she entered the empty Pullsent a description, and little cards man car—the train was not a favorwith messages on them to go in each ite-her eye fell instantly on a familiar umbrella which lay across the seat next her own. A valise marked R. H. was standing there also. She started and looked hastily round the car. They were apparently to be the only passengers. Every other seat in the car was at her disposal.

And yet she did not change her

Jewish Longing for Palestine. As long ago as 1666 Sabati Zevi set the Jews of Europe preparing for a return to Palestine. Not only the poorer brethren, but even the rich merchants of Venice and Leghorn were seized by the excitement and for a whole century the great bulk of the people refused to be disillusioned. It was not until the appearance of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" that the Jewish nationalist movement received another stimulus so strong as this; but in the meantime many schemes were propounded, including should look as if it cost a great deal an attempt in 1854 to float a company "to enable the descendants of Israel to obtain and cultivate the land of promise." Various famous people have been interested in the idea of estab-See your brother in law, explain the lishing an independent Jewish kingdom, not necessarily in Palestine. The Mrs. Herbert moaned and shook her Dutch West India Company tried the

As a Base.

own making, and write a satisfactory "My dear sir, you can found any be-