

## GEOFFREY DILLINGHAM'S .. AWAKENING ..

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

November had set in as usual, with dull gray skies and chilly, penetrating winds. Up the broad avenue that led to the Dillingham residence the dead leaves whirled and eddied and settled with many a melancholy flutter into their annual graves, while the tall trees tossed their bare arms about, as if lamenting the loss of these cheery little harbingers of spring and summer.

In the house beyond, however, all was bright and charming with glowing fires and soft, mellow lights. Geoffrey Dillingham and his wife sat in the library, she with a beseeching look in her gentle eyes, he with a slight annoyance in his.

"So you wish me to invite your people here for Thanksgiving?" he queried almost harshly. "I tell you, Elizabeth, it's impossible."

"But why, Geoffrey?" returned his wife, with a little catch in her soft voice, "only think, we've been married seven years, and you've never asked them here once; a moment's silence."

"And they feel it," she added, in a faltering tone, "and so do I. After all, they're my parents, dear."

Geoffrey Dillingham frowned and turned again to his desk. Scratch went his pen with rapid strokes, then it stopped suddenly, and wheeling around abruptly he faced his wife.

"And if they are," he began, "I feel that I have repaid them in a measure for the loss of you; from poverty I've placed them in comparative ease. What more do they want?" he demanded, irritably.

"But you forget, Geoffrey," returned his wife, gently, "they love me, too."

"If you please, Elizabeth," he said, curtly, "I'll dismiss the subject. As to Thanksgiving day, I've already invited Wilson and his family to dinner. Wilson was his law partner. Elizabeth Dillingham smothered a heavy sigh, and rose to leave the room.

Truly hereditarily isn't everything. That anything so beautiful as Elizabeth Dillingham should emanate from the Tracy family was little short of a miracle. When Geoffrey Dillingham at 36, saw Elizabeth Tracy, at 18, he loved her. Yes, aristocrat, autocrat, courted and wealthy as he was, something about her touched a responsive chord in his heart of hearts, heretofore unrequited, and he resolved to win her. But her family! He groaned in spirit as he thought of allying the proud name of Dillingham with that of Tracy—but Elizabeth was so beautiful, and as pure as she was lovely.

Ephraim Tracy and his wife were decidedly common people. He was a little man, pretty well advanced in years, with a kindly, wrinkled face, a back somewhat bent, and serene, benevolent eyes. In a sort of designer's fashion he managed to keep soul and body together, and that was about all. He could turn his hand at almost anything, however.

If he was lacking in pride for himself, he had an abundance for his daughter Elizabeth, or Lizzie, as he fondly called her, which affection Elizabeth fully reciprocated. He had lived always in the same village, consequently his two sons, Jim and Andrew, grew up there.

Elizabeth was the youngest of the family. Where she got her beauty, no one could understand. That she possessed it, everyone acknowledged. All the family pinched and saved to clothe and educate her properly, and it was the proudest day of Jim's and Andrew's lives when they could contribute something to her education.

Elizabeth went to the best school and studied hard. She meant to be a teacher, she said. But the summer she was 18, she met Geoffrey Dillingham, the leading lawyer in Dexter, a thriving manufacturing city a good hundred miles from Elizabeth's home. After a brief, impetuous wooing, they were married.

When a few weeks afterward Elizabeth began to make happy plans for the promised visit of her parents, her husband, with cruel candor, told her:

"My guests must be of my choosing, Elizabeth," he said, "and I don't want to hurt you, but I can't have your parents here."

He never forgot the expression of the lovely eyes.

It had been seven years now since Elizabeth's wedding day. Only rarely did she visit home, and even then, the visits were not satisfactory. Elizabeth knew, and they knew.

Geoffrey Dillingham, with all his faults, was not stingy, and generous checks came from his hand to the Tracy family regularly.

So the years rolled on, bending old Ephraim Tracy's back more and more and silencing the hair of Elizabeth's mother.

November with its short days passed rapidly away, until it lacked but two weeks till Thanksgiving.

Elizabeth, in her home, seemed to grow paler and slier these short November days. Her husband, coming home one night, found her shivering under the library fire.

"What is it, Elizabeth?" he asked, anxiously.

"I don't know," answered his wife, her teeth chattering. "Only I'm so cold, Geoffrey."

So cold. He went up to her and pushed back the lovely hair from the white forehead.

"You'd better go upstairs, Lizzie," he said, tenderly.

They put her to bed shortly after that, but before morning sharp pains set in and a doctor was hurriedly sent for.

As the fever rose she grew light-headed and babbled on about father and Andy, too. She thought she was at home again, living again her simple, humble life.

"What is it, doctor?" her husband whispered, a great fear tugging at his heart.

"Inflammation of the lungs," the doctor had answered, briefly.

So, in the luxurious room, the struggle began, the life and death angel closing in combat. Geoffrey Dillingham, in the terrible, trying days that followed, bending over that slight, beloved form, realized for the first time what his sin had been; the misery he must have caused his wife, the pride that had blinded him to all parental claims. With old Martin Chuzzlewit, he could but exclaim: "Self—self—self." And now she would die and leave him.

He walked to the window and looked across the bare and frozen fields. "And they have loved her, too," he murmured. "Oh, Elizabeth, my wife, only live, and I will make it up a thousand times."

He would send for them now, he whispered. As if in answer to his thoughts, the kindly physician raised his eyes.

"Better telegraph for her parents," he said. "She will reach the crisis before 24 hours, and she may not pass it."

Ephraim Tracy was in the back yard divesting his plump turkey of

feathers when the telegram came. Mrs. Tracy came out and held up the yellow sheet.

"Father, father," she cried, tremblingly, "a dispatch has come from Dexter, and Elizabeth is dangerously sick."

Jim and Andrew went, too.

They reached Dexter that night, but she did not know them. All that night Jim and Andrew walked restlessly about, but Ephraim Tracy sat, a pathetic, bowed figure, by his daughter's bed. His son-in-law had asked him to his house at last, but alas—for this. But it was the father's hand that administered the needed nourishment, the father's hand that smoothed the hair and curled hair, the father's hand that held the pale and wasted one, and Geoffrey Dillingham, as he watched, too, for the first time in his life saw, in the despoiled old man, something to revere.

Night passed and it was the day before Thanksgiving. The doctor came, and with his practiced eye detected a change. He looked across to where Elizabeth's husband stood, gray and haggard, awaiting his verdict.

"Dillingham," said he, gently, "tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day. Thank God for your mercies, for your wife will live."

A low sobbing broke in upon them. It was old Ephraim Tracy, down upon his knees, his face hidden in the coverlet. Though the tears were raining down his face, Geoffrey Dillingham went over to the old man and lifted him as he would a child.

"Come, father," he whispered, brokenly, "come."

The afternoon of Thanksgiving day Elizabeth lay on her pillows exhausted, worn, but at peace with all the world.

"And you're all here," she whispered, happily. "Oh, I've been so sick, but this repays me for it all."

She smiled at them, her old, sweet smile, and then she murmured: "Kiss me, all of you, for I am so—happy."

They kissed her, as she asked, with full and thankful hearts, and quietly went away.

The room was quiet now, with only her husband beside her. Elizabeth turned her innocent eyes to his. Those eyes that he had feared, she never knew him more this side of the gates of pearl.

"You've been good to me in everything but one, Geoffrey; you won't refuse me now?" she said.

He understood, for he bent over her suddenly, and for an instant his cheek lay against her own.

Runaways.

When you were just a little chap, about as tall as 'so,'

Sometimes your sakes grew very dark, and you were full of woe.

And you were proud to run away And leave no trace but tracks.

But oh, when night came on how glad You were to wander back.

You got out where the winds were dense And everything was strange;

Yes, far beyond the dread of what Lay far beyond the dread of what.

And so you turned your fearful face To the old chimney stack;

And how much more secure you felt When you were going back.

Again, when you were in your teens, Headstrong, as boys will be,

When you and your stern parents talked At something to agree.

You packed up in a huff and left, For where, you had no ken,

Declaring you would never return Beneath their roof again.

But by and by you were so homesick And thought of home and friends,

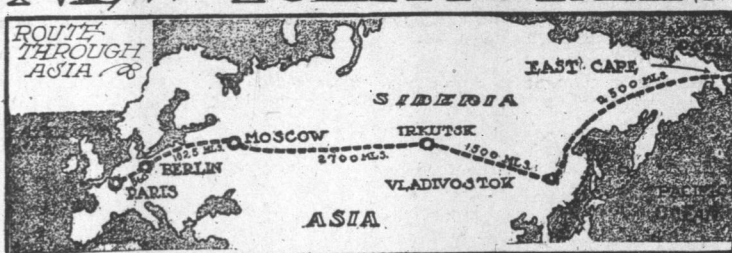
And rushing back at close of day, You sought to make amends.

Ah! Friends are friends, and home is home; In palace, cot or shack;

And though, sometimes, we run away, It's good to wander back!

—Joe Cone, in N. Y. Sun

## BY AUTO FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS



ROUTE THROUGH AMERICA

Joe as they will about the uncertainty and unreliability of the automobile, the horseless and trackless cars are doing some great stunts these days.

The interest and admiration over the recent remarkable Peking to Paris trip has hardly grown cold when there is talk of New York to Paris run, in fact all but the final details of the long, hard trip have been arranged, and it is considered no longer a mere dream but a project which will be undertaken and carried through to a successful conclusion.

To be sure it means a sending of the motor cars into the frozen and mountainous regions of Alaska and the crossing into the almost equally unknown northerly section of Asia, but who is there dare say that such a trip cannot be accomplished in the face of the former triumphs of man over seemingly insurmountable difficulties?

From the earliest recollection of man the efforts of certain members of the human race have tended toward overcoming such obstacles as have presented themselves from time to time. Difficulties that at first sight would appear to be unconquerable seem to lend a special interest to this class of man, and no stone is left unturned in the carrying out of a determination born of a desire to outstrip their fellow-man, no matter what the cost in money, in time, in endurance, in what-not.

And now a test of endurance that but a few years ago would have been called the wild dream of a Jules Verne, who mapped out a remarkable trip around the world in 80 days, when in this day only a third of the time is required.

Arrangements are being perfected for an automobile race from New York to Paris over land under the auspices of La Motte of Paris, assisted by the New York Times, which promises to show more than anything else that has ever been attempted that this type of travel has reached a stage of perfection that will amaze the most incredulous.

There have been automobile races for short distances that have brought out marvels of speed. There have been races for long distances that have proved marvels of endurance of men and machinery. There have been men who have crossed the great American continent in automobiles, taking in the first instance three months, and in the last 18 days; but the greatest of all feats with the automobile up to this time is the race of the machines from Peking, China, to Paris last summer, a distance of 6,200 miles through the wildest kind of country, which took two months to cover.

It was the success of this race, which was run under the auspices of Le Matin of Paris, which encouraged the effort that is to be made to conquer the awful solitude, the illimitable stretches of dreary and dreadful wildernesses of snow through northern Alaska, across Bering strait, and down through the wildest portion of Siberia, where seldom has the foot of man been.

While this trip has never been made by a wheeled vehicle it has been made in the opposite direction by intrepid explorers, the last of whom was Barry de Windt, a young engineer who desired to investigate for the Russian government just what the possibility was for constructing an all-rail route from Paris to New York.

From Vladivostok the line of the Trans-Siberian railroad would follow, as being of the least resistance, through Irkutsk to Moscow, a distance of 4,200 miles; thence to Berlin, over the same route as the Peking-Paris race, a distance of 1,025 miles, and to Paris, 560 miles, making the total for the distance measured in air lines on the atlas 15,195 miles, although by the roundabout ways the machines will have to take in many places the distance traveled will probably reach 18,000 or 20,000 miles. This may look easy to the uninitiated; while there are others who deem the trip utterly impracticable.

There are now 450 dogs and about 20 cars buried in the cemetery. Plots are sold for \$15 to \$25 each, including a zinc lined box which is hermetically sealed for shipping. This, however, is only the minimum expense for a dog funeral, and from this point the price goes up far into the hundreds.

Paper Making in Japan.

Paper making in Japan has been very active for the last year or so. Mills are being built, and new ones enlarged. Most Japanese mills use steam for motive power, and nearly all the machinery used is of American make.

Noted Actress Will Visit America.

Mlle. Archambault, the noted Russian actress, has decided to come to the United States in January and present a series of modern Russian plays. Later the company will go to Japan. The actress has a theater of her own in St. Petersburg.

Woman Sets Up Best Dishes.

Hitherto the French president's cook has always been a man, but M. Fallieres has employed a woman. Visitors say her dishes surpass those of the best chefs.

Gift Boxes of Silver.

In small silver gifts the talcum box holder is exceedingly useful. After the powder is used a fresh box may be inserted.—Vogue.

Sometimes.

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## A CANINE CEMETERY

WHERE PET DOGS AND CATS ARE BURIED IN STATE.

Poetry and Sculpture Adorn Their Tombstones—Some Epitaphs Read Like Those of Humans—Many Burials Costly.

New York.—In a picturesque little spot situated on one of the most beautiful of the Hudson's hills lies one of the oddest of cemeteries. The casual visitor here, inspecting the inscriptions on the tombstones, would expect to see records of long forgotten generations, perhaps the history of the village in the lives of its citizens, but instead the stones contained nothing but inscriptions to dogs, with an occasional cat epitaph here and there.

"Fido, asleep." "Our beloved fox terrier, Flossie." "Dedicated to the memory of our pet cat, Smutty." Such a jumble of inscriptions meet the eyes that the visitor begins to wonder whether the souls of Fido and Smutty now rest peacefully side by side or whether they arise at the witching hour to fight out once more their life-long battle. In that case even the back fences of Harlem would be preferable to the rural peace of Hartdale.

This cemetery, moreover, contains French dogs and French inscriptions and German dogs. And just as human tombstones have little angels on them so these dog tombstones have little puppies carved on them playing with toys. Next to one of the graves the owner has erected a big rustic mourner's bench so that he may grieve for his pet in comfort.

The most elaborate grave is that of a bulldog that once belonged to a family named Wilson. Besides having a big granite stone at the head, it has two little bay trees on either side, and the foot is a little marble trough with three little marble canaries drinking out of it. The canaries would be more easily explained if it were a cat grave, but perhaps this particular bulldog had feline predilections.

For six months after he was buried this dog had fresh violets or roses placed upon his grave every day, it is chronicled. The burial cost the bulldog's owner over \$500.

The grave digger of the cemetery also tells of dogs buried in rosewood or mahogany coffins, some with gold handles, and gold, jewel-studded collars around their necks.

"You have no idea," he will wonder on, "how much money some undertakers make on the side in these dog coffins. Often the coffins are lined with plush or velvet and cost large sums of money."

"And then some people insist on having their dogs embalmed before they are willing to bury them. Of course the undertakers keep that part of their business very secret, but they do it just the same."

Many of the dogs that were prize winners in their lively days have all their trophies, ribbons, silver mugs and such things buried with them. Others have all their old collars, whips and playthings, and one woman actually buried a Bible and rosary with a dog.

"Of course I know it must seem very silly," she said in explanation, "but it just makes me feel better, so why shouldn't I do it?"

"And do they have real funerals for dogs, with services and so on?" asked the seeker of information of the digger of graves.

"Well, no; no real services," he explained, "though some of them would like to, I guess, by the way they act."

"Sometimes they bring the body up from New York in an automobile, sometimes they ship it up as freight and meet it at the railway station with carriages. Only family and friends, you know. There are never very many of them."

"But the way those people act when it comes to covering up the box is—well—just about the limit. And the men are not much better than the women, either. I've got a pretty interesting job, I can tell you."

"And just of them come up regularly and see to it that I'm keeping the grave in O K condition. And on the day of the dog's death they usually decorate the grave with flowers. I can tell you I wouldn't mind being some dogs."

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## SPEAKER OF OKLAHOMA HOUSE.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray One of Most Popular Men in New State.

Guthrie, Okla.—William H. Murray, of Tishomingo (famously known as "Alfalfa Bill") who was president of the Oklahoma constitutional convention, has been elected speaker of the first legislature of Oklahoma without contest and by acclamation.

The new speaker, who is a native of Texas, was 38 years old on November 21 last. His career in Oklahoma politics is rather unique from the standpoint that he has no apparent desire for political promotion, but is elected to office without making contest. When the constitutional convention adjourned he disregarded the popular demand to run for governor or