

IMPERIOUS MISS COLBY

By JUNE GAHAN.

Miss Saxon Colby was twenty years old.

She was imperious and self-willed and obstinate.

Her father hadn't very much money, and she wasn't very good looking, but the attitude of the girl was that of one born to a throne and expecting every minute to receive a check of several billion dollars from Mr. Rockefeller.

Miss Saxon had had plenty of admirers, but had become interested in none. About the time she ought to have been interested in a young man she would give him the cold snub and he would vanish and another take his place.

There were people who called the girl a flirt and a coquette, but she wasn't that. It was that she had not yet met the right young man. No one had ever clashed with her; no one, not even her father, had dared to say to her:

"Who are you to think yourself the salt of the earth? You have a passable figure; you are as good looking as most of the girls in the department stores. You have only a fair education. Why do you swagger? Why do you snub? What right have you to say that one shall do this and do that?"

Three different people appeared at Willow Springs by the same train. There was her ladyship, Miss Saxon Colby.

There was Professor Peters, professor of mathematics at a certain college. He was fifty-five years old, and was taking a vacation for the first time in fifteen years.

There was Gilbert Needham, a successful author, who was just then very much before the public.

The professor and Mr. Needham put up at a hotel, while Lady Saxon Colby stopped with friends at a private house.

The professor put in much of his time wandering over the roads and fields. Mr. Needham sat on the veranda and smoked and took a walk now and then. Miss Saxon drove out in a pony cart or an auto, and frequented the hotel more or less. At an early date she and the young man were introduced. After they had sized each other up he said to himself:

"Rather nice looking, but she's snobbish and imperious."

"He's a very clever author, but in private life he may have a lot of traits to be criticized," Miss Saxon said of him.

It has happened thousands of times, and it will happen thousands more, that a man and a woman who are antagonistic at a first meeting, and rather wish to avoid each other, will be thrown together in spite of themselves.

One day young Needham was almost knocked off his feet by an invitation from Lady Saxon to take her for a walk to pick daisies. In his mind he complimented her on dropping her usual attitude, and thereupon he made himself as agreeable as possible. It was not long, however, before he came to suspect that she had a plan. They had gathered a great bunch of daisies and were sitting with their backs to a thicket, when she remarked:

"I suppose you have received lots of flattery over your so-called literary achievements?"

"Certain people have spoken kindly of my efforts," was the reply.

"There are always toadies. As a literary effort I must say that I regard your books as dreary failures."

"They may be from your standpoint."

"Which, I am sure, is the correct one. Not anyone can hit the taste of the rabble."

"I beg pardon, Miss Colby, but some of the highest and most competent critics have spoken well of my work."

"But my criticisms will stand, sir, and they are most unfavorable. As an author you are a failure!"

"Thanks!"

After that there was nothing to do but walk back to the hotel, and they hadn't progressed ten rods when Professor Peters emerged from the thicket with a grin on his face. He had heard every word.

Of course, the author's feelings were hurt, but he realized that malice was the incentive, and he tried to be cheerful over it. It was only three days later when he was asked if he could drive an auto. Upon his replying in the affirmative, Lady Saxon said:

"I wish to go over to Hill City on an errand, but the chauffeur is ill. You will drive me over."

It was a direct command, and for a moment the young man was inclined to refuse. Then he thought of the rudeness, and relented.

It was a rough road across the hills, and the auto was started at about ten miles an hour. It should not have been even that much. They were about to cross a stone bridge on which sat a man with his head down when her ladyship called out:

"Why this dallying?"

"It isn't safe to go faster."

"Are you also a failure as a chauffeur?"

"I think I am a good judge of a bad road."

"If you do not at once increase the speed I shall get out and walk!"

The speed was doubled, and as the machine bounded away, threatening a disaster every minute, the man on the bridge looked after it and grinned. It was the professor.

Her ladyship and servant reached Hill City without a tragedy. On the

return the pace would have been the same, but she commanded:

"Four miles an hour will be fast enough. I wish to view the scenery."

"But there will be a friend at the hotel waiting for me," he protested.

"He or she can wait!"

"But I must—"

"If you attempt to drive faster than that I shall get out and walk!"

The gait was made at four miles, and not another word was spoken between them.

"I'll snub the life out of him!" said the girl to herself.

"I'll hate her as long as I live!" said the young man to himself.

Mr. Needham and Professor Peters were just bowing acquaintances. Their ways seemed to lie far apart, and therefore the author was more than astonished after dinner that evening when the professor asked him if he did not wish to take a walk. When they were alone the man of mathematics said:

"Miss Colby might be changed into a very lovable girl."

"You have noticed her, then?"

"Slightly. If she was made over she would make a nice wife for some young man."

"I wouldn't marry her if she was the last woman on earth," exclaimed Mr. Needham.

"Tut, tut, young man! You have a mission here."

They talked for an hour. Here was a dry-as-dust old mathematician who had never married, never had a romance and didn't expect to have, advising a young man what to do to get his case in the hands of Cupid.

Two days later Mr. Needham happened to mention in the hearing of Lady Saxon that there was a fine motorboat down at the river, and she at once commanded him to escort her down to see it.

The professor had said he would.

"I want you to take me out in the boat," commanded the girl after she had surveyed it.

The professor had said she would.

"I cannot run that kind of a boat," replied Needham.

"But I can and will. Come along."

"You must excuse me. There is danger."

"Then you are a coward!"

The professor said she would say that.

Lady Saxon stepped into the craft, and after a little fumbling around found the switch and started it. The boat shot away. There being nobody at the helm it ran where it pleased. When it hit the other bank with its nose and bounded half way back its occupant screamed for help.

The professor said she would, and no attention must be paid to her.

When the boat scraped over a sunken log and shipped a barrel of water the "crew" uttered five shrieks in succession and held out their hands.

The professor said there would be at least five screams.

The boat ran upstream and downstream, and from bank to bank, and finally over the sunken log and turned bottom-side up.

The professor said it would come to that.

Now was the young man's chance. He plunged in for the body and swam ashore with it and bossed the job of first aid and so on, and sent it flowers every day until it sent for him.

Several months later, when professor saw a certain announcement in a society paper he grinned and whispered:

"Didn't I tell him so!"

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COULD WREAK DIRE HAVOC

Former Ambassador White Recommends Limitations on Aerial Military Operations.

Andrew D. White, former ambassador to Germany, and chairman of the American delegation to the first peace conference, says in a letter to Joseph H. Choate that a third Hague peace conference is highly desirable and that the efforts of the national administration to bring about such a meeting would receive the support of all Americans regardless of party. Doctor White's health will not permit him to attend a meeting designed to promote such a conference. He says in his letter:

"One burning question left unsettled by the second conference was the partial or complete substitution of contact or floating torpedoes for ships in maintaining blockades. The question is rapidly coming up as to whether aerial navigation shall be limited to obtaining military information or extended to attacks upon fortified or invested places, or whether it shall be given full power to spread devastation over peaceful states."

"Portable magazines containing high explosives can be so dropped from flying machines as to wipe out some of the largest cities in the world. If any power should in the future begin a war in a manner so doubtfully regular as that in which Japan began her war with Russia, the nation claiming to be aggrieved may easily insist on being absolved from those poor restraints at present relied upon and go to any extreme in projecting explosives into the defenseless cities of her enemy, and blotting out some of the greatest achievements of civilization."

Act of Kindness.

Marjorie, aged five, had been given some chocolates of various sizes. Picking up a little one, she said: "This is a baby chocolate"; and of a large one: "This is a mamma chocolate." She then swallowed the little one, and lifting the larger chocolate to her mouth to eat that also, she said: "Don't cry, baby, your mamma is a comin'."

TITLED COUPLE TOURING IN AMERICA



The earl and countess of Dunmore are making a tour of the United States, including the West. They posed for this photograph on their arrival in New York. The earl has a distinguished military career, winning the Victoria Cross in the Afghanistan campaign of 1897.

50,000 ARE JOBLESS

Embargo on Plumes Makes Big Out-of-Work Army.

United States Ban on Millinery Feathers Throws Thousands of Workers Out of Employment in France—Royal Exiles May Return.

Paris.—Because the women of the United States are no longer permitted to wear aigrettes, paradise feathers and certain other plumes of wild birds on their hats, M. Bordeau, president of the Syndicate of Plume Manufacturers here, asserts that 50,000 feather workers are menaced by want and that 100,000 workmen are threatened with the loss of their jobs.

The plume manufacturers have taken the matter up with the French government on the ground that, in forbidding the importation of certain plumes, the United States violated the rulings of the commercial treaty existing between America and France.

A committee composed of the presidents of the various local plume manufacturers' syndicates has already called upon President Raymond Poincare, placing the matter before him. The same committee also waited upon the minister of commerce, submitting to him certain documents which, they claimed, proved their case.

Disinterested officials here, however, do not hold out much encouragement to the plume workers, because they say the measure adopted in the United States was not aimed at France,



President Raymond Poincare.

or any other country, but was primarily intended as a humanitarian measure protecting animals and birds now in danger of extinction.

"A little child shall lead them," the good book says, and if the fight now begun to permit French pretenders to the throne to return to this country bears fruit, it will be largely the result of the existence, if not the efforts, of the month-old boy, Napoleon Louis, son of Prince Victor Napoleon, imperialist aspirant to the French crown.

In 1856 France passed a law banishing from the country forever all heads of families once reigning in France, together with their direct descendants. Their presence in the fatherland was deemed perilous to the existence of the republic.

The Duc d'Orleans, royalist pretender, is now an exile in Brussels, in which city also is Prince Victor Napoleon, the imperialist "hope." Both men have repeatedly professed their undying devotion to France, and both have sworn never to molest the home government, and, indeed, never to accept even the throne unless called upon to do so by the people themselves.

Their protestations have had no effect. Homesick, figuratively speaking, they have shed tears of longing at the frontiers of France to the north, east, south, west. Still nobody invited them to come in. But now that there is a pink and pulling baby, a collateral descendant of France's most famous son, an exile from France because a

peril to that country's existence, ideas have changed.

The exiling of this baby forever from its rightful home has appealed to the imagination of all Frenchmen. A movement has been begun to abolish the law of 1836 as a disgraceful survival of tyrannical exercise of power.

SHRAPNEL A FLYING CANNON

It Must Withstand a Pressure of 35,000 Pounds to the Square Inch.

New York.—The shrapnel is really a flying cannon which shoots its charge while in flight or explodes on impact, says the American Machinist. Its design involves many interesting features, as the case must be strong enough to withstand the bursting pressure and the stresses developed in firing. The smaller cases are now made from bar stock on automatic turret machines at less than the cost of the forgings previously used.

The design and making of a shrapnel case has more behind it than appears on the surface, for, in addition to being a piece of steel turned and bored to the right dimensions, it must have special mechanical properties.

It must be able to withstand a pressure of from thirty to thirty-five thousand pounds per square inch from the powder which drives it out of the gun, though it is tested to 40,000 pounds. In addition to this it must resist the charge of explosive in the base of the case; this base charge drives the head and balls out of the case, when a time or distance fuse is used, or explodes it on impact with the earth or any other resisting substance.

This expelling or bursting charge exerts a pressure varying from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds per square inch. Further than this, the tensile stress when the case is started whirling through the rifling of the gun by the force behind it must be counted. This rotation starts the instant the shell begins its movement from the breech of the gun, and when we consider that by the time it leaves the muzzle it must have attained a velocity of 1,700 feet per second we can begin to see how an acceleration of 500,000 feet per second is attained.

These pressures explain why it is necessary to make the cases of such high quality material, a tensile strength of 135,000 pounds to the square inch, an elastic limit of 110,000 pounds per square inch, an elongation in two inches of 11 per cent, and the contraction of area 25 per cent.

HAS CANNON FOR HIS COFFIN

Pennsylvania Veteran of Civil War, Active at Eighty-Six, Also is Preparing His Grave.

Philadelphia.—Gen. John P. Taylor, a Civil war veteran, although apparently in good health, is making preparations for his funeral. He has placed an order for a solid bronze coffin to be cast from old cannon and a vault has been sunk in the private cemetery on his estate near Reedsville, Pa. The general plans to have this covered by a big granite block to be surmounted by a bronze statue of himself.

General Taylor, despite his eighty-six years, is still robust and enjoys a horseback ride almost daily. He is a member of a national monument commission and a former commander of the Legion of Honor.

Supposed Drowned Man Returns. Passaic, N. J.—Stephen Wokan, supposedly drowned two years ago, came back to his wife and three children and was arrested for failing to provide for her and the children during that time.

Pig in Basket.

Chicago.—Wailing cries led Policeman Schmidt to a basket containing a warm body and a nursing bottle. The basket, opened, revealed a four-days-old pig.

DOUBT OLD ADAGE

Do Early Risers Become Healthy, Wealthy and Wise?

Comparison Between the Agricultural Laborer and the Man Engaged in Legislation by Writer in London Publication.

London.—It almost seems as if there ought to be a society to protect us from the effect of the old adages. Most of us, for instance, have been taught that:

Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

But is this really true nowadays? In times gone by, when artificial light had not been invented—or was too costly for general use—it is easy to understand that those people who got up at sunrise made the best bargain, because they got their lighting practically free of charge.

Besides, this adage, like many others of its kind, was born amid agricultural communities, where economy of daylight is and must always be one of the secrets of making money.

Nowadays, however, Arnold Goldworthy writes in London Answers, most people live and work in towns, and their work is often done—sometimes necessarily done—by artificial light. It does not make any difference to your wages whether your work is done by daylight or by the glare of a jet of gas. Therefore, unless you are engaged in the agricultural business, early rising will certainly not make you any wealthier.

Will it make you any healthier? It is doubtful. Most people have an idea that they ought to get up early in the morning. Nevertheless, they very rarely do it.

It may be that it is more natural to rise with the lark, but we have been living on an artificial system for so many generations now that our constitutions are getting used to the change. Who are the people who get up early in the morning nowadays? Do they represent the "wealthy and wise" of the population? Hardly.

The early risers are usually the "hands" who have to be at their job early in the morning. Wealthy people do not as a rule commence business before ten o'clock in the morning; and if they had to be up early in order to be wealthy, half the big offices in the city would be poverty stricken tomorrow.

Then, does early rising really make people "wise"? Probably the earliest risers in the country are the agricultural laborers; but we do not usually hold this estimable class of men up as samples of our national wisdom. On the other hand, some of the keenest intellects of our times are to be found among our legislators, who begin business about noon, and are rarely able to get to bed till the small hours of the morning.

Of course, if you have to get up early in the morning because your business compels you to do so, it is no use arguing about the matter. But if you have the option of that extra hour's rest you need not get the idea into your head that it is a crime to yield to the very pleasant instinct for a little more sleep.

After all, nature is not a bad guide when she talks to us individually. It may be very brave and Spartanlike to spring out of bed at five in the morning. But because that is what your grandpa used to do, it doesn't follow that it is going to do your nervous system any good as the years roll by.

RICHEST WOMAN IN EUROPE

Baroness de Rothschild Has a Fortune of Something in the Neighborhood of \$400,000,000.

Paris.—From this charming photograph of Baroness Henry de Rothschild made in her chateau in Paris with her children, one would never infer that she is the wealthiest woman in Europe and that her beautiful chil-



Baroness de Rothschild and Children.

dren, Suzanne (left), age three, and Henry (right), age six, are the richest children in the whole of Europe. It is estimated that the baroness has a fortune of about \$400,000,000. The Rothschild family, of which young Henry may some day be head, is the wealthiest and best known banking family in Europe and is as well known here as abroad.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

FIRST SHOT AT GETTYSBURG

Letter From Brigadier-General Cutler to the Governor of Pennsylvania—Praise for Officer.

Apropos of the opening of the battle of Gettysburg, the National Tribune publishes the following from Gen. Lyander Cutler:

Headquarters, First Division, First Corps, Nov. 15, 1863.

To the Governor of Pennsylvania: In noticing in the papers today an account of the proposition for a national cemetery at Gettysburg for the men that fell there in July last, I am reminded that I have neglected a duty which I owe to one of your regiments, the Fifty-sixth, and its brave commander, Col. J. William Hoffmann. That regiment is in the Second brigade of this division, and was at that time under my command. It was my fortune to be in the advance on the morning of July 1. When we came upon the ground in front of the enemy Col. Hoffmann's regiment (being the second in the column) got into a position a moment sooner than the others, the enemy advancing in line of battle within easy musket range. The atmosphere being a little thick, I took out my glass to examine the enemy being a few paces in rear of Col. Hoffmann. He turned to me and inquired, "Is that the enemy?" My reply was, "Yes." Turning to his men he commanded: "Ready! Right oblique! Aim—fire!" and the battle of Gettysburg was opened. The fire was followed by other regiments instantly. Still, that battle on the soil of Pennsylvania was opened by her own sons and it is just that it should become a matter of history. When Col. Hoffmann gave the command "Aim!" I doubted whether the enemy was near enough to have the fire effective, and asked him if he was within range. No hearing my question, he fired, and I received my reply in a shower of rebel bullets, by which many of the colonel's men were killed and wounded. My own horse and those of two of my staff were wounded at the same time.

"I desire to say to your excellency that the Fifty-sixth is one of the very best regiments in the service, and that Col. Hoffmann is, without qualification, one of the best officers, brave, faithful, and prompt, and a most excellent disciplinarian. I most earnestly hope that his faithful services may be suitably rewarded."

"I hope, also, that you will cause proper measures to be taken to give that regiment the credit, which is their due, of having opened that memorable battle. Very respectfully, your obedient servant—L. Cutler, Brigadier General."

CAREFUL OF HIS OLD DRUM

Head of Instrument Was Made From the Skin of Sickly Lamb Given to Him by His Father.

A G. A. R. man who drummed through the Civil war made the drum he carried, and has it still. The head of the drum was made from the skin of a sheep which was given to him by his father when it was a sickly lamb. He cured the skin himself stretching it on pegs, and while it was drying, he went into the woods, cut down a rock maple of the proper size and from the trunk cut the hoops, which he carefully seasoned and adjusted. The drumsticks were made of hickory, polished to a satin smoothness by means of sandpaper and oil. No ancient violin maker ever fashioned his beloved instrument with greater care and pride than the backwoods boy did his drum.

But before he was ready to go to the front he found that the deadly "borer" had attacked the hoops and honeycombed them, and his work had to be done all over again. This time he selected sound hickory with better luck, and the rattle of the home-made drum was heard in many of the big battles, and is still heard when the aged drummer boy turns out with his few remaining comrades.

First Wounded in War.

Peyton L. Anderson, the first Confederate soldier to be wounded in the Civil war, died recently at his home near Gaines Cross Roads, Rappahannock county, Va. He was nearly eighty years old.

Anderson was one of Mosby's raiders. He was wounded near Fairfax Courthouse while on picket duty. He is said to have sighted the enemy and gone to awaken a comrade before spreading the alarm.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Luemina Anderson; two sons, Aubrey and Joseph, and two daughters, Fannie T. and Mary Anderson. He was the uncle of Dr. J. B. Anderson of Lewinsville, Fairfax county, Va.

Schedules.

"How many hours a day do you think a man ought to work?"

"It depends on his employer. If he's workin' for a regular boss and drawin' wages, eight hours. If he's helpin' his wife around the house, twenty-four."

Extra! Extra!

"What's the excitement out in your suburb?"

"Well, we keep a few chickens."

"Yes."

"And it seems that one of Wombat's hens has laid an egg."