

Carter vs. Chesterfield

By LILIAN DUCEY

"Such an interesting article, Dicky. Two Famous American Surgeons. Have you read it?" The chaplain'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 Dickey, 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 a smile for the moment lit up his face.

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

"You're not worth your salt as a chaplain," 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 chaplain? 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 chaplain 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 dismissal 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 she seated herself, ruffling

her hair with the action into waves of golden brown.

"Wasn't Dicky here with you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I was certain I saw him. Did he see me?"

"He did."

The girl laughed. "The levity of your answers sounds tragic," she said. "Tell me what he said," she whispered.

"I couldn't," whispered Mrs. Driscoll in response; "I would fill a book. But I'll tell you what he didn't say."

"And that—"

"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 proposed 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 bear 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 dangleing 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 chaplain 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 chaplain was listening attentively for approaching footsteps.

"Might as well."

"Why?"

"Oh, well—I fancy I would not be any 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 Chaplain."

"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 chaplain 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 chaplain said, "words count as nothing. That was what your manner conveyed."

Dicky growled.

"And again," Mrs. Driscoll continued, "Marion says she abhors Mr. Jackson. You are the only man she loves."

"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 chaplain 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.

HAD ROUGH VOYAGE

Sailors Had in Mind Tale of "The Ancient Mariner."

Beneficent 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.

To the killing of an albatross was attributed the beneficent spell that fell upon the ship of "The Ancient Mariner." The question for superstitious minds is whether the spell that bound the Rhine for a time was brought about by a West Indian sailor who killed a sea bird which had taken refuge on board the ship's deck.

Before the Rhine, which is a full rigged ship of 1,690 tons, was a day out of Port au Spain, Trinidad, it found itself in a calm. Day after day, with only an occasional puff of wind to bring hope of more favorable weather, the Rhine crawled along beneath a burning sun.

The ship was a week and a half on its way when a strange thing happened, Captain Bergman and his first mate, Harry Wolth, were on the quarter deck, and the sailors were idling about the deck forward when a huge dog, gaunt with hunger, appeared on deck. Captain Bergman and his mate are not superstitious, so they had the animal cared for by the steward and then let him roam the deck at will.

It was not until the Rhine was well up the Atlantic coast that it ran into heavy weather. On Sunday night, November 13, a hurricane rose. The first mate was caught in a heavy sea and was thrown to the deck, where he lay stunned. No one saw him fall—no one but Bob, the stowaway dog. He ran howling to the skipper, and by his actions led him to send the third officer to see what was the matter. Wolth was found and carried to his cabin, where it was found that he had dislocated his left knee and injured the leg generally. Wolth insisted on remaining on duty.

The Rhine was forty miles east by northeast of Cape Henry when it encountered the storm. It took the ship two weeks to fight its way to this port, a distance of only a few hundred miles.

Captain Bergman in 1905 received \$1,000 and a gold watch from insurance companies for bringing the Har-

WOMAN ON A JUNKET

Korean Party Breaks All Records by Crossing Sea.

Expedition Planned by Japanese Masters as Little Journey of Enlightenment for Fifty-Odd Yangbans—They Believed Everything.

New York.—When a Korean woman 70 years old consents to take her first ride on a railroad train there is opportunity for marveling among her countrymen and women. But when that Korean grandmother goes all the way to Tokyo, across the sea and in the land of the conquerors, the Korean conservatives may well shake their heads and prophesy that soon the stars will begin to fall, says a correspondent of the Sun.

Such a trip was taken recently by such a daring old lady of Chosen, and not only that, but there were many Korean ladies of younger years with her. The Japanese looked upon the excursion as a good augury of the breaking down of Korean prejudice and the acceptance by them of the new regime of Japanese suzerainty. The papers of Tokyo were filled with the most intimate details of the doings and sayings of this unusual band of pilgrims.

The expedition was planned by the Japanese masters in Seoul as a little journey of enlightenment for fifty-odd Korean yangbans, or scholars of leisure, who had recently been in receipt of new titles in the peerage of Korea and who were supposed to be thoroughly reconciled to the absorption of their land by the conquerors from the eastern island.

The party was headed by the junior Prince O Li, the eldest son of the last shadow emperor of Korea, and the Countess Yi Chyong, one of the ladies of the old court, set the fashion for her more shrinking sisters by announcing herself as one of the party. The expedition set out from Seoul on October 24, so as to be present in Tokyo when the celebration of the birthday of the emperor of Japan should occur, early in November.

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



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 denounced by architects and artists as the worst freak ever erected in the United States.

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

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.

FIFTY DAYS' FAST FOR LOVE

Charming Brunette of Los Angeles Cures Malady So That She Can Marry Man of Choice.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Miss Josephine Gilman, a charming brunette, ended a remarkable fast of 50 days that she undertook for love, and ate food for the first time. She fasted under the direction of the famous Doctor Tanner, to overcome a malady that threatened her life and had prevented her marriage.

At the end of her fast, without any food but orange juice and water, she appeared sprightly, and declared that the last vestige of disease had left her. By her side was her fiancé, happy over her recovery and helping her plan the temporary dishes she would eat, while Miss Gilman declared there no longer was any bar to the ringing of the wedding bells.

With them was a sister, Miss Helen Gilman, who voluntarily fasted for 30 days so the family could see the effect of the treatment and judge whether the cure was too dangerous for her frail sister Josephine to attempt.

"I just lost all desire for food," said Miss Josephine. "At first I was afraid that I might be awfully hungry, but as the days wore on I began to look on things to eat as something that was apart from me and in which I had no desire to share. At first I was weak and did want the good things I saw the others eating, but that desire passed."

"I did not feel the pangs of hunger after the first three days, and I did not lose much strength. Every day I practiced at the piano and then I had my garden to look after, and between those duties and doing some cooking for the rest of the family, I put in my time."

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 loss 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.

Christ's Most Marvelous Miracle

HOW 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 didst 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 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.

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 walked or the couch on which He lay down.

Evil Temptations.

It is interesting to note that all of the three wrong things that Christ was tempted to do in the wilderness he did later when they were right, when no tempting of God or yielding to Satan was involved. He did not make bread from stones for Himself, but He made bread from practically nothing for 9,000 persons. He did not do homage to satan to win all the kingdoms of the world, but He won them by way of the cross: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself." And He did not defy gravitation for the sake of men's applause, throwing Himself from the parapet of the Temple, but He defied gravitation none the less, walking alone at night over the abysses of the sea. It is thus with many of the Devil's temptations: they are evil only while he is associated with them.

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.

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.