

A Protection

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Colonel Eldridge."
"Well?"
"I think I shall have to leave the fort. There are too many young officers here who have nothing to do but flirt, and they make a girl's life intolerable."
"But you don't have to flirt with them if you don't wish to do so."
"They are so persistent. There's Mr. Wheeler, just out of West Point with nothing but his pay as second lieutenant and nothing with which to occupy himself but to cultivate his incipient mustache. He has been bothering me to become engaged to him. I think you, as commandant of the post, should issue an order against flirting."
"And if the penalty of the order is transgressed?"
"Twelve hours in the guardhouse."
"Very well. Consider the order issued. Go to the guardhouse."
"I am not flirting. I assure you I am in earnest."
"He looked at the colonel, a handsome bachelor of forty, with a pair of beautiful eyes in a way that puzzled him."
"I have a mind to order you out of the garbion," he said. "You have bewitched these young officers so as to render them useless as soldiers, and I shall get no service out of them till you are gone."
"Do sit down and let us talk it over. I think I can prove to you that I am not a flirt."
"Well, go on."
"Seriously, Mr. Wheeler, must be headed off or."
"He'll blow out his brains!"
"How could he do that when—"
"He hasn't any!"
"Listen to me. I see a way to settle the matter with him."
"And the rest of them?"
"Will you please cease to interrupt me?"
"Proceed."
"When a girl is once engaged she is let alone. Now, I wish to be engaged."
"Oh, you do! For how long?"
"That depends. My first object is to get rid of this colonel. I can't marry all these young men, and if I engage myself to one of them all the rest will quarrel over the matter. Now, if I engage myself to your commanding officer it will be very different. No one of them will have been preferred to the other."
"What a brain you have in that pretty head of yours! Are you sure they'll not all mutiny?"
"How ridiculous!"
"I'm at your service. But I warn you you may find it harder to get rid of me than Wheeler."
"Oh, I'm not afraid of that."
"You mean, I suppose, that being an old fellow I'll do for a buffer and when no longer needed will be retired."
"You go too fast. It will be time enough to talk about crossing a bridge when we get to it."
"Will you announce our engagement?"
"There you are again—trying to cross a bridge we haven't reached."
"But I thought you said you wished to be engaged to me for protection. What protection will it be if we keep the engagement a secret?"
"What does an engagement inolve?"
"Kissing privileges."
"There is something that comes before that?"
"Certainly."
"Will you do me the honor to be my wife?"
"Not on such a proposal as that."
"What kind of a proposal would you like?"
"One with some feeling in it."
"Having received a great many of them, perhaps you will tell me the most attractive way to proceed."
"The suitor, sitting beside the lady as you are sitting, takes her left hand in his."
"The colonel did as instructed, using his right hand."
"Not that hand, the other!"
"Why so?"
"The right hand must be free."
"The colonel used his left hand."
"Then he tells his story in his own way."
"You are the loveliest little humming in the world. I love you desperately and have loved you desperately ever since you came to the garrison, but I never dreamed that you would consider an old fellow like me for a moment especially when."
"Now you see why you should keep your right hand free," she interrupted, as he placed it on her waist.
"All these young chaps are mad about you."
"That's the way I supposed you felt about it. Now the privilege you spoke of comes in."
"The colonel took advantage of the privilege and the young lady remarked that that was not essential to the original plan, whereupon the colonel exclaimed, "Original plan be hanged!"
"The colonel was right about the mutiny, save that it was a social mutiny only. Half a dozen subalterns ground their teeth and wondered what a girl could see in a man old enough to be her father. However, the lady's engagement to the commandant served as ample protection even from Mr. Wheeler, though he was so badly hit that he put in an application for transfer."

Two Days in One.

Two hours in bed in the early evening is an effective health recipe for the busy man whose day begins early in the morning and lasts till late at night. The "treatment," which consists simply of going to bed from 5 till 7 o'clock, was described by a London medical man who prescribed it for a businessman whose manifold interests had been compelling him to crowd two days' work into one to the detriment of his health.

"My patient now has two distinct days and two distinct recuperation periods every twenty-four hours," the doctor explained. "He begins work with his secretary an hour before most business men are thinking of getting up in the morning. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon his first day's work ends, and he goes to bed for two hours' complete rest. At 7 o'clock he is up again, bathes, dresses and dines. He is then fresh for another four or five hours' business or social duties. His two rest periods combined give him almost nine hours in bed. The 'patient' gets through a greater amount of work and enjoys better health."—London Mail.

Standardization.

Standardization is not by any means the new and revolutionary thing that efficiency engineers and scientific management fakers would have you believe. Standardization is, in fact, as old as the hills.

Take wheels—buggy wheels, for example. They are all the same standard size, and they are painted in just a few standard colors. When a buggy wheel breaks you don't have to get one made to order. You replace it at any shop. It's standard size.

All tires minus the world over are precisely the same diameter to an inch no matter what may be the size of the tent itself. Thus the circus rider knows the angle at which he must lean. The angle of safety in Oshkosh is the angle of safety in Copenhagen.

Ladders are standardized. The bod carrier, with his heavy load, need never watch his step for every step or rung on a ladder's ladder is seven inches.

New York Tribune

Presidents and Their Messages.

The custom of presidents of the United States reading their messages to congress prevailed up to the first term of Thomas Jefferson, who discontinued it. Various explanations for Jefferson's departure from the custom of Washington and John Adams have been advanced, the most popular being that Jefferson felt that it savored of royalty, seeing that the king of England went in person to parliament and read his address from the throne. Another explanation was that Jefferson's voice was notably weak. Jefferson himself said in making the change, "I have had principal regard to the convenience of the legislature in the economy of time to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not yet fully before them and to the benefits there resulting to the public affairs."—Magazine of American History.

His Wardrobe a Coffin.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago there lived in the north country an old gentleman with whom formerly I had some acquaintance of remarkable intelligence, an occasional writer on economic subjects, says a correspondent in London Notes and Queries. I am not aware that he was "eccentric," but I was told that he had a coffin made for himself and kept it upended in his bedroom or dressing room. I asked a near relative of his not long ago if this story was correct. He said yes, that it was done to save pain and trouble at death; that the coffin I think it stood in an alcove or recess, was filled with books and was used as a hanging wardrobe. I think, with a curtain before it.

Drums in the Making.

The process of making drums reveals the same minute division of labor that is shown in all modern manufacturing. How minute this is may be shown by the fact that a single workman is able to turn out more than 2,000 pieces a day of some of the parts. The making of the heads is an interesting process. The skins arrive in a partially dressed state and are at once scraped and dried. The wooden barrel of the drum is made by a machine which takes a log of wood and peels from it a sheet as thin as a skin is peeled from an apple.—"The Trail of the Bulldozer."

The Cure.

"In love with that penniless young scamp are you?" said old Boyley. "Well, I propose to cure you of that." "You can't," retorted the willful young girl. "I'm determined to marry him."
"That's it exactly. I propose to let you do it."—Exchange.

A Movable Feature.

"You have your father's eyes, girlie." "Aw, go on!"
"And your mother's hair!" "Sh! your mother's hairs you she'll make me take it off!"—Pittsburgh Post.

Joy.

He—How did you enjoy the sermon?
She—Oh, ever so much! I had on a new hat and gown, and I sat just in front of that horrid Miss Briggs.

That They Are.

Oliver—Men are more valuable than women. Oliver! What nonsense! Oliver! It's a fact. Every man has his price, but brides are given away.

Where Decent Counts.

Biobbs—A parson is an idiot to both or about his descent. Don't you think so?
Houm—Yes, unless he happens to be a parson.

Whose Fault?

By DOROTHEA HALE

While walking in the country I came to a farm and, seeing a man at work, asked him for a glass of milk. He invited me into his house and set before me a pitcher full of rich milk.
"Trim farm you have here, my friend," I said to him, "and a good house."
"That was as far as I could go in my encumbrances for the interior of the house was in a hideously pigsticker condition."
"Yes," he said; "it's all I want."
"No; not all. You want a woman."
"You bet I don't! I don't want none o' them vipers around."
"If you had one everything about you would be neat and tidy instead of out of order."
"That's the worst part of it. A man ain't no good at that sort o' thing."
"What has prejudiced you against women?"
"Well, I had a gal once, and she went back on me. One day when I went by a farm down the road a bit that had been bought by a new man named Freeman I saw the prettiest gal a-leguin' over the fence you ever saw in your life. Her cheeks were as red as your roses growin' beside the porch, and her eyes were just sparklin' in her head. And you oughter seen that smile on her face—it seemed to come there natural-like. There wasn't any thing for her to smile at—only me, a plain country galoot, walkin' along the road. But somehow I couldn't get by I stopped and asked her what she was smilin' about. She said she was very happy. Her family had been very poor, and somebody had died and left her mother some money, and they'd bought the farm with it and sorge new furniture and a lot o' good clothes. Isn't that somethin' to smile at? she asked."

"Oh, I said, disappointed like, I thought you was smilin' at me!"
"So I was."
"I didn't get by that farm that time or other times without stoppin' whenever I think that was her name—was outside, and one day her mother come out and asked me if I wouldn't come in and drink some butter-milk. I done it, and the old woman kind a blinted that her daughter, Ist count' into the place, didn't know nobody and found it kind a homesome. I told her there was goin' to be a huskin' party at Farmer Bushrod's across the creek the next Saturday afternoon. I wouldn't mind drivin' Jimmie over there in my buggy. Jimmie's eyes lighted up at hearin' that, and she said she'd like to go mighty well. So I said I'd be on hand."
"I just had time to paint my buggy and get it dirty when Saturday come round, and, dittle, dittle, my Sunday suit I jist never to get the gal. Wasn't she fixed up fine? You bet! And when she snuggled down beside me in her ruffles and things and the smell o' violets and roses and a bull garden full of flowers I jist thought I'd go wild."
"At Bushrod's farm I wanted to keep it up, but I want to mean as to keep loozish about it, so I intercoored a lot of fellers, besides some gals. The fellers took to her like flies to honey, but the gals was jealous of her and fought shy."
"We was all huskin' the corn. Bill Jones was settin' by Jimmie, and all of a sudden I saw him take the husk off a red ear, and he jist threw his arms around her neck and gave her a big kiss."
"Stranger, did you ever have anything happen to you like that—a gal you was doin' set on kissed by another feller? Well, the devil jist riz right up in me, and I thort I'd have to kill Bill Jones right there. But what made me maddest was that the gal didn't slap his jaw. She jist took it easy like and went on huskin'!"
"When it come time to go home I jist set alongside of Jimmie and didn't speak a word to her all the way. She tried to talk and I wouldn't answer her. When we drove up to the house she climbed down and didn't even thank me for takin' her to the huskin'."
"The next time I went to her mother's farm she was in the field pullin' up some turnips. So in me she riz up and give me one of them smiles of hers, but I jist walked right on and didn't notice her. Somehow I'd got an idee into my head that she was tryin' to charm me like a snake. The next time I went by she left me alone, and she'd done it ever since. Sometimes I wish she wouldn't bug in that case she might bring me down, and if I'd see a man kiss her again I'd likely kill him and her too!"
"That's the reason, stranger, I don't want to get mixed up with a woman. The more a man's set on one of em the more she files him if she don't stick to him alone."
"My friend," I said when he had finished his story, "what you have said proves nothing whatever. At a huskin' a man is privileged to kiss on a subject to being kissed on such an occasion would be a pride in my opinion you made a hog of yourself altogether. You go right down to Jennie, apologize and ask her pardon for your rudeness."
"You don't mean, stranger, that it wasn't all her fault?"
"On the contrary, it was all yours." "Seizing his hat, he left the house without a word, and I saw him making at a quick pace down the road. I am happy to say that he was forgiven, and the next time I went into his house it looked spick and span."

An Old School Dominie.

I examined the contents of the satchel of a schoolboy of tender years the other day and found it to contain sixteen books of study. The textbooks covered a wide curriculum, and the perusal of them awakened in me a sympathy for the schoolboy, together with a feeling of thankfulness that my own schooldays had been passed in a more stern if less strenuous age, when laws were more in evidence than textbooks. I mentioned this subject to an old Highlander whose schooldays date away back to the "hungry forties," and he assured me that in those days he had studied to school with a Bible in one outer and a pest for the schoolroom fire in the other. The Bible was the only book possessed by each of the scholars, and it had to serve for all purposes. As a reading book place names occurred which baffled alike the tongues of schoolmaster and pupils to pronounce. The master never was known to admit defeat, however, for recognizing that "discretion is the better part of valor," he would extricate a halting reader by observing sagely: "Pass it on, my lad. Ye'll never be there."—Glasgow News.

They Both Were Seards.

"It's a strain in blindy work not to make mistakes," a girl worker told Mary Van Kleck, the author of "Women in the Bookbinding Trade." "A book is easily spoiled. I know a girl that put a picture of Longfellow in a copy of 'As You Like It.' Nobody knew it until she looked in another girl's book that had a picture of Shakespeare." "Well," she said, "that doesn't look like the picture I pasted. He was a funny looking man, but not as funny as that."
The reader who has come to a full stop in the middle of a book or of a magazine article because the signatures are mixed may be in no forgiving mood with the girl who doesn't know Longfellow's beard from Shakespeare's, but he may have some sympathy with the fatigue and monotony of factory work. Another girl put it tersely: "When you do one thing all day you lose the feeling in your fingers. You are likely to pick up two sheets at a time."
The Future of the Windmill.

The great possibilities of the windmill of the future, as outlined by scientists, reads like a fairy tale. It will be, and is now used not only to irrigate millions of acres of desert land; but it can be used to produce electric power, which can be stored away and kept for future use in lighting the house, cooking, heating and furnishing the water supply. Even the weekly washing and ironing may be done by means of the windmill. Among other ideas suggested by scientists is the establishment along all the roads in the country of electrical windmill storage places where any one driving a motor car may stop, drop a coin in the slot, replenish the supply and keep on going. In fact, the possibilities of this latest adaptation of the windmill are so great as to make an enumeration of the many things for which it may be used almost impossible.—London Opinion.

When the Sea Was Fresh Water.

The ocean was once merely brackish and not salt as it is now. This was when the earth was in its first youth and before there was not land showing at all or any animal life in the water. At this time the water was gradually cooling from its original state of steam, and the salts were slowly undergoing the change from gases into solids. Then came the appearance of land and later on rivers, which gradually washed down more and more salts, while at the bottom of the ocean itself chemical action was constantly adding more brine to the waters. At present it is estimated that there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all the salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

Quaker Name For a Flower.

Every one knows that wild flowers are known in various districts by local appellations. Some of them are pretty, many are curious others merely quaint. But there is one pretty wild flower, the ordinary white arabis, beloved of bees, a low growing flower which edges many garden paths. At Guildford, in Surrey, England, it is known as "well come home the husband be never so drunk." The origin of the name is not apparent. It is believed to have gained the name because the flower shines out so white at night.

Nothing But Work.

One very well known character of Oxford used to say that modern undergraduates were well inferior to their predecessors who had constantly employed him when they went out with gun or rod. "There's a very idle set of gentlemen at the university now days," he said. "They never shoot; they never go on a fishing. They do nothing, nothing but read, read from morning till night."

To the Point.

"That was a very appropriate remark the jockey made when they pulled him from under his mount when it stumbled and fell on him."
"What was the remark?"
"This is a horse on me."—Baltimore American.

Modern Dancing.

Clara—They say that one evening's dance is equivalent to walking ten miles. Maud—That was the old style. Now it's equivalent to climbing about 100 feet.—Life.

Patience is the most necessary thing in this world.—Confucius.

THAT APRIL FOOL HAT

By M. QUAD

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As a baby Philip Gordon Masters was dignified. As his days lengthened out he grew more so. At the age of three he had never had a smile on his face. At the age of five he had all the dignity of a man. Mr. Masters had been born rich. If it had been the other way—if he had had to elbow with the world—he might have been a different man.

This dignified man was thirty years old and was growing more dignified every second that passed, when he undertook a short railway journey. He had his own private car and the doors were locked and the curtains drawn. There came an accident by which the train was obliged to halt at the village of Whitewater for several hours. Mr. Masters got tired of inaction and started for a walk uptown. It was the first day of April, but he had forgotten the date. In fact, as he was bigger than the almanac there was no reason why he should remember any particular date.

You may have seen an April fool hat posed on the sidewalk. There is a big stone under it, and it is a trap for the unwary.

Mr. Masters had never seen across an April fool hat. He had never kicked a man or a dog or a football. He had always kept his feet under him. "Would you have thought that old village hat would have appealed to him? Would you have thought that after thirty years of dignity he would have even given it a second glance? Human nature is queer. It breaks away when and where you least expect. It broke in this case. Mr. Masters advanced on that April fool hat with almost a smile on his face, and when he had approached within a certain distance he drew in his breath, swung his right leg and sent it flying ten feet to the air. Only he didn't. He didn't send it two inches, and if he had been a pirate his swear words would have been heard a mile away.

There were boys ready to cry ha, ha, ha! and there were men ready to laugh ho, ho, ho! and Mr. Masters limped back to his car, boiling for revenge. Whitewater was a solid, thriving little town. They had no booms there. Its people were conservative and no one had ever invested a dollar in Wall Street. Of a sudden a stranger appeared and called on a Mr. Brown in a business way. Mr. Brown owned ten acres of land on the western side of the village. Its value was \$25 an acre, but no one had offered any price for it. Mr. Brown's astonishment can therefore be imagined when the stranger asked for an option on that land at \$100 per acre. He got it. He cautioned Mr. Brown to keep quiet. Then he went to a Mr. Gill. Mr. Gill owned two acres of land and an abandoned sawmill. The value was not over \$100, but the stranger got an option at a thousand. Mr. Gill was cautioned to keep quiet.

Then the stranger got an option on the ten acres on the hill and on two stores, the tannery, the saw factory and eight or ten other places. In each instance he offered a price and that price was at least three times what the property was worth.

What did it all mean? What was going to happen? It was no use to talk to the stranger. No information could be got from him except that he wanted more options. Some said it was coal; some said petroleum; some iron or copper or lead. It was even reported and believed that there was a diamond mine under the village.

There followed just what might have been expected and just what the stranger did expect. By the time he had secured options to the number of twenty Whitewater was seized with a fever. The price of real estate began jumping. A house and lot worth \$1,000 one day were held at \$2,000 or more the next. There was a gravel ridge running along the main street. The idea was that diamonds were to be found in this gravel. There was a creek just south of the town. It was contended that the hidden petroleum would be found there. Under the land on the hill was supposed to be a great reservoir of natural gas.

For two weeks there was no business but buying and selling. The congregations at the churches of a Sunday hardly numbered a score. There was hardly a piece of property in and around the town that didn't change hands at least three times. In a quiet way the stranger sold most of his options at double figures. One morning Whitewater woke up to ask what it was all about. The stranger had disappeared! Of a sudden no one wanted to buy. Before noon there was a rush to sell. Inside of twenty-four hours the \$1,000 properties were being offered for \$50. It is always so in the reaction. When the town settled down a bit it found that it had been set back twenty years and would have to pore its potatoes very close to keep out of bankruptcy.

And the stranger? Oh, he didn't count. He was simply the agent of the man higher up the man who had kicked the April fool hat. No one knew him, but all had felt him. He had kicked the town as well as the hat. Mr. Masters was noted for his dignity and not for a spirit of revenge, but when a millionaire has made an ass of himself and driven his toe back to his heels, doesn't he? April has come and gone since that panic, but there have been no more old hats to kick.

Oldham Likes Its Fun.

While ordinary citizens like to have any one of the twenty two largest cotton mills in England, it is the premier cotton town for all that, since it is pretty safe to say that it has more cotton mills to the square mile than any other town in the world. The Oldham people are peculiar. They are steady and thrifty while they work, but get on pleasure, they want all they can get. An Oldham family was returning from the annual holiday at Blackpool, and one of the daughters told the mother that they ought to have stayed another day.

"We couldn't, ma," said the mother. "It was all done."
"Well," retorted the undutiful daughter, "it's all thy fault. I told thee to sell 'r clock and we started, and thou can't say as I didn't."
And this anecdote is a true illustration of the Oldham character, too, for it has been estimated that in one week of the year Oldhamers spend some thing like £300,000, about £2 per head of the population. That is the week of "Oldham Wakes," when the mills stop working and everybody chases pleasure.—London Globe.

Lois Fuller and Dumas File.

Lois Fuller was dancing at Les Folies Bergere, in Paris, when a friend from Haiti, M. Eugene Pouille, arrived in Paris and offered to take her to see Dumas at Marly. She tells about it in "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life."
"During the journey in the railway carriage M. Pouille taught me a French phrase which I was to say when Dumas extended his hand. 'Je suis tres content de votre main' (I am delighted to grasp your hand). And of course, when the psychological moment arrived I phrased the words all askew. Instead of taking one of his hands I grasped both, and emphatically and with stress on each word I said: 'Je suis tres-contente-de-votre-main serree' (I am delighted with your close-fisted hand). I did not understand his reply, but my friend later on told me that Dumas had replied, 'My hand is not close-fisted, but I know what you mean, chig... and I love my hand and my hand is your service.'"

Habit of Formation.

Psychologists who have studied the subject tell us that in the psychology of success—success won by a man's own efforts—there are always two periods. There is the period of struggle. Every man who amounts to anything wins his way at first by will power and sheer endeavor. He has to use all his energy to climb the hard places determinedly, to fight and persevere. At first the battle is exhausting and often seems hopeless. But the thing to do is to hold on, day by day, through this first period. Then comes the period of habit formation. When the will has insisted upon certain acts or thoughts over and over again a path, so to speak, is cleared in the mind. Daily travel sets in over this path, and a habit is formed. Soon the thing that was so hard becomes easier and easier. The new method of thinking or acting becomes organized and solidified.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Correcting Family Speech.

A Cleveland man who makes a practice of choosing his words with care, a practice which he has endeavored to inculcate into the family circle, made a memorandum of the misused words uttered by his son and daughter during a recent breakfast. "Here is the result:

- Elegant, nineteen times.
- Awful, eleven times.
- Dandy, six times.
- Fierce, four times.
- Great, two times.

When the meal was over the head of the household called the family around him in the library and gravely read the totals to them.

"Go, that's fierce," said the son.
"Isn't it awful!" said the daughter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stage Money.

Stage money that is, money of no value off the stage—is first said to have been used by David Garrick in the eighteenth century. The money is said to have been made by the wealthy actor-manager so as to look actually like real money. There was little money, even of this counterfeit kind, used in the days of Shakespeare because of the scarcity of any kind of money, particularly among actors.

Much More So.

"Is there anything more exasperating" asks an exchange, "than a bureau drawer that has constitutional objections to closing up after it has been opened?" Yes, verily, brother to wit, a bureau drawer that has constitutional objections to being opened after it's been closed. Chicago News.

Supremely Exasperating.

"Don't you think Mrs. Spurrell has an awful temper?"
"She has, but can you blame the poor woman? She has a husband who just absolutely won't get mad at all!"

Dear, Indeed!

"The dear dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters outburstlessly.
"Yes, the dear, dear girls!" muttered Mr. Pawkins despondently.

Had to Confess.

Wife—Do you mean to tell me you lost \$2 at cards? Husband—I don't mean to tell you, but I may as well. You'll find it out anyway.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No man rejoiceth safely unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.—Thomas a Kempis.