

PALLADIUM'S MAGAZINE AND HOME PAGE

Married Life
the Second Year

By MABEL HERBERT URMER.

"It's that blind man, ma'am, with the dollies and things," announced Della.

"Oh, I can't see him now. I haven't time, and I don't want any more of his things," Helen answered impatiently.

"What shall I tell him? That you ain't in?"

"No, then he'll come again. Tell him the truth, tell him I don't want any thing more now."

And through the half-opened door she heard Della's voice:

"Mrs. Curtis says she don't want no more of your things. And she ain't got no more time to look at them."

The door had hardly closed before Helen was picturing the disappointment on the blind man's face. He, and the boy who led him, had probably walked blocks to see her, or perhaps had even spent car fare in the hopes of selling her something. She ran out into the hall.

"Oh, wait, you can come back, I'll see what you have."

HIS FACE BRIGHTENED.

The man's face brightened as the boy led him back into her apartment.

"I have some new lace collars I thought might interest you," he said apologetically.

He mentioned to the boy to help him open the little black case he carried. There were a number of crocheted collars and jabots. The blind man fingered over them carefully and drew out two which he held up to Helen.

"These are very special designs," he said.

"Yes, they are very pretty," murmured Helen.

"Another, a different design," he said.

"These are \$1.50, and this one is \$2.00."

"I don't need any collars," she said.

"If you could use any of those I might make them a little lower. I haven't sold anything today and I must sell something, if only to get carfare. Do you think you could use this \$1.50 one if I make it \$1.25? It's the only one of that design I have left."

After a few moment's hesitation, Helen said she would take it and went in to her bedroom for her pocketbook.

When she came back the man had laid the collar out and was feeling over the others.

"Now isn't there anything else you'd like?" he asked, hopefully. "You wouldn't care for any dollies?"

"No, I think not."

"And you couldn't use another one of the collars?"

"No, that will be all."

He retrapped the black case, felt for his cane, thanked him, and the boy led him out to the hall.

It was not until several moments later that Helen realized what she had done. She had bought the collar because she had wanted to help this blind man. And yet she had allowed him to sell it with little or no profit, taking advantage of his desperate need of carfare.

She caught up her pocketbook and ran out into the hall. But it was empty. The elevator had taken them down.

She rang furiously, keeping her finger on the bell until the elevator came flying up. The boy gazed at her in mild wonder.

"Take me down quick. I want to catch that blind man who just left."

Downstairs Helen rushed through the hall and out to the street. They were just turning the corner. She flew after them.

"Here, I made a mistake. I intended to pay the regular price, \$1.50, for that collar, and I gave you only \$1.25. Here is the other quarter."

He thanked her profusely.

"My, how I wish blind people and cripples wouldn't come around selling things," she said to Della. "You don't want the things they have, you feel you can't afford to buy them, and yet you feel selfish and uncharitable and uncomfortable if you don't."

SPEED OF STARS

Commented on by Garrett P. Serviss.

I HAVE just received from the Lick Observatory a bulletin containing a list of the velocities with which 915 stars, that have been specially studied, are flying either toward or away from the earth.

You would hardly believe that there are stars which are speeding toward us more than two hundred times faster than the swiftest bullet, or cannon-ball, that was ever fired from a gun, and others which are flying away with equal velocity! Yet such is the fact.

There is a little star in the Southern Hemisphere that is approaching the Solar System at the terrific speed of 150 miles per second, or 540,000 miles per hour. There is another that is flying away at the rate of 103 miles per second, or 370,800 miles per hour.

The first of these stars would traverse the space between the earth and the moon in about 26 minutes.

These statements seem preposterous. Yet they are undoubtedly true and accurate. They are based upon observations with the spectroscopic, which shows the motion of a star by the shifting one way or the other of the lines in the spectrum of its light.

If the star is approaching the lines shift toward the blue end of the spectrum. If it is retreating they shift toward the red end, and the amount of the shifting betrays the speed of the star's motion.

When once the observation of the shifting lines has been carefully made the calculation of the speed is as simple as the rule of three. The proceedings of the astronomer are no more mysterious than those of the surveyor.

Our own star, the Sun, shares in this

universal stellar dance. It is flying northward, carrying the earth with it, at a speed of about 12 miles per second.

Since this is the fact, you may wonder why we do not all notice the motion of the stars. You might naturally think that those which are going crosswise would rapidly shift their places in the sky; that those which are approaching would visibly become brighter, and those which are retreating fainter.

The reason we do not notice such changes is twofold. It depends, first, upon the fact that all the stars are so immensely distant that the effect produced upon their apparent places in the sky by a motion of several hundred thousand miles per hour is imperceptible, even at the end of a year, except to the most accurate astronomical instruments. Secondly, it depends upon the extreme brevity of our observations. Just as a million miles are nothing in comparison with space trillions of miles across, so a century is nothing in comparison with lapses of time millions of years in length.

THE ETHICS OF THE LOVE GAME FOR QUAKER MAIDENS

By DOROTHY DIX.

ROMANTIC people—what the old-fashioned novels called men and women of sentiment—can not but be shocked and horrified at the number of breach of promise suits that occupy the attention of the courts.

The lady, whose lover proves faithless, no longer dies of a broken heart. She assesses the blight of her young affection at so much in good hard cash, and proceeds to try to collect it. Nor does she tie up her old love letters with a pale blue ribbon and weep over them in secret. She gathers up

the warmest of them and they become Exhibit A in her suit for damages.

This is bad enough, heaven knows, but it is not the worst. There are to be found men who are so absolutely lacking to all sense of gallantry and chivalry, and even plain decency, that they sue women for breach of promise, and we have had more than one case of late in which a fickle lady has been asked to pay in money for her change of heart.

In all of these cases the aggrieved party has not hesitated to reveal every tender thing that was said, to reveal the most sacred confidences, to make public the messages that were intended to go just from heart to heart, and that should have been as inviolate as anything told in the confessional, and to hold up the party of the other part—the once beloved and adored he or she—for the jeers and frowns of a ribald world.

A HIDEOUS EXHIBITION.

In every case it has been a hideous exhibition of lack of taste, of lack of delicacy, of lack of every fine feeling—of desecration of the holy of holies of the human soul. It is a breaking of idols that serves no good purpose, and which should be stopped by public sentiment if it cannot by law.

The breach of promise case should be thrown out of court, and the one who brings it should have the taboo placed upon him or her. Love is outside of the jurisdiction of the law, for

one thing, and for another it is impossible to tell whether any one is really damaged in sentiment and injured in emotions. There is a difference between a broken heart and a broken leg, and we cannot but suspect that the wound to one's feelings that can be healed by a poultice of greenbacks is only a skin abrasion and doesn't go very deep.

In a way, all love-making and flirtation is a species of piracy, and when one nails the flag of Cupid to his mast he puts himself beyond all further protection. He takes his fate into his own hands, and whether he wins or loses, he should take the consequences on his own head.

That there are bound to be risks in courtship goes without saying. Indeed, the risks are what makes it worth while, what gives zest to the pursuit, spice to the game. If a man knew that any woman he fancied was ready to jump down his throat to say "yes, and thank you, too," the minute he popped the question, the chances are that he would never pop it at all.

THE LURE.

It is the thrill of danger, the fear that another may win her, or that he may fail to please her or fire her fancy, that stimulates the man and makes him break his neck running after her. He knows that she is whimsical, a creature of moods and uncertainty, that the thing that pleases her today warbles her to-morrow, and in this is precisely her fascination for him. He takes the risks on her, and it is what makes him such a welcher when he

does not accept his fate gallantly, if she tires of him before the wedding day and forsakes him for another.

Precisely the same thing may be said of women. The woman who falls in love with a man, she baits her hook with her beauty. She angles for him with a shrewd intuition of what he likes. She lures him into the shallow waters where she can fish him out into the matrimonial net. She also has taken her chances, and if in the end, just as she thinks she is about to land him, he breaks away and swims off, she should be enough of a sport to accept her luck with a good grace.

They are poor players at love who do not find the game worth the candle and who having danced, begrudge the piper his price. Suppose a man does get flitted by his sweetheart—has he not had his dream of love—has he not known the bliss of days, and weeks, and sometimes even years of courtship? Has he not known the rapture of reading or re-reading letters that breathed words of endearment? Has he not thrilled to a thousand stolen kisses? What more does the greedy beggar want?

Perish the thought that Cupid is in his debt, and that over, and above, and in addition to all the favors he has received from his ladylove, he must also have a cash consideration because she has changed her mind and doesn't intend to marry him after all.

PAYS AS HE GOES.

Or suppose a man does love and ride away. Sad undoubtedly for poor Mar-

anna in her Moated Grange, but it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. The only abjectly miserable woman is the woman who has never had a romance, and truth compels us to confess that the modern lover who has to woo his innamorata with American Beauties, and theatre tickets, and taxis, and little dinners, comes pretty near to paying his score as he goes along.

Inasmuch as love cannot be manufactured to order it is one of the unwritten laws of the love game from which there should be no appeal, and for which there should be no come-back, that when either party tires, he or she has a right to lay down his or her hand on the table and quit, with no more ado about it. It is a loathsome thing to think that a man would be willing to make a woman marry him who did not want to, or a woman would accept a husband who balked at the thought of her, or in view of not getting husband or wife would take a money consideration.

Nobody should sit in the love game who isn't a good sport and a game loser, and who does not play for the sake of the game instead of the stakes. For a true lover feels that however the game ends, the fun he has had out of it makes him break even.

Canada is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, the total area of the Dominion being only 237,000 square miles less than the whole continent of Europe.

The Last Day

By Nell Brinkley



All the long vacation days together are not so sweet as this—the LAST winged day."

Nell Brinkley Says:

AUTUMN, red leaves in her sultry hair, is leaning to the Earth. Already the "quaking asp" in the far West is turning to thin, fine gold—the oak in the soberer East is changing from green to dusky red—under the magic of her hand.

Women-folk are dreaming of their Winter frocks—"haus-fraus" of their coal and hickory logs—the first smoke of Fall-leaf burnings will curl soon and spread in fragrant haze through the woods and suburban streets. Little kids will soon be kicking a big, brown ball instead of pitching a little white one—lovers of the sea are lingering long and swimming hard in his keen arms, knowing that soon they will be ice—and the city, the great core, is reaching a thousand hands and grabbing back her workers who have spread wide and far.

For vacation days are going! Already at country station, sad brown boys are climb-

ing aboard trains, with sad, brown girls (girls are the lucky things—however it is they usually can stay longer than the fellows) on the platform. The sad, brown boy has his city clothes on—with a light white collar that looks pallid against the bronze of his neck—his duck hat is in his trunk, and his stiff town hat torments his sunburnt forehead.

The sad, brown girl is still in her heelless sneakers—and middy and naked head. Pretty soon she, too, will be in the patent-kids with silver buckles—tailored and covered of head with her browned cheeks turned to the city. Every Summer hotel—the shores of the gray sea here, and the shores of the raw-blue sea in the West; piney woods in the Rockies; lakes in New England; country towns in North and South and East and West—are GOOD-BYE places now.

On the sand-dune they have their last day. There are a million things to say—and they say nothing! The sea is very still, and a land wind blows her hair in little, ripply

banners, whips his tie and lifts the tawny coat of her collar. The gulls scream and sail against the keen blue of the sky. And all the time the sea licks in a little line of lather on the sunny sand. The dog's brown eyes are miserable. The man's gray ones are blank with despair. The girl's are misty and absent.

The hours go like swift-sliding water. And, oddly enough—their last day to laugh and love and fill with all the delights they find in one another—is singularly empty. They touch hands little, their tongues are tied, his gayety and clever tongue that she adores go suddenly back on him. He is very dull! Her tenderness—her alert like brain—are quite gone away. She is very stupid!

And pretty soon the wine-like light of the sunset dyes all the world in claret—the girl shivers a little and the man clears his throat and says in a stranger's voice, "Had we better go?"

And the last day is over.

"S'MATTER POP"

By C. Payne



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