

### What It Achieved

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Ed Archer and Molly Doyle were children one of those couples we like to read about, but the stories of whose lives are rarely finished by marriage.

There was something enduring about the affair between Ed and Molly. At any rate, it lasted till Ed went away to college, and that is about as long as child loves usually last. In this case there was nothing on either side to indicate that during Ed's college course love was smoldering in his breast or that of his child love. There was no correspondence between them, and if either ever thought of the other no one besides themselves knew it. They missed each other when Ed returned for the only vacation he spent at home, and when he was graduated as a civil engineer a position was ready for him of which he at once availed himself. Therefore they did not meet from the time he began his studies till two years after he had been bucking against the world.

When they did meet Ed was paying attention to a young widow of means. His mother was not well, and he left his work and his chamber to pay the mother a visit. While at home he called on Molly Doyle.

Now, it happened that Molly and Ed's widow had a mutual friend. So when Ed appeared Molly knew all about his intentions, or at least what appeared to be his intentions.

She came down to meet him with a letter in her hand. After greeting him she threw the missive on a table. It was addressed and stamped ready for the mail. Molly wrote a large hand, and it didn't require a microscope to read the name of the person for whom the letter was intended. Indeed, one could decipher it from across an ordinary sized room.

Molly was not especially cordial. She did not let it appear that she expected any return of that sweet interchange of sentiment which marks a child love. Ed made approaches toward speaking of it, but met with no encouragement. The conversation turned upon Molly's friend, who was also the widow's friend, and this led to some mention of the latter, but Molly did not speak of her as a matter of interest to her or her visitor. He had no feeling about the widow who didn't show it.

Ed's call lasted a couple of hours. When he arose to depart he asked: "Is the letter on the table for the mail?"

"It is."

"Let me post it for you. I pass the office on my way home."

"Thank you very much."

She handed him the letter. He put it in his pocket and took leave.

The next evening he called, bringing with him some flowers. Molly softened a little at the gift. When he spoke of how many flowers he had given her when they were children she said that now he spoke of it she remembered them very well.

"By the bye," said Ed, "on leaving you last evening I was so engrossed with the pleasure of meeting you again that I forgot to post the letter you committed to my care. I have brought it back to you, thinking that after the delay you might wish to reconsider sending it."

There was an odd look in Molly's eye and a faint tinge of color in her cheek. Instead of looking disturbed over Ed's forgetfulness, she looked rather pleased.

"Tonight as you pass the office will do as well," she said and spoke of other matters.

The next evening Ed called again. This was three evenings in succession. He brought her a more substantial gift than flowers—a glove box, hand-somely inlaid. She received it graciously.

"It is for acknowledgment," he said.

"Acknowledgment for what?"

"A bad memory. Again I have forgotten to drop your letter in the mail."

She gave him a forgiving smile—what else could she do after the astounding gift—and said:

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Put it in as you go by tonight."

"You are very kind not to scold me. I shall keep my mind on it from the time I leave you."

"On the mailing of the letter?"

"The letter."

This evidently meant something more than the words for Ed spoke them with his eyes fixed on her intently, and she dropped her head to the floor.

During the next call Mr. Archer made upon Miss Doyle he made no mention of the letter—at least until he arose to go. He brought her a gift, but kept it in his pocket till his visit was finished. He had a great deal to say about their childhood days—more, indeed, than he had to say about the eight or nine years that had passed since, during which he had made no effort to communicate with her or to see her. Indeed, on this latter subject he maintained a discreet silence.

It was near midnight when, having told her that he had loved her ever since he was a boy and could never love any one else, he took out his gift—a ring—and slipped it on her finger. She made no objection, since she had consented to a betrothal. Before leaving he thrust the letter he had again mailed in post on the table.

"Did it contain a 'Yes' or a 'No'?" he asked.

"She opened it and displayed a sheet of blank paper."

### INNS OF CHINA.

A Kneek That Wrecked a Door and Raised a Rumpus.

Some of the inns of modern China are badly built. The correspondent of the London Times in traveling across the country recently had this experience: "At only one village had I any difficulty. We were marching late in the dark, and I had sent my groom on ahead to find me an inn, as he had often done before. He entered the village, and finding the large inn door closed, he called out to the people to open it. But his Peking speech is not easily understood in Kansu and he answered him. Then he knocked, and to his dismay the crazy door fell down. Immediately there was a row. The innkeeper and his vociferous spouse shouted out their wrath.

"Every one came into the street to hear the whole village was roused. When I arrived it seemed like a demonstration in my honor. As is the custom, a dozen people together told me what had happened. I soon satisfied every one by first examining the damage and then paying compensation in full. I paid 100 cash rather more than twice—and my gratitude was approved.

"The structure thus damaged reminded one of the jerry built houses familiar to students in Edinburgh where it is on record that a lodger once complained to his landlord that the ceiling in his room had fallen down. 'But how do you account for that?' asked the landlord. 'Somebody in the next flat sneezed and replied the lodger.'

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### A RECORD IN HITTING.

Delahanty's Four Homers and a Single in Five Times at Bat.

The baseball expert Hugh R. Fuller, in an article on "Batting" in the American Magazine, describes as follows the greatest hitting feat recorded, executed by Ed Delahanty and which it was his good fortune to witness.

"Adonis Terry was pitching a great pitcher with a wonderfully fast curve ball and three of the home runs were made off the curve. The first time at bat Delahanty hit the ball high over the right field fence perhaps seventy feet from the foul line, which would be 245 feet from the plate, and the fence was thirty-five feet high. The second time he drove a single over short, a line hit and perhaps the hardest hit of all. Dahlen, leaping, touched the ball with both hands. They were torn apart and the ball caromed at most to the left fielders before it struck the ground. The next home run was straight to the center field between the clubhouse nearly 400 feet away.

The last time he came to the bat the crowd was cheering him on. Lange retired between the clubhouses, which were set at angles. Delahanty hit a curve ball. It alighted on the roof of one clubhouse bounded to the roof of the other and rolled halfway back to the second baseman. And yet Chicago won the game—8 to 6.

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### His Glimpse of War

By R. W. KEENAN

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In 1870, having been just graduated from college, I went abroad to see something of the world before settling to my life work. There was a great deal to see at that time, namely, one of the biggest wars of modern times. The Germans under Von Moltke were marching across the French border. Landing at Cherbourg, I went directly to Paris and taking letters from the American minister set out for the front to get a glimpse of war. Having been ten years too late in my birth to take part in our own great struggle in America, I was extremely desirous to witness a similar contest between the French and the Germans.

I was received kindly at the headquarters of Marshal MacMahon, but there were few great battles, and the two nations did not seem disposed to fight one for the benefit of a young American who had come across an ocean to see "the fun." So after remaining for a time with the French I determined to join the Germans. I realized that passing from one army to its opposing one during actual war was a serious business, but I had heard so much of the thrilling episodes of war from friends who had fought in the American contest that my young blood was fired to participate in a similar affair. So, selecting a point between the lines where the French had no outpost, I left them and walking down a road, was taken in by a Prussian vedette.

This was rather a tame adventure, and I was on the lookout for something more exciting though I was not aware of it, something more exciting was on the lookout for me. I presented my credentials, which were my passport and my letters to the French commanders. I had struck the troops under General Manteuffel, and it was at his headquarters that the documents were examined. I was treated with the utmost civility by the officers of his staff. Indeed, I could not but contrast the attention I received with that of the French officers, who upon the statement of the American minister, thinking for me, permitted me to go pretty much where I pleased, but paid little heed to me. The Prussians showed me with attention, but I was not permitted to go about at all. Indeed, excuses were made to keep me at headquarters.

One evening General Manteuffel, chief of staff gave a dinner at which were several ladies. I was the guest of honor and was seated beside a very beautiful woman who spoke English with a broken accent. I was young and correspondingly susceptible, therefore it is not surprising that before the evening was spent I had fallen under a spell which had I been older, I might have been purposely thrown over me. Before the party broke up I and this lady were left alone together. Suddenly her manner changed from lightness to intense seriousness.

"I am being watched," she said. "Watched?" "Yes they know my mission." "What mission?" "I saw you at MacMahon's headquarters. I was receiving my instructions while you were there. Have you?" "How?" "They know that MacMahon has sent some one into their lines for information. If you take the risk for a time I will go free. If suspected you can prove that you are an American and will not suffer. I cannot prove that I am not a Frenchwoman. Here is the information I bear. Take it if they find it on me I die. Keep it for me till the danger is past, then give it to me."

She thrust a little roll of tissue paper upon me. At the moment she did so a Prussian officer entered, and I had no opportunity to hand it back without being seen. To do so would be equivalent to informing the officer that she was a spy.

But I found with the paper in my possession I would be shot. From that moment I was not for a second free from observation. When we were about to depart the chief of staff came to me and said: "We move at 2 o'clock. The general will have no one except soldiers with us. We have kept you at headquarters for your own good. You have seen nothing; therefore you may go back whence you came."

Without waiting for a reply he conducted me to the pocket line. Glad to go free with the lovely spy's packet, I walked hastily away. I was followed and arrested. Taken back to General Manteuffel's headquarters, I was searched and the paper found on me. As I was being led away I passed the lady who had given me the paper. The officers were apologizing to her for something, and I heard them tell her carriage was waiting for her. I was kept under guard till morning, when an officer came hurrying to ward me. As soon as he reached me he said angrily, "You are a fool!"

"I am at any rate not a spy." "No; the real spy has gone. We learned that some one was among us and suspected two persons who came in at the same time—this woman and yourself. As soon as the woman had gone beyond our reach she sent us proof that she was in MacMahon's service and had duped you. You will depart for our rear at once."

I had had all of war I wanted and went.

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I had had all of war I wanted and went.

### SHARK PRODUCTS.

Even the Bones Are Useful, the Spine as a Walking Stick.

Products obtained from the shark are both numerous and valuable. Shark fins furnish a jelly that makes a delicious soup. If one may credit the statements of those affecting that delicacy, there is an excellent market for this jelly wherever Chinese are to be found.

The shark's liver gives a splendid clear oil excellently adapted for the lubrication of the parts of watches, clocks and fine guns. This oil is held in some quarters in as high esteem as is the oil obtained from porpoise and dogfish liver, long claimed to be the finest of animal oils.

Sharkskin is of much value as a beautiful burnished gray or bluish color and at first glance looks like finely grained leather by reason of the tiny prickles plentifully set one way there are so many of these prickles quite invisible to the naked eye, that the effect afforded by the dried skin is one of rich beauty, a quality that makes it particularly valuable for the manufacture of shagreen. It is employed for many decorative purposes.

Even the bones of sharks are useful. The spine is in constant demand by the manufacturers of curious walking sticks. They pass a thin malacca steel rod through the polished and round vertebrae, and the result is a cane that sells for a high price. The shark spine stick is a great favorite in Germany.—Harper's Weekly.

### BULL BAITING.

A Brutal "Sport" That Was Popular in Former Days.

The principle of bull baiting was extremely simple. A collar was fastened around the bull's neck, and by this the bull was attached by a rope to a stake. The rope varied from nine to fifteen feet in length and therefore allowed the bull but little movement. The audience was accommodated in a circle or ring.

The builder's duty was to grasp the bull's nose, and when he had succeeded in obtaining a grip he was required to maintain his hold, despite the efforts of the larger animal to disengage himself. The bull awaited the attack with lowered horns, which the dog sought to evade by crouching toward the head of his opponent. Sometimes the dog managed to get his horns under the dog's head, which was then thrown high into the air.

Writers state that dogs had been tossed up to a height of thirty or forty feet. The dog, if he survived, would "retire hurt." On the other hand once the dog which was trained to grip only the nose obtained a hold his adversary would have little chance of shaking him off. The bull would whirl the dog in the air and struggle frantically to wrench his nose free from the terrible grip. When, from sheer exhaustion, the dog dropped clear of the bull, a fresh dog was sent into the ring.

Photographing a Panther. A panther is not easily killed and will often revive with very unpleasant results, as on a certain occasion in the Decan. He appeared to be quite dead, and one of the spectators rushed up with a camera on a stand to obtain a picture of the supreme moment. He got his photograph, and strange to say it survived what followed, but no sooner had he taken it than the panther revived, tore himself loose and went for the photographer. Somehow the man escaped, but the camera was sent flying, and, disconcerted by his encounter with it, the panther turned and made for the nearest tree, up which he went as quickly as a monkey. Now, the tree was crowded with interested spectators, and for three or four strenuous seconds (until the panther was shot) we enjoyed a spectacle of natives dropping to earth with loud, thud-like rips, as the panther approached them. Wide World Magazine.

Blamark and His Dog. Sultan's Prince Blamark's favorite boarhound, attacked a passing railway train and was cut in pieces. Blamark's grief over the dog's agonies was such that his son Herbert tried to lead him away, but the prince would not go. "No, I cannot leave him like this." Then, when the dog's sufferings were over, Blamark wiped his eyes and murmured, "Our Tontop forefathers showed benevolence in their religion. They believed they would find in the hunting grounds of their paradise all the dogs that had been their faithful comrades here below. I wish I could believe that."

Marriage Music. During my school days I met the late Professor Pratt, who was as full of fun as he was of musical lore. It is said that at a wedding at which the late Dublin professor was presiding at the organ he played the happy couple in with "Wretched Loves" and out with "Father, Forgive Them, For They Know Not What They Do!"—From "Fifty Years' Reminiscences of a Free Church Musician," by E. Minshall.

Teeth. Bobby—My gran'ma's so old she ain't got a tooth in her head. Tommy—Ain't she? Well, mebby they're in her bureau drawer, like my Aunt Tillie's is sometimes.

Imitation. "Imitation may be de sine, rest fat-tory," said Uncle Eben, "but dat does not make counterfeits money any mo' acceptable."—Washington Star.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—Pope.

### Uncle John's Tavern

By M. QUAD

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Uncle John White had traded a pretty good farm for a pretty good tavern. He had got to be fifty years old and tired of hard work, and he thought tavern keeping easy and profitable. It wasn't six weeks before he learned to the contrary. It was easy enough for him to do nothing to do, but he looked in vain for the profits.

One summer's day Uncle John sat dozing and thinking. It was a hot day, and the town was dead. Nothing buzzed but the flies. Uncle John would have been asleep in five minutes more but for the arrival of a stranger on foot. The arrival was dusty and ragged. If he wasn't a tramp then Uncle John never saw one. He was motioned to go around to the kitchen for a cold bit, but he sat down and said:

"A little business talk with you first, and then I'll take the best room in the house and eat my meals in the dining room."

"I can't hire no tramps," said Uncle John. "But it may be that I shall hire you. Lead the way."

The fellow had a compelling way with him. Uncle John led the way upstairs, and he picked up his bundle and followed. As they entered a room he locked the door on them and then sat down for a talk.

When the talk was finished he brought shears and razor and cut the stranger's hair and shaved him. Then the old bundle was opened and a fair, clean suit brought out. What it lacked was supplied by mine host. Replied a decent looking guest instead of a disreputable tramp. He appeared downstairs just after the train came in, and Mrs. White thought he came by it. So did the villagers who struggled in after supper for a glass of beer and a bit of gossip. John Taylor had arrived best room in the house paid him a week's advance, no doubt a man of means was mum as to his business—probably had some big enterprise on hand. It was two weeks before the nature of that enterprise was learned. Uncle John had to sell a horse, land, and advertisements had to be written and placed. It was also necessary for the editor of the local paper to make a write-up. The advertisement inserted in various newspapers read:

"A would-be philanthropist stands ready to make a gift of \$1000.000 for the best interests of society, but would like personal advice. No letters. Shall be colleges, schools, asylums, hospitals, homes or gifts to widows."

Then the name of Mr. Taylor and the village were given. Uncle John was running a tea room tavern that is, only ten out of the forty rooms were furnished. He bought, hired and borrowed furniture for the other thirty rooms. He bought crockery and cutlery and hired a cook and a waiter. He ordered extra kegs of beer and raised his rates from \$1 a day to just double. It took sand to do it. Mrs. White was not let into the secret and she almost went crazy.

One day ten strangers got off at the depot and asked for Taylor. The next day there were twenty. On the third day Uncle John had to distribute his guests around among the villagers. He was here there and everywhere, looking for judgment day. As for Mr. Taylor, he was cool—cool and smiling. He had office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. He gave each "patient" one hour. That made eight per day. The rule was rigid and the others must wait five or six days for his interview. Meanwhile he had to eat and sleep and pay \$2 per day.

Strangers who knew just how that million ought to be expended to do the world the most good kept coming by every train. There was no other tavern; there was no other place in town where beer and cigars were sold. Colleges, hospitals, asylums and every sort of public institution sent representatives. Politicians came to get that million to start reform. Men came who wanted to found new religions. Widows wanted cash, and townships and counties wanted highway improvements. For two months they came and went. They slept where they could and ate what was set before them. Then the tide began to thin out, and there was more advertisement. This time the advertisement read:

"Any inventor having a good thing or any person having an idea that can be turned into cash will find man and money ready."

And then it was the rush all over again. Inventors brought their models, and there was a barn full of them. Others brought their ideas, and they were too numerous to be listed. For five long months Uncle John's tavern hadn't a room or a place at the table to spare. Then along came a man to buy him out.

"Sell and get out," advised Mr. Taylor. "Now we will figure up and wack up."

It was done. Mrs. White smiled. Uncle John rubbed his hands, and the stranger grinned. Uncle John's tavern has a new name and a new proprietor now. It is not a forty room tavern any more. It is a five room one, and the new man sits on the veranda looking for tramps, but looking in vain.

### HE GREETED THE CZAR.

Experience of Nicholas II. With a Parisian Street Arab.

On one of his visits to Paris Nicholas II. was left alone for a moment in his carriage. The czar was delighted at the feeling of freedom and ease. Looking out of the window with all the zest of a schoolboy playing truant, he saw before him one of those picturesque street arabs who seem to sprout between the paving stones of Paris.

This particular specimen, seated against the railings, with his nose in the air, was whistling the refrain of the Russian national hymn. Suddenly their eyes met. The street boy sprang to his feet. He had never seen the emperor, but he had seen his photograph, and the likeness was striking.

"Suppose it is Nicholas?" he said to himself, greatly puzzled. He resolved to make sure without delay. Walking up to within a yard of the carriage and bobbing his head, he shouted in a hoarse voice to the unknown foreigner:

"How's the empress?" Pictures of satisfaction for, in fact, he thought that it was only a good joke—when the stranger replied, with a smile:

"Thank you, the empress is very well and is delighted with her journey." The boy lost his tongue. He stared at the speaker in dismay and then, raising his cap, stalked away slowly, very slowly, to mark his dignity. Nicholas II. afterward often amused himself by scandalizing the formal set around him with the story of this private interview with a true Parisian—McClure's Magazine.

### A SERIOUS PLAY.

The Author Was Willing, Though to Turn It into a Comedy.

The gallery got no less than the patron of the padded chair, aspire to write for the stage. I have a vivid remembrance of the first of all the plays submitted for production at the New theater in New York. It was from an employee in a local railroad station, probably a baggage man, and I shall betray no confidence in recording that the author's name was Murphy.

Though Mr. Murphy called his work a play, it was in reality only a scenario. It was entitled "Jina Wife." The plot was as follows: In the first act Jim had no wife, but he took his girl to a dance. Action they danced in act second came the great scene. The scene was caused by the fact that Jim's girl danced with another man. Jim felt impelled to kill him, but he refrained, reflecting that such things did not occur in the best circles and would thus be socially displeasing to his lady. The curtain fell on his act of self-sacrifice in not killing the other dancer. In act third there was still more action. Jim's girl rewarded him for his delivery by marrying him.

Final curtain. Mr. Murphy seemed weighed down by a fear that his play was too serious for the New theater. In his letter he said: "If you would rather have it a comedy I will send you the jokes. I have a few jokes too." John Corbin in World's Work.

Meets to Match Walk. "In every theater audience there are critical persons who are prolific with suggestions for making the play more realistic," said a stage manager. "Some of these hints are worth considering too. In one play that was staged not long ago the biggest hit was made by a character actress who had to wear down at the heel shoes (on the third day) of the New York run. I received a letter from a shoemaker who called my attention to the fact that the woman's gait and her shoes did not match. Her heels were run down on the outside, whereas the walk she assumed on the stage must inevitably cause her shoes to run over on the inside. That was a point that had escaped the notice of everybody in the company. Upon looking into the matter we found plenty of evidence to uphold our critic, and we secured a pair of property shoes with heels worn away on the inside."—New York Press.

The Gegenstein. The Gegenstein is the name given to one of the most inexplicable objects known to astronomers. It is visible in the night sky under favorable conditions, is rounded in outline and is situated always exactly opposite the place of the sun. It has been termed by one eminent astronomer "a sort of comet or meteoric satellite" attending the earth. He supposes it to be composed of a cloud of meteors situated about a million miles from the earth and revolving around it in a period of just one year, so that the sun and the meteor are always on opposite sides of the earth. It is estimated that the size of this ghostly satellite may be nearly the same as that of the planet Jupiter—i. e., about 86,000 miles in diameter.—Harper's Weekly.

Caught Too Quick. "I plead guilty ter stealin' dem melons, judge," said the prisoner, "but I wants de mercy or de court."

"On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"On dese grounds," replied the prisoner. "I stole de melons, but de sheriff didn't give me a chance ter eat 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Embargo Removed. She—My chaperon can't see a thing without her glasses, and now she's mistaken. He (chuckling)—Shall I don't say anything? I've got them in my pocket.—Boston Transcript.

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