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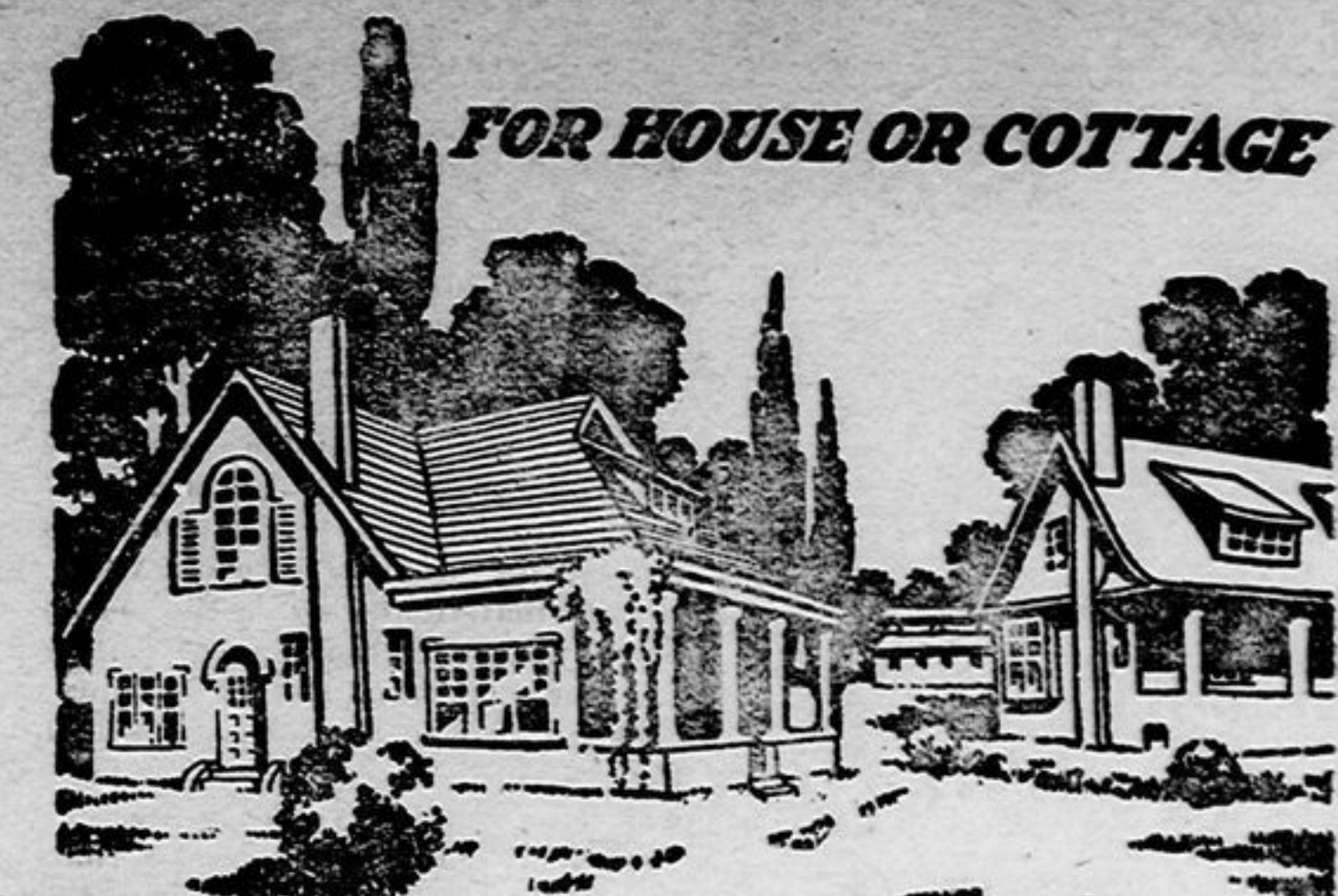
HEATING AND EATING.
The American tourist was taking the rest cure for a day in a London boarding house.
"I shall want no more meals," she said, when the maid brought up tea. I shall be up for dinner. There is nothing more I want."
Then in the next breath she added, "Oh, yes there is. I want that hot water bottle; but that's not to eat."
The cockney maid stood silent for a moment, then said gleefully, "Oh, yes, 'tis to eat. You want me to eat it for you."—Nations Food Magazine.

"WAR"
A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTNER

"How can you write the close of your life? You may live many years, many happy years, Mother. With the birth of my little Frederick, whom I will train to adore his grandmother, a new chapter is begun for you."
"You are a good son, my Rudolf, I should be ungrateful if I had not pride and happiness in you; and I am also proud of my—his sweet Sylvia; yes, I am entering on a happy old age—a quiet evening; but the story of the day is closed at sunset, is it not?"
He answered me with a quiet and sympathetic glance.
"Yes, the word 'end' under my biography is justified. When I conceived the idea of writing it, I determined to stop with the 1st of February, 1871. If you had been torn from me for service in the field—luckily during the Bosnian campaign you were not old enough—I might have been obliged to lengthen my book. As it is, it was painful enough to write."
"And also to read," answered Rudolf, turning over the leaves.
"I hope so. If the book shall cause such pain in the reading as to awaken a detestation of the source of all the unhappiness here described, I shall not have tormented myself in vain."
"Have you examined all sides of the question, Mother?" said my son.
"Have you exhausted all the arguments, analyzed to the roots the spirit of war, and sufficiently brought out the scientific objections to it?"
"My dear, what are you thinking of? I have only written of my life. All sides of the question? Certainly not. What do I, the rich woman of high rank, know of the sorrows which war brings to the mass of the poor? What do I know of the plagues and evil tendencies of barrack life? And with the economic-social question involved I am not familiar—and yet these are all the very matters which finally determine all reformation. I do not offer a history of the past and future rights of nations—only the story of the individual."
"But are you not afraid of your intentions being recognized?"
"People are offended only when the author tries to hide his intentions. My aim is open as the day, and is found in the words on the title page."
The hap'ism took place yesterday. The occasion was made doubly important by the betrothal of my daughter Sylvia and the old friend of her babyhood—Count Antop Delnitzky.
I am surrounded by the happiness of my children. Rudolf inherited the Dotzky estates six years ago, and has been married four years to Beatrice Griesbach, promised to him in his childhood. She is a charming creature, and the birth of their son adds to their enviable, brilliant lot.
In the room looking out upon the garden the dinner was served. The glass doors were open, and the air of the superb summer afternoon streamed in loaded with perfume of roses.
Near me sat the Countess Lori Griesbach, Beatrice's mother. She is now a widow. Her husband fell in the Bosnian campaign. She has not taken his loss much to heart. On the contrary—for she is dressed in a ruby brocade and brilliant diamonds—she is exactly as superficial as in her youth. Matters of the toilet, a few French and English novels, the usual society gossip—these suffice to fill her horizon. She is as great a coquette as ever. For young men she has now no fancy, but personages of rank and position are the objects of her conquests. At present, it seems to me, she has our Cabinet Minister in hand.
"I must make a confession to you," said Lori to me when we had congratulated each other upon our grandchild. "On this solemn occasion I must relieve my conscience. I was seriously in love with your husband."
"You have often told me that, dear Lori."
"But he was always absolutely indifferent to me."
"That is well known to me."
"You had a husband true as gold, Martha! I cannot say the same of mine. But nevertheless I was sorry to lose him. Well he died a glorious death, that is one comfort. Really it is a wearisome existence to be a widow, more especially as one grows older; so long as one can flirt widowhood is not without its compensations. But now I acknowledge I become quite melancholy. With you it is different; you live with your son, but I would not like to live with Beatrice. She would not wish it either. A mother-in-law in the house—that does not go well, for one wants to be mistress. One gets so provoked with the servants. You may believe me, I am much inclined to marry again. Of course, a marriage with some one of position—"
"A Minister of Finance, for instance," I interrupted laughing.
"O you silly one! You see through me at once. Look there; do you see how Toni Delnitzky is whispering to your Sylvia. That is compromising."
"Let them alone. The two have come to an understanding on the way from church. Sylvia has confided to me that the young man will ask my permission to-morrow."
"What do you say? Well, I congratulate you. It is said the handsome Toni has been a little gay—but all of them are that—it cannot be helped, and he is a splendid match."
"Of that my Sylvia has not thought."
"Well, so much the better; it is a charming addition to marriage."
"Addition? Love is the sum of all"

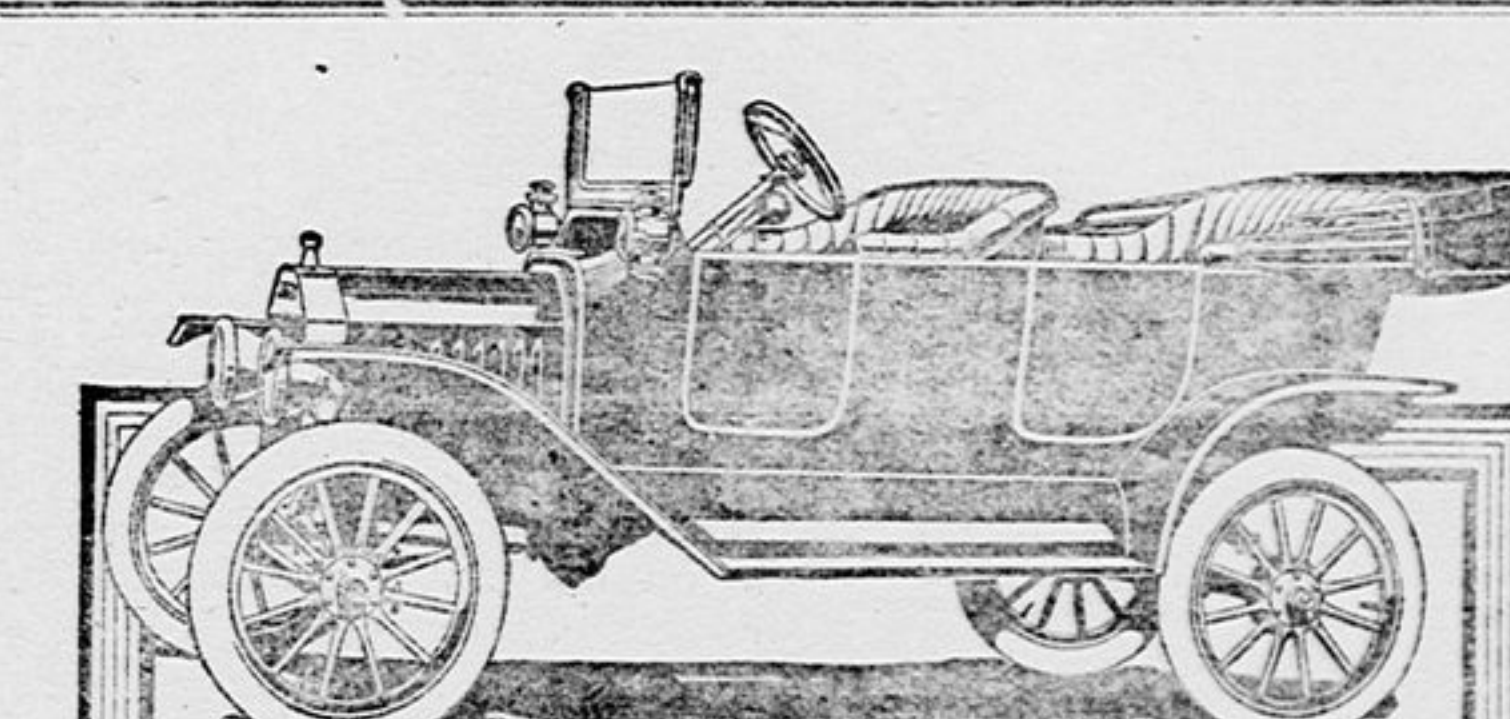
conversation to listen to the speaker. We had good reason to sigh; three times the unlucky man stuck fast, and the choice of his good wishes was unfortunate. The health of the young heir was offered, who was born at a time when his country needed all her sons.
"May he wear the sword as his great-grandfather and his grandfather did; may he bring many sons into the world, who on their part may be an honor to their ancestry, and as they have done who have fallen, win fame on the field of honor. May they for the honor of the land of their fathers conquer—as their fathers and fathers' fathers—in short: Long life to Frederick Dotzky!"
The glasses rattled but the speech fell flat. That little creature just on the threshold of life should be sentenced to the death-list on a battlefield did not make a pleasant impression.
To banish this dark picture, several guests made the comforting remark that present circumstances promised a long peace, that the Triple Alliance—and with that general interest was carried into the political arena, and our Cabinet Minister led the conversation.
"In truth" (Lori Griesbach listened with intense interest), "it cannot be denied that the perfection which our weapons have attained is marvellous and enough to terrify all breakers of the peace. The law for general service allows us to put into the field, on the first call, four million eight hundred thousand men between the ages of nineteen and forty, with officers up to sixty. On the other hand, one must acknowledge that the extraordinary expenses will be a strain upon the finances. It will be an intolerable burden to the population; but it is encouraging to see with what patriotic self-sacrifice the people respond to the demands of the war ministry; they recognize what all far-sighted politicians realize, that the general armament of neighboring states and the difficulties of the political situation demand that all other considerations should be subordinated to the iron pressure of military necessity."
"Sounds like the usual editorial," murmured some one.
The Minister went on calmly:
"But such a system is surely for the preservation of peace. For if to secure our border, as traditional patriotism demands of us, we do as our neighbors are doing, we are but fulfilling a sacred duty and hope to keep danger far from us. So I raise my glass to the toast in honor of the principle which lies so close to the heart of Frau Martha—a principle dear to the Peace League of Middle Europe—and I call upon all of you to drink to the maintenance of peace! May we long enjoy its blessings!"
"To such a toast I will not drink," I replied. "Armed peace is no benefaction; we do not want peace for a long time, but for ever. If we set out upon a sea voyage, do we like the assurance that the ship will escape wreck for a long time? That the whole trip will be a fortunate one is what the honest captain vouches for."
Doctor Bresser, our intimate old friend, came to my help.
"Can you in truth, your Excellency, honestly believe in a desire for peace on the part of those who with enthusiasm and passion are soldiers. How could they find such delight in arsenals, fortresses, and manoeuvres if these things were really regarded merely as scarecrows? Must the people give all their earnings in order to kiss hands across the border? Do you think the military class will willingly accept the position of mere custodians of the peace? Behind this mask—the *si vis pacem* mask—glitters the eye of understanding, and every member who votes for the war budget knows it."
"The members?" interrupted the minister. "We cannot praise enough the self-sacrifice which they have never failed to exhibit in serious times and which finds expression in their willingness to vote the appropriate funds."
"Forgive me, your Excellency, I would call out to these willing members: 'Your "Yes" will rob that mother of her only child; yours puts out the eyes of some poor wretch; yours sets in a blaze a fearful conflagration; yours stamps out the brain of a poet who would have been an honor to his country. But you have all voted "Yes" in order to prove that you are not cowards—as if one had only oneself to consider. Are you not there to represent the wishes of the people? And the people wish profitable labor, wish relief, wish peace."
"I hope, dear Doctor," remarked the Colonel bitterly, "that you may never be a member; the whole house would spit upon you."
"I would soon prove that I am no coward. To swim against the stream requires nerves of steel."
"But how would it be if a serious attack were made and found us unprepared?"
"We must have a system of justice which will make an attack impossible. But when the time for action does come, and these tremendous armies with their fearful new means of warfare are brought into the field, it will be a serious, a gigantic catastrophe. Help and care will be an impossibility. The endeavors of the Sanitary or Red Cross corps, the means of provision, will prove a mere irony. The next war of which people so glibly and indifferently speak will not be a victory for the one and a loss for the other, but destruction for all. Who among us desires this?"
"I certainly not," said the minister. "You, of course not, dear Doctor, but men in general. Our government, possibly not, but other states."
"With what right do you deem other people worse and less intelligent than yourself and me? I will tell you a little story."
"Once upon a time a thousand and one men stood before the gate of a beautiful garden, longingly looking over the wall, desiring to enter. The gate-keeper had been ordered to admit the people, provided the majority

wished admittance." He called one man up: "Tell me honestly, do you want to come in?" "Certainly," he replied, "but the other thousand do not care about it."
"The shrewd custodian wrote this answer in his note-book. He then called a second. He made the same reply. Again the wise man wrote under the word 'Yes' the figure one, and under the word 'N' the figure one thousand. So he went on to the very last man. Then he added up the columns. The result was: One thousand and one 'Yes' but over a million 'Nos.' So the gate remained shut because the 'Nos' had an immense majority. And that came about because each one not only answered for himself, but felt himself obliged to answer for all the others."
"It would be a noble thing," replied the minister reflectively, "if a general consent disarming could be effected. But what government would dare to begin? There is nothing upon the whole, more desirable than peace; but, on the other hand, how can we maintain it; how can we keep for durable peace so long as human passions and diverse interests exist."
"Allow me," said my son Rudolf. "Forty million inhabitants form a state. Why not one hundred millions? One could prove logically and mathematically that so long as forty millions, notwithstanding diverse interests and human passions, can strain themselves from warring with one another—as the three states, the Triple Alliance, or five states, form a league of peace—one hundred millions can do the same? But, truth, the world nowadays calls its immensely wise, and ridicules the barbarians; and yet in many things we cannot count five."
Several voices exclaimed: "What barbarians—with our refined civilization? And the close of the nineteenth century?"
Rudolf stood up. "Yes, barbarians—I will not take back the name. As long as we cling to the past, shall remain barbarians. But stand upon the threshold of a new world—all eyes are looking forward, everything drives us on toward a higher civilization. Barbarism is a recasting away its ancient idols and antiquated weapons. Even though we stand nearer to barbaric ideas than many are willing to acknowledge, we are also nearer to a nobler development than many dare even possibly the prince or the statesman, now alive who will figure in all future history as the most famous, the most enlightened, because he will have brought about this general laying down of arms. Even now the insane idea is dying out, notwithstanding that diplomatic egotism attempts to justify itself by its assertion—the insane that the destruction of one person is the security of another. A ready realization that justice must be the foundation of all social life is glimmering upon the world, and from an acknowledgment of this truth humanity must gain a nobler stature—that development of humanity for which Frederick Tilling labor'd Mother, I celebrate the memory of your devoted husband, to whom I also owe that I am what I am. Out of this glass, no other toast shall ever be drunk"—and he threw it against the wall, where it fell shattered to pieces; "at this baptismal feast of the first-born no other toast shall be offered but 'Hail to the Future!' We must not show ourselves worthy the order of our fathers' fathers—as the old phrase went—no; but of our grandsons' grandsons. Mother—what is it?" he stopped suddenly. "You are weeping; what do you see there?"
My glance had fallen on the open door. The rays of the setting sun fell on a rose-bush, covering it with its golden shimmer, and there stood—the figure of my dreams. I saw the white hair, the glitter of the garden shears.
"It is true, is it not," he smiled to me, "we are a happy old couple?"
Ah, me!



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Mr. Hugh McInnis is slowly, but surely, recovering from a lingering illness.
Mr. Albert Arrowsmith, section foreman for the G.T.R. at Stamford, is visiting relatives here and at Durham.
Mr. John Meagher got one of his fingers badly jammed while framing on the 10th concession it required several stitches to close the wound.
Mr. Irving Anderson, Jr., a C.P. R. employee at Schreiber, has been ended in favor of Tolstoj's returned home. Welcome back, widow.
Four years' litigation as to the ownership of Tolstoj's manuscripts has ended in favor of Tolstoj's widow.