

The Anniversary

By ELVA LORENCE

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She was a true, lovin' woman, who had dreamed, as most of us do, of the fumbly little hands, the snugglin' little face, of our very own, and the crown of womanhood had been denied her. In the minute I stood there silent I understood, and my heart ached for her. Disappointment had changed the world, and the days and weeks of lonely brooding, while he was away, had changed her, too.

Droppin' down by the couch, I got my arms about her and did my best to comfort her.

"I know, missus," I whispered, when she had grown quiet. "But it's wrong to grieve. There's many worse troubles than yours. You have your husband—"

"My husband cares nothing for me!" she cried. "I am shut out of his life!" "You shut yourself out, dearie," I said gently. "I am sure of it. I'm only 'Omelie Liz. No man will ever call me his wife now, but I think I can understand why you two have gone apart, and I'd like to see you happy together again. Little children come to bind affection closer, true enough, and where the blessing is denied the greater the call for lovin' kindness. That's where you've failed, dearie. Forgive me if I hurt you by my plain speakin', but it seems to me that you've lived with disappointment so long it's made you bitter. Why not meet him tonight with a smilin' face, an' say you're sorry? I know he would smile, too, and that his arms would hold you. You are together for better or worse for maybe many years. Why not always for better?"

"He has ceased to care!" she said bitterly. "He would turn from me with a laugh!"

"I think not, dearie," I said quietly. "I have seen the look in his eyes when you have left the room, and I know he, too, is wretched. Make it up to-day."

"Today!" she cried. "Today is the anniversary of our wedding day. For the first four years he marked it with a gift; he has forgotten it altogether now!"

"Oh, no!" I said, smiling confidently. "Meet him when he comes home tonight as I want you to, and see if he has forgotten. It seems such a pity you should be bad friends. Listen to me, dearie!"

And, very quietly, I told her about my last place.

She heard me through, and at the end lay back, with glistening tears in her eyes.

"Thank you, Lizzie!" she said. "That was all, but I jumped up, smilin', because I knew I had won her round."

"Now listen, ma'am," I said. "I've got a plan. He'll be home, as usual at seven for dinner. We'll have a special spread in honor of the day, and you shall be waitin' for him in your wedding dress!"

"My wedding dress!" she cried. "Oh, no, Liz; it's hopelessly old-fashioned; I should look like a fright!"

"We'll see you don't," I said. "He is going to come into the room, and find his old sweetheart, and, just as sure, you will find him again!"

"You think so, Liz?" she cried, trembling.

"Sure of it!"

"Come and dig out the dress," she said.

And laughin' at our pleasant thoughts, we tripped upstairs.

The rest of the day, until the usual hour of his home-coming, passed like a dream. The difference in the missus you'd hardly credit. She seemed another woman altogether. Now that her mind was given up to it, nothing could go amiss. His favorite dishes must be cooked; there must be flowers on the table, his slippers must be in the fender; everything must be just as he liked it.

At six o'clock she went upstairs to dress. As I put on my best apron I heard her quietly singin'. When she called me to see how she looked I stood and smiled, because, for some reason I couldn't say a word.

The white silk dress fitted her perfectly; her eyes were shinin', the smilin' lips had given a new expression to her face.

She looked like a happy, blushin' bride.

"Shall I do, Lizzie?" she said, with a playful curtsy.

"Oh, ma'am, you look beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"You think he'll know me?" she said.

"You'll see," I answered, laughin'.

From behind my back I held out the spray of flowers I had got from the shop with the others downstairs.

"I want you to wear this, ma'am," I said. "Let me fasten it in your gown!"

"A bunch of rosemary!" she cried. "For remembrance, ma'am."

"Thank you, Lizzie," she said quietly, pressin' my hand; an' smilin' happily, we went down the stairs.

"When you want dinner served you'll please ring, ma'am," I said, as I turned for the kitchen. "It's nearly seven. In ten minutes he'll be here!"

As the clock struck I stood with the kitchen door open, watchin' for the sound of his key in the lock. In the dining room I knew she, too, was listenin'. For five, ten, fifteen minutes we sat there, quietly waitin'. He did not come.

I stole along the hall, and, softly openin' the vestibule door, looked out along the road. There was no sign of him. Backward and forward from kitchen to door I went a dozen times, until the clock struck eight. And then I went slowly back, and sittin' by the kitchen table, sobbed like a kid. The dinner was spoiled. All our little planning was wasted. He was not coming.

How long I sat there I couldn't say, but presently I looked up, and there was the missus' standin' in the doorway. Her face had gone white an' drawn again; the dull look came back into her eyes. She didn't cry. I think she couldn't.

"We've been a little foolish, Lizzie," she said, with a queer, harsh laugh. "You see, he has quite forgotten!"

For the life of me I couldn't find words to say to her.

"Poor, sentimental Liz!" she cried. "I'm afraid, after all, you don't know much of men."

And with that she turned and went back again.

Nine o'clock struck, and she still sat in the dining room, brooding and miserable. Ten came, and, with a heavy heart, I cleared away the meal. Eleven, and I heard no sound of her. When the half-hour chimed, I took my alarm clock, and, after windin' it, crept to the dining room to say good-night. Quietly I opened the door, and looked in, to find her stretched on the hearth-rug, with one arm under her head, asleep.

Gently closing the door again, I stole back to the kitchen, and sat down to wait. A few minutes before twelve his key grated in the door, and at the sound I shot up, with my hand pressed to my breast. I heard him bolt the outer door. I stood there shakin' while he hung his coat an' hat on the stand and crossed to the dining room.

"Mary!"

I caught his cry as the door shut behind him. Then—I am not ashamed to own it—I stole quietly along the hall and listened.

His shout must have aroused her, for I heard her whisper, as if dazed:

"Ned!"

"Mary!" he cried; and I think he must have stooped to raise her up.

"What on earth—"

And then he stopped, as if the meaning of her dress and the set-out table had come to him, and for quite a spell I heard no sound, until came the pitiful outburst of chokin' sobs she could no longer hold back.

"My poor girl!" he cried. "I did not think you cared any longer! You have been waiting for me all this time! I—what a blind fool I have been!"

"I wanted you to come—to tell you I'm sorry!" she said. "Ned, I am ashamed! Will you forgive—and let us be as we were—always?"

"Mary!" he cried.

And I stole quietly upstairs to my room, smilin' an' dryin' the silly tears from my face.

GREATER POWER THAN WORDS

Great Preacher's Dramatic Action Stirred His Hearers as Nothing Else Could Have Done.

In one of the great Italian cathedrals a noted friar of the order of Saint Francis, then newly founded, was preaching. A great concourse of people filled the building, and twilight deepened the heavy shadows of the dimly lit and heavily arched chancel and nave. The friar preached almost in darkness.

His theme was "God's Love to Men and Their Response." With the passionate eloquence of the period, he pictured God's mighty act of creation, the wonder of his gift of life and the beauty of the earth. But more especially he dwelt upon the gift of the Only-Begotten Son—the matchless beauty of Christ's life among men—the glorious redemption offered in him to all who would repent and believe. The friar's earnestness deeply impressed the people, and a solemn stillness hung over the vast assembly.

The darkness by this time had deepened still further, and the congregation could only just perceive the outline of the friar's dark-robed figure.

"Now," he continued, "let us consider how mankind has responded to the divine goodness and mercy."

With these words he left the pulpit and passed slowly to the altar. From among its many candles he chose one and lighted it. This one gleam of pure light shone upon a great crucifix hung above the altar. Slowly and solemnly and without a word, in the breathless stillness of that vast throng, the friar raised the candle until it lit up first one wound, then another, in the feet, the hands, the side, and finally the sacred head of the Crucified.

There the light lingered a moment, and the hush deepened upon the awestruck congregation. Then he blew out the light and sat down. The sermon was over. The stillness was broken only by the audible sobs.—Youth's Companion.

Kind words are the brightest of home flowers; they make a paradise of the humblest home.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

The best parts of human qualities are tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters and the desire to soothe and please others.

Whoever loses his patience loses more than his patience. He loses his hold on the very crisis that made him lose his patience. He loses the ability to think, and the balance of judgment which he ought to have at their best in order to face rightly the thing that has thrown him into confusion.

Words of Wise Men.

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INDIAN RUINS of OAXACA



Sculpture at Monte Alban, Oaxaca.

IN HUNDREDS of places throughout the state of Oaxaca, Mexico, are to be found what they call "Pueblos Viejos" (old villages), some close to the site of the new villages and others in the wild country, far away from all habitations. In these ruins traces can be seen of houses, temples, fortresses and tombs. In some places graves only are seen to mark the place of a former civilization, and these consist of mounds, some of which are built to a considerable height, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

Among the ruins well known on account of their state of preservation and importance can be mentioned the ruins of Mitla, those at Monte Alban, at Guenguila and at Achultla.

The famous ruins of Mitla are the best preserved on account of the dry climate of the country in which they are situated. They are among the most elaborately ornamented ruins in Mexico, and on the walls are found about fifteen different designs made with mosaics known as grecques. The figures are all geometrical and are found mostly in panels on both inside and outside of the walls of the rooms.

Features of Mitla Ruins.

The original name of these ruins was Lyobaa, and they were later on called by the Mexicans "Mitla," which means "the place of the dead." The place is now in the center of the Zapotec country, and the Zapotec language is spoken by the inhabitants of the village close to the ruins. One of the chambers contains six huge monoliths, each being about 12 feet high and 7 feet in circumference, which have no carvings. The most beautiful room is known as the Hall of Mosaics. Its four sides are covered with designs. Paintings were found on some of the walls, but these have mostly disappeared. Close to the ruins a pyramidal mound is to be seen and about two miles distant is a fort of great interest.

The grecques or arabesques found at Mitla give it a distinctive character, and in no other part of the republic are there any ruins like them. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico, Mitla was still an important place.

The ruins of Monte Alban are situated on the outskirts of the city of Oaxaca and seem to belong to a much older civilization than those of Mitla. In fact, Monte Alban was in ruins when Mitla was at its height of prosperity. The ruins cover an area of about two miles in length by a third of a mile in width. On every side are remains of temples, foundations, terraces, walls, and graves, but these places have not been explored and are covered with debris. Some fine stones with carvings are still standing and many have been removed to the National Museum of Mexico City. The sculptures indicate that the Maya civilization must have extended to this part of the country.

Fort at Guenguila.

The ruins of Guenguila on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec show the existence of a big fort which was used in the battles between the Mexicans and the Zapotecs. This fort was built on the top of a mountain, and contains two pyramids of stones, having stairways leading up to the tops. Remains of temples, chambers, trenches, and terraces can also be distinguished.

The ruins at Achultla consist of courts, walls, mounds, and terraces. Achultla was the sacred city of the great Mixtec nation, their country being called Mixtecapam before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico. An extraordinary number of pieces of pottery is found everywhere in this village, which is still inhabited by the Mixtec Indians, or Mixtecos.

In the graves that have been opened in these different ruins have been found a great variety of stone and clay idols, ornaments made of gold, copper, jade, shell, obsidian, and stone. Beautiful specimens of painted pottery have also been found, and some of the finest samples of Mexican ceramic art come from the tombs of Oaxaca.

The Indian tribes inhabiting the state of Oaxaca are the Zapotecs, Mixtecs, Mijes, Cuicatecs, Mazatecs, Mixtecos, Amusgos, Triques, Chatinos, Chinantecs, Huaves, Zoques and Chontales. Of these the Zapotecs and Mixtecs were the most important and they resisted the Spaniards long after the rest of the country had been conquered. The Huaves, Amusgos and

Triques have nearly all disappeared. Each Tribe Has Its Dress.

The Indians still use, in their native villages, a peculiar dress in each tribe, the most picturesque being that worn by the Tehuantepec (Zapotec) women. The Mazatec and Chinantec dresses are made with elaborate designs in red. The Indians weave their own cloth and use vegetable dyes and cochineal for coloring. In the mountain villages they still observe many of their ancient customs and they are very superstitious. The Mije Indians belong to one of the wildest tribes found in Mexico and few people enter their rugged country.

When the Spaniards came to Mexico the Zapotecs had their own government; Zaachila was their capital and Cosiojeza their king. They had been at war with the Mexicans for many years, and with the aid of the Mixtecs had been able to resist the invasion of the Mexicans.

The conquest of these tribes was mostly due to the influence of the Spanish monks, who went to the most remote parts of the country and lived with the Indians many years, learned their language and preached the Gospel to them.

On market days and feast days in the city of Oaxaca many types of Indians can still be seen, with their own peculiar dresses, and many of them speak nothing but the language of their own tribes. In few parts of the republic can so many different types be seen together.

PETS THAT SAVED PROPERTY

Instances of Robbers Captured Through the Efforts of Small Dog, Monkey, and Parrot.

A Parisian was recently attacked in a lonely street by an apache who was armed with a revolver. The villain fired once and missed, but ere he could fire again the citizen's terrier had him by the ear. The apache, shrieking with pain, dropped the gun, and the Parisian managed to secure him, according to London Answers.

Recently, in the same city, a burglar entered the flat of a wealthy man, who had a pet monkey named Ernest. The burglar made up a valuable parcel while the monkey hid in a corner.

Suddenly the monkey began to pelt the burglar with cups, plates, saucers, ash-trays and inkstand. In fact, with everything portable in its reach. The man made a dash for the beast with a heavy cane, but the monkey was much too quick for him and mounted to a high shelf.

Climbing on a chair, the man was going to strike the monkey, when it flew at his face and man and monkey crashed to the floor. This roused the rest of the flat dwellers, who quickly secured the disturber of their peace, and now Ernest is the pet of the mansions.

Quite recently a mansion in Surrey was raided and the burglars were having quite a walk-over, as they thought. But presently the parrot woke up and began to make a few choice observations in such a loud and familiar tone that the robbers thought discretion the better part of valor and were decamping when caught.

Wemyss of Wemyss Castle.

Wemyss castle, mentioned in a will case in the Scottish courts, includes in its modern structure parts of a thirteenth century building. Near by it is the ruin of Macduff's castle, a fifteenth-century erection. In spite of tradition, the latter has nothing to do with the Macduff of immortal memory, nor can the family of Wemyss claim kin with that great name. But the family does trace back on the same spot through seven generations, a pedigree vouched for by Sir William Fraser as one of the longest and purest in Scotland. A Wemyss of Wemyss castle, entertained Edward I before Robert the Bruce won his victories; another, later, Mary, Queen of Scots, who to her ruin met Darnley under his roof.

Why, of Course.

Wife (sadly)—You don't love me any more.

Husband—Most certainly I do.

She—Then why do you rush off to the club?

He—My dear, absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know.

Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

A New Thing in Crime: Hold Up in Rhyme



NEW YORK.—"Get busy and arrest him!" yelled Peter Kurtz of the Howard Bakery company at 438 West Forty-eight street, dashing into the West Forty-seventh street police station.

"Arrest whom?" replied Detective Sergeants Richard and Edward Dillon and Thomas Brady, refusing to get excited enough to forget their grammar.

"The hold-up who stuck me up. He ought to be easy to find. He's a poet."

"He is a poet? How do you know it?"

This from Richard Dillon, who is something of a versifier himself, as you see.

"Something new in crime—A hold-up in rhyme. Did it limp—or worse—Was it libre vers?"

"This from Brady, not to be outdone.

"He walked right in and showed his gun, as I was counting out my mon," replied Kurtz, unconsciously falling into line. "And right away to me did say:

"Say, Kid, just look me in the face. I just dropped in to clean this place. So come across with all you've got! I never fail to hit the spot!"

"I had my hands up before he got to 'look.' So he just dipped into the cash register with his free hand and picked out \$54. At the door he stops and says:

"I thank you for this wad of dough And now, good day! I think I'll blow!"

"I'll tell the world that's poetry and he's a poet."

"Anyway," remarked Brady, "he's getting about \$9 a line for it—which is profitin' and agin the law. C'mon, fellers, let's go!"

"They Have Sheridan's Opinion of Texas"

LOS ANGELES.—"Oh, shucks! A woman in love is a fool; and, anyway, Ranger, Tex., is an awful place to live."

Mrs. Rose Roberts kicked viciously at a chair in the visitors' cell room of the county jail. And Mrs. Viola Connors, also of Ranger, her prisoner companion, chimed in, laughingly, "Isn't it the truth?"

The women, about 22 years old, are being held by the federal authorities on a charge of violating the Mann act in eloping from their Texas home to California with C. H. Kiedger of Oklahoma and L. C. Everett of Abilene, Tex., following their arrest with Kiedger at Bakersfield. Everett escaped and was said to have enlisted in the United States army with an infantry detachment ordered for service in China.

The quartet was indicted at Abilene on the complaint of A. L. Roberts, husband of Mrs. Roberts.

However, it was no repentant, weeping pair of women that answered questions regarding the double elopement. Instead, both women refused to believe their plight was serious, laughed when asked if they feared being punished for their offense against the laws of the federal government, and only became fearful when they admitted it was possible that they might

be sent back to Texas and their husbands.

"Do I look like the reconciliation kind?" inquired Mrs. Roberts, when asked if she expected to obtain the forgiveness of her husband. "Not me. I am glad to get away from Texas, with its nothin' and heat, and sand, and everything. We didn't like Texas and we didn't like our husbands. That's why we're in jail."

Again Mrs. Connors echoed her companion's sentiments with a fervent, "Isn't it the truth?"

Only once did she express an opinion and this was when she declared she was "content to live the rest of her life amid the bright lights of California cities, at any cost. But to return to Texas? Never!"

Kiedger wouldn't talk. He is said to have deserted a wife and four children. Mrs. Roberts is said to have one child and Mrs. Connors two. They deny.

Has Tarzan of the Apes Had a Relapse?

RED OAK, IA.—Has Tarzan of the Apes had another relapse? Any way, there's a naked wild man in the woods in the northern end of Montgomery county who takes to the trees when pursued and swings from branch to branch a la Tarzan.

For a month reports of a wild man, entirely nude, roaming over the northern end of the county with Seely's mill as a center, have been coming in to Red Oak. He was seen by a dozen different people. He was reported as about 30 years old, with a long, matted beard and hair and with muscles like an orang outang.

The wild man has returned to the primeval and is roaming the woods like an animal. His body has been colored a deep tan by exposure to sun and weather, and from appearances he

has been in the woods for months and months. Who he is and where he came from is a mystery. He is believed demented. At times he retains the power of speech, as he called to three boys one day. At other times he grimaces and makes signs and jabbars, but speaks no words.

For his haunts he has chosen a heavily wooded island created by a fork in the Nishnabotna river near the site of Seely's old mill. The mill was the pioneer water mill of southern Iowa and has long since fallen to decay. The mill dam is broken and the whole thing is now but a pile of rocky ruins.

The whole country side turns out Sundays to hunt the ape-man. Last time the hunt was on 1,000 people, headed by Sheriff Ed Peterson, spent the entire day searching the bottoms along the Nishnabotna river. Automobile parties from Stanton, Elliott, Red Oak, Griswold, Coburg, Villisca and the surrounding towns were on the scene. Farmers from practically every township in the county took part in the hunt. More than 250 automobiles were parked in the district and during the search fifty automobiles patrolled the roads. Many members of the posse brought their families and made a picnic day of it.

Mule Couldn't Stand 6 Years of Suspense

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Six years ago began Lake county's celebrated mule case. James F. Doyle of Deerfield originally owned the mule. That much is sure. John R. Morris, likewise of Deerfield, is the other party to the suit. That's sure too. It's also certain that there has been at least one trial in a justice court and three hearings on appeal in the circuit court. But that's about as far as even a Philadelphia lawyer could be expected to get the hang of this famous case.

However, when it came up before Judge C. C. Edwards of Waukegan the other day, it seemed to be reasonably clear that Morris had possession of the mule. Doyle, to all appearances, wanted Morris to pay him \$750 for the use of the mule—\$10 a month for 75 months.

On the other hand, it appeared to be plain that Morris wanted the sum of \$150 from Doyle. According to his

This rival contribution from the other Dillon.

"Long hair, flowing tie, Frayed cuffs, soulful eye?"

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