

His Criticism

By HENRY O. MARTIN

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She was ready and waiting. She was not nervous. She had too much confidence in herself for that. She smiled serenely as she glanced again at the program in her hand. How well her name looked printed, "Miss Maude Vance, soprano." Yes, taken all in all, she was quite perfect in training and figure and stage presence. And her dress—why, it was Parisian to the last degree and, therefore, perfect, too. She had chosen it because she had always had a fondness for pink—and she remembered that he had, too. Certainly she had thought of him. She had meant from the first to show him that she could succeed, that her voice was worth something. She had never quite forgiven him what he had said that night two years ago, when she had told him that she was going abroad to study.

"Don't do it, Maude," he had said. "You haven't voice enough." He had said it in those very words. And he was the only one who had ever said it. Everybody else had praised her to the skies—her mother and her dearest friends and her teachers. They must know better than he did. Yet she could never get those words of his out of her mind. And his way of saying them! He was always so deadly in earnest about everything. Especially about that. How angry she had been!

"I'll show you! she had flung back at him as she struggled to keep the tears from her eyes.

During those two years of study that determination of hers had been ever present: "I'll show him!" It had driven her to do, painstakingly, all the drudgery demanded of her. It had kept her on her feet under the exacting eyes of the famous maestro, who had been coaxed to accept her as his pupil, when she was ready to fall down with fatigue.

And now she had learned all there was to learn, apparently, and had come back to show him that she had a voice and could sing, after all. She would flaunt her success in his face and, since he was fair, he would be obliged to admit it. Then she would smile at him and forgive him.

She knew that he was out there in the audience with the rest—her mother and her cousins and aunts and the old uncle who had advanced the money for her training. They were impatiently listening, she knew, to the performers that preceded her and longing for her to appear. Not one of them, except her mother, who had been her constant companion, had heard her sing since she returned. She had been very careful that they should not. She wanted to surprise them all—him especially.

It was curious that she should still care for his opinion—that she had always cared, even when she would not own it. What was there, aside from his love for her, that should have any weight with her whatever? He was not rich or handsome or of great influence, as were a half dozen other men she knew almost as well, but somehow it was always his face and not theirs that she saw in her dreams. "Miss Vance!" said the manager.

Her turn had come. From beyond the stage came the diminishing applause of an encore. She thought, "Mr. Herford must have pleased them." Then she rose, arranged her train and followed her accompanist out upon the stage. They were all there and she faced them calmly, smiling and bowing in acknowledgement of the whirlwind of applause that greeted her.

There was her mother, very flushed and conscious in her new lavender satin; there was Aunt Belle, her bosom twinkling with jetted lace; there was her cousin Violet Vance, who, too, longed to sing, and there was Uncle James, whose bounty had supplied her with French gowns and Italian teachers.

There was he, with his lifted look and his white brow, from which the dark hair went back smoothly, and his clear grey eyes fixed upon her! Did he notice that her gown was pink? Or dream of its meaning? She wondered a great many things as she stood waiting for the applause to end so that she could sing. She felt eager to sing. She left capable of doing her best.

Her voice had never been better and the aria she had chosen was sure to please. Ah, there was the keynote! As she sang, she was still conscious of what was going on before her upon the faces of the audience, which was composed largely of people she had known all her life. The general look of eager expectation had changed, not to one of gratification, but to one of amazement, of perplexity, almost of pain.

The one man sat very still, with his chin slightly lifted, listening closely. She could not understand what those other faces meant and she did not care. But his face she could understand. Oh, if only it would convey some message to her! After all, it was really to him she was singing. It was his approval alone that she sought. She had worked hard to show him that she could sing. And now she was showing him.

The applause that followed the singing of the aria seemed perfunctory. She felt jarred and puzzled. Yet she came back smiling in response to the

encore, thought a little subdued, perhaps; a little less radiant. There was surely something a little wrong. She was not making the impression she had planned to make.

"It's hard work singing before one's own people," she thought. "Perhaps they didn't like that French aria. There is certainly nothing wrong with my voice or with me."

Between that appearance and her next upon the program she could not sit still, but walked about restlessly. She knew very well what her mother thought—that she had never done so well in her life. And Uncle James—that she had given him good value for his money.

"By George, that niece of mine, she's a winner." He would be saying at his club tomorrow. And Violet would go home to dream of French gowns and bunches of orchids as large as her own little blonde head. And Aunt Belle would be planning a dinner to take place before, "Maude starts on her tour."

But he—what did he think? His eyes were unfathomable. That was because they held so much. Had she convinced him that she could sing? Has she?

She went out again upon the stage; she bowed and smiled and sung again her best—to him. And still he sat with his arms folded and his chin lifted and his inscrutable eyes watching—watching.

It was over at last. She was whisked away in Uncle James' big motor to their apartments, where a little supper had been arranged for her. They were all there but him. Would he come? They were all trying to talk at once about her. They wearied and worried her with their praise. Somehow it suddenly sounded meaningless to her. What she wanted was the truth. And she felt deep down in her heart that only he could give it.

The apartments were suffocatingly sweet with flowers—all offerings at her shrine. He had sent his bouquet with the rest. She took it up and held it close to her face. It was pink—pink roses. And down among them was his name upon a little white card. Why didn't he come? Why didn't he come?

Suddenly the door opened and he entered. Her color rushed to meet the roses' color in a warm sweet flood. He had seen her at once without seeming to see her, just as she had seen him. And now he was coming towards her. Above his roses their eyes met. She held out her hand.

"Well?" she demanded. "What have you to say?"

"What do you wish me to say?" She looked down at the roses. And it was well, because she did not see his face.

"You know," she said—"the truth."

He caught his breath as if in pain.

"The truth!" he repeated. "Ah!" And then she looked up at him sharply, for it was as if he had said: "Let me tell you something pleasanter than the truth."

"Ah," she cried, piteously, understanding. "I have failed! I haven't shown you—"

"You have shown me," his voice was exquisite. "That you are all things a woman should be—the rarest, the sweetest, the best. Dear," he faltered, "I know I am breaking your heart, but better force me to break it who love you so than for strangers whose indifference will make them unnecessarily cruel. As I listened to you tonight, I left that I must tell you the truth even as you have asked me, before you went out into the world in all your happy young confidence to learn it by bitter defeat. For that is that awaits you. I speak as a man and a critic, not as your lover."

"I know that after this you will not consider me such. I am sacrificing a good deal, am I not, just to tell you the plain truth? You are a glorious woman, Maude, but you can't sing. It is not your fault; you have been deceived by praise and flattery. But I can't deceive you."

Above the pink roses her face was perfectly white. She had done her best and they had all told her that she had succeeded. They had all lied to her because they loved her—all except this one man. He had never lied. He was telling her the truth. Better to hear it from his lips than, as she said, from the lips of strangers. She thought of her prospective tour and shuddered. She was a brave woman and though she had her moment of bitter struggle with her spirit, rose presently from the black depths into which he had plunged it and she looked him steadily in the face.

"After all," she said. "I did it all for you. It was your opinion I wanted, because I knew it would be the right one. When I asked you to tell me the truth I did it because I knew that you would tell me the truth. And you have. Thank you, Alan."

She held out her hand again. And as he lifted it reverently to his lips he left with a sudden thrill of joy and hope and thanksgiving that the great good he craved was nearer to him than ever before—that he has, indeed, not lost, but gained all.

Few New Yorkers Own Homes. While 32 per cent. of American families own their homes, 95 per cent. of New York families are rent-payers.

HE MAY BE FUTURE STATESMAN OF OKLAHOMA



WASHINGTON.—Never was there a prouder father than Thomas Pryor Gore, the senator from Oklahoma, and according to him, there never was so bright a baby as that recently born to Mrs. Gore at their residence, 1863 Mintwood place. He is a handsome youngster, too, though pathetically enough, the blind statesman must learn this from the mother and from his numerous friends who have called to see the child that may some day carry on the tradition started by his father and become a statesman whom the young western state will delight to honor.

VALUABLE IN THE HOUSEHOLD

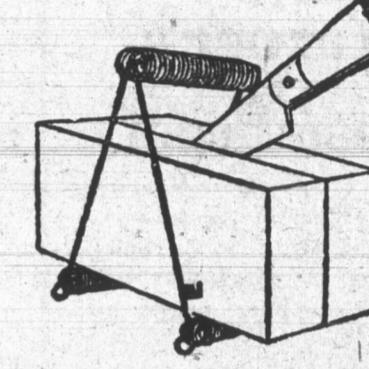
Innumerable Uses to Which Sawdust May Be Put to Good Advantage.

Sawdust may be put to serve a number of purposes for the housewife. It is good for removing sediment in glass and earthenware. A handful thrown on a dying fire will help to revive it. Well dried and heated and sprinkled over grease spots in carpets, it is useful in removing these objectionable marks. It should be well rubbed in, left for a few hours, then treated again if necessary. Heat some sawdust on a piece of paper in the oven, and it is an excellent remedy for mildew and damp spots on metal or other polished goods. Rub some dry sawdust on articles that have been polished, and the polish will last longer. Slightly moisten sawdust sprinkled on outhouse floors, verandas or larder, etc., and brushed off with a hard broom will cleanse the floor without much trouble.

CLEANS KNIVES WITH EASE

Device of California Man One of the Best Ever Placed on the Market.

There are all varieties of knife-cleaners from the single stone on which the housewife rubs her cutlery to the elaborate device of multiple wheels used in the big hotels and restaurants. But one of the simplest and most effective of all would seem to



MANY ACRES SAVED

Minnesota Swamps Are Turned Into Productive Farms.

One-Fifth of Total Area of State of Minnesota Is to Be Reclaimed, According to Report of Drainage Commission.

St. Paul, Minn.—Reports of the state drainage commission on work done in Minnesota from August 1, 1898, to August 1, 1910, have been placed in the hands of the legislature.

The commission estimates that Minnesota had originally 10,000,000 acres of swamp lands, too wet in their natural condition for agricultural purposes. This vast area, comprising about one-fifth of the land of the state, is fast being transformed from swamp lands to productive farms. Conservative estimates place the total area reclaimed during 1909 and 1910 at 1,500,000 acres.

Ditches are constructed by the state and by the various counties. These are made by the drainage commission only where such ditches will benefit state lands. Incidentally private lands are also benefited, and in such cases the cost is defrayed in part by assessing private lands according to the benefits. Lands owned by railroad companies are assessed like private lands.

During 1909 and 1910 the commission has constructed or has had under construction 15 state ditches, having an aggregate length of 460 miles, requiring an excavation of 6,828,378 cubic yards, costing \$605,873.30, or an average of 8.8 cents per cubic yard. These ditches will drain and reclaim 141,146.63 acres of state land and 403,640.81 acres of private lands at an average cost of \$1.25 per acre.

The policy of the commission has been to drain only such lands as immediately will become available for agricultural uses and lands requiring little clearing or other expense to bring under cultivation. The work to a large extent has been confined to localities in the proximity of railroads and trade centers and open meadows and marsh lands, the commission avoiding as far as practicable the drainage of lands where life of valuable growing timber would be endangered.

In the construction of ditches, public highways were constructed along the side of the ditch from the earth excavated from the ditch, wherever such construction was practicable. When drainage work contracted for in the years 1909 and 1910 is completed, there will be 400 miles of graded roads along the several ditches, constructed at a small additional cost, the average cost being not more than one-half a cent per cubic yard, or \$75 per mile of road.

The commission, with the co-operation of the United States geological survey, has made a topographical survey of a large area in Otero, Douglas, Grant, Traverse, Stevens, Pope, Swift and Big Stone counties. The same two departments have made surveys of the following waters in the state, for the purpose of devising plans for their improvements and preparing estimates of the cost of the work, to the end that drainage work may be facilitated and disastrous overflows prevented: Parts of the Minnesota, Mustinka, Watowan, Embarrass, Redwood, Cedar, Chippewa, Long Prairie and Wild Rice rivers; Stony brook, Benton county; Okabena creek, Jackson county; a channel through Pierce, Clayton, Bright and Turtle lakes, and Mille Lacs lake. Plans, estimates and specifications of these proposed im-

provements have been prepared and furnished the counties affected thereby.

The legislature of 1909 appropriated \$200,000 for the use of the state drainage commission. The commission says that if it again receives such a fund it will be able to drain practically all undrained state swamp land available at the present time for agricultural purposes. Anticipating further appropriations, the commission has caused surveys to be made and maps, plans and estimates prepared for several systems of ditches, which, if constructed, will drain 100,000 acres of state land and fully double that amount of private lands. All of this will become available immediately for agricultural purposes.

The state drainage commission consists of Governor Eberhart, State Auditor Iverson and Secretary of State Schmahl. George A. Ralph is state drainage engineer.

FISH THAT LOVE DYNAMITE

Winsted (Conn.) Variety That Feed on High Explosive Are Not Wanted by Women.

Winsted, Conn.—Highway lake fish are at a discount owing to the discovery that they dine on dynamite and like it.

Workmen who are blasting in the neighborhood made the discovery by accident. Since then they have amused themselves by breaking little bits from dynamite cartridges and throwing these "crumbs" overboard to see the perch grab for them. Housekeepers regard the experiment with disapproval. They fear the dynamited fish would fry too noisily, and instead of reposing quietly on a platter might suddenly decide to serve themselves on the ceiling.

Chicago.—Chicago is far behind the east in the care of the orphan and neglected child, although the east took up and followed along the lines laid down by Chicago years ago.

"Orphan asylums in the future will be unheard of. In some states they have already disappeared.

"Chicago must wake up and make haste along the lines originated by itself, by which other cities and states have profited."

Dr. Hastings H. Hart, who is an expert in the care of neglected children, spoke these words in an address before the City club the other day.

"The east, especially Baltimore and Philadelphia, have developed at a remarkable pace, after following in the footsteps of Chicago," said the speaker.

"Those cities have used family homes in providing for the motherless and fatherless and have closed up their orphan asylums.

"Chicago has not kept up with the pace. Boston receives \$125,000 a year for the support of its orphans. New York, exclusive of Brooklyn, is given \$50,000 a year for the support of the children's society, while Philadelphia gives \$85,000 for the same purposes.

"New York City has \$20,000,000 invested for the sake of these children, while Chicago has but one-half that sum, or possibly three-quarters.

"I have a list of thirteen orphan asylums being closed in Massachusetts and twelve in Indiana."

Dr. Hart, while declaring that Chicago was lagging behind in the matter of orphaned and neglected children, insisted that the orphan asylums now conducted in Chicago were excellent in every way and the finest institutions of the kind. But home and family life, he said, should be provided for the children and there should be no more asylums built in Chicago.

should have a good share of their household furnishings in red. It should supply the color lacking in their makeup. Color of course is a mere question of vibration, and success is, too. If a woman wishes to succeed let her put on her rustling silk skirt and her ostrich plume and mingle with those who have already found success. The success vibrations are bound to radiate her way.

It is so simple."

Denver, Colo.—Success and character are merely a matter of colors. If you want to be successful, wear a bit of emerald green. If you are nervous and high strung, wear more blue and calm down.

Also wear good clothes and mingle with rich people, even if you are not financially able to back up your fine "front." Opulence is a matter of vibrations and by mingling with the rich you will absorb their waves.

These are a few of the theories advanced by Mrs. Elizabeth Severin, new thoughtist, who announces the establishment of the Association for Colleges of North America, said:

"If a man wants to know the essentials of a woman's character, all he has to do is to note the colors she wears," she said. "Red signifies love, and persons fond of it are emotional and full of life. Orange stands for pride and ambition. Yellow signifies wisdom. Those who favor violet are spiritual.

"Black should never be worn under any circumstances. It is the negative of all things and depresses immeasurably.

"A woman should not dress according to the shade of her hair, but should wear the colors that her temperament calls for. If she wants to change her mood, let her change her dress. Neurotics and anemics

CHICAGO BEHIND THE EAST

Dr. Hart Says Other Cities Are Closing Orphan Asylums and Putting Children in Homes.

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