

## Samson and Delilah

By Harriet G. Canfield

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

Aunt Dee put her pretty head out of the window, and listened—all unconscious so doing, she turned another page in her love story. They had lived in this neighborhood only two days, but Dorothy had evidently found a playmate. Her cheerful little voice came floating up: "Oh, yeth," she was saying, "I'm glad you live in the next hou'."

Aunt Dee looked down at her small niece. She was standing close to the hedge that divided their lawn from the old-fashioned yard adjoining it, standing just as close to the hedge.

The other side, was a fair-haired girl, whose long, golden curls were tied back on each side with a blue ribbon.

Only the head of each was visible to the other, but Aunt Dee gazed wistfully at the little figure on the other side of the hedge. Was it a boy, or a girl? A long-sleeved gingham apron—blue and white—hung stiffly down to the tops of shoes, thick-soled and heavy, like those worn by men in embryo. There were pockets in the apron, and the small hands were thrust into them man fashion. There was a look of real martyrdom in the blue eyes.

"I wat afraid I'd have to live near a boy," Dorothy lisped, laughing contentedly.

The golden-haired child flushed pain-fully, and writhed with embarrass-ment; then he leaned forward and said something too low for Aunt Dee to hear. Dorothy sprang back in amazement. "Oh! Oh!" she cried. "What a whopper! You ain't a boy at all! You've got curly, an' ribbons, an—"

"I'll come round and show you my shoes," he said, determined to convince her of his masculinity. A minute later he was standing on the lawn, exhibiting his pedal extremities to the little girl.

"But I never saw a boy wear aprons like that," she said argumentatively. "What for do you wear em?"

The question was not answered, for the new acquaintance said, "I've got to go in, now; Aunt Mercy's calling me."



"Do You Know How Samson—The Bible Samson—Lost His Long Hair?"

He seemed glad of the chance to leave his little inquisitor, but that the escape was only temporary, Aunt Dee discovered at bedtime. Dorothy, as usual, made a confidant of her:

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, sitting down on the floor to take off her shoes. "There ith a great deal of trouble in thith world."

Aunt Dee suppressed a smile. "What is troubling you now, dear?" she asked sympathetically.

"Nothing ith troubling me—it ith poor Thamthon!"

"Samson" is that the little boy next door?"

"Yeth. You thee he had a mamma only a teeny bit of a while, then she died, an' hit Aunt Merthy took her. She ith only a great aunt, an' she don't 'prove of boyish; she wan't them all to be little girl. She wanted him named Thamthon 'cauth he had long hair, like the Thamthon in the Bible. Hith papa ith away the much, an' he hath to wear apron an' ribbons." She gazed pensively at the little stocking in her hand.

"It is too bad!" Aunt Dee said indignantly. "Poor little fellow!"

"Yeth, but the curith are the hard-eth to bear." Hith papa wanted them off, but hit Aunt Merthy wanted him to wait 'till he came home again. He wath to come home to-day, but they got a letter that maybe he couldn't come 'till July, an' Thamthon's heart ith breaking! He hath to do patchwork, and hith Aunt Merthy readith the Bible to him."

"Doesn't he like that?" Aunt Dee said.

"Yeth, everything but the angelith; he ithn't int'rested in angelith!"

"Why isn't he interested in the angels, Dorothy?"

"Oh, they all have long hair! He ith thorry for them, but he don't never want to be one!"

"What is Samson's last name?" Aunt Dee asked.

"Whiting—only Whiting; it ithn't out of the Bible, like Thamthon. What ith the matter, Aunt Dee? You jumped!"

"Nothing, dear; I knew some one of that name several years ago. Now you must say your prayers, and let me put out the light. Mamma is coming up to kiss you good night."

Alone in her room Aunt Dee recalled the past, and the past inextricably connected with David Whiting. "Some one of that name" had loved her eight long years ago. She had loved him, and foolishly (?) refused him for another woman's sake. Had Grace Thornby been happy with the man she loved? Happy as Deborah Wright might have been?

## LONDON'S TREE WONDER

OCCUPIES LAND WORTH \$4500.000 AN ACRE



TREE IN HEART OF LONDON

There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If five-dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five-dollar bills fluttered in the place of every one of the leaves, it would not buy the land it occupies. For the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth \$4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on this spot for more than 200 years; meanwhile its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard-fought law-suits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords; but, so far, the lawyers have never been able to break through the phalanx of enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up structures which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words, "Ancient Lights." This tree in Cheapside is literally surrounded by a number of ancient lights proprietors, whose consent has never been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason, the storekeeper who rents the tiny two-story structure on the corner just in front of the tree has never been able to put his building up beyond its present height. Some years ago one builder, who thought himself more cuts than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to arrange with the owners of the ancient lights afterward. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom.

"It does this morning," the scissors lady said determinedly, and she snipped the long curls off as though she enjoyed her work. "There! After it is shingled," she said, "and we get rid of this apron, you will be a 'really, truly' boy, dear! Run into the house, Dorothy, I am going home with Samson."

She gathered the curls in one hand, and held out the other to the grateful little boy. Straight into the old house they walked, and Aunt Mercy held up her withered hands in horror, at the sight of her shorn lamb.

"How did this happen?" she gasped, and the scissors lady, like George Washington, "could not tell a lie," but made full confession.

Some one came into the room while she was introducing herself to Aunt Mercy—some one who stood behind her, and listened hungrily to the sweet voice, pleading for his motherless little boy.

"He has been so unhappy," she said, "and—forgive me—I've been wondering if you understand boys? They need—"

"They need a mother's love!" The voice came from behind her, full and deep, just as David Whiting's voice had sounded eight years before. She turned and looked at him, the warm color flooding her face.

"They need a mother's love," he said again. "Can my little lad have that, Dee?" He held out his arms entreatingly, and the scissors lady walked into them.

### Imperfect Immunity.

An instance of diplomatic immunity nipped in the bud is cited in the Washington correspondence of the Chicago Tribune. A Washington policeman was swinging his club in Dupont Circle when he noticed a nine-year-old boy breaking branches from a small bush.

"Stop that," he said to the youngster, touching him on the shoulder.

"I may have to arrest you for that."

The child looked at him unafraid.

"You can't do that," he observed, gravely. "I am entitled to diplomatic immunity."

The officer's mouth opened in amazement; then he said: "Young man, I am an officer of the law. It is unlawful to break shrubbery. Anybody doing so must be arrested."

"But you don't know who I am," came back in childish treble. "I am the son of an envoy extraordinary and a minister plenipotentiary. Diplomats and their families cannot be punished for breaking the law. If you don't believe it, you may go and ask my father."

"Doesn't he like that?" Aunt Dee said.

"Yeth, everything but the angelith; he ithn't int'rested in angelith!"

"Why isn't he interested in the angels, Dorothy?"

"Oh, they all have long hair! He ith thorry for them, but he don't never want to be one!"

"What is Samson's last name?" Aunt Dee asked.

"Whiting—only Whiting; it ithn't out of the Bible, like Thamthon. What ith the matter, Aunt Dee? You jumped!"

"Nothing, dear; I knew some one of that name several years ago. Now you must say your prayers, and let me put out the light. Mamma is coming up to kiss you good night."

Alone in her room Aunt Dee recalled the past, and the past inextricably connected with David Whiting. "Some one of that name" had loved her eight long years ago. She had loved him, and foolishly (?) refused him for another woman's sake. Had Grace Thornby been happy with the man she loved? Happy as Deborah Wright might have been?

### Rigidity of Matter.

To the average mind the conception of the atom, or electron, as a sort of whirlpool in the ether, renders it difficult to understand how matter can be rigid. Rigidity is explained as due to the enormous velocity of these etherial vortices. It has been shown that water moving with sufficient velocity through a tube cannot be broken into by a violent blow from a saber. "A layer of water a few centimeters thick," says M. le Bon, "is nitrated by a sufficient velocity, which would be as impenetrable to the steel plates of an ironclad."

## RISE OF SIGNALMAN

JAMES FAGAN SELECTED TO LECTURE AT HARVARD.

"Confessions" Attracted Attention of University Head and President Roosevelt—Still Works in Tower.

New York.—Out of a signal tower in one of the dirtiest and most sordid of the suburbs of Boston James Fagan has come to the Harvard university lecture platform. President Eliot has selected him, and President Roosevelt has called him to the White House to discuss railroad matters. The public is hearing of him and beginning to wonder what kind of a man he is.

Mr. Fagan is tall and thin, loosely built, but not awkward. On first seeing him one is attracted by the look of earnestness in his gray eyes, and one feels that this is a man who really believes in his work.

The little tower in which he has been working and thinking these 22 years is as dingy and unattractive as its surroundings and is not different from the hundreds of other railroad signal towers scattered throughout the country. The steel levers, the clicking telegraph instrument, the dreary view up and down the tracks—the average student of economics would not consider these the most advantageous surroundings for mental effort, but here Fagan has learned enough about railroad problems to qualify him as a lecturer in Harvard university. Eight hours a day of work in the tower and almost as much again of study in his little home in Waltham have made him one of the most remarkable men in this country today.

He is now 50 years old. The first 25 years of his life were years of wandering and adventure; the last 25 have been years of observation and study. No one can justly claim to have dis-

tinguished himself in any way.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop near by. As far back as the year 1392—just 100 years before Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard and is spoken of by Chaucer:

That whosoever playnes it away,  
He shall have Chrysit's curse for aye.

This tree is, therefore, a direct descendant of, perhaps, the oldest tree on record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular corner of Cheapside is back of the general post office and one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the Ancient Lights statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain unimproved for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real-estate agents, who control nearly all the land in the district, declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never to be built upon. There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if anyone were to attempt to put up a modern building there; for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim ancient lights, and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to square so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of his building."

He immediately started to write.

The result of his efforts is the series

which appeared under the title of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman."

These articles are not of a nature which tends to increase our national pride in our railroad system, for they are in effect a rather severe arraignment of the management of all railroads in general, and of his own, the Boston & Maine, more particularly.

He begged her on his bended knee to be his happy bride.

He swore he'd be her willing slave and always by her side.

And that when they were man and wife in carriage she'd ride.

He told her that she'd never have to do the housework. No.

He'd hire a maid to do all that and she could come and go.

Ex-convict she'd be and not a cross word should she know.

They married. Now she has no maid, no slave, or servant fine.

He does not care about her putting the washing on the line.

But still she doesn't nag him and she doesn't fume and whine.

She seems to be quite happy and she thinks her husband good.

She doesn't make a slave of him and wouldn't if she could.

He hasn't kept his promise, but she never thought he would.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

He promised he would wait on her and all his life would try

To make her happy every day or know

He swore that silks and satins for her

every week he'd buy.

He begged her on his bended knee to be his happy bride.

He swore he'd be her willing slave and always by her side.

And that when they were man and wife in carriage she'd ride.

He told her that she'd never have to do the housework. No.

He'd hire a maid to do all that and she could come and go.

Ex-convict she'd be and not a cross word should she know.

They married. Now she has no maid, no slave, or servant fine.

He does not care about her putting the washing on the line.

But still she doesn't nag him and she doesn't fume and whine.

She seems to be quite happy and she thinks her husband good.

She doesn't make a slave of him and wouldn't if she could.

He hasn't kept his promise, but she never thought he would.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

### THE ENGAGEMENT OFF.



Wiggles—Arabella, darling, may I kiss you?  
Arabella—Yes, sweetest, but kiss me on the left cheek, please.  
Wiggles (doing so)—And may I ask, dearest, why the left cheek?  
Little Brother (poking his head through the door)—Because Jack Wiggles has been kissing the right cheek all the afternoon, and it's tired.

### His Solitude.

The Domine—Why are you anxious for me to dine with you on Thanksgiving, my young friend?

Freddie—Cause dad said he would not go to the expense of a turkey unless some one should come to dinner.—Puck.

### One of His Trials.

Yeast—Do you believe in trial marriages?

Crimsonbeak—Well, mine's been a trial to me, all right!—Yonkers Statesman.

## LOST TITLE TO KETCHEL



Billy Papke, the Spring Valley, Ill., scrapper, who lost the middle-weight championship to Stanley Ketchel of Michigan in their recent bout at Colma, Cal.

## RAY ERY TELLS HOW TO TRAIN FOR STANDING JUMPS

Action by Hayes and Durando Has Hurt Event Among Lovers of Amateur Sports.

Champion Declares Nerve is One of Most Important Essentials, as Only One Effort is to Be Made.