

ROMANCES WHICH HAVE TAKEN WORLD BY EARS

Rose Harriet Pastor, a Jewish Maiden of the Ghetto, and Anna Bennett, a Pretty Telephone Girl, Win Wealthy Husbands.

FASCINATING DETAILS OF THE TWO LOVE STORIES

John Graham Phelps Stokes, Millionaire Clubman, Settlement Worker and Municipal Reformer, and E. R. Whitney, Wealthy Montreal Lumberman, Find Strange Affinities—Queer Pranks Which Cupid Has Played.

New York City.—What queer pranks Master Cupid plays at times! He draws his bow and lets his arrows fly, and lo! behold, all the world pauses to look and to listen. Love is so an old, old story, and Cupid has been so long engaged in his magic archery, making two souls content with but a single thought and causing two hearts to beat as one that the ordinary, commonplace love affair causes scarcely a ripple on the vast sea of life as it rolls on to the eternal shores. But occasionally Cupid's outbursts are so unusual that they become impatient with simply performing the expected, and twang, twang goes his bow, and swish, swish go the feathered arrows, and the unexpected has happened. The rich, and the poor, the high and the low, the gray hairs of winter and the fresh bloom of summer are brought together in charming harmony, and at such times the world likes to pause and gaze on the romantic picture. It delights to study the rosy hues, the warmth and fullness of coloring, the striking contrasts, the brilliant lights that glint and flash through the picture, and then it likes to wonder in soberer frame of mind if there will be any darker shades which the years will paint into the picture to destroy the first flush and glory of Cupid's daring work.

Cupid knows that love has a universal language, and that it is potent to overcome every natural barrier. He knows that love pauses not to reason why, but that it dares to do, and even die, if need be, in its assaults on the strongholds of the human heart. He knows that there are no race or class distinctions, nor social conditions or barriers which love cannot with apparent reckless ease sweep aside. And because Sir Cupid knows all this full well, he dares to draw his bow and send his dart cleaving the heart of a young man whose wealth is counted in millions, whose social position is of the highest, a Yale graduate,

the insurance that I can carry. I regard myself as the most fortunate of men—I wouldn't change places with anybody in the world. I expect to be supremely happy for the rest of my days." And the blushing maiden demurely adds: "Our wedding will be a very quiet one, and after that we are going to Europe." And a whole fairytale of a new and big world opens up before the vision of the girl whose horizon has been limited to one land, and to the noisy whirl and bustle of a big city.

How romantic it all is! What fascinating reading! It is just as if the characters of some charming novel had stepped down into real life and were enacting a roll of which the boldest romancer in his most extravagant flights might have conceived. A double bill. Two romances in real life which are stranger than fiction.

Humble Origin of Rose Pastor.
Twenty-six years ago Rose Harriet Pastor was born in Augustov, Suwalk, Russia, a child of the peasantry Tolstoi and Gorky have told the world about. Of this period of her life Miss Pastor says: "I was only three years old when I left Russia, but I think I can remember a little about it, just a very little, faint shadow of remembrance. Then there was London, where we lived in Whitechapel, and were very poor, indeed."

A chapter in her life which had its beginning in London in those early years had an interesting sequel in New York City recently, and reminds one of the fact that Pastor is not the real name of the young Jewess. Her father's name was Jacob Weissleder, and about a year after their removal to London he was divorced from her mother, and all trace of the man was lost.

Finds Her Father.
Mrs. Weissleder married a man named Pastor, and Rose took her stepfather's name. He died several years ago, and the support of the family fell on

Brighter Days.
And while John Graham Phelps Stokes was preparing for Yale, and leading the life of the rich, the Jewish girl, with the eyes of the dreamer and the hair of Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel," sat year after year at her bench, rolling the endless rows of cigars and dreaming, ever dreaming.

After 11 years her dreams found expression. She began to write bits of verse, and found a market for her work with the Jewish Daily News, of this city. A position was offered her on the paper, and she came to New York, relying on her own salary of \$15-a week to support her mother and six younger children.

Five months after her arrival she was sent out on her first interview. To the shy, reserved girl it was a difficult task. She was sent to interview J. G. Phelps Stokes, of the University Settlement. Only a month previous Mr. Stokes' sister Caroline had started the social world by marrying young Robert Hunter, the cement worker. Rumor had it that they were to establish a rival settlement to the University, and that Phelps Stokes would join them.

Beginning of Remarkable Romance.
Miss Pastor was sent to get a statement from Mr. Stokes, and here is the beginning of the remarkable romance. Her simple, modest statement of this incident and what it has meant to her, is as follows:

"It will be two years next July since I came to New York and soon after I came I went to work on the Jewish Daily News. The first interview to which I was assigned was one with Mr. Stokes. I did not want to do it. I pictured him as old and stiff. My editor insisted. When I was told that he was out of town I was delighted. 'You will have to go again,' said my editor. 'Again I received the same information that he was not in town, and was relieved. An interview was arranged, however, and as I went to keep the appointment I met Mr. Edward King, and induced him to accompany me.'

"When I met Mr. Stokes I said: 'Oh, I did not know you were like that, and we fell to talking of many things that interested us both. In showing me around the building we stepped out onto a balcony, and as we stood looking down to the people, I noticed his expression, and thought how much he looked like Lincoln—the same kind of beautiful homeliness.

"As we have come to know each other, we have simply planned our lives together. That is all there is to it. I do not expect to change my way of living in any radical way. We will get an apartment on the lower East side, if we can find one there with light enough. That is the only luxury we shall insist upon."

No Claim to Beauty.
What is there about this child of the Ghetto, this young Russian Jewess which should have taken the eye and captured the heart of the quiet, reserved, thoughtful social worker and reformer, J. G. Phelps Stokes? She is simple and cordial in her manner, and she seems to expect the same qualities in those with whom she talks.

She is not beautiful, but there is that in her face which attracts and holds attention and interest as mere beauty would not. Her hair is the most striking thing as one first looks at her—auburn, and full of waves and lights. She parts it, emphasizing her low, broad brow.

Her eyes are brown, and her face lights up in a wonderful manner as she talks. Quite at her ease, without embarrassment, apology or boastfulness, Miss Pastor talks of her past life, of her meeting with Mr. Stokes, of their subsequent acquaintance and the development of their attachment and of the coming marriage on the anniversary of her birth, June 18.

The Man in the Case.
And Mr. Stokes views the circumstances in the strange alliance in the same, matter-of-fact way. He seems to think nothing unusual in one of his birth and position and wealth finding a bride whose life and training have been so different from his own. Mr. Stokes is a young man who, since the completion of his college course, has been interested in settlement work and social reforms. He is a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of New York, and is said to have inherited \$10,000,000 from his grandfather. Years ago he voluntarily relinquished his social position with all its attractions, and the brilliant business prospects which his wealth and training opened up for him, and dedicated his money and his life to work among the poor, and in the ghetto of New York he has reared an imperishable monument to himself and incidentally won for himself a bride, who in spirit and purpose is at one with him.

Miss Pastor's View of the Ideal Man.
It is interesting to know what his bride-to-be thinks of the man she is to marry. She draws the picture as follows:

"Mr. Stokes is a deep, strong thinker. His youthful face takes by virtue of its frank, earnest and kind expression.

"One glance at his face and you feel that Mr. Stokes loves humanity for its own sake, and as he speaks on with the sincerity that is the keynote of his character, you feel how the whole heart and soul of the man is filled with well-wish. You feel that, metaphorically speaking, he has 'sown his black young curls with the bleaching cares of half a million of men already.'

"Mr. Stokes is very tall, and I believe, six foot of the most thorough democracy. A thoroughbred gentleman, a scholar and a son of a millionaire, he is a man of the common people, even as Lincoln was. He is a plain man and makes one feel perfectly at ease with him. Nor does he possess that one great fault that men of his kind generally possess, the pride of humility. He does not flaunt his democracy in one's face, but when his democracy is mentioned to him, he appears as glad as a child who is told by an appreciative parent, you have been a good boy to-day."

The Romance of Another Type.
Such are the man and woman, and such is the network of romance which has woven itself into their lives and bound them together. As we turn to the Whitney-Bennett romance we find a very different type of love story. It savors more of the purely sentimental.

Miss Pastor and Mr. Stokes speak of amity, and find the ordinary expressions of sentimental love crowded out by the deeper currents and purposes of

life. The Christian and the Jewish maiden have lost sight of all class, race and social conditions, and each has recognized in the other the complement of self, that something, that inspiration, that sympathy, which will enable them both more surely and completely to realize their ideals in serving humanity.

But in the case of Mr. Whitney, of Montreal, the millionaire lumberman, and Miss Bennett, the pretty telephone girl, it is entirely different. Their romance is written all in love's most sentimental characters. A sweet voice floating over the wire, a pretty face seen afterwards, a lonely old widower with a susceptible heart, a courtship in which flowers, and jewelry, carriage and automobile rides, theater parties and dainty and elaborate suppers figure prominently. These are the elements we find in this charming story, and to many a reader it will prove the more interesting and readable of the two.

Her Sweet Voice.
It chanced that E. R. Whitney, a capitalist of Montreal, came to New York last year for a long stay. He took rooms at the Astor house. One day he called up a business friend at the Grand Union hotel. There was difficulty in getting his

the gallant Mr. Whitney. There was a delightful theater party for two in Manhattan, a little late supper afterward, and then the cab took the pretty telephone-girl back to Greenpoint.

With this as a beginning, the rest was easy. There came an automobile sometimes, and as often other handsome. Messenger boys delivered flowers and notes. Occasionally a jeweler's clerk brought something in a tiny velvet box to No. 213 Nassau avenue, Greenpoint, where jeweler's clerks are seldom seen.

Then the Proposal.
Of course, all this attention meant but one thing—a proposal. Last week it came, and on Saturday evening when Miss Bennett put on her hat and wraps at the end of the day's work she notified the hotel management that she had done her last day's work.

"I am to be married," she added.

"That very same Saturday Mr. Whitney went to the office of the Grand Union hotel and asked for his bill. He paid it and, calling a cab, drove over to the Hotel Astor, Forty-fourth street and Broadway, where he took suite

FOR SCHOOL MA'AMS

EXCELLENT ADVICE TO THOSE WHOSE WORK IS DIRECTING.

Avoid the Over-Positive Manner and the Harsh Voice—Exquisite Neatness Better Than Beauty—The Teacher of "Prunes and Prisms—Teachers Should Avoid Undue Familiarity Between One Another.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.
(Author of "Bringing Up Boys," etc., President of the Wheaton Club, New York.)
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A mother who was discussing her beautiful young daughter, only recently graduated from college, remarked that for many reasons she was "sorry Grace had selected teaching for her profession."

"But teaching seems to me to be the noblest work in the world," expostulated the intimate friend with whom the mother was talking.

"Very true," she assented, "but teachers get to be so dogmatic and arbitrary! My son, who has studied economics for years, and is considered to be quite an authority in educational circles where he is known, was seated at dinner last evening beside a woman teacher in a certain high school. She propounded the most startling theories and made the most sweeping statements. Several men and women present tried to protest feebly—but she would not bear a word on the other side. She knew. There was no use in mentioning any other views. We have looked up some of her statistics since then and have found them to be utterly wrong—but there would probably be no result from telling her so. My son remarked that there was no profession like teaching for making people dogmatic, especially women."

"That may be so," conceded the friend, thoughtfully. "Still, I have met a good many people, not teachers, who made flatfooted statements and were impatient of any opposition."

"But since classes have to accept their instruction, no matter what, there is a special danger in teaching. And teachers get into a habit of ordering others around and being obeyed. So many teachers have an air which might be described as majorly."

"A good many married women have that," laughed the friend.

"After marriage, it may not be quite so damaging. But there is nothing which militates more against a girl's social success, short of actual moral obliquity. Modesty in intellectual intercourse is almost as beautiful and necessary as the other modesty. I detest the positiveness and curtness which so many teachers seem to have—and even to cultivate, as they grow older."

"Grace will never have it," suggested the friend, comfortingly. "She is too gentle and too sensible."

"But you see she cannot be too gentle in teaching—especially in the public schools, where her career seems to lie. And in overcoming this gentleness she will have to acquire the other manner, and that may take her too far. You know the poet tells about the one who 'lost all gentleness in might.' And then her voice! How few teachers have pleasant voices! They either become rasal in the effort to obtain strength at the least expense, or else they get a harshness which is even worse. Grace's delicious voice is one of her greatest charms. It seems as if I could not have it spoiled."

"The friend tried to reassure the worried mother. But hundreds of other mothers have had similar apprehensions when their young daughters have entered the noble and honorable profession of teaching. The pitfalls which Grace's mother described are very real ones. Every calling has its own peculiar perils. The over-positive manner and the harsh voice are no doubt two of the most likely to beset the teachers."

There are others which did not occur to the mother who has been mentioned, because her own daughter happened to be more than commonly fastidious and correct in her dress and manner. But many girls, especially the more intellectual, become so much carried away with the things of the spirit that they neglect the perhaps less weighty, but still important, matters of the body. They may not endanger their health, but they fall into a habit of wearing their clothes to positive shabbiness, and putting them on carelessly.

There is often excuse to be made for them. They are not seldom overworked or underpaid, or both. Sometimes they have to dress in cold rooms. Sometimes they are half-sick, and if they could just take time to get themselves a little, they could more quickly recover, than they can in the incessant struggle of school life. (On the other hand, they may have better health than if they had more leisure. On the whole, the leisure girl, we are told, has worse health than her sister who works for a living.)

Still, if these girls who grow neglectful of their personal appearance could only realize the full duty which they owe not only to themselves, but to the reputation of their profession, they would give up more time and thought. They may not be beautiful, but exquisite neatness is a distinct charm in itself. It takes time and pains, but almost anything may be passed over rather than that. Have your clothes made ever so plainly; see that they are loose and comfortable; you can't have firm health for daily work, and a small waist, at the same time. But see that everything you wear shall be as well-fitting, as carefully adjusted, as smoothly brushed, as freshly laundered, as possible.

It used to be said that our teachers were too prim, too careful of appearances, too punctilious regarding the small courtesies of life. A recent critic of wide experience declares that there has been a reaction. He says that teachers as a class are now less regardful of the small matters of decorum than women in other professions. He accuses them of what we

hardly think that he can prove, namely, that they have worn "matters than the average society girl, whose manners, in this free-and-easy age, are often very bad; and that they are not infrequently so apparently anxious to show that they are not hampered by the old prunes-and-prism traditions that they go to the other extreme.

It has often been remarked that one prime cause of marital infelicity is that husbands and wives in the constant association of daily life are apt to cease those little amenities which with each other alone, which they are scrupulous in maintaining toward outsiders. The same thing may be true regarding the intercourse of teachers with each other. Undue familiarity of manner is easily fallen into, and there is nothing, as the old proverb truly tells us, which so soon breeds contempt. There is a cordial and approachable dignity, which is still dignified, which is still dignified and inviolable. This sort of dignity should be striven after by every human being, especially by those who are daily thrown with each other. There is no distinction nor high respect without it.

Now these strictures may all be false. It seems to some of us as though they were too severe. But forewarned is forearmed, and we pass them on to the great army of our bright young-women teachers to be considered and given whatever heed they are worth.

ANENT SPRING SUITINGS.

What Materials Are Fashionable and How the Gowns Present an Array of Checks and Figures.

Panama cloth, first launched as a plain material, now shows small stone figures in some cases, though the plain Panama so far has the preference. The sudden and decided vogue of this material is rather inexplicable to the uninitiated, for it is not, strictly speaking, beautiful; but concerning its popularity there is no question, and it is fast elbowing aside the heavy canvas and etamine suitings so well liked last season.

The Panama cloth is midway 'twixt cloth and canvas—wilder and harsher than the former, closer and firmer than the latter, and in all colors it is greatly in demand. For white tailored coat and skirt costumes it leads the woolens and indications are that it is to be the street



CHECKED SACK SUIT.

suit material of the season, although that does not mean that other materials will not have their innings.

Of the figured volles and mohairs we have often spoken, but new things arereshown in these materials every week. For practical service the one-tone mohair with invisible checks or stripes are perhaps the first choice among the figured patterns, and the same may be said of the volles, though veillings in charming color combinations are on ever hand.

The fine one-tone volles with invisible check or with tiny drawn thread check are selling exceedingly well, particularly in the dark blues and blacks, and this drawn thread check is, by the way, one of the specialties of the season. It is always in one color, the surface checked off into small squares by the space of a missing thread, and is shown not only in the wool and silk volles but also in cottons and linens.

Undersleeves.
Besides the making of her waists, the woman clever with her needle is occupied these days in designing under-sleeves; cuffs some people call them, but they reach quite to the elbow must fit the arm closely, and must be finished becomingly around the hand. A costume otherwise perfect is spoiled by an ugly under-sleeve. All kinds of laces, tulle, nets and batistes are utilized for these attractive little additions to the toilet, for even on the darker cloth costumes you will find these little white, lacey-looking cuffs.

A Sensible Collar.
Better than most of the stocks are the embroidered collars to fasten with Windsor ties. These are not very stiff, and are more comfortable, or will be when the weather turns warm, than the stiff linen collars. Both stock and collars are expensive. One can hardly buy a pretty stock for less than \$1.50. The reason, of course, lies in the fact that they are hand-made and solidly embroidered.

To Keep Skin Youthful.
When one would retain a youthful appearance and an unwrinkled skin all lines in the face should be gone over with cold cream before retiring for the night. When the skin seems loose and relaxed put a tonic or astringent in the wash water. A few drops of aromatic vinegar or a little tincture of benzoin is recommended for this purpose. Benzoin is best.

For Tender Feet.
To you and the other reader this reply can be made. Tender feet should be bathed in hot water. Dry them and rub with vaseline. If colored hosiery is worn have the soles and heels white. Tender feet are made more sensitive by the dyes used in the stockings.



and a club man, and the heart of a poor Hebrew maiden, a Russian Jewess, whose life has been spent amidst the world's humblest, and who has rolled cigars year in and year out that the mother and five other children might have bread and shelter. Cupid has strangely linked the proud name of John Graham Phelps Stokes and the unknown, yet euphonious name, of Rose Harriet Pastor.

Cupid's Double Play.
But Cupid has done more than this. He has made in New York what might be called a double play, and from one end of the land to the other his strange pranks are interesting and fascinating the reading public. A wealthy business man of Montreal, a man of mature years as well as of great riches, has fallen victim to the charms of a "hello" girl. Cupid has discovered an affinity between a Mr. E. R. Whitney, capitalist, and sage of 70, and Miss Anna Bennett, telephone operator, and winsome maiden of some 20 summers, and this is the second remarkable romance which is setting the tongues of the gossips to wagging, and giving the public something else to think about besides Standard Oil wickedness and "tainted" money, the beef trust investigation, or the Hyde and Alexander fiasco.

What the Lovers Say.
Of Cupid's work, Mr. Stokes says: "We are not two; we are one in spirit." And Miss Pastor echoes alike sentiment when she says: "Life is a riddle, of which love is the answer. Our souls met and we knew that we belonged to each other."

The gray-haired lover steps forward with the spring of youth and says: "See here, I'm not an old man. I've never had a day's illness in my life, and the insurance companies have accepted me for all

Rose, the eldest child. When she moved to New York, about two years ago, and obtained employment on the Jewish Daily News, she set about to find her father. Her friends assisted her, and about 18 months ago Bennett Lieberman, who worked with her, discovered an old cobbler in a little shop on Scammel street. The name on the sign was "Yankel Weissleder." Weissleder was Rose Pastor's father.

Mrs. Pastor and her daughter sought the Scammel street place. The old shoemaker had taken into himself a young wife. Mother and daughter never again revisited the place, and they have kept their secret. A short time after the visit Weissleder sold his shop and left the city. He is now believed to be in Scranton, Pa.

Early Struggles.
Of her early struggles and ambitions, and her successful overcoming of obstacles and hindrances, which would have overpowered the average person, she says:

"I learned to read there, and when I was nine years old we came to America. We lived in Cleveland, and when I was 11½ years old I went to work in a factory, always for 12 years.

"When I first went to work, a man came in and sent me home. I did not know why then, but I do now. It was because I was too young to work in a factory. But it was not long until I was back at the work. I was not unhappy. I am never unhappy at work.

"One day a boy lent me 'Les Miserables.' That took hold of me in a wonderful way. That boy was the son of the owner of the factory. His father sent him through Yale. He went back to Cleveland, opened a law office and while waiting for clients wrote 'The Fugitives,' which was brought out last year."

party on the wire. But it wasn't 'Central's' fault.

Instead of imitating the rather hasty tones of Mr. Whitney, as does the average Central, or giving him a "Buns!" this operator on the other end of the line really tried to get the call for Mr. Whitney. So sweet was her voice and so charming her manner that the impatient business man at the other end was much impressed.

He got his party, an appointment was made and next day found Mr. Whitney at the hotel to transact his business. The interview over, again he sought the telephone. At the switchboard sat a charming young girl, Mr. Whitney gave her the number he wished, and when he heard her ask "8100 Cortlandt" over the wire, great light came over him.

Her Pretty Face.
At once he recognized the voice—it was the voice of the day before, when he had been so courteously treated over the wire. If the voice had pleased him, the sweet-faced girl who gave him his call delighted him. Mr. Whitney is 70 years old, but he hasn't forgotten the gallantry of youth. In the twinkling of an eye he had recalled the incident of the day before, and the blushing girl owned up that it was her voice that he had heard over the wire.

Now, Mr. Whitney is a man of decision. He admitted the pretty telephone girl and he decided that it would be a waste of time if he could be nearer her when he wanted to use the 'phone. It isn't necessary to recount right here that perhaps there were other influences that caused his decision.

At any rate, on the very next day there appeared on the register of the Grand Union the name "E. R. Whitney, Montreal." He took an expensive suite and the Astor House knew him no more.

Devotion Itself.
Every day found Mr. Whitney at the "Central" office of the Grand Union hotel. Nobody could satisfy his wants as could Miss Bennett. They chatted pleasantly enough while he was waiting for his calls and finally the day came when the elderly millionaire ventured to ask Miss Bennett if he might take her to the theater after her day's work.

"If you meet my father and mother and they are willing," she said, very frankly.

"Nothing better," responded Mr. Whitney heartily, and that evening found him a caller over in Greenpoint at No. 213 Nassau avenue.

It was no mansion that he found. Instead, Miss Bennett's home proved to be a very modest little three-story wooden flat-house.

The Bennetts—father, mother and three sisters—lived on the top floor at that. Mr. Whitney found further that Miss Bennett's two sisters, Alice and Jennie, like herself, were telephone operators, and that T. V. Bennett, the father of the three sweet-faced girls, was foreman in the Fleischmann yeast factory at Greenpoint.

There was a very pleasant call, and at ten p. m. Mr. Whitney went back to his hotel in Manhattan. Next evening a handsome cab dashed up in front of the modest flat-house, and out of it stepped Mr. Whitney. Now, cabs are not over numerous in Nassau avenue, Greenpoint, and the neighbors wondered. They didn't have long to wonder, because out of the house came pretty Miss Bennett in her daintiest dress and was handed into the cab by



No. 305. There he is now, getting ready for his wedding.

Loyal to Old Friends.
In her prosperity Miss Bennett has not forgotten her less fortunate friends of her "hello" days. The bridesmaid at the wedding is to be Miss Ida Schwindt, another telephone operator who resides at the switchboard of the Park Avenue hotel. Mr. Whitney has handed her a handsome check to provide herself with a bridesmaid's gown. But of this or of her elderly fiancé's wealth Miss Bennett will not speak.

Telephone Gossip.
There are certain things which at the other telephone girls in New York have heard, but which none of the interested parties will confirm. Call up any "Central," and she will tell you the gossip. These are, that Mr. Whitney has already settled \$100,000 upon Mr. Bennett and that he and her father were present at the signing of the papers; that her wedding gift will be a \$9,000 automobile; that Miss Schwindt has received \$500 for her bridesmaid's dress and a diamond cluster ring for a souvenir, and that Mr. Whitney himself is one of New York's new unknown millionaires.

Mr. Whitney doesn't look his years. He is powerfully built, more than six feet tall, and has apparently many years yet to live. He is as sprightly and attentive as a man half his years. He made his money in asphalt and lumber.

NEEDS NO COAL OR WATER

Locomotive Ordered for Chicago Railroad Which Will Revolutionize Transportation.
Chicago.—Threethousand miles without a stop, and at the rate of 100 miles or more an hour, is the capacity of a new type of locomotive which has been ordered by a railroad making its headquarters here. If it does all that its makers promise for it, this locomotive, which is a revision of the Diesel engine, will revolutionize transportation.

The locomotive, or, really, power house on wheels, is entirely different from anything now in use. The cost of operating it will be less than one-half the cost of operating the present type of steam engine. Fuel oil, costing but three or five cents a gallon, is the only fuel that has to be purchased, and there is no necessity of erecting and maintaining an expensive water tank or coal chutes. The machine is what is known as the four-stroke cycle. There is a compressed air reservoir, from which the power is obtained for starting. This gives the piston its first stroke when it takes the air alone at atmospheric pressure and temperature. The second stroke compresses this air and raises it to a temperature of about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The third stroke is practically an expansion, with stroke. The oil is sprayed into the hot air, the amount being regulated by governors. During the first part of this stroke the combustion of this oil is carried on at a constant pressure for a period that is regulated by the amount of oil sprayed. The second part of the stroke is practically an expansion, with transference of heat, and the fourth stroke exhausts the gases.

Good Literary Taste.
"The Gospel of Common Sense" was the book a thief of Glasgow elected to steal from a public library in that city.