

MY PHOTO GIRL

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

Imagine yourself a man twenty years old, named Richard, in the springtime, when the little god of love is flitting about, bringing down young people here and there with his arrows. You put your hand in the pocket of your light overcoat, smelling of moth balls from the winter's packing, and draw out a large brown envelope, of which you have no remembrance, containing a photograph of the loveliest face of a young girl you have ever seen. And, to cap the climax, written across the lower part of the card are the words in ink, "To dearest Dick."

That was what happened to me on putting on for the first time since the autumn before a spring overcoat. Looking at the face before me, a smile perched on the lips between two dimples, a saucy look in the eyes, I exclaimed:

"Pretty enough to kiss." After feasting my eyes for some time, drinking in at the same time the words, "To dearest Dick," I began to concern myself as to how the photograph came into my pocket. Taking off the overcoat, I examined it, casting a glance at the maker's tag sewed on the back of the neck. That solved the problem so far as the coat was concerned. The name was not that of my tailor. I was happy to observe, however, that it had been bought at a store in the city where I lived—happy because the nefarious design was born in my mind to rob, if possible, this other Dick of his sweetheart.

However, I was not a common thief and did not care to keep a coat I did not own. I took it to the tailor who made it, told him that I had probably exchanged it the autumn before in some coat room and asked him to find the owner. He succeeded in doing so, and an exchange of coats was made.

It was not long before, at a dance, who should appear on the floor executing the tango but the girl of the photograph. I must pause to say that she not only danced gracefully, but properly. Her partner was a handsome young man whom I assumed to be Dick, and he was Dick.

I spent half an hour in finding some one to introduce me to my photo girl and succeeded. I was and am still fond of dancing and invited her to dance. Before the evening was over I told her that I had her photograph, and after I had teased her for some time as to how I got it I gave her the story.

"I cannot understand," I added, "how 'dearest Dick' could have received back his overcoat without asking for the picture in the pocket."

"It wasn't complimentary, was it?" "I should say not. It shall not pass out of my possession so easily. No one shall have it except yourself, and I will only surrender it to you on an unequivocal demand."

"Indeed!" she said—a very convenient word by which to say something that means nothing. Encouraged by not receiving an unequivocal demand, I proceeded:

"My name is Dick." "Indeed!"

Not being stopped in this abrupt love-making to one I had not seen before that evening, I proceeded to describe my feelings on finding her photograph, using much the same language as I have used here. Suddenly I stopped in my exclamations, asking to be excused from a charge of lather.

"You are perfectly excusable," she said. "Have you anything more of the same sort?"

I told her there was a lot more, but words were inadequate to express it. I asked about Dick, advancing as far as I dared toward a direct question as to whether or not she was engaged to him—since she had been called "Miss" I knew she was not married—but she gave me no satisfaction. I have noticed that a woman when a man gets on to the subject of love, so far as she is concerned, is quite willing to listen, but constitutionally opposed to talking. At any rate, when we parted this one had my secret, but I had not been honored with her confidence.

I asked permission to call upon her, and it was granted. After calling once or twice I asked her to go to the theater with me. She said she would refer the matter to Dick. "He is very easy with me," she said. "I expect he won't object."

"He must be a remarkable lover," I said. "To permit his fiancée to go out with men other than himself." She vouchsafed no reply to this, but informed me later that Dick had consented to her going out with me, putting an accent on the "me" that led me to think I was not to be feared.

One evening when I called on my photo girl I found Dick sitting snugly on her on a sofa. They were looking over a book of pictures together. As I entered the room, without even rising she said unconcernedly:

"Dick, this is Mr. — who exchanged overcoats with you." "I think it must have been my fault," I said. "I believe you didn't miss anything that was in your pocket, did you?" "No; I didn't." "The photograph I had taken about that time," said the girl. "My sister is always giving me her photographs," remarked Dick, and he left the room. "Humph!" I said. "Brother, eh?" "Did I say he wasn't my brother?" "We were engaged before I left the house."

Sense of Direction.

The apparently marvelous way in which Indians, Eskimos and other primitive people make their way through forests, snow covered areas or other regions which have little to indicate direction to white newcomers has led to a widespread belief that they possess a mysterious sixth sense of direction. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic traveler, who has lived much with Eskimos, is very skeptical about the existence of any superiority of sense of direction among primitive peoples of any kind and gives strong evidence from personal experience that the ability of Indians and others to find their way he attributes solely to their familiarity with the country through which they are traveling. They note many things that they have seen before and that have no significance to the stranger in their land. White men can and do acquire the same ability to find their way when they have learned to know a country. When the land is equally strange to the white man and the Indian or Eskimo, the white man, because of his better developed reasoning power, is more likely to have a correct idea of direction than the Eskimo. —Indianapolis News.

The Literal Mind.

Man is never literal in the expression of his ideas except in matters most trivial. Very often man's words are not a language at all, but merely a vocal gesture of the dumb. They may indicate, but do not express, his thoughts. The more vital his thoughts the more have his words to be explained by the context of his life. Those who seek to know his meaning by the aid of the dictionary only technically reach the house, for they are stopped by the outside wall and find no entrance to the hall. This is the reason why the teachings of our greatest prophets give rise to endless disputations when we try to understand them by following their words and not by realizing them in our own lives. The men who are cursed with the gift of the literal mind are the unfortunate ones who are always busy with their pens and neglect the fishing. —Sadhana—The Realization of Life, by Khatindranath Tagore.

Tree Roots.

An article by A. Howard in the Agricultural Journal of India describes the attempts made at the Pusa experimental station to protect field crops from injury by the roots of neighboring trees, by digging a deep trench each year between the trees and the adjacent cultivated area. In the case of some trees this plan proved successful, but not in the case of others, such as the fig, banyan and teak. When the trenches were opened up it was found that the several roots had become connected again. New roots had been formed at the cut extremity. They had grown across the trench, which was twenty-four to thirty inches wide, and united with the severed portion of the root by a process of natural grafting, followed by a rapid thickening of the connections, which attained a thickness of 8 to 1.1 inches in twelve months.

Left Her Excuse Home.

One of the chorus girls came upon the stage after the rehearsal had been under way more than a half hour. The manager said, with all the tenderness of a buzz saw:

"Do you know that you are very late? What excuse have you got to offer?" "I didn't bring it with me," she answered. "Bring what?" thundered the manager.

"My excuse. I left it at home. You see, I got married yesterday, but I didn't think you wanted to see my husband."

The manager tried to suppress a grin. "Well, proceed with the rehearsal. Your excuse is sufficient." Exchange.

Mosques in England.

There are magnificent Mohammedan mosques in England. Those at Liverpool and Woking are noted for their exquisite appointments, and there is one situated at Bayswater. The doors are gilded in a similar way to those of the world famous Taj Mahal at Agra, built by Shah Jehan. In the east end there is a sacred temple to Al Ahmed, where the faithful meet once a year to go through a curious ceremony in honor of the prophet. —London Spectator.

Another Course.

Daughter—Yes, I've passed the scholarship examination, but now I must take up psychology, philology, bibliography, practical mother—stop! I've arranged for you a thorough course in zoology, botany, stichology, darningology, patchology and general domesticology! —Exchange.

Brutal Mirth.

Small Boy—Please doctor, will you come and see father at once? Doctor—What is the matter with father? Small Boy—He can't stop laughing, sir. Doctor—Whatever is he laughing at? Small Boy—Father's caught her tongue in the mangle. —Pearson's Weekly.

Awful Effects.

Acrid like—hey say dat steady dripping o' water 'll wear away a stone. Dreamy Pete—Jes' tink, den, wot'd happen 't a man's stomach by pourin' glassfuls inter it.

Strange Bed.

New Boarder—I didn't sleep well last night. Landlady—Strange bed, I presume. New Boarder—Yes; strangest bed I ever slept in! What we get we must earn if it is to be truly ours.—David Starr Jordan.

SHE SAVED HIM

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

"John, I've something to say to you. You're a good fellow, and I have no family. I have some stock in the Hope Mining company that is valuable and other securities. They're all in this tin box. There is also a will in the box leaving all I possess to you."

"Why, Mr. Hathorn," said John Murray, surprised, "what in the world put that into your head? I've been working for you only six months, and you never saw me before I came to you and asked you for a position in your store. Besides, you are a healthy, strong man, liable to live thirty or forty years longer."

"I'll tell you, John. You've told me about that wife of yours in the east and that little kid you set so much store by. Something tells me that I've not long to live. If I were to die tomorrow there wouldn't be a person in the world to claim what I left. If I will it to you you can bring your family out here and go right on with the mine. I might as well make some one comfortable, mightn't I? Come with me."

He took John to his bedroom over the store, pulled up a plank in the floor, put in the box and retained the plank. Then the two went downstairs and resumed their work. That night John Murray wrote his wife in the east and told her of the bequest that might some day come to them. It was about three months after this that John, who took care of the books and the cash, made up a deposit of the cash that had come in during the week for the bank at the county seat, some ten miles distant. While riding through a narrow defile a man sprang upon him and before he could draw his revolver disarmed him and, taking out a rope, bound him hand and foot. Then, appropriating the money he carried, he left John beside the road and made off in the direction of the store.

John remained as he was several hours before any one came along to release him; then he returned to report the robbery. Entering the store, he found it deserted. Looking about the place, he found Hathorn's dead body in the barn, with a little hay thrown over it.

Here were two troubles John had to report to his neighbors, though the first was nothing in comparison with the second. His story looked very unlikely. It seemed more probable that he had made up the story about having been robbed, had appropriated the money himself and had murdered his employer. The store stood alone, with no house within a mile. John was arrested and tried, and though the evidence against him was purely circumstantial, it insured his conviction, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

One day a woman entered a jewelry store at the county seat, where John was awaiting execution, and offered to sell a watch. The jeweler noticed on the case the initials E. J. H. He asked the woman if these were her initials, and she admitted that they were not and looked frightened. This excited the suspicion of the jeweler, and he kept the woman parleying till he could learn more of her. Then it occurred to him that the initials were those of Mr. Hathorn, whose murder had excited so great a commotion in the community. He sent for an officer, and the woman was arrested. Having been put through a severe examination, she broke down and confessed that she had murdered Hathorn and carried off the watch with her. But she claimed that plunder had not been her object, averring that Hathorn had married and deserted her.

There were two opinions as to this confession, the one being that it was untrue, the other that it was genuine. Those who maintained the latter view were supported by the fact that Murray's lawyer had brought evidence to show that Hathorn had feared some secret enemy. This turned the scale against the woman, though Murray was not at once released. As soon as he was sent to the jail where she was confined to have a look at her.

He was astonished to see his own wife. Fortunately the official that was with him was behind Murray and the wife had time to give her husband a warning look not to recognize her before the man came up. During the interview she also succeeded in whispering to him: "Fly for your life. I will be all right." John saw in this a scheme to save him and as soon as he left the jail disappeared. A day or two later Mrs. Murray recalled her confession, telling the following story:

She said that as soon as she heard of her husband's arrest she had gone west. She had had Hathorn's initials engraved on a watch that belonged to her brother and used it to get herself arrested. She told of the tin box of which her husband had written her, and which had not been referred to by defendant's counsel in the trial since the will it contained would show a motive for the murder by Murray.

Attended by court officials, Mrs. Murray went to Hathorn's room in the store, and the box was found. Besides the articles in it already mentioned was a paper on which was written, "Eben Greenleaf has sworn to kill me, and I believe he will."

Who Greenleaf was never came to light. John Murray was invited to return, but wrote his wife to sell out the store and bring his infatuated suit.

Hungarian Bath in Shippen.

This is a method for reducing that is practiced in Hungary. At night just before retiring fill the bathtub with hot water and in this dissolve three pounds of epsom salts. Get into the tub and lie with the body as flat as possible. Keep the hot water faucet open all the time, so that the water never cools. Remain in this bath for fifteen minutes; then take a cold shower or spray.

At first the bath may be operating. If so, take one every second day. The oftener they are taken the quicker the reduction will be. They are said to be quite harmless, though a bit strenuous at first.

Practically the same method is used for curing a severe cold in the head or chest, except that only two pounds of epsom salts are used, and a very hot drink, preferably a toddy, is drunk before getting into the bath, as it aids in inducing perspiration. After the bath go directly to bed and put on all the covers possible. In two hours the bed will be quite damp from the perspiration, or should be. —New York Sun.

Biberia's Growth.

Omsk, Siberia, has become the outstanding point for an extraordinary migration, estimated at 2,000,000 people annually, which pours into the country bordering on Mongolia. Nothing in Europe or Asia has ever been quite so like the springing up of the great cities of the American middle-west as is the growth today of new towns in Siberia. Except that the tide is moving east instead of west, the wonderful migration which won the west for America. There are, however, two striking differences. The first is that the pioneering is comparatively luxurious compared to the American movement, while the natives instead of being swept aside are being absorbed by intermarriage with the settlers. The ten day journey up the Irkutsk river from Omsk into the promised land is made by steamboats which are the last word in the luxury and convenience of river traffic. —Chicago News.

War and a Window.

In the days when Louis XIV. "Le Grand Monarque" was dazzling Europe his minister, Louvois, was superintending on the king's behalf the building of the palace of the Trianon in the park at Versailles. Louis inspected the buildings one afternoon and declared one of the windows to be out of shape and smaller than the rest. This Louvois denied, and the king had the window measured, with the result that he was proved to be right, and he openly before all the court ridiculed Louvois.

But the minister had his revenge, for, with the angry ejaculation that he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favorites, he embroiled France by his insolence in a quarrel with the powers, which only ended years later in the peace of Brest, after a war which entailed the loss of many lives and the expenditure of large sums of money.

English Prizefighters.

There was a time when nearly every prominent prizefighter had a nickname more generally used by admirers than his real name, and some of these were picturesque. William Perry, a famous fighter of early Victorian days, was "the Tipton Sinker." William Thompson, who won the championship in 1835, was known as Bendigo. The Australian mining town was named after him, and, although some of the inhabitants managed to have it rechristened Sandhurst, the new name never caught. Other nicknames borne by heroes of the ring were "the Gasman," "the Sailor Boy," "the Chelsea Snob," "the Bold Smuggler," "the Great Gun of Windsor" and "the Pride of Westminster."

When Kelvin Slipped.

Great scientist though he was, the late Lord Kelvin sometimes failed to do simple addition or subtraction sums correctly. Once on a blackboard at Glasgow university he made two and two five and, hearing the delighted laughter of the class, hastily altered the five to a three. On another occasion he said, "Seven, times nine, Mr. Macfarlane, are a hundred and what?" (Pause.) "But, no," continued the scientist; "seven times nine cannot be a hundred and anything, for the square root of a hundred is ten."

Only One She'd Heard Of.

Fogg reports that he overheard this in the book department of one of our big stores:

Customer—Have you Arnold's poems?
Salesgirl (turning to head of department)—Miss Simpson, have we Benedict Arnold's poems?—Boston Transcript.

Disappointed.

"I went to hear 'Il Trovatore' last night."
"Fine opera."
"Oh, shucks, man, the hand organs have been playing them tunes for years! I recognized 'em all!" —Pittsburgh Post.

Hard Natures.

There are morose hard natures in which cheerfulness cannot be planted or grafted. Such natures are like shadows of life—the clouds that blot out from our view the beautiful sun.

Making Faces.

Sauce—I saw a man in a window making faces today. Symple—What was he doing that for? Sauce—For a couple of clocks. He is a Jeweler.—London Mail.

The Case of I Don't Remember

By M. QUAD

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James Shine was sixteen years old when he started out one morning to go fishing. It was a walk of a mile to the lake, and between the village and the lake ran a railroad.

The youth ranked with the best for smartness, both mental and physical, and was in the best of health and spirits the morning he set out with his fishing tackle. What happened before he got there was told by the engineer of a freight train. One at the crossing could see the train while they were yet forty rods away, and no accident had ever happened there.

On this occasion, as the train approached, the engineer saw young Shine kneel down on the track to tie his shoe. A whistle of warning was sounded, and, in fact, the whistle was kept going until the pilot of the engine struck the boy and threw him a full fifty feet.

Young Shine was picked up for dead, but he wasn't dead. He was nowhere near it. He hadn't a broken bone and only one big bruise. He seemed as good as ever physically in a fortnight, but there was a great change in him mentally.

You have read of a person being "knocked silly." Well, the boy had suffered. There wasn't a hurt on his head, but his memory was gone. He didn't know who he was, and he could not remember any one else. It was a form of aphasia with a curious feature about it. His mother would say to him:

"James, your name is James Shine."
"Yes, it is James Shine," he would reply.

Five minutes later if asked his name he would reply that it was Peter Jones or something else.

At the age of twenty James Shine got lost. He was sent to a sawmill half a mile away, and in some way he got turned around and walked out into the country. It was a year before he was heard of again. He had made his way to a point a hundred miles away and hired out to a widow as a farm hand and after a few months married her. He had given her a dozen different names as his right one.

When the widow was reproached with having married a young man only half her age and one plainly off in his head she replied:

"Well, I thought it would be a good thing to get married again, and, I tell you, he is the best worker I ever had on the farm."

No effort was made to get the young man away, as he seemed quite content there, but one day he walked off without a word to any one and brought up in a town 200 miles away. He got work in a brickyard, giving still other names. One day his name was Davis, the next Barnes, the next Meadows, and so it went. Of course people wondered about it, and the police investigated him, but as he was a good worker and never made any trouble he was not interfered with.

After a few months and under the name of Bird young Shine married another widow. This one had five children, and when taken to task for her capture she replied:

"I noticed he was rather queer in the head, but I guess all men are that. Do you think a widow with five children to clothe and feed is going to turn a husband down just because he appears to be a bit dotty?"

The widow had a row over the one husband, and the husband moved on. He went about forty miles away and obtained work in a planing mill and in less than four months was married to his third widow. He had started in with a third widow and had a preference for that class. He had lived with No. 2 about four months when No. 1 and 2 came down on him. He was arrested and tried as a bigamist, but before his trial had taken place he broke out of jail and made a long skip and went to work in a livery stable. Here he gave twenty different names in twenty days and many people thought him a fugitive from justice, but as he was quiet and industrious he was not bothered.

There was only one widow in the town, but in a few months she had been sought out and courted and married. After a bit No. 4 heard about the others and the bigamist jailed. This time he went to trial. When asked on the stand if young Shine had seemed a sensible, rational person to her she replied:

"I can't say he did."
"But you married him?"
"But I'd been trying for six long years to catch a husband and was clean discouraged."

It was the opinion of doctors who examined the husband that he was neither morally nor legally responsible for his acts. Each one of the four wives offered to take him back, but of course the law could not permit this.

The question went to do with the of fender came up. A number of doctors swore that he was half a fool, and he was sent off to a state asylum. There he proposed marriage to one of the female cooks, and in escape, an elopement and a marriage might have followed had not the man been taken ill and died. On the day of his death it seemed quite rational, and in talking with the doctor he said:

"They say that I have married four different widows."
"Yes."
"And was courting a fifth."
"Yes."

"Lord bless the widow! If I could live my life over again I'd marry two or three before I got through!"

New Year in Japan.

In Japan the New Year is celebrated with far more pomp than in this country. One is expected to arise with clean and new new clothes to meet the auspicious morning. Then he will shake perfume bottles in the corners of the apartments and pay homage to all relatives after that manner. Secondary visits are continued as breaking. The every tray, covered with aromatic incense and decorated with rice dumplings, are placed on a table. The tables are covered with cushions and pillows, and the guests are seated on the floor. The host is the start of the festivities, which in older times were continued for many days. Business houses almost entirely suspended. The idea of celebrating New Year's in such a manner is that the year is going to be the way it is started. While on New Year's day and you will make through out the year. Cleanliness, New Year's day and you will maintain all the year. Weigh your shoes with a song of heart and it will be nearly sailing all through the year. Begin right and you are bound to finish right. That is the Japanese idea of New Year's celebration.—Bulletin of the Japan Society.

Mechanism of the Ear.

The human ear is a delicate piece of mechanism. That which we ordinarily designate as the ear is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a system of winding passages which lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are filled with liquid, besides having membranes stretched like parchment at different points. When a sound wave strikes these they are turned into vibrations and made to tremble like the head of a drum, when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of minute bones extends, which serves to lighten or relax the membranes and communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost piece of all a row of white threads called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point from which the trembling reach, passing thence inward to the brain.

Made a Bad Break.

"I think I must have made a bad break last Sunday," mused the fellow who seldom goes to church.

"You see, I got an unusual catalogue of my old school, and in looking through it I found that one of my classmates was the pastor of a Cleveland church. So I called him up, and he said that he was still preaching, and that if I wanted to meet him I should come to church on the following Sunday morning, which I did."

"He introduced me to his wife, and she took me into the pew with her. Well, during the sermon I got very drowsy. I was nodding in the middle of the sermon, and the person who touched me on the elbow."

"You seem sleepy," she whispered. "Try some of my smelling salts."

"No; thank you," says I; "I'd rather sleep!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Three Ages of Crime.

"There are three ages of criminals," said Leroy, the detective.

"The first age, from seventeen to thirty, is the daring and desperate one. Highway robbery, burglarious and holdups, murder for a few dollars—this is the worst age; a cruel, wicked and supremely foolish age.

"The second age, from thirty to forty-five, is the cautious middle one. Burglaries that are safe and easy, forgery, counterfeiting—is a worst crime demanding neither violence nor pluck—that is the second age.

"The third age, from forty-five to seventy, is the executive one. The criminal is now a gang leader. He does not act himself, but he plans and commands crimes of magnitude, train robberies, bank robberies, kidnappings and the like." —New York Tribune.

Why She Believed.

"What sort of a chap is that fellow that has been calling upon you?"

"He's the luckiest fellow in the world."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"And do you believe all he tells you?"

"I believe that, for he told me it just after I had promised to become his wife." —Houston Post.

How They Manage.

"I'd like to know how you and your wife get along so well together."

"Oh! tell you. Whenever ma decides that one of the children needs punishing I don't interfere, and when I decide to correct one of the youngsters she does the same for me." —Detroit Free Press.

Opened by Mistake.

Absentmindedly the young woman yawned.

"Pardon me," she said. "I didn't mean to do that."

"I see," responded Mr. Clinkerton. "opened by mistake." —Chicago Tribune.

Small Temptations.

An swarm of noxious insects are less easily exterminated than raging beasts, so is the victory over small temptations greater than that over heavy trials.

No Exchange.

"I see you brought back the same umbrella you took to the banquet."
"Yes; I didn't see anything better."
—Kansas City Journal.

Luck comes to them who help themselves and know how to wait.—O'Neil.