MAID OF THE MILL

When the Clatter of the Reawakened Machinery Turned Into Music.

By HAROLD CARTER.

"Seems to me you young folks don't think of nothing but pleasure," said Mrs. Adams querulously, as she watched her daughter Lizzie put on her new hat. "I never had clothes like those you've bought since you've been in the mill."

"For the Lord's sake, mother, don't you want me to go out at all?" replied the other crossly. "There, I'm sorry," she added, as she stooped to kiss the invalid. "I won't be gone long."

"Well, see that Si Winton brings you back safe," grumbled the elder woman, watching her daughter enviously as she passed through the door and into the village street.

But Lizzie Adams was not thinking of Si Winton, whom her mother had selected as her beau. Si was not unwilling that he should be the subject of parental approbation, for the Adams family was the first in the county, and it was a collateral branch, the Winthrop Adamses, who owned the big new cotton mill which drew thousands of young people from the mountain districts to work there. Lizzie Adams, however, was of the poorer branch. Her small wage was all that sustained their family of two—and before that they had lived in the utmost penury. Their tiny cottage was at the end of the village street, and almost bare. Mrs. Adams grudged Lizzie the few dollars she withheld for clothes.

Lizzie Adams was not going to the village. Instead she made her way toward the brand new brick mansion of her cousin Herbert, who had come from college the week before to take charge of the mill upon the occasion of his father's sudden demise. They had been sweethearts in the good old days, before Winthrop Adams had risen from a country store-

So Long as Her Mother Lived She Must Go Back.

keeper to a country magnate, by a shrewd investment. But doubtless Herbert had long ago forgotten her. For she had not seen him for four—five years, it must be. And her last memory of that stolen kiss under the maples, and her still more shameful acquiescence in it, made her cheeks redden as she walked.

She was not hoping to meet Herbert; she was just taking a stroll, attired in her best hat and her one wearable gown. And if he should remember his promise about some day returning—well— Dangerous thoughts flitted through her little head.

Those who seek, find. Lizzie met Herbert, driving a smart trap, and by his side sat a young lady, dressed in what seemed to Lizzie the height of fashion. And because there was hardly room to pass the trap stopped, and Herbert recognized her and bowed and smiled and turned to the girl at his side and spoke. Then she smiled scornfully, and the trap disappeared behind her.

"You haven't quarreled with Si Winton?" asked her mother, crossly, when Lizzie returned.

"No, I didn't meet him," answered the girl. Two minutes later she was stifling her sobs upon her bed in the little room adjoining the invalid's.

If Herbert had no thoughts for her upon the street, how would he greet her in the mill when, dressed in her working clothes and covered with lint, she toiled at the machine? She could not bear to drag herself into the place next morning. The girls stood there, heavy-eyed, sullen of face, dreaming of Sunday and of their beaux.

"Now, then, don't stand dreaming there!" shouted Miss Jones, the forewoman, to Lizzie. "Seems to me you're the unhandiest girl in the mill. Don't you know young Mr. Adams is coming round to inspect this place this morning?"

Lizzie Adams turned sullenly to her machine. She had long ago learned that her distant relationship to the owner exposed her only to derision. Old Winthrop Adams had never liked the girl. The branches of the family had quarreled in the long ago, and he had justified his conscience by giving her a place in the mill.

It was toward noon when Herbert Adams came in, escorted by the foreman. He passed slowly along the line of machines, listening to his guide's explanation. Half way down he came upon Lizzie. He must have seen her. But he did not even look at her. Lizzie felt herself reddening; she heard Miss Jones snicker audibly behind her. Herbert passed on.

"Seems to me some folks ought to know their places," Miss Jones remarked to one of her friends, "and not go making eyes at their betters."

Lizzie worked on in silence. The clatter of the machinery seemed a torture. She felt herself caught helplessly in the jaws of these monsters, just as the cotton was caught, ravelled, shredded and seeded. She was equally helpless. And the future stretched away, as far as she could see, equally hopeless. She would never be able to leave the mill—unless Si Winton—

At noon she crept away to spend the half hour's recess somewhere under the trees, away from the prying eyes of those who had seen the incident of the morning. The forest extended almost to the mill fence; it was part of the old Adams estate and sacred against the ax. In the distance, through the trees, Lizzie could see the red brick house. A thought came to her. Why should she not run away! Why not just walk and walk and walk into those green vistas of trees, anywhere, so long as she never turned back?

No! So long as her mother lived she must go back, from day to day, to endure the jeers and scoffs and coarse speech of those others who recognized that she was not one of them, and envied and hated her.

Suddenly a shadow fell across her path and she found herself looking up into the face of a bronzed young man whose eyes were bent upon her with unmistakable interest.

"Lizzie!" exclaimed the mill owner, "I saw you leaving the grounds, and followed you. How do you do? I've often thought of you since we parted—let me see, years ago. It must be."

"You seemed to forget your politeness this morning in the mill," the girl retorted, struggling to keep back her tears.

"Why," exclaimed the young man in astonishment, "really, I was so embarrasesd—I thought it best—"

"Yes, you were embarrassed because I wasn't dressed like your friend yesterday," she blurted out, and could have bitten her tongue afterward.

"Miss Keith? Why she—why, Lizzie, dear, she's the agent for the cotton company—just a business woman, who is negotiating for the year's output. You didn't think—"

Suddenly he caught her in his arms. "Lizzie," he whispered, with his face very close to hers, "did you think I had forgotten? Don't you know my father sent me away to college because I cared? I want you, Lizzie, just as I always did; I want a girl of my own country and my own people, not—Miss Keith!"

And the clatter of the reawakening mill suddenly turned into music.

BUILDING RULES MOST STRICT

Those of Switzerland Designed to Give Protection to Adjacent Property Owners.

A peculiar building regulation is in force in most parts of Switzerland. It is required that before the erection of a new building, frames or screeds must be erected to mark out the shape of the building in profile as well as in plan. In practice this amounts to erecting at each angle of the building a pole or mast with a projecting triangular frame attached to it at the cornice level to indicate the height and projection of the cornice. The building law of the canon Zurich requires that the framework shall be erected when the plans are submitted for approval by the public authorities. The purpose of the rule apparently is to bring out, in advance of construction, the architectural relations of the building to adjoining structures and to the districts in which it lies, both for aiding the municipal authorities in passing upon the plans from the architectural viewpoint and giving the neighboring owners an opportunity to judge of the effect of the proposed new building upon their interests.

Velocity of Light.

The first determination of the velocity of light was made by Romer in 1676. The method was based upon the observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, phenomena of frequent recurrence and easy of observation. Assuming that light required time wherein to move from place to place through space, the interval between successive eclipses would appear too short when the earth is approaching Jupiter and too long when the earth is receding therefrom. Romer found in his observations that such was the case and that the interval was conditioned by the rate of speed at which the earth changed places relatively to Jupiter. From these constants Romer computed that light expended about sixteen and one-half minutes in crossing the earth's orbit. From this is deduced a velocity of about 186,500 miles a second.—Harper's Weekly.

Obvious Way.

"My son writes me that he has got into the swim."

"He is at a fashionable watering place, isn't he?"

"Yes."

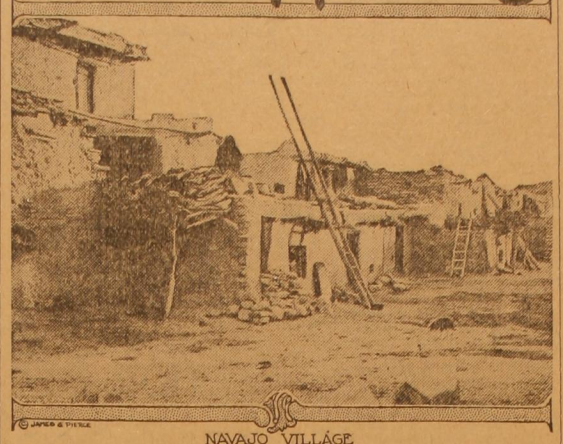
"I thought so. Anybody can get in it there."

Suspicion.

He—My dear, when I went up that hill awhile ago, I saw a big snake almost as thick as a man's body.

She (scornfully)—Why not say as thick as your breath? It would make the story stronger.

NAVAJOS are Self-Supporting



NAVAJO VILLAGE

THE Navajo Indian reservation, lying partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona, overlaps the Continental divide like a gigantic saddle blanket, and may be briefly described further as a great broken plateau of some 25,000 square miles in area, semi-arid in its climatic features and overgrown quite generally with a hardy growth of vegetation, including many valuable forage plants unsurpassed for grazing purposes—a resource long since turned to account by its interesting inhabitants, the Navajos, the owners of 2,000,000 sheep, the income from which renders them practically independent of the whites and the benevolent paternalism of the federal government.

At the time of the American occupation of New Mexico in 1848, the Navajos had become quite generally a pastoral people, subsisting upon their flocks, which were added to, according to accounts of the times, by others stolen from the Pueblos and the Mexican settlers with whom they were not infrequently at enmity. During the '60's when the tribe was at war with the United States their herds and property were ruthlessly killed and destroyed and the men, women and children carried off in captivity to Fort Sumner.

Children Belong to Mother.

Following their release and return to the reservation, the United States government, in 1869, gave them 30,000 sheep and 2,000 goats, which by careful husbanding they have increased to the present extensive dimensions, becoming the principal possession of each family and its chief means of support, the flocks of the more thrifty, in many instances, numbering several thousand head, thus enabling the possessors to live in comparative ease or affluence even. It is, indeed, the exception rather than the rule to find a family without a herd of sheep. They, in fact, are the royal road to power and influence in the tribe, one's rank being automatically regulated by the size of his flock, the greater one's possessions the more exalted his position.

As among other primitive peoples, woman's standing in the Navajo tribe is high, descent and inheritance being in her line, the children belonging to the mother and her clan. By tribal prerogative she is the principal property owner, the lands, houses, crops and sheep being hers exclusively, and it is on her that their care and management largely devolve.

The scarcity of water and grass at certain seasons, the difference in altitude of the various sections, the consequent attendant climatic variations and the peculiar character of the plant life on the reservation make it necessary to move the flocks during certain seasons. For these reasons, to which must be coupled the itinerant proclivities of the tribe, the Navajo has no permanent abode, his movements being regulated to a very great extent by the waxing and waning of the pastures, a state of affairs that fits in well with Navajo disposition to wander, inherited from his forbears, who lived by hunting and plundering, the change from a roving hunter to a nomadic herdsman being an easy and perhaps a natural one.

Ranges Divided.

In the summer months the family repair with their flocks to the high mountainous areas, where thrive magnificent belts of timber consisting of yellow pine, fir, spruce, scrub oak, pinon, juniper and cedar. Flourishing within these timbered tracts are numerous grassy stretches that furnish excellent pasturage for the herds. Then, too, the climate is more congenial and water more abundant than on the lower semi-arid sections elsewhere.

As a rule, whether on the summer or winter pasture lands, the family occupy the same locality, in each case, year after year, the range being divided in some manner among the various clans that constitute the Navajo tribe, and again subdivided among the families, where it is handed down through some system of entail from one generation to another. In a secluded place remote from springs, watering sites and trails near a small arable tract, the summer hogan is situated, near which are the corrals for the sheep and ponies.

The size of the flocks owned by the individual families vary considerably in some cases. The number possessed by the smallest holders is rarely less than 250 head. While the more wealthy have as many as 2,000 or more. Some of the wealthiest hold at their disposal from 6,000 to 10,000 head, but instances of this kind are few and are not known to exist in but ten or twelve cases. Of seventy-seven herds counted near Keams canyon, Arizona, the average sized flock was found to be very nearly 700 head, which is probably a fair estimate for other sections of the reservation. If there is any difference elsewhere it will exceed these figures rather than fall below them. A herd of this size will easily support an average Navajo family of two adults and three children. The wool sold direct to the traders as it is taken from the sheep should bring $300. If made into blankets it will exceed this amount by two or three times. Adding to this the returns from the sale of a few lambs or of the matured animals, it is obvious that the ordinary Navajo family can live easily off the income from their flocks, considering that they are at no cash outlay, except for their clothing, flour, coffee and a few other domestic necessities exclusive of meat, which is supplied from the herd. While no definite figures are obtainable, it seems very probable that the Navajos have on an average 100 sheep per capita for every man, woman and child on the reservation, which is amply sufficient to solve the bread-and-butter problem for them for generations to come, granting, of course, that they do not lose their herds from epidemics or from unfavorable range conditions.

TO NATURE FOR REAL REST

Excellent Advice Couched in Language That Savors of the Fancy of the True Poet.

Tired, are you? Want a recipe for real rest? Well, here's one, recommended by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay—he's a poet, but don't hold that against him—in Farm and Fireside:

"You to whom the universe has become a blast furnace, a coke oven, a cinder-strewn freight yard, to whom the history of all ages is a tragedy with the climax now to whom our democracy and our flag are but playthings of the hypocrite, turn to the soil, turn to the earth, your mother, and she will comfort you. Rest, be it ever so little, from your black broodings. Think with the farmer once more, as your fathers did. Revere with the farmer our centuries-old rural civilization, however little it meets the city's trouble. Revere the rural customs that have their roots in the immemorial benefits of nature.

"There is perpetual balm in Gilead, and many city workmen shall turn to it and be healed. This by faith, and a study of the signs, we proclaim!"—Detroit Free Press.

Fox Made the Cat Dizzy.

Augustus Johnson, a machinist employed by the Seth Thomas Clock company in Thomason, tells this story:

"I went fox-hunting by moonlight. Near Henry Pickett's house a large cat came along pursued by a fox. The feline climbed a tree whereupon the fox began to circle about the trunk. The cat watched the fox until it became dizzy and fell to the ground. As the fox started away with the cat I shot and got both fox and cat."—Winsted (Conn.) Dispatch to New York American.

Optimistic.

"Well, Bill," said the temporarily retired burglar to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful for here in the pen."

"Wot's that?" said Bill.

"We ain't bothered much dodgin' ortermobiles, or worryin' over the high cost o' livin'," said the T. R. B.—Harper's Weekly.

Brotherly Love.

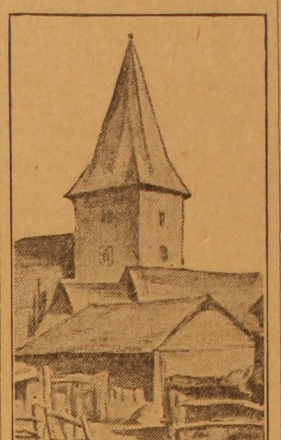
"Ah!" said a conceited young person, "I have this afternoon been preaching to a congregation of asses."

"Then that was the reason why you always called them beloved brethren," replied a strong-minded lady.—Life

PLACE BUT LITTLE KNOWN

Kingdom of Sussex, Like the People, Somewhat Hard to Get Acquainted With.

London.—The kingdom of Sussex, owing perhaps to age and a long experience of trouble, has the art of concealment. The country, like the people, is hard to know. Its beauties are often come at with a certain unexpectness, and the best of them are quite often not discovered at all, except by those who have been at trouble and pains to become familiar with this land of out-of-the-way places. The men of the South Saxons were always great at talking, but it was quite another thing to mass themselves together in towns, and to grow quick-witted and restless for travel, as townfolk are. Their ways of thought, like those of the oxen who plowed their heavy land, have always been solid



Old Church of Bosham.

and slow. A joke has to be as broad as a beam before a Sussex man can see it. The fairy stories of the Celts who hewed their wood and drew their water were beyond their imagination, though in some parts the curious word "pharisee" is used as a subsitute for fairy, which shows some knowledge of the little people. The county, however, abounds in ghost stories, which seems strange at first sight, as the people are so little ethereal while they are walking about among their neighbors; but on examination the very ghosts have a substantial air, with a something uncanny added, and many of them are practical enough in their doings. Perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to see reflected in the churches, which are also their principal public buildings, the unornamental but solid and enduring qualities of the people of the land. The most prevalent style is the early English. But owing to a scarcity of local stone, the materials had to be brought over from Caen, and, owing to their want of imagination, the churches are seldom remarkable for delicate carving, or for clustered columns and other beauties of stonework; but many of them make up for this lack by the nobility of their proportions. A remarkably large number of the churches of Sussex date in the earliest part of their structure from the two hundred and fifty years following the preaching of St. Wilfred. The most important, as well as the earliest, of these is that of the ancient port of Bosham, in the extreme west of the county. It is known that as early as A. D. 650 Eappa, a monk, had ecclesistical charge of this parish. The building is upon the site of a Roman temple. Some Roman bricks which are to be seen in the walls must have been dug up near by and put in their present place at a later date.

WIFE IS FOOLED BY DOUBLE

Woman Sees Teamster on Street and Mistakes Him for Her Spouse.

Chicago.—Somewhere within the city roams a double of Edward Heffern, a teamster. His is no slight resemblance, but a facial similarity that would do credit to a twin.

Heffern was sent to the bridewell Feb. 14 by Judge Gemmill of the court of domestic relations for nonsupport of his wife. Recently Mrs. Heffern raced into the court and dashed up to J. E. Marek, a bailiff.

"How is it that my husband is out of jail?" she panted. "He hasn't given me any money."

"Your husband is still in the bridewell," Mr. Marek assured her.

"Don't you think I know my own husband when I see him," she demanded indignantly. "I stood on a corner a minute ago. I looked up and there was my man driving a wagon. Sure I know him—when I look at him close, anyway."

The bailiff looked up the court records and found Heffern committed for six months. He called up the bridewell and was assured that the man was still there. He called up Heffern's former employer and was told that Heffern was in jail. Mrs. Heffern stared at him in astonishment.

"Well, what d'yuh know about that," she exclaimed, turning slowly away.

Expensive Stage Debut.

Florence A. Sayers, nineteen, paid $100,000 for her stage debut. An aunt left the money on condition that she renounce her ambition. She money goes to charity.

WOMEN MAN FLEET

They Do More Than Men in the Welsh Village of Llangwm.

Builders of Houses, Too—Mrs. Mary Palmer, 82 Years Old, Tells of a Day's Work Carrying 100 Pounds of Oysters to Market.

London.—A special correspondent of the Daily Mirror sends from Haverford an interesting account of conditions in the village of Llangwm, Pembrokeshire, where women "man" the fishing fleet, and at times even build the houses. They actually work harder than the men.

"Never in all my experience have I known such industry or such uncomplaining effort," the Rev. D. M. Pryse, the Baptist minister, said. Mr. Pryse and the rector are the only two Welshmen living in this village, for all the rest of the 880 persons, all related to each other, are descended from the Flemings, who settled near there in 1195.

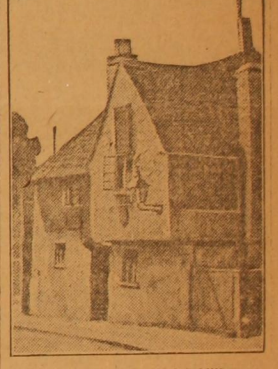
Mrs. Mary Palmer, aged 82, is a remarkable old woman. She walks with a stick now, and age is making the furrows deep in her forehead, but until a few years ago she tramped for miles selling fish, which she carried in a pannier on her shoulders.

"Yes, I have fished in Milford Haven," she said, "ever since I was a little thing. We women here manage the boats as well as the men, and, although we go out in all weathers, I have never known a life lost or boat wrecked.

"I have dredged for oysters with the other women, and then tramped to Carmathen with a hundredweight on my back in a day; sold the oysters that night, sometimes for as little as eight cents a hundred, before going to bed, and then tramped all the way home the next day. I brought up a family, too, and have been a widow for 25 years.

"Mr. Lloyd-George gives me a pension now of five shillings a week, but I think an old woman who's worked as hard as I have ought to have more, don't you?"

Mrs. Palmer also pointed proudly to her cottage, which she helped to build herself, "working like a nigger," as she said, in the interval of catching herrings and taking oysters. She dug the foundations, made the mortar, carried stones by the hundredweight from



Typical House in Welsh Village.

all sorts of odd places, just where they could be found. When the cottage was complete, she white-washed the walls and ceilings. Scores of women in the village have done the same thing—a mason and a joiner being merely called in to do the expert work.

Nearly all the villagers own their cottages, a donkey and cart, and a fishing boat. Living chiefly on bread, with a liberal spreading of butter, they have saved and scraped until they could buy the freehold. Their thrift has grown, too, since the women agitated so much against the liquor traffic that the last public house in the village was closed.

Most of the men work in Pembroke dockyard, leaving their homes at 4:30 or 5 in the morning for a long journey on foot and in big rowing boats. These men are not home until 7 in the evening, and all the time the women of the village do the work that in every other place is done by men.

Some years ago when the fishing fleet went down the haven the women who manned it all wore picturesque red skirts and flat felt hats.

But now the influence of modernity is felt even in Llangwm, and only the older women wear the garments which once made even the plainer ones look charming. The young ones are not at all proud of the fashions of their grandmothers.

"Why can't we wear modern clothes like other people?" said a young woman. "Folks only laugh at old fashions nowadays."

But Mrs. Palmer, who, a beauty in her day, has had her photograph published all over the world, still wears her red skirt and felt hat when, with a jaunty step, she goes on her rounds selling fish, just as she has done all her life.

Boys Get Biggest Bite.

New York.—Harry Glen and John Kock, two youngsters, received bigger bites than any fisherman ever told about. They were fishing off the railroad bridge with a chain as a fish line. The line touched some electric feed wires, and the boys were tossed in the air by a 11,000 volt charge.