

## A COMMON TYPE.

He fretted as a boy, He werried as a man,
He criticised and questioned
The universal plan;
He made all lives a burden
Through his everlasting, "Wny
Was ever man created,
Since he's only here to die?" Since he's only born to die?"

He prospered in his business,
But was always in the dumps
Because the stocks he carried
Were liable to slumps;
When he made a strike he grumbled,
'Now, tell me, what's the use
Of hearing up great riches Of heaping up great riches When to live we've no excuse?

He was married and was happy,
Till he chanced to think that fate
Might take away his loved ones
And leave him desolate. Beneath a cloud of darkness He always would abide, And he never turned it over To see the other side.

After years of this depression He has riches and to spare, But he cannot take his pleasure-There is danger in the air.
to be worries and he worries
As he turns life's middle page, For now he's looking forward To a penniless old age.

M. L. Rezne, in Chicago Record-Herald

## THE YACHT. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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An Old Fisherman's Version of a College Athlete's Love Story. ·\*\*\*\*\*\*\* By Zoe Anderson Norris.

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A NDREWS stretched out a brawny hand, helped me into the boat, steadied it, and motioned me to a seat in the stern. He grasped the oars, and with a strong, firm pull or two spun into the sound and anchored. He drew out his line, fastened the bait securely and cast it.

"Unless you keep quiet now, miss," admonished he, "the fish won't bite." "I'll keep quiet," I promised, humbly; for as a matter of fact, that was the condition upon which I had been

permitted to come. The yacht was not far off. It lay on the pearly water, still as a painted yacht, the sails glittering white in the afternoon sunshine, the shadows of a gray, delicate as the breast of a dove, merging into purple of so soft a shade as to appear to be pink. Beyond against the horizon, two cat-boats dotted the tender pearl of the sea.

By and by, forgetting, I said, "It's a beautiful yacht." Andrews gave a sullen jerk to his line, drew it out, and flung it dis-

gustedly back again. "I had a bite then, miss," he complained, "if you hadn't spoke up an' skeered it away."

Afraid to breathe, I lasped into silence like the grave.

After a time, glancing sidewise at me beneath eyebrows of the thickness of underbrush, and seeing me sitting what.

"Yes," he began, "it's a beautiful yacht"-he pronounced it yat, the same as cat. "A trim enough yacht for anybody. It belongs to old man Smythe, up there on the hill. If you look you kin see the steeple o' his house jest over the tree-tops. Um! I knowed old man Smythe when he spelt his name Smith, like other people; but that was before he had a run o' luck an' made his millions. Him an' Si Slocum was fast friends then, too, an' the children growed up together, that boy Jean o' his'n an' Beth, Si Slocum's gal; but there's a diff'rence in men. There's bound to be, or there wouldn't be no millionaires, an' what would this here country be without the million-

aires? They're a necessary evil.

"Leastways, startin' out with what seems like an even show, one man goes up an' the other down. What with sellin' a bit o' property here an' there, an' investin' it judicious in some o' them tall buildin's in New York, old man Smythe got pretty soon to own about everything in these here parts what was wuth ownin'. As for Si Slocum, he don't own nothing. The best he kin do is to rent the few feet o' earth his house squats on. He's got to be content with that. Not that he ain't content enough. Too content, accordin' to his wife, Liza. Let I'm go round with a briar pipe stuck between his teeth, an' his hands in his ! pants pockets, an' he's happy, she says. He thinks he's got about what's comin' to him. He don't want for nothing more. The world may go hang for all him, an' welcome. Miss, be quiet there, will you? There's something nibblin'."

The "something" nibbled and quit Once more throwing out the line, he gave a dissatisfied grunt, and commenced the story where he had left

Them two children, that boy an' sel," said he, "was together most o' the time—the boy, old man Smythe's, as I say, an' the gal, Si Slocum's, an' a bigger, finer; strappin' sunburned gal you never see, a-livin' in the open air.

"No, that gal didn't need the walls of no house to hold her, 'ceptin' for he purposes. The blue sky was walls enough for her, an' plenty near.

If you could 'a' seen her swim it would 'a' done your heart good-that the story, now that he had begun it. curly head o' her'n goin' out, out, out, duckin', then comin' up ag'in an' duckin' another an' another time. That on, "to the end o' it that big house

ain't sayin' she mightn't 'a' been An' gals in white, with white shoes excered at sight o' a automobile in a city street, never havin' seen either one o' them or knowed what they was. It's all in the life you live, miss. City folks come down here, an' takes fright at a tame little mooly cow goin' along mindin' its own bisziness; an' we country folks, when we gets up there, is skeered plum into fits at the trolleycars. If you are raised under the feet o' a cow, you don't mind her; if you've been raised to get out from under one o' them cow-catchers in front o' them trolleys, you kin get out from under it with your life, an' if you ain't been, you can't. It's all in the bein' used to things. That's half the

hattle, an' more. "Maybe, when all was said an' done that gal Beth was a leetle more afraid than she might 'a' been o' readin' an' 'rithmetic, caze Si could do nothing at all with her when it come to goin' to school an' larnin' out o' books an' that. Not to say he tried so hard, not bein' what you might call a larned man his self; but he could 'a' tried harder. But accordin' to my notion, now in these days, when gals knows as much about books an' things as all their greatgran'mothers put together, it was a sort o' relief, seemed like, to come across a gal like Beth Slocum, what didn't know nothing, an' didn't pretend to know nothing, but the earth an' the sea an' the air an' the clouds, an' the shells that growed all over the heach thick as the pebbles, an' the flowers that blowed themselves tired in the woods, then dropped to the ground an' rested till it got time to blow ag'in. I say, it was sort o' refreshin'. Huh?"

"I never said a word," I declared. "Not a solitary word."

Andrews' blue-shirted shoulders moved with a mighty shrug.

"Bein' a woman," he explained, "I happen to know you're dyin' to ask some question or other, if you ain't actually askin' o' it; so I might jest as well tell you the story o' that there yacht from start to finish. If I don't, your curiosity will be gettin' the better o' you sooner or later, an' you'll be skeerin' o' the fish, a-bustin' out talkin'.

"As I said before, that yacht belongs to old man Smythe, up on the

His voice sank a trifle lower, a mysterious undertone it was, though there was no one but me to hear.

'They're gettin' it ready for his sor Jean's weddin'-tower to foreign parts," he finished, pausing for the space of some minutes to observe the effect. "Oh!" I dared to ejaculate.

"Yes, that's what they be a-doin' You see, old man Smythe wa'n't like Si Slocum. He made his son take all the 'vantages o' a college education. He sent him to about a dozen, if reports is true, which they mostly ain't. You can't any more count on 'em than you kin count on ketchin's fish when there are wimen 'round talkin' don't know how he happened to send him to so many, unless he'd got expelled from a few. They said that, too, while they was a-sayin' things. Anyway, he come away from them colleges a great expert, they tell me, in rowin' an' swimmin' an' playin' leapfrog or football, or whatever that there game is where they double each other

"Football," I said. "Um! Football. Well, when he'd finished them colleges he had splendid muscles, they said, an' a face as brown as Beth Slocum's. Yes, you wouldn't want to see a finer specimen o' man than that Jean Smythe when he come from college.

outright. What is it you call it?"

"Um! For all-the Latin an' Greekthem deceased languages they stuff em with at them there colleges—there wa'n't much more larnin' lookin' out o' Jean's eyes than there was lookin' out o' Beth Slocum's. When you come to think o' it, wa'n't Beth trained about on the same principle, 'ceptin' she was trainin' herself with her rowin' an' exercisin' in the open air, amakin' o' herself strong? What was the diffrence? Money. That was all. A fortune bein' spent on him an' noth ing on her. Takin' it all in all, though they was a mighty fine pair, them two ath-ath-"

"Athletes," I volunteered, with some

timidity on account of the fish. "Athletes," he repeated, drawing a coarse sleeve across a stubby mustache in an embarrassed way. "I always disremembers jest how them city swells calls the name, or how they pronounces

"Leastways, after he'd finished that there college trainin' o' his'n, there was high old doin's all 'round-the New York mansion in the winter time with balls an' parties an' dancin', an this here place on the sound in sum-mer, an' sich a place! A p'latial residence—that was what them city swells called it-with smooth, sheered grass all 'round it, a gate house big enough for a ordinary fam'ly, a conservatory with glass windows, an' a army o' servants to keep the common herd out o' the gate an' offen the grass."

His old blue eyes, faded to the color of the sea, gazed straight ahead for a

space. Then he continued: "We was the common herd-me an' tishin', swimmin', rowin', bathin', an' Si Slosum an' the rest, an' Beth, the when there wa'n't nothing else on gal that Jean, his son, had been raised hand, lest walkin' about, takin' long breaths o' what them city folks calls 'ozone,' an' what we plain folks calls 'air.' was old enough to know how to sling out a line or fasten a bait onto a hook so's it would stay. Um! We was the

common herd!" In spite of his resentment it seemed that he felt the necessity of unishing

"From the commencement o' the summer," his voice presently wheezed gal wa'n't afraid o' nothing in the was filled with city folks-classmates I have left.-Puck.

way o' water an' sky an' thunder an' o' Jean's, what had rowed an' swun storms an' blackness an' night, though an' sail-beated with him at college luggin' red an' yaller sofa-pillers to that yacht out there, an' a-goin' a sailin' up an' sown the sound, an' out

"Pretty soon there got to be talk o gran' weddin' at the New York house, an', a bigger party afterward in this here house down here, an' the weddin'tower after that, a-sailin' to foreign parts in that yacht you see them Scandinavian sailors a-climbin' all over, an' back ag'in. The talk ran high, an' it seemed for all the world as if things was to come out as they said they would. But you never kin tell; no, you never kin tell. Man proposes, as the savin' is, an' the good Lord disposes; an' the good Lord had made up his mind, it seemed, that this was to be sort o' diff'rent-like from what they supposed it would be.

"Leastways, along about the last o' May there come a spell o' weatherterrible foggy weather. There wa'n't a night o' that month that the foghorns didn't blow themselves hoarseblow an' blow an' blow till we was most deaf with the sound o' them.

Well, one fine day, when the sun come out to take a peep at things to see how they was goin' on, the girls in white, with their little white shoes shinin', brought out their red an' yallar sofa-pillers, an' set sail in that vacht, with flags a-flyin' an' music goin' an' them Scandinavian sallors-imcorted caze the old man had more money than he knew how to spend, an' was bent on doin' something extra expensive an' no earthly use—climbin' the riggin' hand over hand, like bluecoated cata."

"And," I encouraged, as he put in a silent and useless moment surveying the spirit of the kiss is gone as far as the moveless line with a melancholy

"The sun didn't stay out long," he commenced again. "It went back sudden-like, an' the storm that come upwe hadn't had sech a storm as that on the sound in many a year! The foghorns blowin' like mad from lighthouse to lighthouse, a-callin' to peo-ple as if they'd been human creatures in distress, to keep in their houses an' stay off the rocks.

"It's a good yacht, that yacht, an' the sailors they done what they could. they wa'n't proof agin the gale that a pack o' demons had been let loose. bent on destroyin' people. She struck on the rocks."

"What then?" I cried breathlessly, regardless of the fish.

"Why, then out come this here common herd o' people about here, Si Smythe's servants had had orders to better for a vigorous pruning. keep offen his grass—an' they fit the even a sailor."

He raised his head with a jerk, and boats.

was the night when Beth Slocum's knows but it was what she'd been traininto knots an' set on 'em an' break in' for all her life unbeknownst? Who their backs, when they don't kill 'em | knows?"

"Yes," I urged.

"Well, that was the gal what swum out to the yacht, an' saved the life o' old man Smythe's son, Jean. That very same gal. Him a college athlete, what had had a fortune spent on him. saved by a gal o' the wind an' the rain an' the cold, stormy weather, what hadn't had nothing spent on her to speak of to make her a fine, strong gal-nothing more'n is spent on the birds o' the air an' the beasts o' the feld an' the grass an' the flowers, sunshine an' soft winds an' evenin' mists an' rain." "And then?"

"You see that yacht out yonder, with the sailors climbin' over it?' I did; and a radiant thing it was by now, the sails in the slant of the set-

ting sun turned to cloth of gold. "Well, they're riggin' that yacht out for the weddin'-tower to foreign parts. But there's to be a different bride."

"Who?" I asked, breathless again. "'Tain't no white-shoed bride this ime, with lace trimmin's or nothing o' that sort, not to say but she'll have all the fixin's in her own good time in rebedding oysters and bunching It's Beth that's to be the bride. Si Slocum's gal, Beth. Huh?"

This time I had opened my mouth to ask a question. Fish or no fish, it had to be asked. "Andrews," I queried, "what became

of the other girl?" Andrews, deliberately drawing his line out of the water, rolled it around the pole.

"There ain't no use tryin' to fish," he grumbled, "with wimen 'round I oughter knowed that. What become o' the other gal? Well, it seems she wa'n't never in love with Jean Smythe. She loved some other man. So when Beth saved Jean's life, an' he, comin' to his senses, found that she was the gal he loved, she acknowledged she wa'n't marryin' him for nething but his money, an' give him up."—Wo-man's Home Companion.

An Easy Method. "I succeeded in developing a splen-did negative in a strong light yesterday," said the amateur photographer. "How did you manage it?" queried

his friend. "I asked Miss Millyuns to marry me," replied the snapshot artist.—Ciacinnati Enquirer.

The Finishing Touch. The Nurse-The doctor has come to take your temperature. The Convalescent—I suppose it's all

## VANISHING OF THE KISS.

m Women Is No Longer in Vogue.

come of the old-fasi Time was when no two women could neet or part without exchanging a kiss. It was the conventional greeting, not to be omitted under pain of being thought cold, distant, haughty, says the Richmond News-Leader. A kiss between two women is considered by the masculine on-looker as a specles of amiable treachery. "How these women love each other," he says, with a sneer, and is quite prepared to hear them rend each other's reputations two minutes later. Nor is he always disappointed

The kiss or the buss, as it was alled in the earlier days has stead ily degenerated from a sign of hearty ffection to a sign of conventional indifference, or rather a signal of a moment's truce between conflicting personalities. The origin of the kiss is disputed. It smacks of the days of gods and goddesses when Pygmalion animated his Galatea by the touch of his lips, and Pyramus and Thisbe mingled their breath through a hole

in the wall. Job mentions it: "If I behold the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed or my mouth hath kissed my hand," etc.; and Homer makes Priam kiss the hand of Achilles. The pope's toe has been kissed since Constantine I. thrust his foot under the lips of Emperor Justinian on his entry into Constantinople, and the queen of England today kisses the young women of high family who are presented to her; but its exchange between two of the same sex is concerned. We no longer behold rapturous greeting of long-parted friends, a bubble of words surrounded by a froth of kisses.

"You dear (kiss) sweet (kiss) thing. I am so perfectly (kiss) overjoyed to see you" (kiss, kiss). Instead, there is the manly shake of the hand and a "Hello, Peggy! It's jolly to have you back again," in a sincere if somewhat masculine accent.

A great many newspaper people who have nothing better to write about are But they was Scandinavian sailors, an' stirring themselves into a ferment over the loss of femininity among women. blowed an' howled an' whistled as if It bodes ill for the future of the race, they say, and go into wordy spasms over the Clarissas and Lydia Languishes of 50 years ago, who spent their lives fainting and reviving, working endless samplers and dissolving into tears. The affections of those days which are erroneously classed under Slocum at their head-people old man the head of "femininities" are all the

A little exposure to the air and sunelements tooth an' nail, same's they've light and the removal of a few layors been used to fightin' 'em from the of that old-fashioned cotton batting time they was children on up. They known as "protective chivalry," in saved the lives o' every millionaire in which men of half a century ago were that yacht. Not a soul was lost; not wont to swaddle their women kind, have done wenders for the sex. woman may be just as womanly in for a period of time studied the catjust as attractive on the golf links or "That night," he continued, then, the tennis courts as drooping over an trainin' come in handy. An' who has been raised in the shade; and if the fashlons or the affectations that should long ago have been relegated to the past, who will say that the charm of her frank handshake and her hearty greeting to the friend of her bosom is not as winsome as the too-exaggerated salute that has recently passed into history!

OYSTERS STARVED TO DEATH.

This Is Done by Placing Them of Their Right Side in Re-

bedding.

"Why does an oyster sleep and live on its left side, asked a man who is interested in oyster culture, reports the Philadelphia Record. "Well, Isuppose we will have to put the question to nature, and nature has her own way of answering questions. I have been around in the oyster waters of the Chesapeake bay and Choptank river for many years, and am in a position to say that this is the natural position of the oyster. I may remark parenthetically that this is one of the difficulties we have to contend with, for them, an oyster is occasion upon its right side, as that it cannot turn of dwindles away and dies Put upon its right side the oyster cannot live. Of course, there is andexplanation of this peculiarity. The right-hand part of the oyster shell is the top and movable part. If the oyster is put in its natural position; that is, on its left side, it requires but a small amount of physical energy to open and raise the right-hand section of the shell when the oyster wants to feed. Reverse the position, and put the oyster on the right side, and we find an extremely difficult problem from the oyster's standpoint. In order to open the shell for feeding purposes it is necessary for the oyster to raise not only the weight of the left sction of the shell, but its own weight as well. If we reverse the natural posi-tion of the dyster, put it on its righthand side, and wedge it so it can't turn over we simply smother and starve it to death. Of course, I am just theorizing about this. There may be some other explanations of the lefthand life of the oyster, but from my experience Fam inclined to think the explanation given is a reasonable one."

Indian Baskets

Collectors of Indian baskets agree in conceding the greatest beauty in form and design to the products of certain parts of California.

## HE TOOK PIE IN HIS.

The story is about Senators Blackburn and Fairbanks and Secretary of the Treasury Shaw. When the latter first came to Washington Senator Blackburn had some business with the secretary, and while in the office met Senator Fairbanks. After the business was concluded Senator Blackburn instited the other two out to have a libation, and they accepted.

All hands lined up against the bar of the Riggs house. Turning to Secretary Shaw, Senator Blackburn said: "What will you have, Mr. Secretary?" "Well, I guess I'll have a glass of lemonade," was the reply. The gentleman from Kentucky then turned to Senator Fairbanks and said: "And what will you have, senator?" "I'll have a glass of Moxie," was the reply. The bartender teaned over the counter and said to Senator Blackburn: "And what's youre, senator?" "Oh," said the distinguished gentleman from the blue grass state, "I guess I'll have a piece of squash pie." Riggs house. Turning to Secretary Shaw, Senator Blackburn said: "What will you have, Mr. Secretary?" "Well, I guess I'll have a glass of lemonade," was the reply. The gentleman from Kentucky then turned to Senator Fairbanks and said: "And what will you have, senator?" "I'll have a glass of Moxie," was the reply. The bartender teaned over the counter and said to Senator Blackburn: "And what's youre, senator?" "Oh," said the distinguished gentleman from the blue grass state, "I guess I'll have a piece of squash pie."

Money in Shoes.—Shoe Dealer—"It won't pay me to handle these shoes on such a small margin." Drummer—"I know the profits are small; but, my dear sir, just look at the shoes, and see how they are made." "Humph! They are made very badly, miserable stuff, too—won't last a week." "That's it, that it. You'll sell five pairs of these shoes to one of any others."—N. Y. Weekly.



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C. S. A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"I certainly think that every woman ought to try this grand medicine, for it would prove its worth. Yours very truly, Miss Elsie Danvorte, 203 lbe Soto St., Memphis, Tenn."

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