

GWENDOLIN'S HISTORIC TALENT

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company

Gwendolin and Jim sat on the last step but one of the vine-covered veranda, looking out across the meadow, listening to the tinkle of the cow-bells. It verged upon twilight. There was a tinge of orange in the sky, above it lavender melting into purple. Above the purple shone the evening star.

"I like to sit out here with you, Jim," said Gwendolin at last, "but I can't stay any longer just now. I must go in and get ready for the church sociable. I am going to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night' you know."

Jim arose regretfully and left her. As he scaled the fence and walked slowly across the meadow to the tinkle of the cow-bells, he felt in his heart of hearts a forbidding as to the reciting of the "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" at the church sociable.

And well he might. A visitor from New York said there listening to the recitation. Visitors from New York towns. This one did. At the finish of the recitation—planning to be pleasant, perhaps, and nothing more—he remarked:

"She has histrionic talent, that girl!"

The remark reached Gwendolin's ears, and then there commenced the trouble. She must go to New York. She must study for the stage.

Now Gwendolin lived with an aunt who was, above all, practical.

"If you go to New York on a wild-goose chase like that, said her aunt, 'I wish my hands off you.'"

What did Gwendolin of the histrionic talent care for the washing of hands, in spite of the fact that the aunt was her sole dependence, her father and mother being dead? A girl with histrionic talent should be able to make her own way in the world, shouldn't she?

So Gwendolin went to New York with very little money in her pocket, great hope in her heart, and the memory of a tear in Jim's eyes. She remembered his last words, which were these:

"Take care of yourself, Gwen; and if you need anything, you know where I am."

Gwendolin found that there were in New York other girls—many other girls—possessed of histrionic talent. She found some few in the furnished-room house in which she had selected a room. She found more in the offices of managers in search of work.

She was very different from most of those who waited in the offices, pleasant and amiable, and attracted the attention of a manager, who gave her a small walking-on-part. It was a shade better than a trying a spear, ringing down the curtain, or busting a rat-tat-tat in the rear of the stage in imitation of the jingling feet of the horses.

But Gwendolin was unable to earn her salt by playing this part, silent as it was. She heard of a play, called "The Melancholy Maid." With about fifty other applicants, she made her way to this actress, and—again being recommended by her freshness of beauty, manner and complexion—she was engaged at fifteen dollars a week to play a small part—a speaking part! Gwendolin was to have five lines in the comedy. She was to rehearse these lines six weeks; then the play might come off, or it might not.

means of her friends' assistance, this might have been all very well; but when the six weeks of rehearsal were at an end, and the time approached when Gwendolin was to say her lines and get paid for them, she was almost laid up with cold and privation. She was hoarse—not too hoarse to repeat the five lines, but hoarse. Her lack of proper nourishment had not served to add to her good looks, or to her health. When the night arrived in which she was to begin to say "I refuse!" "Where shall we buy the trousseau?" and the rest of it, much of the fresh and beautiful color which had attracted the attention of actresses and manager had disappeared, and her throat was sore.

Then came her great opportunity. The star had fallen ill, and Gwendolin was the only one who knew the part. She had taken a cab to the theater on that particular evening, and there would have been no reason for writing this story. As it was, she walked through a drenching down-pour, with no rubber to protect her worn shoes. She had no sooner entered the wings than she was told of her opportunity. She essayed to express her delight, when, behold, her voice was gone! Her vocal chords refused to vibrate. She could not speak the five lines that she had so laboriously studied for the six weeks of rehearsal; much less could she understand the star.

Gwendolin went back to her hall bedroom, and took to her bed. The landlady, fearing a prolonged illness, sent for the ambulance and had her carried off to the nearest hospital. There, for many days, a kind of patient, aside her narrow cot in the charity ward, listening to the delirium of her ravings and ministering to her needs.

Meantime, her landlady had searched among her belongings in the hall bedroom, and had acted accordingly, relieving her mind of all responsibility telegraphing to her relative in the little country town, and to Jim. The consequence was that one evening, about twilight, Gwendolin awoke from a long torpor and found Jim at her side, her hand in his. In the weakest voice of one who has suffered much, she began to tell him of her dream.

"I thought," she said, "that you and I were sitting on the last step but one of the veranda at home, looking out across the meadow. I thought that I was listening to the tinkle of the cowbells as the cows came home. It was almost twilight. There was a tinge of orange in the sky, above it lavender melting into purple. Above the purple shone the evening star. Her circled fingers tinkled about the brown ones. 'I want to go home, Jim,' she faltered. 'I want you to take me home!'"

"I will," said Jim.

PHOTOGRAPHIC JUJES

Stereoscopic Photos Proposed at Next Olympic Games.

Photography has been a means of deciding winners in the races and other contests at the last Olympic games, in Stockholm; but, because of that lesson, stereoscopic photography is to be tried out in England. At the Stockholm games photographs were taken of the runners as they reached the tape; but in every instance where the judges differed among themselves as to who was the winner the additional evidence of the camera was not sufficient to bring about an agreement. The only instances where the photographs were assumed to be correct were when the judges agreed with the photographic record anyway.

The trouble was apparently due to lack of stereoscopic effect; so it is now suggested that the pictures be taken by a stereoscopic camera. In other words, two pictures are taken together from cameras side by side, so that when the developed prints are put in a stereoscope—like the one which used to be found always in the center of the picture—there will be depth to the picture and in consequence it will be possible to determine beyond dispute the exact position of each runner.

An advisory trainer of the Stockholm athletes trained many Cambridge University athletes, used high-speed photography regularly in his training work. Photographs of runners and jumpers are taken, each exposure being made with a high-speed shutter. Then the photographs are examined to see in what way the runner or jumper can improve his style.

It may be found, for instance, that he has acquired a habit of making his motions with his arms that use up little of his strength, yet slightly hinder instead of help his main effort. Motion pictures did not prove of value in these studies, owing to the fact that ordinary motion picture camera is not equipped with a high-speed shutter.

Revised estimates of counterfeit money in circulation show an average of three millions dollars for every \$100,000 in silver and one counterfeit dollar for every \$100,000 in bills, according to the secret service. The estimates are based on close tabulations covering a year.

You need not be afraid the hens will, or too much crushed shells. Let them have all they want.

BASE BALL DOPE.



Milton Stock has been looked over every spring by McGraw for several years, only to be sent back for more action. This year the chances are that he will stick. Schaffer's desertion has left a hole in the infield that may be hard to fill, as some of the recruits of Stock seem capable of it. Snodgrass or Grant of the veterans are also possibilities.

Stock had a good year with Mobile last season, batting .281 and stealing 41 bases.



Tom Seaton seems to have cast his lot with the Fenians. This is not his first experience outside of organized baseball, for he was at one time with the California outlaw league.

It is said that his contract calls for \$7,000 per year, and is for three years. He is to pitch for Brooklyn, and will be the mainstay in the box if he performs as well as he did in Philadelphia.



Dodan's jump to the Feds left the Phillies pretty flat, as far as short stop position is concerned. They will try to plug the gap with Herbert Murphy from Thomasville in the Georgia State League. It is a far hop from Thomasville to Philadelphia.

SAND IS SOLD AS CHICKEN

Dealers Before Marketing Fowls Feed Them Rocks.

Washington, D. C.—Consumers outraged by the discovery that with every chicken they buy they pay for about half a pound of sand and rock are storming the Department of Agriculture for relief from this swindle.

The department, which has taken an investigation has discovered that the weight contributing material is fed to the chicken on the eve of marketing in a paste which is so delicious to the poultry palate that it is devoured greedily.

From 150,000 to 300,000 pounds of sand and rock and other weighty materials are sold weekly to the New York poultry in poultry, according to members of the Greater New York Live Poultry Dealers' Protective Association, who also declare the practice of ballasting the poultry is not only an injustice to the consumers but also to the farmers, who do not try to work much harder when they bring their products to the market.

CELERY IN DOUBLE ROWS

Nearly Twice as Many Stalks Can Be Raised and Labor Saved

Good Celery plants can be had of the seedsmen by mail, but I like to raise my own, as it is cheaper and one can make his own selection of varieties with a wider range. A 5 or 10 cent packet of seed will produce many more plants than most gardeners need. I sow in a holed or cold frame, scattering thinly in a wide row, covering the seed lightly and taking care to keep the ground moist till the plants appear, which they are sometimes slow to do. As the seed is very small and near the surface the least dryness is likely to destroy its vitality. The plants are very small and feeble in its earlier stages and needs stimulation. This may be given by putting a little ammonia in the water pot when watering, or best of all, allowing a tablespoonful of nitrate of soda to each gallon of water. The effect of nitrate of soda judiciously applied in small quantities is something marvellous with almost any crop.

As soon as the plants are large enough to be handled easily they should be transplanted about two inches apart in rows four to six inches apart, and the weeds kept down. I use my little boy's hoe for the purpose. Celery is best raised as a second crop, and an excellent plan is to plant it after early cabbage, for which the ground has already been made very rich. Celery is one of several vegetables which will do exceedingly on commercial fertilizers alone. Some fertilizer companies claim not only more rapid growth from the start by this method, but greater freedom from fungous diseases, readiness in blanching and better keeping qualities, and, after having raised good celery with manure, I am nevertheless inclined to agree with them.

The trench system has been given up in field growing but it still has its advantages for the garden. By setting the plants in a shallow trench or furrow it is easy to irrigate by turning the water into one end and letting it run to the other, and when the plants are established in the roots are not left high above the surrounding level of the ground. I often make this furrow between two rows of early cabbage which have not been harvested, the young plants doing all the better by being shaded for a time from the summer sun while rooting.

In this latitude the final transplanting is done from the middle of June until July August.

I always get the plants in double rows, having them six or eight inches apart each way. Possibly the single plants will not grow as large in this way, but the stalks are all the more tender, and nearly all the roots are to be raised on the same space of ground, and with no more work in earthing up than is required for only one row, which is no small consideration. The first operation in the later process is to gather the leaves together in an upright position as soon as the plant has attained some size and press some loose earth against them to hold them there until more earth can be drawn up with the hoe to make the position a permanent one. As the interior of the plant develops the earthing up may continue until only the tips of the leaves are left uncovered. The latter part of the process may be omitted with the self-blanching kinds, but even they are so much improved in flavor and amount of blanching by it that I earth them up if possible.

Of the self-blanching kinds my favorite is the Golden Rose, as it adds the finest variegation of color and the fine flavor and good keeping qualities of the red celeries to the well known excellence of the Golden Self-Blanching, from which it was derived. It is a pity that the public does not know how much finer the red celeries are than the ordinary kind. Giant Pascal is my preference among the later varieties, and never found its equal in flavor, and I have tried nearly all the good kinds.

In this latitude celery keeps perfectly in a trench with a deep covering of straw, held in place with a little earth. Further north a good trench of earth is necessary, but even then it is desirable there be some ventilation, as by a wisp of straw running up through it. In this way the plants do not heat. I have had much success also with the "New Celery Culture," but as Rudyard Kipling says, "That is another story."

When Will Awoke

Willie whistled on contentedly, exasperatingly unconscious that the path over which we trod was rough, and I was not clad for tramping. I rescued him from a broken branch and stepped almost immediately upon some prickly plant that pierced my ankles with a thousand resentful darts.

"Will," I said, "where are you going?"

"Just over here; you wanted to see the lake, didn't you?"

"I didn't know we had to walk over miles and miles of thistles."

He turned his head over so slightly. "Have you stepped on another? I should think one time should teach you to be careful."

"Stepped on another? I've walked over a million at least!"

"If you would just look where I am going," I snapped though I had learned from long experience that snapping at Will was much like talking to the Sphinx.

Will and I were cousins and for 22 years we had played and fought and chummed with one another. During that time he had proposed to me twice a year, as regularly as the seasons, and I had said "no" to him as often. He had done it with the same unconcern as he had told me not to walk on a thistle, and he had taken his answer much as a matter of course. Sometimes I wondered how he would take "yes" for an answer; but my imagination could not picture him other than the same exasperating unconcerned Will.

"It is pretty," I said when he stood beside the still water and I took a birds-eye view of myself in glassy surface.

"If you would look at the scenery instead of fussing with your skirts," he said scornfully as I shook out a ruffle and eyed a torn place ruefully. Everything was so perfectly still that when the grasses at our feet moved we both started, and before I realized what was happening Will had pushed me unceremoniously into the lake.

When one is dressed for a ballroom and the air has taken on the chill of September evening a sudden dunking in cold water is not the pleasantest thing that can happen. Between indignation and fear and a desperate struggle to get my feet and hands into a position to keep myself from sinking, I failed to note what was taking place on the bank, until I heard Will speak, and then he calmly reached over and pulled me in, much as he had when on our younger days fishing excursion I had fallen in and scared the fish.

Once safely on the bank, and my wet skirts shaken out a bit, I felt the weight of my fur coat fall upon his devoted head. I pride myself on being able to talk well when I get angry, and I am sure that the speech he listened to was a masterpiece in every way—excepting that perhaps my soaked hair and matted hair made it lacking in dignity. I had all but finished and had cooled down sufficiently to see more clearly, when I noted that Will's face had gone just a trifle whiter than usual, otherwise he looked much as he always did, while he waited for me to finish a special lecture—arms folded and eyes anywhere but on me.

"Will," I stopped in the middle of a sentence to exclaim. Then suddenly my eyes fell upon an object on the ground—a little black snake not more than 20 inches long, with its head crushed flat against the earth.

"Will," I said again, and in a minute I was lying in his arms, and he was holding me very tight against a heart I could hear beating very irregularly.

"You stepped on it, Will. Oh, what a risk, dear!"

A long shudder passed through his frame. "When I saw it curled ready to strike you not 10 inches from your foot!" his arms tightened.

"Oh, Will! Will! You would have been so quick as you!"

"There was only one thing to do," he said quickly. "They mean death, you know."

Yes, I knew; but I knew something better still as I traveled daintily and happily home, with Will's arm to guide me where the thistles were not, and Will's ring shining like an immense drop of water on the third finger of my left hand—M. G. Pappard.

His Use for It.

"Yeh, said Tommy, 'I gave me a watch to carry when I started in at school this fall.'"

"My!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, "that's nice, isn't it?"

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

"I suppose you know your place," said the mistress, on engaging a new maid.

"I ought to," answered the latest, "the last 'two girl who worked here were my most intimate friends."

The perpetually clever man listened solemnly to the tramp's hard-luck story.

"That's the same old yarn you told me last week," he said, winking at his companion.

"Maybe it is," admitted the weary one as he started on. "I'd forgotten having met you. I was in the penitentiary last week."—Success.

Teacher—...a's correct, Thomas; you would find an ostrich in almost any zoological garden. Now, James, where would you go to find a great auk or a dodo?

Bright Pupil—Most any cold storage, ma'am.—Puck.

Help Wanted—Good cook and second maid; no washing or ironing; good wages, cheerful, homelike place to work. Here is a good opportunity to come to Toledo to work. Call or write Mrs. A. J. Monk, 2437 Maplewood Ave., Toledo, O.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT SPECIALIST.

Eyes tested for Classes FREE

G. SAMTER, M. D.

114 Gaiety Ave., Corner Brush

Detroit, Mich.

Get the only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine. It is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good. The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

Salemen wanted in all towns. Liberal inducements to good men. Permanent position. No capital required as we furnish everything. Experience unnecessary. We will teach you. Start now and you will soon be a successful business. Address at once: HERRICK & SON, Rochester, N.Y.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holsteins being run in the best of the country. A large number of them springing back to freshen now, well marked. They will run 17/8 and 16/16 Holsteins.

Will sell a head of fully developed, heavy milking cow, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also a few head of yearlings and high-grade bulls of no value to the above cow or bull, but will be sold at a low price. Write me for particulars. JAMES DORSEY, Dept. P, P. O. Gilbena, Kas. County, Illinois.

To Pipe Smokers

BAGLEY'S WILD FRUIT TOBACCO. CHINESE CIGARETTES. We Are Independent and have no one to please but our customers. We have been making high-grade smoking tobacco for more than half a century and "Wild Fruit" is a favorite. It is Union Made. Packed in five cent foil packages for your choice. Each pack contains ten cigarettes. Premium coupons in all packages. Should you not find the "Wild Fruit" in your dealer's stock, send us five cents in postage stamps and we will send you an original package.

Joe J. Bagley & Co., Detroit, Mich.