

Getting Out of It

By EUNICE BLAKE

David Edgerton, a young American, was spending some time in an Italian city.

One day Edgerton was sitting on a bench in the park sucking the ivory head of his cane when a girl passed him with an older woman. The young lady was a beauty. Nearly all Italians are brunettes, but this young lady was one of the few blondes one sees in that country. It seemed to Edgerton that she had walked out of a painting of Titian's that he had seen at the Borgese palace in Rome. Her hair was light, tinged with gold; her eyes were the only feature in her face that were of the prevailing Italian kind, being a liquid brown.

It was evident from her appearance, from her dress and being attended by an older woman that the girl was of the higher class. There would be no such thing as scraping an acquaintance. Edgerton followed her with his eyes till she passed out of sight; then a man who had been sitting on an opposite side of the walk arose and, advancing toward him, raised his hat politely and said:

"Would signor like to make the acquaintance of the young lady who has just passed?"

"Most assuredly!"

"With a view to marriage?"

"Can I not make her acquaintance without marriage?"

"With what object? The young lady is of a marriageable age; her parents do not desire young men to be attentive to her except with a view to marriage. But we have a custom here by which you can be introduced to a lady with a view to marriage. If you do not care to complete the transaction you simply forfeit my fee—I am a marriage broker—and any other expenses that may accrue."

Edgerton was so desirous of seeing more of the beautiful Italian that he gave the broker an order to arrange a marriage between him and her at once. The man did not seem to hesitate at making the proposition, especially when Edgerton told him that he had an income of \$10,000 a year. The man was somewhat disappointed that his client had no family crest, but thought the income would make up for this deficiency.

The introduction took place. Edgerton spoke very little Italian, and Signorina Conti spoke no English. But they managed to make themselves understood, and Edgerton enjoyed a very pleasant visit. Later the American was informed that his proposition was accepted.

The question arose as to what should be Edgerton's next step. He had made the proposition for the purpose of meeting in a friendly way one whose beauty he so ardently admired, relying on the fact that he could forfeit the commission and no harm be done. But now that his offer had been accepted it occurred to him that to back out would be a slight to the young lady. He did not consider such a marriage best for either her or him. Signorina Conti's connections were all Italian, while his were American. He would have to take her away from her native land, for which she would always pine, and as to making Italy his home, it was not to be considered. But how without drawing from the arrangement without appearing to put a slight upon the young lady?

Edgerton was nearsighted and wore glasses. Rather he wore a monocle, for he had lived in England, and at that time monocles were more common than they are now. He called on his marriage broker and said to him:

"Before completing this arrangement I have a confession to make to Signorina Conti."

"The signorina, signor, has nothing to do with the matter. It is all in the hands of her parents."

This made Edgerton feel easier in his conscience. He had no especial objection to the part he was playing, provided no one was concerned except the old folk.

"Well, then," he continued, "I desire that you inform Signor Conti that I am not a perfect man. I wear a glass eye."

"I do not think," said the broker meditatively, "that this will prevent the marriage so far as the parents are concerned. Signorina Conti may object to you on that account, but after all, she must obey her parents."

"That will not suit me at all," replied Edgerton. "I wish a written statement from the signorina that she marries me because she loves me and with the knowledge that I wear a glass eye. Unless you will bring me a statement to that effect signed by her I will consider the matter off."

Edgerton convinced the broker that unless he followed his direction he would lose his fee. He therefore delivered the message to the young lady without her parents' knowledge.

The signorina had an aunt who had lost one of her eyes and wore a glass eye in its place. Seeing the article removed at times and replaced in its socket had been so repugnant to the girl that she could not stand the prospect of living with a man who was in a similar condition. She took the responsibility on herself of releasing the applicant for her hand.

Edgerton not only paid the broker's fee, but sent a handsome present to the young lady. He didn't reveal the fact, however, that his glass eye was worn outside a natural one.

GEORGIA BLOODHOUNDS.

Keen Scent Enables Them to Perform Almost Incredible Feats.

What the Georgia bloodhound can do seems almost incredible. A convict sleeping in one bunk of a hundred, and clad precisely as the hundred convicts about him, may slip his chain and flee. Ten miles away he may meet his fellow prisoners again, may run to and fro among them or walk with them a mile and leave them.

Six hours after these hounds, put on his track where he slipped the camp, will follow him to where he met his gang, will tread his track in and about with hundreds of tracks, take it up where he leaves them and run him down though he cross convict gangs every mile he runs.

This escaping convict, clad in stripes cut from the same bolt with a hundred others, may run through the woods, touching weeds and bushes as he runs. Fifty other convicts may run through the same woods in every direction. The dogs will hold his scent, running full tilt, breast high. If he makes a curve of forty-five degrees the dogs will not run the line, but will catch his scent thirty yards away and across the angle, though it were filled with the convicts who had eaten and slept with the fugitive.

Often a dog will carry a scent in a gallop, running parallel thirty yards to the windward. An uncanny and terrible little beast is the red bone hound, trained for the hunting of man.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SAVED BY A WAGER.

Doomed by the Surgeons, May Bet He Would Live, and He Did.

When Colonel Hay, notorious for his love of gambling and betting, was severely wounded in the Peninsular war two brother officers came across his apparently lifeless body.

"Poor Hay! He's gone at last," said one named Winsor.

A faint voice came from the ground. "I'll lay you a hundred he's not." His death seemed only a question of minutes, but he continued, "Enter the bet, and you, Marston"—addressing the other officer—"be witness." He then fainted. When he was taken to the hospital the surgeon told him the bullet could only be removed by sawing through two ribs and introducing a child's hand to extract it, as forceps could not touch it. "The chances are," he added, "that you will die under the operation."

"If Winsor will make his bet double or quita I'll consent," said the colonel. Winsor agreed.

"Now saw away," said Hay. "I won't die." And he did not.

"But for that bet," he said afterward, "I should be a dead man. It was my determination to win it that kept me alive."—Pearson's Weekly.

Information.

It was a very fashionable concert and the artists very well known ones, but the two young things were too busy with picking out their peculiarities to hear the music.

In the midst of a beautiful selection the pianist suddenly lifted his hands from the keys and one of the young things was heard to say clearly:

"I wonder if that hair is his own?"

The old man who sat beside her was slightly deaf, but he turned with a benevolent smile.

"No, miss, he imparted pleasantly: "that is Schubert's."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Forts of Antwerp.

As long ago as 1641 an English traveler to Antwerp was impressed by the extensive character of its fortifications.

"The grafs, ramparts and platforms are stupendous," writes John Evelyn in his diary. "But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe; nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built and civil place than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp."

Compensation.

If it is true, as our business philosophers tell us, that "those who never do more than they get paid for never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do you must do more than you get paid for. Even a philosopher ought to see how impossible that is, but, of course, the true philosopher cannot be expected to hesitate over a mere impossibility.—Life.

Where Procedure Is Slow.

"What's your excuse for speeding?" asked the judge.

"Oh, we live in rapid times, your honor," answered the motorist flippantly. "Everything has to speed up a bit these days."

"Not at all," said the judge. "And you will observe the contrary if you will sit down and speed the day in this courtroom. Ten dollars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Chicken Cheese.

Boil two chickens until tender; then take out all the bones and chop the meat fine. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter, pour in enough of the liquid to make it moist; then put into a mold. When cold turn out and cut in slices.

Mode of the Muse.

Bertie—Pa, what is an anomaly? Pa—An anomaly, my son, is a poet with a collar that is too small for his neck.—London Telegraph.

That man is learned who reduces his learning to practice.—Epitaph.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

By M. QUAD

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For seven years old John Fossilick had been paying teller of the First National bank in a western town. He had secured the place through the friendship of the president. But there had been a "ring" against him in the bank. Without the president behind him, even after he had held the place for three or four years, he would have been fired by those in authority.

The seventh year was drawing to a close when old John was caught up. A stranger presented a check which he hesitated to pay and about which he consulted the cashier. Later on the cashier stated that he had ordered it to be held pending examination. Old John said that he had been ordered to pay it at once. The check was paid, and, being suspicious, the bank was \$300 out of pocket.

The president being in Europe, the board took the case under advisement and "by order" the old man was fired out into the world to begin life anew. There were resolutions, of course, and one of them was to the effect that the bank presented him with the sum of \$100 for long and faithful services. He put on his hat without protest, and he left the bank without taking the money. At his humble home an old, anxious wife met him and, wifelike, gave him sympathy and encouragement first of all.

"Never mind, John; never mind," she kept saying. "We have a few dollars ahead, and you are only fifty-five years old, and something good is sure to turn up. You have fought too long to give up now."

But the weeks went by and nothing turned up. The business world has very little use for an old man who has no capital. John Fossilick's savings were gradually used up, the generosity of his few friends exhausted, and there came a day when the question of food and fuel became a serious one. He was not one to sponge or turn beggar. If the world would not let him earn his food, at least he would go out of it and hope that his going would open the hearts of men toward his widow. After pondering for an hour he started out with the firm intention of drowning himself in the river. It was a blistering November day, and as he passed the bank with bowed head, bent shoulders and well worn garments even those who had deprived him of his place felt a touch of sympathy. He was making for the suburbs and a highway bridge and wondering how long it would take to drown and what men would say of him when dead when he caught sight of men and horses skulking behind an abandoned factory. It was singular, bound on such a mission as he was, that he should have seen or wondered and speculated on why those men and horses were there, but he had scarcely passed the old factory when he suddenly turned about and ran for the business part of the town with speed that astonished himself.

In the vaults of the First National bank was a sum close upon \$300,000 deposited there temporarily by a railroad company. Outside the vault was a big safe containing \$25,000 more. It was a quiet afternoon, with few people moving about. Over 100 of the men living in town had gone over to the new town of Patrie Flower to an auction of real estate. There hadn't been a better opportunity for years to make a dash at the bank. It was a civilized young city, but within striking distance of No Man's Land and a hundred desperado outlaws.

Of a sudden old John Fossilick, bare-headed and his gray hair flying, burst into the bank. He was speechless with his running, but he did not try to use his voice. He dashed upon the gate and seized the heavy doors of the safe and closed them with a bang. Several employees tried to seize him, but he shook them off, and just as firing and yelling were heard on the street he slammed the doors of the vault. He had only turned from it when four border ruffians rushed into the bank, each with a pistol in hand, while three others remained outside and fired at every pedestrian in sight.

"Hands up and money out!" shouted one of three who entered the bank, and in an instant every official and employee was covered.

"Gentlemen, the bank is closed for today," said John Fossilick.

"Open the safe and vaults or I'll blow your brains out!"

"I have a key to neither."

"You liar! Take that!"

The old man sank with a bullet in his brain, and the white faced cashier would have opened safe and vault with his own hands but for the arrival of assistance. A few citizens had gathered and killed one of the watchers and wounded another. This caused a stampede on the part of the desperadoes. They did not even grab the money packages in sight, but hastened to get away as fast as possible. John Fossilick did not drown himself, but he died. He had been discharged on account of old age and carelessness, but his speed and acumen had saved the First National bank from being cleaned out. He wondered what men would say of him after death. They said he was a hero. He had hoped men would have pity on his aged widow. When he had been laid away the bank voted her a life pension, the citizens and the railroad company made up a public purse, and she wanted for nothing the rest of her life.

SIRE AND SONS.

Judge E. M. W. Nye of Buffalo has celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

Dr. G. S. F. Savage of Chicago still practices medicine at ninety-seven.

Sir John Jellicoe, admiral of the British navy, is fifty-four years of age. Martin Sheets of Terre Haute, Ind., has placed a telephone in the mausoleum in which he expects some day to rest.

Sir Edward Grey, now England's minister for foreign affairs, caused John Morley to say twenty years ago, "That young man will go far; he will be prime minister some day." He is fifty-two years of age.

For the past fifteen years N. E. Swanson of Denver has been working over the construction of a cube puzzle consisting of thirty pieces of wood which interlock. He says that he has found the solution and that no one can solve his puzzle in less than twenty-four hours' work.

Dr. Marion Dorset, biochemist of the federal bureau of animal industry, is the scientist who first isolated the germ responsible for that farm scourge, cholera in the hog. That accomplishment, he perfected a serum to combat it, protected his processes by patents and then turned them over to the public to be used without charge.

Short Stories.

Portugal has only two large cities, Lisbon and Oporto.

The human skeleton, exclusive of teeth, consists of 206 bones.

The first warship to pass through the Panama canal was the Peruvian destroyer, Teniente Rodriguez.

One-third of the world's supply of platinum is required in dentistry and another third for electrical purposes.

The forists of New York are said to be losing \$5,000 a day because of the war, as there are no orders for steam or bouquets.

The first voyage of an American vessel around the world was made by the ship Columbia from Boston, starting Sept. 30, 1797.

A schooner built in Amesbury in 1805 and used in the war of 1812 as a privateer still is in active service in the Maine coasting trade.

Recent Inventions.

Barbs on the point and shaft of a new nail make it hold as securely as a screw.

To facilitate milking there has been invented a substantial can that also serves as a stool, the milk being drawn into a long necked funnel.

In newly invented shackles convicts sent out to do road work can walk around at will. If they try to run the mechanism locks their legs automatically.

The heart of an average man makes about one three-thousandth of a volt of electricity at every beat, and an instrument sensitive enough to measure it has been invented.

The Royal Box.

Japan's empress is making bandages for the Red Cross nurses.

The czar of Russia is the only European monarch whose life is not insured in a British life insurance office. Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, ruler of the independent nation of Luxembourg, is only twenty years of age. Luxembourg was recently invaded by the German army.

King Albert of Belgium is the son of the late Prince Phillip of Sax-Coburg-Gotha and of Flanders and of the Princess Marie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He is the nephew of Leopold II. of Belgium, whom he succeeded.

Fashion Frills.

All is not gold that glitters—we refer to the fall coats for men.—Pittsburgh Press.

The new wraps are described as very military, but, of course, in neutral tints.—Baltimore Sun.

A man's clothes are in style as long as they are wearable; a woman's, wearable as long as they are in style.—Youth's Companion.

Before you men begin making facetious remarks about the tall headgear of the women have a look at the bizarre shapes of the new men's soft and stiff hats.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Flippant Flings.

Violet rays may interest the scientist, but the average worker is more interested in the X raise.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Our complete neutrality is proved by the fact that we are not trying to work off a surplus of cold storage eggs upon either the entente or the alliance.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Another thing to worry about is this: What now will be the course of doctors who have been in the habit of prescribing a trip to Europe for their wealthy patients?—Manchester Union.

War Echoes.

War has its own allies. There is cholera, for instance.—Chicago News.

America to the belligerents: "Eventually, why not now?"—Columbian State.

One of the wonders of the war is the way the ammunition seems to be holding out.—Detroit Free Press.

The fighting in Europe is said to be fierce, but it won't begin to compare with the battle of the historians after the war is over.—Memphis Commercial-Appal.

A New Year's Prescription

By SARAH BAXTER

"Good morning, Jim."

"How are you, Tom?"

Tom Gooding looked uncomfortable. He had come into his friend Tom Olcott's law office for a purpose, but he seemed to have difficulty in announcing it.

"Jim, I want you to get me a divorce," he said at last.

"What?"

"A divorce. Edith and I can't get on together any longer."

"Whose fault is it?" asked Jim.

"Whose fault is it? Why, it certainly isn't mine. The truth is Edith is continually making mountains out of molehills."

The lawyer looked grave and said: "The smaller affairs of life are more in keeping with a woman's nature than a man's. How do you know that you're not making molehills out of mountains?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's quite likely that you have very important faults that you do not consider at all. Perhaps you are unconscious of them, and yet they may be breaking up your home. Now, this is a good time to remedy them. The new year is at hand, when we all expect to take a fresh start. New Year's resolutions are in order. I will give you a rule of action for the next twelve months, and if you adhere to it you won't want me to secure a divorce for you."

"What is it?"

"Instead of replying to the lawyer wrote something on a bit of paper, put it in an envelope, sealed it and wrote on it 'To be opened New Year's morning.' Then he handed it to Gooding."

The next morning Mrs. Gooding appeared at the law office. She did not know of her husband's appearance there the day before, and Olcott did not mention it.

"Jim," she said, "it's all up between Tom and me. I want you to get me a divorce."

"Is there any special accusation you have to make against Tom?"

"Only that he rubs me the wrong way all the time."

Olcott looked up at the ceiling. "How long will it take to separate us?" she asked.

"No time at all. All you have to do is not go back to the house."

"I mean legally."

"Oh! You wish to marry again?"

"No such thing. Why do you say that?"

"Because I see no other advantage in your case in a legal separation. Do you still love your husband?"

"Of course I do! It's on his side."

"Never mind his faults. Would you prefer to keep your home as it is if you could get on together?"

"Certainly."

"Edith," said the lawyer after a pause, "tomorrow will begin the new year. I will give you a rule for your guidance, and if you will follow it I guarantee that you won't need a divorce."

"What is it?"

Olcott wrote a few words on a bit of paper and, after sealing and addressing it as he had in the case of her husband, handed it to her, saying:

"Take that, and as the doctors say when they give you a prescription, if it doesn't cure you let me know and I'll begin divorce proceedings."

New Year's morning was pleasant, and after breakfast Tom Gooding said to his wife:

"Sweetheart, don't you think, this being a holiday, we'd better make some sort of a trip?"

"The very thing. Holidays are best utilized, to sit around at home doing nothing is depressing."

So they arranged for an outing. The next day when the husband was about to go to business his wife asked him if he would go to a dry goods store, six blocks out of his way, and buy her a spool of thread of a certain hue. He bristled up, but suddenly surprised her by very affably agreeing to oblige her. But he was too late. With a kiss she said that she had no business to trouble him with such small matters when he had so many big ones on his mind. She was going to the shopping district anyway and would attend to the matter herself.

These are samples of many such instances by which petty quarrels were avoided, and every day showed an improvement in the couple's domestic relations. Often when they bristled at some fancied cause for dispute one or the other would suddenly stop as if having remembered something and swing around like a weather cock from the bitter north to the balmy south. Scarcely a month passed before one day Mrs. Gooding put her arm about her husband's neck and said:

"Tom, I've a confession to make."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Last December I gave up trying to live with you and went to Jim Olcott for a divorce. He wrote me a prescription. I began to practice it on New Year's day. It has shown me that our troubles were all my fault."

"What was the prescription?" asked the husband, opening his eyes very wide.

"Look within yourself!"

Tom Gooding's only reply was a hug and kisses. Not a word about having received the same prescription himself. And yet there are those who claim that man is the nobler animal.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Joseph Rubino of Babylon, N. Y., has a school for training dogs to trail criminals.

Mrs. Struyssant Fish of Newport says hereafter she will wear only American made goods.

Mrs. Edith Doody of New York, after thirty-five years of search, has found Mrs. Rowena Gibbs, her foster mother. Countess Guy de Lasteyrie, formerly Constance Warren of Newport, R. I., has become a nurse in the French army.

Bernhardt is playing "La Samaritaine" in real life. She has abandoned her American tour and has converted her Paris theater into a hospital.

Jane Fairman, the oldest employee of the Illinois Central railroad, has been placed on the retired list. She entered the employ of the company in 1870.

Dress Hints.

Shoes that are too tight at the tops interfere with the action of the calf muscles and spoil the shape of the ankles.

Rain spots on cloth need not be regarded hopelessly. Wipe off the way of the nap with a silk handkerchief or very soft brush. If this be done quickly no marks will remain.

To remove from suede or chamol gloves the shiny spots made by rubbing of a bracelet, for example—rub them gently with fine emery or glass paper. Then rub them well with bran and shake or brush.

Town Topics.

Baltimore has profited and will continue to profit from the centennial celebration of 1844.—Baltimore American.

Portland has not gained as much population as Chicago in the last two years, but consider the quality of our better babies.—Portland Oregonian.

Within a year, it is heard, New York will have fifty or sixty miles of subway. In the same time Pittsburgh will have to remove fifty or sixty miles of red top that obstruct the subway projects, if we are to have any.—Pittsburgh Press.

Christmas Shopping.

The shrewd woman has her Christmas shopping well advanced.—Portland Oregonian.

Early Christmas shopping in large volume would prove a wholesome stimulant to business.—Chicago News.

With scant prospects for imports of European toys it will be wise for you to do your Christmas shopping early unless you are a mere spung and intend to give only useful presents.—Indianapolis News.

British Briefs.

The English merchant marine has a tonnage of 18,888,339.

The coal mines in the South Wales field are timbered with the trunks of twenty-year-old fir trees, mostly from France.

It is claimed that Exeter cathedral possesses the largest number of carvings of medieval musical instruments to be found anywhere. The earliest specimen is of the lute and dates back to the thirteenth century.

Cost of Living.

The cost of living shows no sign of retreating.—Detroit Free Press.

Alum has gone up in price because of the war. Gentlemen who use alum after shaving will now have to economize on their cuts.—Chicago News.

The high cost of living resembles the crowded street car in that there always seems to be room for some more, no matter how we may have thought we had reached the limit.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Cookbook.

Grate an apple into your horseradish and you will have as fine a relish as you could possibly wish.

Cream cheese into which chill sauce is mixed, rolled into balls and served with lettuce salad, is a most quaint relish.

When baking potatoes cut a snip from the end of each. This will let out the moisture and make them appear mealy.

Three Reels.

Moving picture men have followed Stanley's footsteps through Africa.

One Paris motion picture plant was