

Story of a Spendthrift

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Jimmie Temple was the son of a very rich man and inherited at his father's death a large fortune. This was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when \$100,000 was considered a gigantic sum.

Well, after Jimmie had run through all his money he continued to spend on tick. This lasted till he found the battle was after him, when in order to escape them, he enlisted in the cavalry and was sent to his regiment fighting Indians in a territory which he called the middle west.

There was no reason why Jimmie Temple should not have continued to serve indefinitely in the army, where he was very happy, for he secured a commission, except that he loved a girl in Baltimore.

This attorney Markham was his name having learned about Jimmie's idiosyncrasies, especially his fondness for horses, one morning sent a boy in a uniform of a jockey to ride a horse.

Do you expect to win a race with that bundle of bones? Markham, who was under the window, began to read Jim a summons, but he had not read half a dozen words before down came the sack.

He got to further. Some one on the ground beneath the window thrust a pole under the sack so that Jim could not lower it, and a voice began to read a legal document.

"My friend, I have been playing the bank at Watson's recently. I have invented a system by which I expect to break it. I am in love with a young lady whose father has informed me that if I ever obtain a gambling license again I shall be all up between me and his daughter.

"The man gave Jim his system, and Jim was seized with a desire to see how it worked. He took \$100 the man gave him and suffered himself to be conducted to Watson's. He had scarcely entered the well lighted room when he was bereft of his disguise and being recognized was forced to listen to the reading of a summons for the door was locked behind him.

HE LOST HIS FRECKLES.

James Whitcomb Riley's Tale of How the Trick Was Turned.

As a youth James Whitcomb Riley was burdened with freckles. Always sensitive regarding anything reflecting upon him personally, he grieved over what he considered an insurmountable misfortune.

"One day I saw in a drug store window what was said to be a sure cure for moth, tan, freckles, etc. I pondered possession of a bottle, but 50 cents! Of course I could never buy it. Why, I didn't get 50 pennies in a whole year!

"When I stepped inside the door all the school started to laugh at me. The teacher asked me what I meant by coming to school in such a condition. Bewildered, I ignorant of what it all meant, I followed her out the door.

MILITARY MARCHING.

The Pace Varies With the Quality and Size of the Command.

The "Army Drill Book" tells that trained and hardened infantry can cover from twenty to twenty five miles a day when in small bodies. As the size of the command increases the distance covered becomes less as the rate of marching is retarded.

On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain and was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge. Other Handel was in a slight mood or else the blacksmith showed some unfavorable symptoms for in a little while the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a snore.

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Each Eastman an old time Iowa farmer on one occasion appeared before a young judge and to enforce a point he desired to make brought with him and attempted to read Blackstone to the court whereupon the young judge, after moving uneasily about in his seat for awhile, said: "Mr. Eastman, I've read Blackstone."

"What did you say your age was?" he remarked between dances. "Well, I didn't say," smartly returned the girl, "but I've just reached twenty one."

Black Opals. The gem most sought after is the Australian black opal, which is found nowhere else in the world. It appears in limited quantities in the matrix of ironstone and sandstone in the Lightening Ridge district of New South Wales.

THE WAYS OF FATE

By M. QUAD

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Miss Dorothy Campbell knew that it had rained and frozen during the night. She opened the door and stepped out to find that the top stone step was still a glare.

"You will excuse me, miss," said the man as he raised his hat. "Not only excuse, but thank you," was the reply.

As Miss Dorothy was moving away she noticed that her rescuer was a man of perhaps twenty five, with a professional look about him. He had dark hair and eyes and a smile that was good nature itself.

"Why, you look!" "Yes," he smiled. "I was not following you to act the part of a gun-tan for I had to come back this way and had only just seen you when the big boiler brought about the collision. I was near enough to save you from a fall."

"Look out!" Look out! shouted a dozen voices in chorus, and then there was a mad scramble among those on the platform. One of the freight cars, being pushed along by the locomotive, had jostled the rail and broken loose from the train and it would be almost sure to bump into the platform.

"I have come down here to visit my brother who is to meet me here. I was on the car with you but you did not see me. I am glad to have been of service to you. Three or four people have been hurt and will require the aid of a surgeon. You, doubtless, have friends coming to meet you. Will you excuse me while I go and see what I can do for those who have been injured? I am a physician, you know."

Just then her sister came up in the auto and called to her. So she and the young man had met once more, though she had never expected to see him again.

Before the broken bone had completely knit Dr. Roy Goodsend had something to say. He sat amidst the roses climbing over the veranda. He hadn't a wife and two or three children, but wanted them, and Miss Dorothy was sensible enough to let him rescue her for the fourth time.

VALUE OF BORIC ACID.

Its Use as a Disinfectant and as a Healing Remedy.

A physician writes to Farm and Fireside saying "that the very best disinfectant known to science does not seem to be known to some people at all."

"I allude to boric acid, or, as some people call it, boracic acid. It is exceedingly efficient, safe and economical. It is a white powder and makes the best dressing for wounds that modern doctors have ever discovered.

"Always remember that boric acid is nonpoisonous in an ordinary quantity usually used, while hydrochloric, mercuric and carbolic acid are exceedingly poisonous."

WHEN A WHALE BLOWS.

It Is Steam, Not Water, the Cetacean Spouts Into the Air.

Since a whale breathes air when it is below the surface the breath must be held. If for water should be taken into the lungs the animal would drown. Thus, as soon as a cetacean comes to the surface its breath is expelled and a fresh supply inhaled before it again goes down.

That whales spout out of the blow holes water which has been taken into the lungs through the mouth is probably widely believed than any other popular misconception. As a matter of fact such a performance would be impossible, because a whale's nostrils do not open into the back of the mouth as do those of a man, and the animal is not able to "breathe through its mouth," as an ordinary land mammal. Roy Chapman Andrews in New York Independent.

Origin of the Gas Jet.

William Muschok, the inventor of the gas jet, first burned the gas simply as a flame from the end of a pipe. One day in an emergency he wished to stop the illumination. Hurriedly looking around for something, Muschok seized his wife's tumble and thrust it over the light, which was a maximum. Dated, distinguished.

There was a strong odor of gas, however, says the Popular Science Monthly, and the experimenter applied a light to the tumbler, discovering that it was full of holes, through which jets of flame appeared. The importance of the result was that the illumination from these two or three tiny jets was much brighter than had been given by the great flare from the end of the pipe. Acting on the principle which this chance discovery revealed, he constructed what was known as the Colesport burner.

Eyes of a Graffe.

No matter from what direction you may approach the graffe the top-heavy looking animal is sure to discover you. It has been called the original "rubber neck." It is not generally known that nature, because of the height of its eyes from the ground, has supplied it with a talent peculiarly its own for making observations. As a matter of fact a graffe can see in all directions at the same time without moving its head. The eyes are large and prominent and so placed at the side of the head that bulging out as they do, they are capable of seeing backward as well as forward.

Origin of the Word "Farm."

The origin of the word "farm" is as follows: In the Saxons' time the estates which the lords of manors granted to the freemen were at first but for a term of years, with a reuder of a rent, which in those days was of corn and other products. The leases so made were called fermes or farmes, but times ensuing turned the produce into money and terms of years to terms of life and inheritance. Westminster Gazette.

A Marvel of Chemistry.

One of the most marvelous things is the burning of a jet of hydrogen gas in liquid air. The smoke that arises from the combustion floats off in the air as pure snow, a flame burning brilliantly in the midst of a liquid, with snow given off for smoke!

Unwittingly Kind.

Cholly Ayres Yes, since the Parkers lost their money I have stopped calling there. Miss Keen—that is very kind of you. It ought to cheer them up a whole lot. Baltimore Sun.

Good Impulse.

A mere good impulse that does not result in good works is rather worse than useless, for if not carried out in deed it has a reaction instead of an action as its outcome.

Happiness at least is not solitary. It joys to communicate; it loves others; it depends on them for its existence.

Their Engagement Was Not Broken

By F. A. MITCHEL

Dora Atterbury was an especially feminine young lady. Nevertheless she was very bright. She distinguished herself at college and after being graduated engaged herself to Professor Ernest Ballinger, a young man equally brilliant and whose specialty was biology. They had been engaged some time when the professor received a note from his fiancée asking to be released from her engagement for the reason that she had decided to study a profession and she considered a profession for a woman incompatible with married life.

"I think it best," he said, "that I should reverse you." There was a slight contraction of Dora's brows at this. She had asked to be released, but preferred that she should be required to struggle for her freedom.

"My reason lies deeper than that," replied the professor, unemphatically falling into a tone used in lecturing to his classes. "You are aware, I presume, that there are cases of effeminacy in men. Some psy.ologists hold that this occurs from environment. I do not admit this. I consider it the result of birth accident. Such men are born effeminate, that is they partake mentally of the nature of the opposite sex."

"I cannot see," interrupted Dora, "what that has to do with the matter between us." "Be patient, and you will see. The corresponding accident to this in women, virginity, renders a woman as much of a freak of nature as a man who is born effeminate. Virgins take up men's occupations naturally."

"Do you mean to assert that all women who enter the field of law, medicine, business, are virgins?" "No, but I mean that virgins naturally turn to men's occupations. The views promulgated by her fiancée were evidently not shared by Miss Atterbury. In her features was expressed opposition to his theory, mingled with pain at foreseeing that he was about to apply it to herself.

"I do not agree with you in referring these things to birth accident," she said. "I know a young man whose only companion as a child was his sister. He is very effeminate."

"In this case possibly his effeminacy came from environment, but I doubt it. In the case of women who possess traits of men we have analogous cases in certain birds. After a certain age the female assumes the plumage of the male and she destroys the eggs of her species. This cannot result from environment, because environment could not alter her plumage."

Miss Atterbury did not at all like this result of her announcement of the breaking of her engagement and the reason she had given for breaking it. She began to look troubled.

"The upshot of all this," she said, "I presume, is that I am a freak of nature?" "That does not necessarily follow," replied the professor imperturbably. "Not necessarily, but it is evident from what you have said that you consider me such."

"My views are not the views of all psychologists, and not all women who adopt men's pursuits are virgins, though I believe that most of them are."

"You have not answered my question." "Whether or not you regard me as a freak?" "You did not ask such a question. You said that you presumed the upshot of my theory was that you were a freak of nature?" "Do you or do you not so regard me?" "My opinion can have no effect on the truth. If your intention to take up a profession is the result of birth accident, so be it. My dictum would not prove or disprove the fact."

There was silence for some moments, during which the young lady was absorbed in thought. "Could you love such a woman as I am?" she asked presently. "Men love their opposites. No man can feel toward another man as toward a woman."

"It seems impossible," replied Dora, with quivering lip, "to pin you down to anything. If I am one of these hard freaks you speak of, how is it that you could have loved me thus far?" "You forget that heretofore I have not so considered you."

"But you do now?" "Not at all. Your desire to take up a man's profession causes me to suspect. Your taking up the profession would be additional evidence. Your practicing the profession would—in my opinion, mind you, be as good proof as it is possible to attain in your individual case."

HIS TWO TENSE MOMENTS.

One a Ninth Inning Crisis, the Other a Dinner Table Climax.

I heard a prominent Cambridge man tell of the two most tense moments of his life. But the tension in each case was different.

"I doubt if I ever shall forget either occasion," he said reflectively. "They were big moments. "The first was when I was in college. I was captain of the baseball team that year. We came to the end of the ninth. We needed one run to tie the score and another to win the game. Two men were down and two on the sacks when I came to bat. And for once in my career I did it. I lined out a three bagger right over the railroad track. When I felt it go well, that was one occasion."

"And the other?" He chuckled, but a slow flush crept over his cheeks. "It was thirty years ago, soon after I left college. I went over to see a girl I thought was pretty nice and to meet her folks for the first time. I went on a Sunday. All the men were away. And they had duck for dinner." He stopped. "Ever carve a duck?" he asked meaningly. "No, neither had I before. Nor have I since." His flush deepened. "I never even went to see that girl again," he added plaintively. Boston Journal

BONEHEAD BASEBALL.

One Curious Break That Even the Umpires Did Not Notice.

Baseball's champion foolish play was made in a game between Washington and the White Sox in 1907. In that battle Larry Schady was captain of the Washingtons and also played second base.

At the end of an early inning Schady went out to telephone or buy a goat or something and was delayed so long that the Senators had three men put out before his return. The Sox came trotting in for their turn at bat. Washington took the field, with only eight men and nobody on second, and the game went on that way. Still Ender Jones, hit one straight across second. Then, and not till then, was it discovered that there is no body on second base.

Incredible as it may seem, nineteen men—seventeen players and two umpires—had started the half inning in this fashion and not one of them got wise till Jones hit shot over the empty station.

Schady reappeared at this juncture, and the umpires decided that the hit was illegal when made with only eight men in the field. Jones had to go back and bat over. New York Sun

Calamities of Authors.

Homer was a log-cutter; Ptolemy turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Corvanus, the author of "Don Quixote," died of hunger; Bacon lived a life of mean and distress; Rabelais died on the scaffold; Scudder, the charming, died in want; the death of Milton was through neglect; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15; Dryden died in poverty and distress; Orway died promiscuously and through hunger; Lee died in the gutter; Stoddard lived a life of perfect warfare with his wife; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of fury; Savage died in prison at Bristol; two he was confined for a debt of £400; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Naming the Gerry-mander.

The gerry-mander was christened in 1812 although it must have been in operation long before that. A staunch old Federalist, ex-governor Elbridge Gerry, controlled through his legislature the redistricting of Massachusetts under the census of 1810. In the office of Benjamin Russell, an ardent Republican editor, hung a map of the state as newly subdivided by Gerry and his men. Gilbert Stuart's ready pencil whimsically added to the outlines of a grotesque district the wings and tail of a dragon.

Barley Water.

Sometimes the doctor orders barley water to prepare for busy. When such is the case prepare as follows: Add two tablespoonfuls of washed pearl barley or of oatmeal as the case may be, to a quart of cold water. Boil this down to a pint, cooking slowly for about two hours. Then strain white hot and add a small quantity of cold boiled water to make a quart of the fluid. Keep cool in a covered jar.

Jellyfish.

The bay of Naples abounds in medusae or jellyfish, often growing as large as two feet in diameter and weighing fifty and sixty pounds. Some of them shine at night with a greenish light and are known as "noctiflora" night lanterns, by the natives.

The Limit.

"They say old Clossett has still got the first dollar he ever made." "Yes, and I'll bet he has still got the first umbrella he ever borrowed."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

About.

"What did your baby cry about last night?" asked the man next door. "About five hours," replied Mr. Pungpop.—Exchange.

Don't ever worry about what you cannot help.