

What Londoners Lack.

London is described as one of the gayest cities in the world. We have practically everything that makes for gaiety, and yet it cannot be said with any degree of honesty that we are as lively as we might be in the circumstances. Among a few folk high spirits prevail, says London Lady's Pictorial. It is certainly not fashionable to be serious, but, speaking generally, we stand sorely in need of more liveliness. If one would take the measurement of liveliness of the average person, it is only necessary to stay a few days in any of our winter resorts and make a study of the conversation of inmates of the hotel and boarding-house. Health will be found to be the chief topic of conversation at one, bridge at another, stocks at another, and the menu at yet another. A joke is rare; it is rarer still that one hears any remark worth remembering, and no one ever appears to be thoroughly determined to have a good time. High spirits are certainly at a discount; the joy of living does not appear to be understood. And yet in good hotels and boarding houses visitors are represented by all classes of society that count. What shall we do to be gay?

One reason why stamps in the future will bear the names of the cities whence they are issued is the difficulty thus put in the way of stamp thieves. At present stamps constitute one of the most readily negotiable forms of plunder obtainable owing, of course, to the universal use of postage stamps and the consequent difficulty of tracing ownership. Even when nearly \$100,000 worth of stamps were stolen from the Chicago post office it was impossible to get clues for detecting the criminal. The United States is not the first country to place the names of the cities of issue on the stamps. Mexico has done it for years, Liberia has the names of five principal towns on the stamps designed for their respective use. But no nation hitherto has entered upon the plan to the extent proposed at Washington. Fully 6,000 cities will be provided with distinctive stamps. In the case of 26 of the largest cities the name of the respective city and state will be engraved as a part of the basic design of the stamp, whereas in the case of the thousands of smaller cities the name will in each instance be printed across the faces of the stamps after they have been impressed in the regular color.

The Kaiser's imperial garage is now pretty fine, having recently been added to in a most sumptuous manner, says a Berlin correspondent. The new motors are all electric and fitted in the most luxurious manner possible, besides being models of practical equipment. Pale turquoise is the color of the rich upholstery in silk brocade, the walls and four seats of each car being covered with this material. Small letdown tables, wall cupboards, clock and book rests in natural wood and ivory complete the fittings of the imperial carriages. His electromobiles are painted ivory white on the inside, with touches of blue and gold, and doors and back panels of the vehicles bear the motto, a particularly appropriate one for motorists, "Gott mit uns," above the imperial crown. The chauffeur's seat is in pale blue leather.

It is interesting to note how rapidly the members of the English royal family are dividing up the spoils of Europe. An English princess is on the throne of Norway; another, Princess Margaret of Connaught, will some day wear the Swedish crown. The daughter of the late Princess Alice, King George's sister, is now the Carina, the son of the Duke of Albany is Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh is Crown Princess of Roumania, the Crown Princess of Greece is a daughter of King Edward's eldest sister, while a daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg is on the Spanish throne.

The agent of a Canadian railway arrived in St. Petersburg not long ago, seeking laborers who were wanted to construct a new transcontinental line. He did not get them, the authorities being of the opinion that it was not desirable that Russian workmen should be brought into close contact with American workmen.

The British Royal Commission says that milk gives you tuberculosis, and Prof. Wiley says whiskey congeals your protoplasm. The other ingredients of the milk punch probably corrupt your diaphragm, so what's the use?

A real service has been rendered by the scientific sharp who discovered that a \$20 gold piece has an odor distinctly its own. Few have been acquainted with one long enough to find it out for themselves.

Excessive use of cigarettes is offered as the extenuating plea of a St. Louis youth arrested for making love over the telephone. Since the Thaw trial began pathological excuses have become the fashion for every sort of prank.

A small table that had been many years in an almshouse at Bristol, England, was sent recently with other discarded furniture to an auction room where it was recognized as a Chippendale and sold for \$367.50.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE COAL' and 'THE BATTERY'

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"I have only contempt for a woman who tries to hold a man when he wishes to go," said Anita, with quiet but energetic bitterness. "Besides—" she hesitated an instant before going on—"Gladys deserves her fate. She doesn't really care for him. She's only jealous of him. She never did love him."

"How do you know?" said I sharply, trying to persuade myself it was not an ugly suspicion in me that lifted its head and shot out that question. "Because he never loved her," she replied. "The feeling a woman has for a man or a man for a woman, without any response, isn't love, isn't worthy the name of love. It's a sort of baffled covetousness. Love means generosity, not greediness." Then—"Why do you not ask me whether what she said is true?"

The change in her tone with the last sentence, the strange, ominous note in it, startled me. "Because," replied I, "as I said to her, to ask my wife such a question would be to insult her. If you were riding with him, it was an accident." As if my rude repulse of her overture since would not have justified her in almost anything.

She flushed the dark red of shame, but her gaze held steady and unflinching upon mine. "It was not altogether by accident," she said. "And I think she expected me to kill her."

When a man admits and respects a woman's rights where he is himself concerned, he either is no longer interested in her or has begun to love her so well that he can control the savage and selfish instincts of passion. If Mowbray Langdon had been there, I might have killed them both; but he was not there, and she, facing me without fear, was not the woman to be suspected of the stealthy and traitorous.

"It was he that you meant when you warned me you cared for another man," said I, so quietly that I wondered at myself; wondered what had become of the "Black Matt" who had used his fists almost as much as his brains in fighting his way up. "Yes," she said, her head down now.

"Our marriage was a miserable mistake," I went on, struggling to be just and judicial, and to seem calm. "I admit it now. Fortunately, we are both still young—you very young. Mistakes in youth are never fatal. But, Anita, do not blunder out of one mistake into another. You are no longer a child, as you were when I married you. You will be careful not to let judgments formed of him long ago decide you for him as they decided you against me."

"I wish to be free," she said, each word coming with an effort, "as much on your account as on my own." Then, and it seemed to me merely a truly feminine attempt to shirk responsibility, she added, "I am glad my going will be a relief to you."

"Yes, it will be a relief," I confessed. "Our situation has become intolerable." I had reached my limit of self-control. I put out my hand. "Good-by," I said. If she had wept it might have modified my conviction that everything was at an end between us. But she did not weep. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Let's not talk of forgiveness," said I, and I fear my voice and manner were gruff, as I strove not to break down. "Let's try to forget." And I touched her hand and hastened away. When two human beings set out to misunderstand each other, how fast and far they go! How shut-in we are from each other, with only halting means of communication that break down under the slightest strain!

"You and your wife don't care to make it up with the Ellerslys?" I fancied so, and told Sam you'd simply think me meddling. The other matter is the Travelers' club. I've smoothed things out there. I'm going to put you up and rush you through. "No, thanks," said I. It seemed incredible to me that I had ever cared about that club and the things it represented, as I could remember I undoubtedly did care. It was like looking at an outgrown toy and trying to feel again the emotions it once excited.

"I assure you, Matt, there won't be the slightest difficulty." His manner was that of a man playing the trump card in a desperate game—he felt it can not lose, yet the stake is so big that he can not but be a little nervous. "I do not care to join the Travelers' club," said I, rising. "I must ask you to excuse me. I am exceedingly busy."

It, he had shined and had received deference solely because he was rich. He had thought himself, in his own person, most superior; now, he found that like a silly child he had been standing on a chair and crying: "See how tall I am." And the air, the cynicism, the graceful condescension, which had been so becoming to him, were now as out of place as a crown and robes on a king taking a swimming lesson.

"What are your terms, Blacklock? Don't be too hard on an old friend," said he, trying to carry off his frank plea for mercy with a smile. "I should have thought he would cut his throat and jump off the Battery wall before he would get on his knees to any man for any reason. And he was doing it for mere money—to save, not his fortune, but only an imperiled part of it. 'If Anita could see him now!' I thought."

To him I said, the more coldly because I did not wish to add to his humiliation by showing him that I pitied him: "I can only repeat, Mr. Langdon, you will have to excuse me. I have given you all the time I can spare."

His eyes were shifting and his hands trembling as he said: "I will transfer control of the Coal combine to you."

His tones, shameful as the offer they carried, made me ashamed for him. For money—just for money! And I had thought him a man. If he had been a self-deceiving hypocrite like Roebuck, or a frank believer in the right of might, like Updegraff, I might possibly, in the circumstances, have tried to release him from my net. But he had never for an instant deceived himself as to the real nature of the enterprises he plotted, promoted and profited by; he thought it "smart" to be bad, and he delighted in making the most cynical epigrams on the black deeds of himself and his associates.

"Better sell out to Roebuck," I suggested. "I control all the Coal stock I need."

"I don't care to have anything further to do with Roebuck," Langdon answered. "I've broken with him."

"When a man lies to me," said I, "he gives me the chance to see just his habitual pose, pose and withdraw without another word. All this fright and groveling and treachery for plunder, the loss of which would not impair his fortune—plunder he had stolen with many a fist and gibe at his helpless victims. Like most of our demoralized dollars chasers, he was a good sportsman only when the game was with him."

That afternoon he threw his Coal holdings on the market in great blocks. His treachery took Roebuck completely by surprise—for Roebuck believed in this fair-weather "gentleman," foul-weather coward, and neglected to allow for that quicksand that is always under the foundation of the man who has inherited, not earned, his wealth. But for the blundering credulity of rascals, would honest men ever get their dues. Roebuck's brokers had bought many thousands of Langdon's shares at the high artificial price before Roebuck grasped the situation—that it was not my followers recklessly gambling to break the prices, but Langdon unloading on his "real."

As soon as he saw, he abruptly withdrew from the market. When the Stock Exchange closed, National Coal securities were offered at prices ranging from 11 for the bonds to two for the common and three for the preferred—offered, and no takers.

"Well, you've done it," said Joe, coming with the news that Thornley, of the Discount and Deposit Bank, had been appointed receiver. "I've made a beginning," replied I.

I had decided to concentrate upon Roebuck, because he was the richest and most powerful of "The Seven." For, in my pictures of the three main phases of "finance"—the industrial, the life insurance and the banking—he, as arch plotter in every kind of respectable skulduggery, was necessarily in the foreground. My original intention was to demolish the Power Trust—or, at least, to compel him to buy back all of its stock which he had worked off on the public. I had collected many interesting facts about it, facts typical of the conditions that "finance" has established in so many of our industries.

For instance, I was prepared to show that the actual earnings of the Power Trust was two and half times what its reports to stockholders alleged; that the concealed profits were diverted into the pockets of Roebuck, his sons, 11 other relatives and four of "The Seven," the lion's share going, of course, to the lion. Like almost all the great industrial enterprises, too strong for the law and too remote for the supervision of their stockholders, it gathered in enormous revenues to disburse them chiefly in salaries and commissions and rackets on contracts to favorites. I had proof that in one year it had "written off" 12 millions of profit and loss, 10 millions of which had found its way to Roebuck's pocket.

Roebuck was the keystone of the arch that sustained the structure of chicane. To dislodge him was the direct way to collapse it. I was about to set to work when Langdon, feeling that he ought to have a large supply of cash in the troublous times I was creating, increased the capital stock of his already enormously over-capitalized Textile Trust and offered the new issue to the public. As the Textile Trust was even better bulwarked, politically, than the Power Trust, it was easily able to declare tempting dividends out of its lootings. So the new stock could not be attacked in the one way that would make the public instantly shun it—I could not truthfully charge that it would not pay the promised dividends. Yet attack I must—for that issue was, in effect, a bold challenge of my charges against "The Seven."

From all parts of the country inquiries poured in upon me: "What do you think of the new Textile issue? Shall we invest? Is the Textile company sound?" I had no choice. I must turn aside from Roebuck; I must first show that while Textile was, in a sense, sound just at that time, it had been unsound, and would be unsound again as soon as Langdon had gathered in a sufficient number of lambs to make a battue worth the while of a man dealing in nothing less than seven figures. I proceeded to do so.

The market yielded slowly. Under my first day's attack Textile preferred fell six points, Textile common three. While I was in the midst of dictating my letter for the second day's attack, I suddenly came to a full stop. "Isn't it strange that Langdon, after humbling himself to you, should make this bold challenge? It's a trap!"

"No more at present," said I, to my stenographer. "And don't write out what I've already dictated."

I shut myself in and busied myself at the telephone. Half an hour after I set my secret machinery in motion, a messenger brought me an envelope, the address type-written. It contained a sheet of paper on which appeared, in type-writing, these words, and nothing more:

"He is heavily short of Textiles." It was indeed a trap. The new issue was a blind. He had challenged me to attack his stock, and as soon as I did, he had begun secretly to sell it for a fall. I worked at this new situation until midnight, trying to get together the proofs. At that hour—for I could delay no longer, and my proofs were not quite complete—I sent my newspapers two sentences:

"To-morrow I shall make a disclosure that will send Textiles up. Do not sell Textiles!" (To be Continued.)

Living up in Connecticut, too? Sam Ellersly tells me your wife is stopping there with old Howard Forrester. Sam wants me to use my good offices in making it up between you two and her family.

I was completely taken aback by this cool ignoring of the real situation between him and me. Impudence or ignorance?—I could not decide. It seemed impossible that Anita had not told him; yet it seemed impossible, too, that he would come to me if she had told him. "Have you any business with me?" said I.

His eyelids twitched nervously, and he adjusted his lips several times before he was able to say: "You and your wife don't care to make it up with the Ellerslys? I fancied so, and told Sam you'd simply think me meddling. The other matter is the Travelers' club. I've smoothed things out there. I'm going to put you up and rush you through."

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A flush appeared in his cheeks and deepened and spread until his whole body must have been aflame. He seated himself. "You know what I've come for," he said sullenly, and humbly, too.

All his life he had been enthroned upon his wealth. Without realizing

PULLING TOGETHER

HOME MERCHANTS SHOULD PATRONIZE EACH OTHER.

KEEP DOLLAR GOING 'ROUND

Do Not Let It Escape by Unconsciously Sending It to the City—Set an Example to Others.

The community that will pull together, that will work as one man for the general interests, will find an abundance of prosperity.

And working together means the spending of the dollars of the community within the community. Nor does it mean only that the farmer, the mechanic, the doctor, the preacher, the editor must spend their money at home, but it means also that the merchant must do the same thing. It means that you, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, must patronize your neighbor, Mr. Furniture Dealer, when you want furniture. It means that you, Mr. Furniture Dealer, must patronize your neighbor, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, when you want dry goods. It means that the groceryman must patronize the home implement dealer when he wants a new wagon, and the implement dealer must buy his groceries in the home town. It means that whether Mr. Butcher, Mr. Groceryman, Mr. Dry Goods Merchant, Mr. Furniture Dealer, Mr. Hardware Man, or whoever it may be, that intends to erect a new building they should buy

the material for that building at home of their neighbor, Mr. Building Material Man.

And let us speak a word for Mr. Printer Man also. He is a part of this community; he contributes to its prosperity; he advertises it, and he is entitled to his place in the circle through which the community's dollars are to circulate. When you, Mr. Merchant, want printing of any kind, give the job to the home printer. The dollar that you spend with him he will again spend with you, and both will make a profit on it. It is but fair that he have this, his legitimate portion of the home trade. He is as much a part of the community as yourself, and as much entitled to your support as you are entitled to the support of the farmer, the mechanic, the preacher, the doctor.

The battle against the mail-order octopus can never be a successful one unless all interests are actively engaged in it. It can never be successful so long as the merchant wants it preached but does not want to practice it himself. The merchant who sends his saving account to the city bank for safe keeping is not entitled to the support of the community whose money he takes from it. The merchant who will not patronize his brother merchants, who makes his visits to the city an excuse for buying his own household supplies, supplies that are not carried on his own shelves, of the city merchants, is not entitled to the support of the community. Such a merchant wants to preach but not practice home trade. He wants to do with the community's dollars just what he condemns in others—send them away from the community. He would bankrupt the community for selfish interests.

There are few, if any, such merchants as this in this or other communities, but if there are any here it is not for their benefit that this paper is preaching home trade to its readers.

We hear much of the strength of trusts and combinations. In what does their strength lie? To a large extent in the fact that they control the trade in the commodities in which they are dealing. They make every dollar they spend an interest earning dollar. Let us form a little trust of our own. Let all of us, merchant, farmer, doctor, mechanic, preacher, editor, spend our dollars at home, keep them at home, and we have organized a trust of our own that will bring to each of us our share of earnings on the capital invested.

This is not a hard problem to figure out for ourselves. The farmer, let us say, wants a dollar's worth of sugar. He buys it of the home groceryman, and the groceryman makes a profit. The groceryman buys a dollar's worth of dry goods, and the dry goods merchant makes a profit. The dry goods merchant patronizes the dentist, and the dentist makes a profit, and the dentist buys butter and produce from the farmer and the farmer makes a profit. So the dollar goes around and around a community each man into whose keeping it comes makes a profit on the handling of it, and the dollar grows into two. But what would have happened had the farmer taken that dollar to buy his groceries of the mail-order

widows' caps. Why do widows cover their heads with these curious little arrangements of maline, crepe and lace? It is a custom handed down to us from the Romans, who shaved their heads when they mourned the loss of a dear one. This idea was all right for men who did not mind appearing without a single speck of hair on their heads, but of course it was most unattractive for women. No one, not even a Roman matron, liked to be seen bald-headed, so the women of the Tiber devised a little cap to hide their baldness, and thus the custom has come down to us, even though heads are no longer shaved as a sign of mourning.

The reason that bells are tolled for the dead is that years ago, when tolling was first established, the people thought that the sound of the bells frightened away evil spirits who hovered near the dead.

Why do men, and women, too, wear bows on the left side of their hats? The reason is simple enough. When the head covering built upon the order of hats of to-day was first introduced it was ornamented with a ribbon which went around the crown and hung down in two ends on the left side, reaching below the shoulder. These ends were a sort of anchor, or safety line, and were put there expressly to be seized when a sudden gust of wind threatened to blow the hat away. The ribbons were put on the left side because, as a general thing, the left hand was more apt to be free than the right. Eventually these ribbons were knotted in a fetching bow with flowing ends, and then they were cut off quite close to the hat, so that they form a very small and stiff bow knot.

It is always the custom to throw old shoes after a bride and this queer custom came into vogue when parents were in the habit of using their slippers to keep their girls obedient and good. Now the slipper is not really intended for the bride, but for the bridegroom, who is supposed to use it for the same purpose the mother and father of olden times did.

"Wife" Yourself to Sleep. Fortunately is the woman who has successfully cultivated the habit of sleeping at will. It is said that Miss Julia Marlowe can rest between scenes of the most exciting plays by her ability to drop asleep when she pleases. These little periods of unconsciousness are great restorers, and there need be no special preparation for them. We associate sleep with darkness and bed, but daylight, soft couches and easy chairs are just as good for sleeping purposes—only the power of will-concentration is lacking, and that is so general as to be a seldom drawback to good work in all directions. We see women of splendid health and poise, of strong mentality, and we marvel at their "gifts" when the whole secret of their power lies in concentration.

Of Distinguished Ancestry. Mrs. Liza Lehman, the cooper, is a granddaughter of the late Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, the originator and publisher of that standard work, "Chambers' Encyclopaedia." Her father, Rudolph Lehman, was a well-known portrait painter.

Customs That Now Seem Peculiar Had Origin in Wisdom. If you are patient enough to ferret it out you will find that there is a reason for every little idiosyncrasy we have, for every queer thing we do. Take, for example, the wearing of

The keen blade of trade reciprocity will divide the dollars of the community among the home people. Keeping the dollars at home will build saving accounts at the bank and make for general prosperity. Sending them to the city mail-order house will bring bankruptcy and ruin to all except the city.



"FOR MONEY—JUST FOR MONEY! AND I HAD THOUGHT HIM A MAN!"

Perforated Sails Beneficial

Although the assertion recently made by an Italian sea captain that the power of sails was increased by their being perforated was ridiculed, it has just been proved that he was right.

His theory was that the force of the wind cannot fairly take effect on an inflated sail because of the cushion of immovable air that fills up the hollows. To prevent the creation and presence of that cushion, he pierced his sails with many holes, through which the wind blew, the balance of the air pressure striking against the

canvases and exercising its full effect.

Several experiments have been made on these lines, and the results are declared to have been eminently satisfactory.

The Top of Colorado. In high mountains there is no state to compare with Colorado. She can claim 497 peaks of an altitude of more than 10,000 feet, 295 of more than 11,000, 223 of more than 12,000, 149 of more than 13,000, and 33 or more than 14,000.