

# CHILD WITHOUT A COUNTRY



Princess Marie Jose.

Princess Marie Jose, the youthful and pretty daughter of the fighting King of Belgium, at present with her two brothers in England. Their mother is with the king and has been constantly devoting herself to the care of the wounded and the relief of the homeless.

## Adventures in Matrimony

By Mrs. Eva Leonard

"That's a fine looking man who just passed. Who is he?" asked the stranger.

"That man is Professor Knowles, one of the brightest men in the university. Did you notice that he is blind?" replied the minister.

"Blind? No. He didn't walk like a blind man," and he turned to look.

"He rarely goes out one of his children, and a d holding a little hand he walks off with the stride that is natural to him," replied the minister.

"Then he hasn't been blind long?"

"No. He is the head of the department of chemistry and a very brilliant man. One day about five years ago he was alone in his private laboratory bending over a crucible. The experiment was nearing completion when the thing exploded. Students in the next room heard the noise and ran in; he was lying on the floor. They thought he was dead at first, for he was unconscious. He was badly cut about the face. They carried him to the hospital and the cuts soon healed, but he was totally blind."

"How terrible," said his friend. "He has children, you say?"

"Yes, three of them; they were mere babies. His wife is a very pretty, dainty woman. She was a leader in society, belonged to two clubs, besides the musical society which she organized. She is an accomplished musician. I tell you, she's the star!" said the minister enthusiastically.

"She has never attended a club meeting since the accident, and society knows her no more. She has been eyes to that man."

"During the dark days following the accident he talked of resigning his professorship. She would not hear of it. She knew his whole heart was in his work and that he needed that interest in life more than ever, so she persuaded him to wait and see if she could not help him enough to make it possible to continue the work. She took up the study of chemistry with him for a teacher; she learned to perform experiments with the greatest accuracy. They go together to his laboratory and she is his hands and eyes. His work has not suffered at all. He has published a book, too, dictating it to her."

"The children almost quarrel as to which is to lead him when they walk. Positively, it is the happiest family I know. In the evening they gather in the big living room and she plays and sings for him or reads aloud."

"If any mention is made of his blindness, he laughs and says: 'I have four pairs of eyes; what more do I need?' He has done his part by never allowing his loss to sadden him. He has the life of the house, just as he was before the accident."

"There's a great advantage in being blind," he often says. "A man is allowed to stay at home and enjoy his life. He always hated social functions."

"How does he handle his classroom work?" asked his companion.

"He is a lecturer, and for experiments before the class he always has had an assistant," replied the minister.

"Is his wife sensitive about his blindness?"

"No, she seems perfectly happy. You know nothing makes a woman happier than the thought that she is necessary to her husband, and they are ideally mated."

## His Injuries

"The day of rowdiness, of punching and being punched, of white hopes and things like that, is going out," said the girl who had merely dropped in for a call.

"So you have met him, have you?" asked the at home girl.

"Yes, I saw Morgan Brown yesterday. It is the first time I have seen him since I turned him down. He was not quite a ruffian while I permitted him to call."

"Since you turned him down? So you turned him down, did you? He told me something about that."

"Doubtless," he told her how he acquired the black eye, the puffed lip, the bandaged ear and got his arm in a sling."

"Certainly. I was among those present."

"This cave man sort of thing is picturesque only in fiction. No lady nowadays stands by and watches men beat one another."

"My dear, you are right. However, there was no other man connected with this affair. It occurred night before last, when he was calling. I had baked a cake that day and late in the evening Morgan and I decided that we would make a raid on the establish and went to the kitchen. I had just pushed the button for the electric lights when I saw a mouse, and of course I screamed. Morgan seized a

fly swatter from the kitchen cabinet and made a dash at the mouse and nearly broke his fingers against the leg of the cabinet. Then he raced after the mouse across the kitchen and bumped his eye against the corner of a shelf. He staggered backward and hurt his ear when he collided with the water heater. As if this were not enough, he stooped to look beneath the kitchen table just as I moved a chair, and he struck his mouth on the chair back. Then he saw the mouse go back beneath the refrigerator and he dived in pursuit. But the creature went through the floor where the waste pipe leaves the kitchen and escaped."

"Ridiculous!"

"Wasn't it? There was I in a chair, showing silk, and Morgan sprang out on the floor holding his ear with one hand, a broken fly swatter in the other, while he looked at the hole through which the mouse had disappeared, and said things I never heard an angry man use such language! But you would never guess what he said as he shook his fist at that waste pipe."

"Very likely. Sometimes the character of a person's upbringing precludes their guessing along certain marks."

"Oh, yes. He shook his fist at the mouse and said: 'You darned little rascal! The next time I play tag with you you will know it!'"

"Ah!" said the girl who dropped in for a call.

## Changed Her Mind

"Girls," said young Mrs. Allison, adjusting her collar to a coquettish air and smoothing her pique skirt, "I have news! Now, what do you think?"

"War on millinery?" inquired the young matron with auburn hair, coquettishly.

"Neither," said young Mrs. Allison, with a grin. "Matrimony."

"Gracious!" ejaculated the sewing circle as one seamstress, with bated breath and suspended needles. "Hurry up and tell us, Celeste!"

"I never hurry," said young Mrs. Allison, placidly. "Haste, my beloved hearers, is the curse of the American commonwealth, the destroyer of country manners and the handiwork of the rising generation, because—"

"Do you charge admission?" interrupted the young matron with auburn hair, perky.

"Because," continued the speaker, firmly, "it racks the nerves and wastes the vitality and reduces the mind to a state of weariness. It makes the fat man look fatter and the thin man look thinner."

"She sounds like a patent cement house advertisement," murmured the auburn haired matron. "Cool in winter and warm in summer—or is it the other way about?"

"And," finished young Mrs. Allison, with determination, "it takes the powder out of every woman's nose!"

"Nonsense, Celeste," said the fluffly haired blonde. "Weren't you ever late for a dressmaker's appointment?"

"You'd better believe I was," conceded young Mrs. Allison, with sudden rufousness. "Three-quarters of an hour, this very morning. Where's my powder rag now?"

"In your belt," remarked the auburn-haired member crisply. "And what is your news?"

"Oh, that!" said young Mrs. Allison, brightly enthusiastic again. "How could I forget it! Such news, my dears! Quite important enough to honor this occasion of our last dining before we adjourn for our several vacation—to fade our hair and peel our noses. All right, then, I'll tell, Melissa is engaged!"

"I tried my members, in unison. 'Will some one please tell me,' inquired the fluffly-haired blonde, 'the way it is that when a girl, even the handsomest of girls, announces her engagement, the feminine audience always says 'No, just like that, with one voice!'"

"The world is astonished," at her temerity, my love," answered young Mrs. Allison, promptly. "Here's Melissa now!"

"The sewing circle fell upon the tall brunette in the doorway and showered her with felicitations."

"Now," said the matron with auburn hair, "tell us about him, dear. You've always said you'd never, never, never marry a red-headed man, a person in the railroad business, or a Democrat, so I suppose, he none of these things. Is he tall and dark?"

"His complexion is about like yours," hesitated the graceful, brunette with her eyes on her thumb.

"Wh-what?" cried the sewing circle, against.

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"He's secretary of the J. B. & M. railroad," said the bride-to-be. "And," she added, indignantly, before the shout of laughter could drown her voice, "he says he voted last time for Wilson, but he has promised me positively that next time he'll vote for Jane Adams!"

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"How does he handle his classroom work?" asked his companion.

"He is a lecturer, and for experiments before the class he always has had an assistant," replied the minister.

"Is his wife sensitive about his blindness?"

"No, she seems perfectly happy. You know nothing makes a woman happier than the thought that she is necessary to her husband, and they are ideally mated."

"How terrible," said his friend. "He has children, you say?"

"Yes, three of them; they were mere babies. His wife is a very pretty, dainty woman. She was a leader in society, belonged to two clubs, besides the musical society which she organized. She is an accomplished musician. I tell you, she's the star!" said the minister enthusiastically.

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"During the dark days following the accident he talked of resigning his professorship. She would not hear of it. She knew his whole heart was in his work and that he needed that interest in life more than ever, so she persuaded him to wait and see if she could not help him enough to make it possible to continue the work. She took up the study of chemistry with him for a teacher; she learned to perform experiments with the greatest accuracy. They go together to his laboratory and she is his hands and eyes. His work has not suffered at all. He has published a book, too, dictating it to her."

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