

Carter vs. Chesterfield

By LILIAN DUCEY

"Such an interesting article, Dicky. Two Famous American Surgeons. Have you read it?" The chaperon's eyes sparkled mirthfully as they regarded a young man who with the aid of a cane hobbled up the steps of the veranda.

"Fortunately, I don't require the aid of a surgeon." The tone was acrid with irritability.

"My dear boy, I wasn't alluding to your condition at all," said Mrs. Driscoll still with the twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, I read the article yesterday. Felt proud of all Americans. Not a humorous article. Didn't have the effect of making me grin like a Cheshire cat."

"Why Richard Chesterfield!"

"The day is too warm for exclamations," commented Dicky, seating himself with difficulty.

"Such rudeness!" exclaimed the woman. "He fancies impudence is wit."

"Rudeness!" My dear Mrs. Driscoll, I simply stated."

"The drift of your remark was obvious," interrupted Mrs. Driscoll.

"Not at all," said the young man. "But sometimes when shoes fit people they have an idea that they ought to wear them."

Dicky was leaning forward in order to keep a certain white gowned figure in view.

"Did you see them?" he asked.

But Mrs. Driscoll had turned away from him. "Only after a fitting apology will I answer," she said. "Don't you know any better, Dicky, then to call a woman that you expect to ask favors from a cat?"

"Well, then you grinned like a Billiken," said the young man and smile for the moment lit up his face.

"That is better. Anything but a cat. It does not follow that all chaperons are cats."

"You're not worth your salt as a chaperon," said Dicky savagely.

"Insult added to injury."

"Did you see them go?" asked Dicky, still with his eyes on a certain couple.

"Yes."

"And you her chaperon! Why didn't you stop her? He is a cad. You know it. What would her father say? Tell you what—I've a good mind to write her father and tell him how things are going here."

"I told her last Friday that if she ever went out with him again I would break the engagement."

"And she said?"

Dicky looked sheepishly at Mrs. Driscoll for a moment before he answered.

"Of course she was angry," he went on, "and did not mean it, but she said—well she insinuated that there was no engagement. Called me all kinds of names—jealous, bad-tempered brute and other equally ladylike epithets."

"How dreadful!"

"But we patched it up to the last. She promised never to go out with him again. And now—"

The pause was full of emphasis.

"And now—" Mrs. Driscoll repeated looking thoughtfully out to the ocean.

"If it wasn't for this game leg I'd—"

"Does she know how you got it?" Mrs. Driscoll interrupted.

"Of course she does," Dicky answered.

"Ah!"

"And wouldn't you think she would feel proud of me for holding in that runaway team. If it had not been for that wagon in the way there would not have been an accident at all. But she has not said ten words to me since it happened."

"How queer," commented Mrs. Driscoll. "Could it be possible she was angry because you were driving with Betty Burnett?"

"No," said Dicky. "She would not be as silly as all that. Besides she knows I do not care two cents about Betty. A girl with as many strings to her bow as Betty has no charms for me."

"That is all very well," responded Mrs. Driscoll. "But perhaps Marion would rather have had the heroism of one of those other strings exploited in the papers."

To this Dicky vouchsafed no answer.

Suddenly he jumped up, groaning from undue haste.

"There they go now," he said. "Guess I'll go indoors." He disappeared within the low French windows of the hotel.

The chaperon watched her charge coming slowly along the board walk. With decided satisfaction she noticed that there was an appreciable space between the girl and her escort. As they looked toward her she waved to them and they turned and made their way to the hotel.

"Mr. Jackson has been kind enough to offer to take the message to father to the telephone station." The girl spoke gently but with a hint of displeasure in her tone.

"Any other messages, Mrs. Driscoll?" the man queried.

"No, Mr. Jackson. Thank you."

Moving towards an unoccupied chair, Marion drew it to the side of Mrs. Driscoll. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes radiant. She threw off her hat as he seated himself, ruffling

HAD ROUGH VOYAGE

Sailor's Had in Mind Tale of "The Ancient Mariner."

Baneful Spell That Fell Upon Sailing Ship Rhine Was Attributed to Killing of Albatross That Had Taken Refuge.

New York.—Coleridge's tale of "The Ancient Mariner" may now be repeated as the record in many respects of the strange voyage of the Rhine, a British sailing ship, which has reached this port from Trinidad, laden with asphalt. For forty days and forty nights the vessel struggled against adverse winds, or, like the craft in Coleridge's poem, hung in a glassy sea, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Followed for a time, as men of the crew believe, by as mysterious an influence as that which held the ship of "The Ancient Mariner" in thrall, the Rhine fought its way through to the end of a trip that ordinarily would have occupied fourteen instead of forty days.

"That he admires Mr. Jackson above all men and is distinctly pleased whenever he sees you with him."

"No more pleased than I am," the girl exclaimed hotly, "when I see him with Betty Burnett."

Then she sighed, but immediately blazed forth again. "I hate him, Mrs. Driscoll! I hate him! If there isn't another man ever proposes to me I won't marry Richard Chesterfield."

"Really?" the woman interposed.

"Chesterfield!" Marion repeated with infinite scorn too absorbed to notice the interruption. "It's a shame that such a rude, impolite man should take the name of Chesterfield."

"So he is, my dear. He has just been calling me a cat, and has threatened to write your father."

"He is dreadful," she said. "I hope he does not trouble father. Besides I would never have gone out with Mr. Jackson if he had not gone driving with Betty. I hate her! She is a flirt and wants all the men dangling after her."

Mrs. Driscoll smiled knowingly.

"You and Dicky," she said, "have other things in common besides an interest in the Carter-Chesterfield Iron Works. You both hate poor Betty Burnett."

"He does not."

"He does."

"Did he tell you so?" Mrs. Driscoll nodded in affirmation. Smiling, Marion jumped up quickly.

"I'm going upstairs," she said, "to write to daddy."

"First get your poor, old over-worked chaperon a handkerchief," Mrs. Driscoll called.

The girl tripped lightly up the stairs.

The woman waited until she was out of earshot, then she called softly:

"Dicky!"

The young man stepped clumsily through the window looking rather sheepish.

"I wanted to see you again, Mrs. Driscoll," he explained elaborately. "That is why I waited. I—I'm really ashamed of myself. I didn't mean to listen. The truth is I—I wanted to take a good look at her before going away forever."

"Are you going away?" The chaperon was listening attentively for approaching footsteps.

"Might as well."

"Why?"

"Oh, well—I fancy I would not be more miserable in Timbuctoo than in Atlantic City. And I don't believe it is any hotter."

"Marion will be surprised," Mrs. Driscoll said.

Even as she spoke the girl came forward holding out a snow-white handkerchief. She opened her blue eyes wide as she saw the man.

"I—I didn't know you had some one with you," she stammered. "Pardon me. I am going right upstairs again."

Mrs. Driscoll put out her hand and drew the girl to her knee.

"Wait a moment, my dear," she said smiling gaily. "You are now seated in the lap of the Court of Justice. The case of Carter vs. Chesterfield is to be tried before her honor, the Chaperon."

"What has the defendant to say?"

"He knows I do not like him to go driving with Betty Burnett, and—"

"She promised me never to go out with Jackson," he interrupted.

The chaperon looked at both of them severely. "The dignity of the court must be upheld," she said. "I command you both to be silent."

For a brief second the young folks glared at each other in open hostility.

"Dicky has told me," Mrs. Driscoll continued, "that he is so miserable his love for you makes him so unhappy he contemplates migrating to Timbuctoo for peace of mind."

"That wasn't what I said," exploded Dicky.

"My dear young man," the chaperon said, "words count as nothing. That was what your manner conveyed."

"I never—" began Marion furiously.

"Silence!" again commanded Mrs. Driscoll. "Words but inadequately express thoughts or feelings."

Dicky leaned forward. "You know," he said, "that I don't care a rap about Betty."

"And I!" Marion blushed, "positively hate Mr. Jackson."

The chaperon kissed Marion on both cheeks and patted Dicky on the back. "The case of true love," she whispered, "never did—I mean settled amicably out of court." She arose and entered the hotel.

For nearly all of the women in the party a railroad journey and the crossing of the seas in a steamship was a

COSTLIEST HOUSE IN AMERICA COMPLETED



THE CLARK MANSION

NEW YORK.—William A. Clark, ex-senator from Montana, and Mrs. Clark are about to move into their new residence at Fifth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, which has just been completed after nearly eight years of work. This extraordinary palace cost Mr. Clark more than \$7,000,000 before a bit of furniture was put into it and is the costliest residence in the country. The furnishings have required the expenditure of several additional millions. Mr. Clark planned the house himself and it is denominated by architects and artists as the worst freak ever erected in the United States.

yard into the Delaware breakwater under jury masts after all his spars had been carried away except the foretopmast.

Mrs. Bergman, the skipper's wife, also has won recognition for heroism at sea. She has an official letter of thanks from congress for aiding in the saving of life. She lives aboard the Rhine. The Rhine is a steel ship, 257 feet long and thirty-eight feet beam.

FARM LABORER VERY SCARCE

Missouri Farmers Buy Talking Machine and Reflectors in Attempt to Lure Him to Work.

Mexico, Mo.—Is the motion picture machine in small towns responsible for luring boys and young men away from the farm? Will the phonograph and the post card reflector in the farmhouse keep him there? Many farmers in central Missouri would say "yes" to both of those questions, and many of them are buying talking machines and reflectors in order to combat "the lure of the motion pictures" and keep the boys—and the hired men—on the farm.

Many of these men attribute the

present high prices of many of the necessities of life to the scarcity of farm labor. In fact, every condition, except weather, that does not meet the approval of the tiller of the soil is being laid at the door of the existing famine in "hired hands."

In half the corn fields near here last fall there were women helping the men to gather the crop. They were women, for the most part, not accustomed to such labor, but they saw the necessity of getting the harvest completed before the snow fell. And if they did not help, no one would.

Last summer many women living on farms near here left their duties in the household to drive a team and help the husband put the crop in. Many of these women were college graduates.

A few years ago farm laborers received from \$15 to \$18 a month with the occasional loan of a horse on which to ride to town. Today "hands" are hard to find at \$30 a month with every Saturday off and a ride to town in the family motor car.

This condition is not peculiar to Missouri alone. It sounds ridiculous, but it is no laughing matter to the farmer with a crop to harvest.

The walking on the water was a greater marvel than even the swaying of the vast air-currents of the world, since it was a commanding of gravity, a force beyond the world, a force that some hold to be the central resultant of all forces, the power that unites all the planets and stars of the universe. Gravity is still, after all these centuries of thought and investigation, the one deepest mystery of nature; yet Christ was as easily master of it as of the clay on which He lay down.

Christ's Most Marvelous Miracle

OW little faith man has in the unknown! As soon as he is brought near the unheard-of and the unfamiliar his hair begins to rise on end. Instead of taking it for granted that God is in the unknown, and that therefore it is friendly, kind, and helpful, he sees in the unknown a horrible spectre, and screams in terror. If John or Peter had seen a flying-machine darting across from Gadara to Bethsaida, they would have had the same fear. So should we, a few years ago. If they had seen a steamboat plowing its way from Bethsaida to Capernaum, they would have been equally frightened, as we should have been a few decades ago. Who knows what mysteries that now cause our flesh to creep will by next year become commonplace in our lives?

Indeed, was not the air, perhaps, as familiar to Christ as the water? Who knows? On those nights which He spent by Himself in prayer among the hills may He not often have mounted to the skies, and thus have withdrawn Himself literally from the frets of earth into the serenity of Heaven? Do you think that the possession of such a power would have separated Him from us? No more than walking on the sea. And we may do both some day; both may be among the "greater things" that are reserved for Christ's disciples. Why limit the subduing of nature to which God commands us? If Peter could walk on the waves, by faith, and as long as his faith endured, may not we also?

Walking With Christ.

And truly, though it may not be our duty or our privilege to walk out on this mystery, there is no reason why we should not ask Christ's permission to walk out toward Him on this or any other domain of the unknown; and if He says "Come," let us not deserve the rebuke He gave to Peter, "O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" To us the tossing waves of all the unknown shall be as a level floor, if Christ bids us come to Him upon the waters.

In one way of looking at it, the greatest of Christ's miracles was not the healing of any disease, however severe, since the sick men had intelligence to which our Lord could appeal; nor was it even the raising of the dead, since there were departed spirits that could be summoned to re-inhabit their old-time tenements. The most wonderful of the miracles, as I think, were those that swayed inanimate creation, those that mastered the winds and the waves, when He stilled the storm and when He walked on the water.

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Christ's Witnesses.

Every confessed follower of Christ is daily helping or harming Christ's cause among men. While those who have not accepted Christ are under just as much obligation to do his will as those who have accepted him, nevertheless it is to his followers that the world properly looks for evidence in favor of or against Christ's claims. It has been said that "the Christian, very frequently, is the only Bible that the world can be induced to read." Are the pages of our life presenting, or misrepresenting, our Saviour to the world? The world's power to read is strong and keen. "Ye are my witnesses" is for the Christians of today even as for the apostles of old.

Fish Tie Up Plant.

Chicago.—Thousands of fresh water herring pouring into the hydraulic power intake of the rail mill of the Gary steel plant caused a tieup for some time the other day. Just what the company sustained is not known. Foreign workmen took the fish home for supper. Several months ago a rat was electrocuted in the power house and the current was shut off for several hours, thereby rendering 6,000 men idle.

All we want in Christ we shall find in Christ. If we want little, we shall find little; if we want much, we shall find much; and if, in utter helplessness, we cast our all on Christ, he will be to us the whole treasury of God—Bishop Whipple.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything—it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it—Sterne.