

# A Discord in a Flat

By MARLE OREN CUMMINS

Mrs. Edith Hornung, (A highly-strung woman.)  
Mr. Jack Hornung (Just an average man.)  
Mrs. Medlar (A sympathetic friend, also named a little above concert.)  
Scene—A non-housekeeping flat uptown.  
Time—Nearly nine a. m.

## A FEW HARMONICS.

The Average Man (buttoning up his overcoat)—"Well, dear, I must be off. It's the first of the month, you know, and there is lots to do at the office."

The Highly-Strung Woman (tenderly)—"Poor old Jack. Has to work like a slave all day so his little wife can wear the latest things in four-fards."

The A. M.—"Oh, by the way, I have comps. for the Hollis to-night. Would you like to go?"

The H. S. W.—"Would I like to go! Why, you dear boy, I should say I would. That's where Held is playing and I've just been dying to see if those fifteen hundred dollar dresses of hers are real or not."

The A. M.—"Don't plan too much on it, for I may not get the tickets. There's an awful rush for seats and the 'specs' have bought up almost everything. If I do get them I'll be home early and we'll go over to the Somerset to dinner. ((He kisses her and starts for the elevator. She follows him.)

The H. S. W.—"How perfectly lovely! But Jack, dear, who's going to give you the comps? You haven't any friends on the stage, have you?"

The A. M.—"Oh, I've lots of friends you've never heard about. Good-by, dear. (He enters the elevator and disappears. The Highly-Strung Woman sits down and begins wondering if Jack means what he said, and if he really has a lot of friends on the stage.)

## THE DISCORD.

Late afternoon. The Highly-Strung Woman in the sitting room of the uptown flat reading the latest novel. The Average Man enters.

Mrs. H.—"Back so soon, dear, and it's hardly five o'clock. Oh, did you get the tickets?"

Mr. H.—"Yes, there they are. (Hands her a small theatrical envelope.)

Mrs. H. (tearing open envelope and examining stubs)—"What luck! We're way down in D. Now I'll find out if they are \$1,500 dresses or not. You'll have to promise me, Jack, not to make goo-goo eyes at any of the chorus girls, for we'll be almost in the bald-headed row."

Mr. H.—"You seem to forget that I'm out of college now, and that I have become a sedate old married man of twenty-nine. Whew! but I'm tired. (Throws himself down on the couch; she picks up the pass which accompanies the stubs.)

Mrs. H. (reading aloud)—"On account of Kit. Who on earth is this Kitty, Jack?"

Mr. H. (foolishly trying to joke with a highly-strung woman)—"Why, that's one of the forty-thousand-dollar chorus girls. I used to know her before I met you—and reformed."

Mrs. H. (excitedly)—"You don't mean it, Jack, do you? You don't know any of those horrid creatures? Tell me you were just trying to plague me."

Mr. H. (soothingly)—"Of course I was only joking. Don't get so excited, my dear. You fly up like a skyrocket. I never knew any chorus girls."

Mrs. H.—"You did too. Mrs. Medlar told me so the other day, and she knew you before you ever heard of me. She says you used to be a regular rounder, Jack."

Mr. H. (energetically)—"Damn Mrs. Medlar and her continued meddling. If any woman was ever well named it's she."

Mrs. H.—"Now don't get profane, Jack. There's no need of losing your temper about it. I'm beginning to believe you do know some girl in the troupe, and that's where you got those complimentary—"

Mr. H. (impatiently)—"I told you I was only fooling. Besides, chorus girls don't have tickets to give away. They never give anything away. But believe whatever that gossiping old hen tells you. I don't know that it makes much difference."

Mrs. H. (on the verge of tears)—"Why, Jack, how can you say such horrid things to me! Of course it makes all the difference in the world. You know if I really did believe it I'd go back to mother-to-morrow."

Mr. H. (thoroughly exasperated)—"Well, that would be pleasant for me than having mother in law come here."

(The Highly-Strung Woman begins to weep. At the same time the maid ushers in Mrs. Medlar, who has run in from the flat below.)

Mrs. H.—"Emily!"  
Mr. H.—"Oh, Hades."

Mrs. M.—"Why, Edith, what on earth—"  
Mrs. H. (tearfully)—"Jack's been cross to me again, that's all. I suppose I ought to get used to it, but I can't."

Mr. H.—"Nothing of the kind, Mrs. Medlar. I told her something in fun, and now she insists on believing it after I've explained that it was only a joke."

Mrs. M. (putting her arm around the Highly-Strung Woman)—"What was it all about, dear?"  
Mr. H. (irritably)—"I don't see the necessity for rehearsing our little family squabbles before every caller."

I'm going to dress for the theater. Will you be ready in half an hour, Edith?"

Mrs. H.—"I don't believe I'll go now, after you're being so mean to me. I'll stay at home—and cry my eyes out probably."

Mr. H.—"Don't talk such nonsense. I'll stop in for you when I'm ready. He walks out."

Mrs. M.—"Now tell me all about it, dear."

Mrs. H. (picking up the pass which Mr. H. left behind and handing it to the Sympathetic Friend)—"There, that's what caused the whole trouble. You look it over while I fix my hair and bathe my eyes. But I'm not going out with him unless he explains everything, and is nice about it."

Mrs. M. (reading aloud)—"On account of Kit. Who is this Kitty?"

Mrs. H. (triumphantly)—"That's just what I wanted to know. First he told me it was one of Held's chorus girls, then, when he saw how I took it, he tried to turn it off as a joke."

Mrs. M.—"I don't believe it was a joke, Edith. You know he did use to carry on dreadfully before you married him."

Mrs. H. (beginning to weep again)—"He said he never knew any chorus girls."

Mrs. M.—"The old hypocrite! That's what his father took him out of Harvard for. He used to chum with Aldy Armand, whose uncle, ran the Tremont, and both the boys were behind the scenes three or four times a week. Mrs. Armand told Mrs. Barnes—"

Mrs. H. (hurriedly)—"Don't, Emily, I can't bear it. To think we've been married only a year and a half, and Jack said to-day that he'd rather have me go home to mother than to have her come here."

Mrs. M. (sympathetically)—"The brutal!"

Mrs. H.—"N—no, Jack isn't exactly a bru—bru—brute, but he doesn't understand woman—woman—women."

Mrs. M.—"I wouldn't let my husband say anything like that to me. Why, it's outrageous. I wonder what she looks like. She's, probably a drug-store blonde."

Mrs. H. (hysterically)—"I know what she'd look like if I had her here now. I'm not going out with him tonight, anyway. Will you stay and comfort me this evening, Emily?"

Mrs. M.—"Of course I will, you poor, abused dear."

(The Highly-Strung Woman rests her head on the Sympathetic Friend's shoulder and weeps copiously. The Average Man knocks lightly on the door and enters, attired in a dress suit.)

Mr. H. (after an awkward pause)—"Well, Edith, haven't you come to your senses yet?"

Mrs. H.—"No, and I'm not coming to—I mean I'm not going to see any of your old college friends."

Mr. H. (aside, in great disgust)—"What foolishness! (Aloud)—"Come, dear, don't make such a spectacle of yourself. Your nose is getting all red and bloated."

Mrs. M. (under her breath)—"What a monster!"

Mr. H. (hearing the remark)—"Mrs. Medlar, I think perhaps I had better make an explanation, since you have succeeded in bringing this little misunderstanding to such a climax. It all began by the wording of that pass, which I see you have appropriated. Merely in fun I said that it was given me by a chorus girl I used to know. Now, common sense ought to teach any woman that if such had been the case I wouldn't have told my wife. The Kit on that card is the abbreviation for Frank Kitson, press representative for the Hollis. You know him, Mrs. Medlar, and you also know that he and I have been friends for years. Now, I don't want to be inhospitable, but I think Edith and I can settle this better if we are alone for a few minutes."

Mrs. M. (highly indignant)—"Mr. Hornung, you will never have the opportunity to insult me in this flat again. I will tell my husband what you have said this very night. Good-by, Edith, dear."

(The Sympathetic Friend stalks out of the room. The Highly-Strung Woman throws her arms around the Average Man in a moist, affectionate embrace.)

Mrs. H.—"You were right, dear, it was all her fault. She stirred me up as she always does, and she is a meddling old thing. But you ought to have told me in the first place that Kit wasn't a Kitty. Oh, heavens! (catching sight of her face in a glass) my nose is a sight. But wait a minute until I fix it. (She runs to the chiffonier and manipulates a little puffy white thing for a few minutes, then puts on her hat and comes back to him.) I'm all right now, Jack; kiss me and tell me where we're going for dinner. I'm half starved. Crying always makes me hungry."

## Curtain.

Wires, Beasts and Birds.  
"A strange thing is the effect of electrical energy on birds and wild beasts," says a telegraph lineman.

"Woodpeckers are continually tapping telegraph poles. In the country you will find everywhere poles honey-combed by the sturdy bills of woodpeckers. The birds mistake the humming sound inside the poles for the humming of insects, and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make their perforations. Bears, on the other hand, think the humming comes from bees, and they overturn the stones at the pole's base in their endeavor to get at the honey. Wolves are afraid of the sound. A wolf won't go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances."—Philadelphia Record.

## THE HARVEST SEASON OF THE REES.



Find the Chief.

The Rees were a northwest tribe, their home bordering the hunting ground of the Mandans, but the tribe has now entirely disappeared, though there are yet to be heard many pretty legends of them throughout the northwest. The squaws of the tribe devoted much time to agricultural pursuits, and especially to the raising of corn, of which they produced large quantities. They held an annual harvest festival at the close of the corn harvest, and at this celebrated what they called the dog's dance. They were not warlike like the majority of the northwest tribes, and disappeared before the advance of civilization without giving the whites trouble.

## WOMEN ARE BEST SCHOLARS.

Statistics from Many Universities Seem to Prove Their Superiority Over Men.

Are young women surpassing young men in scholarship and honors at American institutions of learning where coeducation prevails?

Reports from colleges and universities all over the country indicate that this is the case, at least so far as the ordinary tests of ability, daily markings and examinations can determine. The heads of these institutions declare that the woman's perception is keener, her memory better, her industry greater and her general capacity for absorbing knowledge beyond that of her masculine competitor, says a Chicago report.

At Boston university 15 out of 16 senior students just elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa society, the sole test being scholarship, are women. The report recently completed at the University of Chicago shows that in the first ten years of the life of that institution women have captured more prizes and honors than men, and have secured a much greater representation in Phi Beta Kappa than men.

The college and university presidents who have given interviews on this subject emphasize the fact that the great devotion to athletics by men students handicaps them against young women in studies. They point out, also, that woman's greatest aptitude is shown in the study of languages and the less exact sciences. But they agree strikingly that so far as the ability to learn is concerned women are in no sense inferior to men and in some senses are superior to them.

At the University of Chicago, the biennial period ended last June shows surprising figures in favor of men students. Supplemented with statistics for the last year, the report shows the following per cent. of total men and women:

Men who have received the bachelor's degree, 53.9.

Women who have received the bachelor's degree, 46.1.

Men admitted to Phi Beta Kappa solely upon scholarship records, 13.7.

Women admitted to Phi Beta Kappa solely upon scholarship records, 56.8.

The women, though, constituting 6.9 per cent. less than half of the total number of graduates of the university for the last ten years, have contributed 5.3 per cent. more than half of the members of the Phi Beta Kappa society. Surely in these figures the advocates of woman's mental equality with man, if not her superiority to him in many important respects, may find a strong argument.

Other statistics for the university are highly favorable for women. Since the award of scholarships and honors has been announced in the convocation programmes 929 students have received the junior college certificate, 496 of these being men and 433 women, or 43.4 per cent men and 46.6 per cent. women.

Forty-three of these men received senior college scholarships, or 54.3 per cent. of all that were awarded, and 36 women, or 45.5 per cent. Honors for scholarship based on class and examination grades were awarded to 93 men and 128 women.

"In obtaining marks, women undoubtedly lead men," said President George E. MacLean, of the University of Iowa. "The causes that lead to this are, in my opinion, that they are more ambitious to excel."

Presidents of other leading colleges in the west and northwest give substantially the same testimony.

President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown university, thinks there is no appreciable difference between men and women students as to scholarship.

"In Brown and its adjunct, Pembroke hall," he said, "the men and women are equally proficient. It is natural for a certain number of each sex to excel."

## MOUNTAINS OF THE ATLANTIC.

Submarine Peaks That Are as Well Known as Those of the Alps or Andes.

Some facts concerning the configuration of the submerged Atlantic continent are given in London Strand. The Laurel Ethel mountain is the uttermost peak of one of the most celebrated of the submarine elevations of the Atlantic. It was discovered in 1878, and figures on all recent charts. Adjacent surroundings showed a depth of 2,000 fathoms, so that the discovery of a depth of only 36 fathoms created much surprise. It has been repeatedly explored by the sounding line, until now, after a quarter of a century of acquaintance, its contour and characteristics are almost as well known as many peaks of the Alps or Andes.

Mount Chaucer was revealed to oceanographers in 1850. It is situated in latitude 42 degrees 50 minutes, longitude 28 degrees 50 minutes, and its crest is only 48 fathoms from the surface. The honor of being the first discovered mountain in the Atlantic belongs to Sainthill, in latitude 42 degrees 50 minutes, longitude 42 degrees 20 minutes. It became known to science in 1832; that its existence was unguessed until three-quarters of a century ago is strong testimony to the extreme novelty of oceanography. It is not less than 110,000 feet high, and its summit is 100 fathoms from the surface.

An interesting group of submarine mountains, 6,000 feet high, considerably more lofty than the Snowdon range, has recently been found in latitude 43 degrees, longitude 22 degrees 30 minutes. To these have been given the name of Edward the Seventh range, the peaks being named after members of the royal family. Mount Tillotson Bright, in latitude 45 degrees 10 minutes, longitude 27 degrees 50 minutes, is a considerable elevation, 2,400 feet high, in the North Atlantic. In latitude 45 degrees, longitude 48 degrees, there would be found, should the ocean be drained dry, a lofty range of hills and mountains. The peaks of some of them come dangerously near the surface. Mount Plectantia, in latitude 45 degrees, longitude 54 degrees, lacks but five fathoms of being an island.

The deepest indentation into the earth's crust is probably in the Pacific, but there are some cavernous depths now well defined in the Atlantic. Of the latter ocean four miles and a half may be taken to be the greatest depth. The average depth of the whole ocean may be taken as about two English miles. Contrary to former opinion, recent research has clearly proved that the greater depths do not lie in the middle of the ocean, but in the neighborhood of the dry land. The latest ascertained depth of the waters covering the earth is thus stated by Prince Albert of Monaco, following Prof. Krummel, to be the average in fathoms: Atlantic, 2,012; Indian, 1,828; Pacific, 2,125; Antarctic, 1,804; Arctic, 844; Mediterranean, 732.

## German Chamber of Commerce.

The duties of a German chamber of commerce are to further by every means at its command the commercial and industrial interests of the district in which it is situated. It takes the initiative in examining any new enterprise which may materially benefit the district; it actively interests itself in the building of new railroads, canals and steamship lines and in the establishment of commercial museums or sample rooms, and studies ways and means of getting the same as advantageously as possible before the commercial world. The furtherance of technical education is one of the prime features of German chamber of commerce activity. A deep interest is taken in the welfare of apprentices, and much is done to elevate their morals and habits.

N. Y. Sun.

## QUEER DENIZEN OF THE DEEP.

The Angler Fish, a Terror to Its Kind and a Skillful Competitor of Fishermen.

Down at the aquarium is a fish with a history, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Nearly everything has a history to be known. This particular fish has a history in a general way—that is, in company with the other fishes of its kind. It enjoys the distinction of being the ugliest fish without exception in the whole aquarium, and apparently it is proud of this distinction, for as one of the occupants of one of the large floor tanks, in company with two score other salt water fishes, it reigns monarch of all it surveys. The fish is known as the angler, goosefish, allmouth and half a hundred other names, each contributed from some locality where the fish is found. The fish is nearly all mouth—is fact, two-thirds of its body is composed of a pair of mammoth jaws and a cavernous mouth that will take in a fish weighing one-third as much as the fish itself.

When the aquarium was first started one of these fishes, weighing nearly 30 pounds, was kept in one of the side tanks. He had been in there some time when another specimen was captured and brought to the aquarium. The newcomer was smaller than the one already there by ten pounds. He was placed in the tank with the larger fish, who, mistaking him for his regular daily meal, made a dash for him, and when the smaller fish was rescued by the attendant there was only his head sticking out of the mouth of the big fish. Up to a short time ago there were two of these ugly-looking fishes at the aquarium. One of them, shortly after his arrival, whether made ill by his sea voyage (thither or not will never be known, disgorged a five-pound shad. The shad was not devoured in the aquarium, either, but had been captured by the angler before the captor himself was taken.

Closely associated with scup are these same anglers, only they generally masquerade under some special name, according to the locality. Down on the sand dune coast of Rhode Island the great brown, mottled angler is known as the "bellows" fish, and once a day or so often as a haul is made the fish is sworn at by every one, from the captain of the fishing gang to the cook. Along the entire coast of the state at frequent intervals are weather-beaten shacks or fishing camps.

These have nearly all been given up during the past five years. Before that, when the first cowslips would be blossoming in the woods on shore, a rakish, swift-sailing sloop would glide along the coast until it came to its particular camp. Here it would send the camping crew ashore, consisting of eight or ten men, with provisions enough to last six weeks. Then the pile driver would be brought out from the nearest trackway and the huge piles driven, extending a mile and a quarter off shore. A giant seine was set to these posts and at the other end was built a trap in which the fish were caught.

This happens sometimes now, but not so frequently as formerly. Each day when the tide is at the top of the flood the net or pound is hauled, the fish pressed into a smaller net and warped alongside the sloop, which comes down the coast every morning from the nearest available shipping point to New York.

The purse net when gathered up close to the sloop and holding captive some 150 barrels of shining, silvery, splashing scup, is a glorious sight, and when a good haul is made, the sun-tanned, agile fishermen shout and sing to one another across the blue water in seeming-madness. The fishermen fish on shares and the bigger they haul the more money.

When the bailing and sorting out begins fully one-third of the crew, each man supplied with a stout gaffing hook, attend to the bellows fish. Ruthlessly and with malice aforethought, they catch the sharp gaffing hook under the jaw of the bellows fish and with foothold pull and jerk and wallop him around until he disgorges the half a barrel of scup he may have in his gigantic maw. Then he is stabbed and poked and mercilessly murdered and thrown overboard outside the net, where his life blood tinges the clear blue sea water, and when the tide makes flood he is left high on the sandy beach, where the gulls pick his bones to the last shred.

Fish Worth a Hundred Dollars.

The Delaware river offers in sturgeon fishing the most unique and one of the most valuable fishing industries in the world, not in size, for the catch is small compared with others, but in the great value of the fish. It is no uncommon thing for a single sturgeon to net the lucky fisherman as much as \$100. In 1885, before there was much demand in this country at least, for caviar, and when the fish were plentiful, a keg of this delicacy could be purchased for about nine dollars. From that date it began to rise in value, and by 1894 about \$40 a keg was demanded and obtained for it. Since then the price has considerably more than doubled. The fishing season usually begins the early part of April and closes about the last of June, depending on the run of the fish—sometimes closing earlier, and again, if fish are plentiful, continuing until the end of the legal season, June 30. For the capture of sturgeon, gill nets are used exclusively. These usually average about 250 fathoms in length.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Should She Object?

Mrs. Magub—I came across one of your old letters today, George, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself.

Mr. Magub—Well, my dear, I got my wish.—Stray Stories.

## BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

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