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# Stopping a Runaway

By EPES W. SARGENT

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"Alice Armstrong is running away. Alice Armstrong is running away."

To the slender figure in rusty brown the whir of the car wheels seemed to repeat it unceasingly, and every jar of the Pullman trucks gave the words cruel emphasis. Surely every one must know her secret. She looked about her guiltily, but the car was almost empty and the few passengers were absorbed in themselves or asleep.

Above the back of a seat farther up the aisle she saw the nodding head of a sleeping woman and the restless curls of a golden haired child.

With a start she turned to the window again to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. Edith had hair like that, the little five-year-old sister whom she was leaving perhaps forever. No, not forever, she corrected herself; only till she could earn a home for both. But another glance at those shining curls might steal away her courage. Resolutely she closed her eyes and tried to review her past and plan for the future.

It had all begun the year before, when Mrs. Armstrong second had decided to take in summer boarders.

One of the earliest applicants was a suave and oily person whose card read "Algernon Staunton-Leads and Heavies," and who needed no such advertisement to proclaim him as an actor of the cheapest sort.

But to Alice all actors were on a plane far above the humdrum of everyday existence. When he assured her that she was destined to become an ornament to the dramatic profession, she listened reverently. 'At the end of his four weeks' vacation he had hurried off to join a summer stock company. There he regaled his associates with tales of the shrewdness by which he had "jollied" a girl into giving him the position of star boarder.

He neither knew nor cared that he had left the girl with her head full of dreams and her heart sore and chafing against existing conditions. The old wound on account of the basty remarriage of her father so soon after her mother's death broke out afresh. She was eighteen. Surely she was



"MAMMA NEVER HAS TIME TO DO THINGS FOR ME."

competent to manage the house without the supervision of this cold blooded woman who had usurped her mother's

Her jealousy had found reflection in her stepmother's resentment of all questioning of authority. And now she was speeding away to the city. In the shabby purse clasped tightly in her hot fingers were \$30 of the money she had so carefully saved and Staun ton's card, which bore the penciled line "Per address care of Clipper."

He would help her, she knew, for had he not told her that she was destined to succeed? And there was Joe. who had gone away to the city the year before, but who of late had written at longer and longer intervals. No; she would not tell Joe until firmly es-

tablished in her new work. A sudden tug at her dress awakened her from her day dream. It was the golden haired child. A thrill of pity swept over her, for the little girl was a

"Please," she asked plaintively, "may I come and talk to you and show you my doll? Nanna has been asleep for ever so long, and I am dreadfully lone-

some." Alice made room for her with smile of welcome. "Of course you may," she declared heartily. "And where is this wonderful doll of

yours?" The child held up a rag doll much the worse for wear, dressed in faded

green silk. like that. Her mother had made it. Would the second Mrs. Armstrong make dolls for Edith? Her voice trembled as she asked gently, "Who made it for you-your mother?" And she read." "Do not cast pearls before glanced at the sweeping woman.

The child caught her glance and answered quickly: "That's not my mamma; only Nanna, my nurse. My mamma is a pretty lady. Her hair

goldy-beautifuller than mine-ar cheeks are pink-so pink! Only

won't let me kiss her for fear of hurtling them.

"Perhaps you know her," eagerly. "Her name is Clarice Morton, and she is a great actress and sings and dances beautifully; only I can never dance because my back is crooked, you see. It was all the fault of a wicked nurse. She dropped me, and I hurt my spine, the doctors say. No; it was not Nan-. na. Nanna is ever so good and kind. She came just after that, when I had to lie in bed for a long time. She made me the doll then. Mamma never has time to do things for me," with a little sigh. "In the morning she sleeps, and in the afternoon she goes driving, and lots of fine gentlemen come to see her, and in the evening she is at the theater. But this is made from one of her prettiest dresses." And she smoothed

the green silk proudly. Alice had listened in horrified silence. The unconscious pathos of the child's story cut her to the heart. This, then, was the fate of the child of a great actress, unloved and neglected or left to the doubtful care of servants. How blind she had been to tell herself that she was taking this step for Edith's sake! It had all been for self, self. This little crutch was caused by the roughness of a nurse. Once she had seen Mrs. Armstrong strike Edith. Suppose she should do so again and the careless blow bring her to the pass of this poor little one! The thought was torture. Abruptly she leaned over and rang the bell for the porter.

"What is the next stop?" she asked breathlessly.

"Next stop Ballston," he said; "due there in ten minutes."

"When can I get a train baca?" "There's one due in a half hour."

"Please come and get my things," she said more quietly. "I will leave the train there." Then she turned and took the little

stranger in her arms. "I want to thank you," she whispered as she kissed her tenderly. "You have shown me my duty." Twenty minutes later Joe Watson gave a whistle of surprise as he came

face to face with her on the Ballston platform. "Well," he cried jovially, "here I was going up to Keesport to see you, and here you are part way to meet me." But questions died on his lips at

closer view of her face. She had drawn away from him with almost a look of fear. Then she lifted her head bravely and gazed straight into his eyes. "I had started to run away, but I've changed my mind. Edith needs me; so I'm going back to make the old place seem like home to her."

As Joe saw the unselfish purpose that shone in her eyes and the womanly sweetness of her firm, set lips he realized that his childhood's friend had grown into something very fine and precious. Deep in his heart he registered the vow to some day make a home for both her and Edith. And his dream came true.

Why Carlyle Was Not a Bore. Carlyle took a friend, a much youn-

ger man, out walking with him and in his usual way indulged in a monologue in which, nevertheless, his companion was much interested. Once or twice, however, the friend ventured to put in a word or two of objection in regard to something said by Carlyle. This annoyed Carlyle intensely, and when they reached home he turned upon his companion and addressed to him the following warning: "Young man, I'd have ye to know that ye've the capacity for being the greatest bore in Europe." The poor man had hardly spoken a dozen words; but, since these had been critical, they had made him seem to Carlyle a potential bore of colossal pro-

portions. Many men in this way get unjustly called bores. They venture to doubt some statement made in conversation and are at once branded with the most terrifying of names. These unfortunate persons are in truth not bores at all, but merely the innocent detectors of the latent capacity of boring in others. Carlyle showed by his speech what was indeed the fact, that he, not his friend, possessed the potentiality of boring. It is true that his great imagination generally saved him, but he often went perilously near the line. Had he not been the man of genius he was he would assuredly have been the greatest bore in Europe.-London Spectator.

### Oft Quoted Phrases.

Many of our most usually quoted phrases are from the Bible, among them being, "No rest for the sole of the foot," "Darkness which may be felt," "Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," "The wife of his bosom," "I am going the way of all the earth," "A still, small voice," "All that a man hath will he give for his life," "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest," "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," "Oh, that my adversary had written a book," "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," "His enemies shall lick the dust," "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full," "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," "Heap coals of fire on his head," "Open rebuke is better than secret love," "There is no new thing under the sun," "A living dog is better than a dead lion," "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," Alice paled. She had once had a doll "Wise in his own conceit," "Grind the faces of the poor," "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," "Who touches pitch will be defiled," "Laughing to scorn," "He that runs may swine." and a great many other expressions that have served the turn of thousands of years and help us to realize how little human nature changes in the generations that go by, since what suited the men of so long ago expresses our minds still so well.

MEALS BY WHOLESALE.

Extensive Kitchen Arrangements o

the Modern Hetel. The kitchen arrangements of the modern hotel are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as l could see he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks, who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers-immense gridirons, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the 400 loaves of bread and 8,000 rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread or concern himself with the quality of the 1,100 pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it.

on the brick pile they could not escape I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone. They are boiled by clockwork. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into the water. The dipper's clockwork is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out I succeeded in sleeping in China. of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else but fill and watch and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water, all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of chinaware are cleansed in a day and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are 300 employees in the kitchen departments of this huge living machine.-Albert Bigelow Paine in World's Work.

SUCCESSFUL SMUGGLER.

The Schemes He Worked to Deceive the Customs Officials.

"There is money in smuggling," said the retired dealer in precious stones as he leaned back, "but it is dangerous to carry on the business, as possible suspects are carefully watched and, if necessary, traced till they are finally caught. However, I knew one man who pursued the trade of diamond smuggling for fifteen years and was able to retire to respectability. He was buyer for one of the large business houses in New York, and his business sent him to Europe two, three and sometimes four times a year. Every time he returned he had with him from \$10,000 to \$20,000 worth of gems which he did not declare.

"His trick was perfect simplicity combined with ingenious boldness. His hair was scanty, and at the top of his head he had a most delightful little bald spot. Customs officers as they came and went all knew him, and as they knew him he had a most pronounced wen where his other acquaintances saw a bald spot. That wen was a work of art, made of wax and gum, and it contained two or three big stones that would have been a find for the men on the pier.

"The good cigar that he had, just lit and allowed to go out held a few more, and sewed in the handle of the grip that he carelessly turned over to the inspection of the officers were the rest of them. He never varied the trick, and he never lost. Each trip was worth a couple of hundred dollars to him and a great many hundred more to those who employed him. Now, that man considered himself strictly honest. He would not steal a cent from an individual, yet he schemed and plotted to rob the government."

Digging For Kaurl Gum.

The ordinary method of searching for kauri gum in New Zealand is by first feeling for it a little below the surface with a steel pointed piece of iron called a "gum spear" and then digging it out with a spade. A skillful and industrious digger can earn as much as £3 to £4 per week at the work, and even children can earn a few shillings a day; but, as the gumfields offer a refuge for all sorts and conditions of men, many who are old and infirm resort to them, and so the average earnings are reduced to £1 15s. or £2 a week. The gum is used principally in the manufacture of varnish, but it is also found useful for many other purposes, such as dressing "glazed" calicoes, etc.-London Times.

The Suburban Child.

They were suburbanites, and they sat at breakfast, when a letter was handed to the mother, which she read with rapidly increasing consternation. "How unspeakably dreadful!" she exclaimed. "Cecilia Rodney's entire family has been practically wiped out. Her mother has died, and her father, her brother and her cousin, all in the same month!"

Ethel (four years old, who in her brief career has experienced all the joys and woes of the suburbs)-Did the cook die, too, mamma?-Harper's Mag-

A Convenient Conscience. "I don't believe he has any conscience at all." "Oh, yes, he has."

"Not much of a one." "No; not much of a one, of course. In fact, it's of such trifling importance that when he beats some one out of \$1,000 he can square things with it by

contributing \$1.50 to charity. Still it's Brutal Treatment of a Wife. Husband-Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until

my work? Wife-I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—New York Weekly.

4 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go te

Sleeping on a Kong. China is a land without mattresses or counterpanes. A bed, or kong, is merely a broad wall of brick built across the side of the room. On first acquaintance it seems absolutely impossible for an Anglo-Saxon, but a man in the interior of China must either sleep on a kong or not sleep at all. determined that if the bricks would not yield to me I must yield to them, and, as a means of yielding gracefully, I studied the sleeping methods of my Chinese companions. I found that their practice was to climb inside of quilted sacks, called pookas, which they tied and folded around themselves until a row of men on a kong looked not unlike sealed envelopes. Whenever they rolled or turned over in their sleep their pookas rolled with them. In whatever position they happened to lie

Rapid Work For Fingers.

the ameliorating effect of their pookas.

Obviously I, too, must have a pooka.

From a dealer in leather in a town

through which we passed I bought two

goatskins. I had them sewed together,

with the hair side in. I devised a sys-

tem of strings by which I could tie my-

self in my appliance, and in this way

The deaf and dumb, as every one knows, "speak" by means of their fingers. How many words, then, can a good hand speaker form in a minute? The average number of letters per word in the English language is five. Now, a ready hand speaker can make the English alphabet ten times in a minute-that is to say, 260 letters. It is usual for him to pause for the space of one letter after each word to show that the word is complete. If, therefore, we subtract from the total just given about one-sixth for these stoppages, the total will be reduced to 215 letters.

Let this be divided by five, the average number of letters per word, and we shall find that a fairly expert deaf and dumb person will speak forty-three words per minute. A person in possession of speech will probably speak 150 words in the same space of time.

Substitutes For Tobacco.

Dried holly leaves, the bark of the willow and leaves of the stag's horn sumac are among the substitutes for tobacco used by the American Indians. In Switzerland a weed called mountain tobacco is smoked in great quantities. It is powdered before using and causes the smoker to become a mental and physical wreck. The natives of South Africa are peculiarly affected by smoking the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly any one using it.

Selling Elephants by Measure.

The Moors, who drive a trade in elephants through the Indies, have a fixed price for the ordinary type according to their size. To ascertain their true value they measure from the nail of the fore foot to the top of the shoulder, and for each cubit high they charge \$500. An African elephant of the largest size measures about nine cubits, or thirteen and one-half feet, in height and is worth about \$4,500. For huge Ceylon elephants \$20,000 is sometimes paid.

Reply of a "Beardless Boy."

When Keppel, a commodore at twenty-four, was sent to demand an apology from the dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom he'd have sent your deyship a he

The Word "Umbrella." The English word umbrella is very like the Latin, coming through the Italian "ombbrella," or "little shade." The French, German, Spanish and others give it a distinctive name, such as "parapluie," "regenschirm" and "paraguas." "Umbrella" and "parasol" are etymologically precisely the same thing, but custom has given them the distinctions that we understand today.

Easier Work.

"Why don't you try to carve your name high on the tablets of fame?" asked the poetic enthusiast.

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, a little severely, "there is no use in my dodging around with a hammer and chisel when I can do such effective work with a fountain pen and a checkbook."

Borrowing Trouble.

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line." "Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot."

"She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shall not like."

Ten Years to Get It. Towne-Why, he told me he was getting along splendidly; fine salary and all that.

Browne-Indeed? Towne-Yes, he told me he was get-

ting \$10,000. Browne-So he is, at the rate of \$1,-000 per year.

Ungrammatical. Dusty Rhodes-Will yer please give me a dime to get somethin' to eat with? Bunker Hill-My good man, you cannot purchase a set of false teeth for 10 cents.

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