IN THE NAME OF PHILANTHROPY

By O'Ryan O'Bryan

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The Dawsons were double cousinsfirst in days of calm, but second when storms swept over the land-girls, fourteen years old apiece, bright, flercely energetic and up to date.

They owned two adjoining ancestral places well furnished with fathers and mothers, and from cellars to attics, particularly the attics, with chairs and things, and with servants to dust the chairs and things. They owned also one grandmother in common besides two or three others in severalty.

Said their mothers, whom grandmother - in - common's illness called away, "How fortunate that school is in session; otherwise the girls might be lonely," a maternal euphemism resulting from long years of practice.

The term closed, however, without the mothers' presence to soften the blow. Grandmother-in-common's illness necessitated a longer leave of absence, which was granted in a characteristic message: "We're all right, little mothers. Stay as long as you please. Love

This was indorsed by the Fathers Dawson.

That was what the Fathers Dawson were for to indorse. Although much absorbed in trying to double the output of the foundry without increasing the expenses, they still reserved the veto power at home. But the possibility of the overruling two-thirds vote led them to preserve the show of authority by Indorsing, always and speedily.

The mothers were becoming uneasy. The daughters were becoming uneasy too. Usually when these restless fits came on the girls were tactfully guided into the paths of philanthropy. "Great executive ability" their mothers said they had, and indeed they could dress dolls or make scrapbooks for children's hospitals if necessary, but they just doted on sales.

When a sale was announced, their subordinates drew a long breath. The mothers fell to work with a will, echoing the remark of Rosa, the cook: "Now we knows where wese at. I can stan' on my feets all day makin' canny, an' I doesn' complains, but it's dese yere surprisin's dat gibs me de misery in my haid."

The restlessness now worked itself into a fever, and as it reached its height simultaneously in both girls they started on a run from their respective homes and met under the linden tree on the boundary of their ancestral lawns.

In breathless duet they exclaimed, "Oh, Susannah, I have an idea!" "Oh, Hepsibah, I have an idea!"

Their names were neither Susannah (always spelled with an "h") nor Hep sibah. Their mothers in youthful ignorance of what good form would demand in a name later had called them Nellie and Gracle. The girls early came to despise these weakly cognomens, and when some Harvard authority in a proud spasm of reform changed their Uncle Harry's name to Henry without so much as saying by your leave they promptly said, "We'll change ours." Susannah and Hepsibah they became to each other from that moment. The fathers and mothers at first stoutly resisted, but might prevailed. The general public now knew no others.

"We'll have a sale-a 'fresh air

Then the embryo "lady board" put their heads together and gave their executive ability full play. At night the Fathers Dawson's in

dorsement was called for. "A sale? Certainly." What a re-

lief! When the girls' signal lights greet ed each other from their windows, each Father Dawson started for the telephone.

"My dear," said Susannah's father, "rest easy. A sale is on. They are quite capable of managing the Pan-American, you know, and they can this. The servants, both men and maid, must by this time be letter per-

When his turn came, Hepsibah's fa ther said much the same thing.

The mothers embraced each other fervently. "The little dears," they said and slept the sleep of the unwor

This was Friday. The sale was set for the next Wednesday. Grandmoth er-in-common was now recovering rap-

Mly. Tuesday night the mothers said to each other, "We're homesick."

"Wouldn't a surprise be fun?" "Let's go home. I should enjoy a sale when we haven't worked to get

ready for It." "We won't even telephone for the carriage. The girls will need all the

help they can have." This was true. A sale without the two faithful henchwomen called for manual labor as well as executive abil-

Thus it was that the waning Wednesday afternoon found the two mothers hurrying on foot up the street from the station.

"Look at all the people coming down the street," remarked Susannah's mother. "There must be a circus in town."

"Yes, or a fire somewhere. They all seem to be carrying something." "They are mostly women and look

like the Plains people." "Not all. There's Mrs. Gaines." Now, Mrs. Gaines was an intimate | month's notice!"

friend, and with smiling faces they stopped to greet her. To their aston-Ishment, she only gave a vicious little firt to an out of date orange colored workbag hanging from her arm and walked by with averted face.

Not far behind her was another acquaintance from whom they received only a cold nod.

"What in the world! Do they think mother had the smallpox, or have the Dawsons failed, or what is the mat-"Oh, look at that woman! I do be-

lieve she has Grandfather Dawson's white bell hat. I know there isn't another in town.'

"And that one with the silk waist hanging out of a water pitcher! There must have been a rummage sale."

The horrible truth flashed upon both at the same instant. "My old rose waist!" gasped Susan-

nah's mother. "My Grandmother Pelham water pitcher!" moaned Hepsibah's mother.

There was no question now. Every one past whom their hurrying steps led them bore some half forgotten treasure seen only at housecleaning time.

They were women of fine sentiment, never willing to destroy anything about which fond memorles could twine, and their large ancestral attics were filled to overflowing with what Rosa significantly called "heaps of plunder," the accumulations of several generations of Dawsons, Pelhams and Gaynors and the reapings of many Christmas bar-

They rushed on, growing more and more sick at heart as they met here and there among the throng friends who dwelt within the circle of Christmas giving. When they reached the lawn, out of the tumult of their souls rose a bubble of pride that, awful as it was, the girls had displayed their usual executive ability.

Under the linden tree sat Hepsibah, the cashier, with a goodly pile of money before her. Patrolling the grounds and keeping an eye on each grinning negro in charge of the heaps of goods, which had been carefully assorted, classified and grouped around the trees, walked Susannah, the general mana-

The mothers had been too long under the yoke to make a scene, but as they walked from one ancestral tree to another and read the gorgeous placards tacked to the trunks their emotions were many and deep:

"Shoemakers' tools used by Greatgrandfather Dawson.' "Infant wardrobe of the Gaynor

branch," mostly rags. "Great-grandmother Pelham's wedding dishes," a most disreputable col-

lection of pans and crockery ware. "Great bargains in Christmas presents. Good as new; some never used." At this finishing stroke the Mothers Dawson fled each to her own house and wept behind closed blinds. "They

will never forgive us!" they sobbed. "No wonder Mrs. Gaines didn't speak!" A sudden shower put an end to the sale. A little uneasy in their souls, the girls went in to report results. When the interviews were over, it was not the Mothers Dawson who came out with drooping heads. On the contrary, these emancipated ladies sped down the lawns and shook hands in solemn

Said Susannah's mother, "Hereafter am to be boss of my own ranch." "Same here," said Hepsibah's moth-

compact under the linden tree.

Then a blush of shame spread over their faces that even in this their hour of independence their speech should

betray their daughters' influence. "I mean that from this time forth I shall control the affairs of my own household."

"And I mean that the same conclusion has been reached by me." They have a hard job before them.

How He Kept Informed on Clocks. A fad more or less general is the collecting of old clocks, from the tall grandfather variety to the curious timekeepers of foreign make. The garrets of old farmhouses from Maine to the Carolinas have been ransacked for the former, and there is many a man and woman in New York who keeps an eye on the pawnshops of the foreign

from abroad. "It is almost impossible to keep them all running," complained a woman who has two dozen aged and valuable clocks scattered through her Madison avenue home. "They seem to be in good order and run along for awhile, then all of a sudden they stop for no reason at all.

districts for curious and ancient things

"I have found an old German who knows more about the ways of old clocks than any one in the city. I sent him my German prize a few weeks ago, and when it did not come back after the usual period of waiting I went to his shop. What do you think I found

him reading?" The friend did not have the slightest

"It was a little German volume with a title something like this: "Thirteen Hundred Reasons Why a Clock In Perfect Order Won't Run."-New York

The Churchly Handmaiden.

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Wells, wardens of a prominent city church, were not in accord concerning the new rector's introduction of extreme ritual into the service.

Mr. Edwards was aggressively on the rector's side, Mr. Wells quite the reverse, and on one occasion their difference of opinion cropped out in a lively though brief dialogue which incidentally suggests the possibilities for expan-

sion of the servant problem. Mr. Edwards, having exhausted his arguments on his unresponsive brother warden, said:

"At least you will own that art is the

handmaiden of religion." "Yes," returned Mr. Wells savagely, "and I wish religion would give her a

Kinned to Death.

Betty, the infant Roscius, when at the zenith of his juvenile fame was on one occasion walking with some ladies when another beyy of female admirers bere down upon him and, pulling him away from his companions, commenced to lavish upon him endearments and kisses. The others promptly rushed to their Idol's rescue, who between the contending parties, each determined to possess the boy actor, was thrown to the ground and so much brulsed and injured as to be unable to appear for a couple of nights.

Insignificant, however, was this mischance to the fate that befell M. de Langy, a courtier of the time of Louis XV., whose supreme concelt so irritated certain ladies of the court that they resolved to inflict upon him a novel punishment. Feigning one day to be overcome by the beauty of his face and person, they fell upon him en masse, hugging and kissing the wretched dandy till he cried for mercy. Deaf to his entreaties, the ladies continued their merciless caresses until the object of their mock love, who indeed was but a sorry weakling, in endeavoring to break away from their clutches broke a blood vessel and died a few days later.

Rabbits as Acrobats.

The rat is, as no one will doubt, a very fair climber. He can scamper about anywhere on the roof of a barn or can ascend the ivy that grows on the house wall and make the lives of the pigeons in their cots anything but happy ones. The rabbit, on the other hand, is not usually accounted a climbing animal. A writer in Field describes the astonishment of his sisters at seeing a rabbit jump from the bough of a tree and, picking himself up, "scamper off rather dazed to his warren." Wherever a rabbit is found in a tree except when he is carried there by flood or left there by a receding snowdrift, it will be found that a sloping bank or other easy method of approach has been made use of. He is, however, very expert at climbing stone walls that bound his fields and even the wire netting that the farmer vainly imagines will keep him from the choicest crops. We have seen rabbits run up the face of a quarry to their holes toward the top, a feat which we have not found it easy to imitate.

Cinderella and Her Slipper. Yes; I know you are saying to your-

self. "That headline would have looked and sounded better had it been 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," says a critic, but the writer has been making a close study of this most interesting nursery story and finds that the famous "glass" slipper properly has no place in it. The "glass" slipper is really the "fur," "cloth" or "felt" slipper, the word "glass" having been substituted through a strange mistranslation of the story. In the original it was written pantoufle en vair, which, being translated, would be "the fur slipper." The translator, however, wrote it as if it had been pantoufle en verre, making the "little cinder girl's" fur foot covering one of glass, which, it must be admitted, would be one quite appropriate to a fairy

The editor of the Glasgow Echo avers he is not much of a sport; but, he says, "when we meet a cinch in the road we recognize it." He accepted a proposition the other day, made by a friend, through which he was to give his friend a dime for every time a woman passed them and did not put her hand behind her to learn if her skirt was all right behind. On the other hand, the editor's friend agreed to give him a nickel for each time a woman felt of her belt behind. "We got sixty-two nickels," the molder of opinion says, "and paid him one dime. A woman with both arms full of parcels came along."

Wax From Trees.

The wax palm of the Andes is a vegetable wonder. It grows to a height of nearly 200 feet and thrives not only on the plains, but the mountains. The wood is tough and durable and is employed in carpentry. The wax comes from the pits between the trunk and fronds. It is yellow or grayish white, is as pure as beeswax and is used for making candles. A peon climbing the trees can gather from twenty to thirty pounds from each.

The Measure of Success.

It is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that in proportion to the time between the seed sowing and the harvest is the fullness of the fruit, and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success.-John Ruskin.

A Symphony of Colors.

Gray was asked why he had written the "Elegy In a Country Churchyard." "Because," he returned, "I thought it was the best place to make the ghost

And indeed this seemed reasonable when it was remembered in addition to being Gray he had both duns and blues.-New York Tribune.

A Breach of Etiquette. "Am I to understand that you were discharged from the army for a mere brench of etiquette?" queried the interested friend. "Yes, sir," boldly asserted Colonel

Blupher. "What was it?" "Turning my back to the enemy."-Philadelphia Record.

What He Did. Cassidy-Oi hear Flanagan called ye

Casey-He did so. Cassidy-An' phwat did ye do? Casey-I did Flanagan.-Philadelphia

saw so many left eyed passengers in than their right," was the reply. "The

species is not common, and of course Eden It runs thus: none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; not so the left eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eye has been used most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs "Left eyed people are made, not born.

The Ins and Outs

all of it in a day.

-In Uneeda Biscuit.

which holds within

-that's one reason why

-and keeps without

Left Eyed People.

The man who spends half his time

trying to classify people said he never

"What do you mean by left eyed pas-

"People who use their left eye more

sengers?" asked his companion.

by the trained observer.

ing glasses."-New York Times.

cess in collecting.

A Collector's Prayer.

of Soda Crackers

Soda crackers fresh from the oven are good-delicious

-if exposed to the air they quickly lose that goodness-

much of it in a few minutes-most of it in an hour-

-That's why the common kind, the paper-bag kind,

have lost their flavor before you get them.

because they are packed at the oven door

the oven- fresh flavor of Uneeda Biscuit

the undesirable flavors of all other things

the package with red and white seal—an invention

there's a difference—a big difference

in the famous In-er-seal Package-

for preserving the goodness of biscuit;

an airtight and germ proof covering

millions buy Uneeda Biscuit.

Another reason is the price-

Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike when reading or be taken into consideration when buy-

So deeply passionate is Mr. Hodgy and asked that some one else be sent, kin's love for the rare and the curious that one thinks of the Thomas Hearne mentioned by him, who in all simplicity of heart thanked God for his sve-"O most gracious and merciful Lord God," writes this devoutest of old bucks, "wonderful in thy providence, I return humble thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy providence, and one act of yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue

less sinner, and that for Jesus Christ The prayer is extant and may be read at the Bodleian, where Hearne was assistant librarian. - London Chronicle.

Balzac's Passwords.

the same protection to me a poor, help-

It was not easy to make one's way into Balzac's house at Chaillot, Rue des Batailles, for it was guarded like the garden of the Hesperides. Two or three passwords were necessary, which were changed frequently for fear they should become known. I remember a few. To the porter we said, "The plum season has come," on which he allowed us to cross the threshold. To the servant who rushed to the staircase when the bell rang it was necessary to murmur, "I bring some brussels lace," and if you assured him that "Mme. Bertrand was quite well' you were admitted forthwith. This nonsense amused Balzac immensely, and it was perhaps necessary to keep out bores and other visitors still more disagrecable.-Miss Wormley's "Memoir of Balzac."

A Story of Hishop Williams.

It is told of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the west about a tax a western state was trying to impose on bacheiors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent for every ten years of bachelorhood.

"Why, bishop," said the young man, 'at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the bishop quietly and in his old time vernacular, "it's wuth

The balky mule is an animal that can all.-Baltimore News.

FIRST OF ALL EVICTIONS.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Magyar Version of the Expulsion

From the Garden of Eden. Among the folklore of the peasantry of Roumania and some of the adjoining Magyar states of eastern Europe is found the story of the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of

When Adam and Eve fell, God sent Gabriel, the Magyar angel, to turn them out of Eden as a punishment for their sin. Gabriel was received most courteously, food and drink of the best being set before him. Now, Gabriel had a kind heart and took pity upon the poor folk and would not accept their hospitality, remembering his errand. So he returned and begged that some one else be sent to evict the sinners, as he really could not do it. The Raphael, the Roumanian angel, was sent and was received as Gabriel writing causes us to exercise one eye, had been. He, however, was very fond more than the other, and the first thing; of a good dinner, and so he sat down and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The is a one sidedness that should always feast over, he told the erring pair his errand. They at once began to weep most piteously and beg for mercy. Their bitter sorrow so touched his after dinner heart that he, too, returned as he could not possibly turn out the poor folk after accepting their hospitality. Then it was that Michael, the

German angel, was sent. He was received as the others by the trembling pair and treated even more sumptuously. He sat down and enjoyed himself till the last morsel of food had vanished and there wasn't a drop of liquor left. Then he arose, and, turning to his host and hostess, said, "Now, then, out you go, and be quick about it." Most piteously did Adam and Eve beg at least for time, even reminding him that he had partaken of their bread. All in vain. Thus it was that our first parents were driven out of

Prefessor Was Noting Things. "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountain side?

"It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I resistance."-Chicago Tribune.

No Better Off.

"Poor Robinson! He couldn't make a living and married a woman with money.

"But isn't be all right now?" "Hardly. She is so close with it that he has to work harder than ever."-

But They Help Not a Little. "Of course, clothes don't make the man.'

"Certainly not." "At the same time, if you have a new suit you'd better put it on when

you go out to ask for credit."-Chleago

A Boston Rake. Bertha-Tell me, Harry, do you think George is dissipated? I smelled cloves

on his breath last evening, and I am

afraid he drinks. Harry-No. Bertha; he isn't dissipated. He's only just an ass; nothing more. He cats cloves to make people think he drinks liquor. He wants to be regarded as a deuce of a fellow, you know .- Boston Transcript.

"Do you believe in signs?" "No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' fell the other day just as I went under it and knockwork at both ends and yet not work at | ed out two teeth of mine!"-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in Sorrow and Borrowed little from nature except his name and his love to mankind and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: 'Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver in the west, who was kind to all and brought ill to none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."

Ancient Football.

Philip Stubbes wrote in 1583 in his book on "The Anatomie of Abuses:" "For as concerning football I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation; a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sporte of pastyme. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adverserie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eves start out-fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."

A Delicate Position.

Wedding presents are frequently distinguished for their uselessness, and giftmaking at any time is attended with some danger. A faithful Irish employee announced his desire to take a month's holiday to visit his brother. He had worked so well and steadily that his employer not only granted the was following along the line of least request, but made him a present of a new traveling bag.

The night before Tim was to leave he received the gift, accompanied by a few appreciative words.

Tim stared at the bag for a moment and then asked, "What am I to do with that?"

"Why, put your clothes in it when you go away, of course," answered the "Put me clothes in it, is it?" said

Tim. "An' phwat will Oi wear if Oi put me clothes in that?"

He Caught Him.

Slick (to Blossom)-Is this Mr. Bloom-Blossom-No. His office is across the hall.

Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out)-Thank you, sir. Blossom-Hi! Come back and close that door. Haven't you any doors in

your house? Slick-Yes, sir, but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you. sir, my patient double back action door spring. It closes without a bang and is warranted to last a lifetime.

Stopping the Music. "Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married hlm."

"Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. 'Did he sing as badly as all that?"-Exchauge.