An Adventurous American

By ALAN HINSDALE

Why Edward Delano, an American with no especial sympathy with either side in the pan-European war, left a luxurious home to take part in it seems a mystery. And when we consider that he entered the aviation service to face the dangers of the land far up in the air, a position trying enough by itself without adding to the fact that one is liable to be dropped, not from a break of machinery, but a shot fired for the purpose, his action is hard to understand.

Delano entered the French aviation corps composed of Americans. He made flights from that part of Belgium which is nearest Zeebrugge, the base of the German flying machines. One day when he was sailing over the North sea near the coast he saw a little cigar shaped boat, beneath him on the surface of the water, which he took for a submarine. It occurred to him that if he could swoop down low enough to get a good aim he might toss a bomb on to it and sink it. He didn't have much fear of it, for its guns were not made for sending shot into the upper air.

Circling, he drew a spiral down to within a couple of hundred feet. He feared to lose the game by its being submerged. But the captain had no such intention. Delano dropped a bomb, which stirred the water a hundred feet from the submarine. Not receiving a shot in return, he descended to within a hundred feet of his enemy and dropped another bomb. This struck the water about fifty feet on the other side of the submarine. He was getting a third bomb ready when a man with a rifle appeared on the submarine and fired a shot which exploded Ned's gasoline tank.

Ned was dropped into the water a dozen feet from the submarine. There was nothing for him to do but to strike out for the cigar shaped boat and give himself up. This he did and was received on board with praise for his daring.

However, there was no place to confine him, and there seemed to be no necessity to do so. He was made to do the work of one of the crew, the vessel being short handed, and this gave him the liberty of a man with duties to perform. His love for novelty was satisfied, for the boat frequently dived, and when she did Ned dived with her. Used as he was to sailing up in the air, he could not repress a sense of smothering at going down under the water the first time.

One day when the submarine was on the surface of the water a ship came in sight flying the British flag. Ned saw at once that he was liable to witness the destruction of a vessel. The submarine kept to the eastward of its intended victim and when the evening twilight came had the ship against it, while the submarine was in darkness. Then she pushed forward till within striking distance and called on the Britisher's crew to get into their boats.

The order was obeyed, and a number of shots were put into the hull below the water line. Ned saw her go down stem first, almost as a swimmer taking a dive, only the diver reappears, which the vessel did not.

While this was occurring darkness was falling. The last Ned saw of the ship's crew they were in their boats, the rowers resting on their oars watching their ship make her last plunge. What they did afterward could not be seen for the darkness. Ned wondered what they would do. Would they put for the English or the Belgian coast? The distance to land eastward was so much less than westward that he believed they would take that direction. Likely they had taken a compass into their boats, which would give them their course.

Naturally the idea of escape from the submarine connected itself in his mind with the boats, though the hope of reaching them seemed madness. He was obliged to take his turn with the watch on deck. A couple of hours after the sinking of the ship he heard the sound of oars. Inferring that they were from the boats of the sunken ship, he listened eagerly. The sound of there were a number of boats pulling together—came from the west toward the submarine. The crew of the latter heard them, but, inferring that they were the sailors they had dispossessed, paid no attention to them.

Ned paid a good deal of attention to them. Getting as far from the rest of the watch as possible, he awaited the approach of the comers. He made up his mind that they would pass near the submarine, but whether south or north of it he could not tell. Presently he thought he heard them coming on the south.

Dare he try to join them? There was no light on the submarine's deck, and he could easily slide into the water and swim for them. If he missed them he would be lost. If he made them he would secure his freedom.

"Here goes!" he said to himself, and, lying down, he rolled into the water, which was so near to him that he made no splash. Once in the brine he began to swim lustily in the direction of the sounds. He swam perhaps a quarter of a mile when he heard a rear boat near him. He gave as loud a cry as he could. It was unheard. He gave another and realized that on it depended his life. Nevertheless it was more feeble than the last.

The sounds of rowing ceased. Taking advantage of the stillness, he gave one more cry. It was heard, a boat pulled toward him and took him aboard.

Boys and Girls.

The difference is apparent early: A boy has as much fun in stoning a cat as a girl has in hunting for violets. A boy's curiosity is directed to the ice box; a girl would like to see what is in the top bureau drawer.

A girl can give the impression when away from home that her parents are wealthy; a boy cannot.

Every boy is old enough to be welcome to sit in the neighbor girl's parlor many years before his sister thinks he is old enough to sit in the parlor at home.

A girl is never so young that she will reveal to guests at a party that the spoons are borrowed; a boy child never grows so old that he fails to.

Give the boy a dollar and he will eat it; give his sister one and she will wear it.

A brother and sister may have hair of the same shade, but the boy's is called red and the girl's auburn.

When brothers fight it is over the larger share of pie; when sisters quarrel one has worn something belonging to the other without asking permission.—Youth's Companion.

The Famous Moslem Kaaba.

It is a curious fact that the kaaba, which is one of the great attractions to the pilgrims who go to Mecca and Medina, antedates Mohammed as an institution and consequently is of pagan origin. It is a small building, in one wall of which is set the famous black stone, probably a meteorite, which the pilgrims all seek to kiss. The structure has actually been rebuilt more than once since Mohammed, but its old pagan form has been preserved. It was originally a heathen temple, of such standing among the Arabs that Mohammed felt compelled to adopt it into his new religion and even to permit the continuance of ancient customs concerning it. He did destroy the idols it contained, but he made a great concession to the old prejudices of his converts by making the observance of an old pagan feast of Mecca one of the five great precepts of the new faith.

Lofty Himalaya.

Himalaya, in south central Asia, is the most elevated and stupendous mountain system on the globe. It is not, as sometimes represented, a single chain, but a system, consisting of several parallel and converging ranges, with a vast number of rugged, snowy peaks, separated by great elevated valleys and plateaus. On the north the system descends to the elevated plateau of Tibet, on the south to the depression drained by the Ganges and the Indus. The system starts with the Karakoram, in the Pamirs, whence it trends southeast and east, sweeping in a broad curve, convex southward. The mass of the Himalaya proper extends from the great bend of the Indus in the west to the great bend of the Brahmaputra in the east, a distance of nearly 1,500 miles.

First Horse Omnibus

The first horse omnibus was seen in the neighborhood of Nantes in 1826 and ran to facilitate access to a bathing establishment which a M. Baudry had set up in the outskirts of that town.

"The name of these vehicles," M. Baudry said, "shall be omnibus—that is to say, 'open to all.'" The venture was so successful that a limited company was formed to inaugurate a similar enterprise in Paris. The Parisian experiment was at first a failure, but after its originator had manifested his disappointment by drowning himself in the Canal St. Martin others reaped a rich harvest from his ideas.

No Immediate Benefits.

Things looked black for the dramatist. For the fourth time in one season a play had been withdrawn after a week's run.

"Cheer up, old man," said a consoling friend. "Perhaps posterity will recognize the genius displayed in your plays."

"Maybe," said the dramatist bitterly, "but the difficulty is that so far as I am concerned posterity is on the free list."—New York Times.

Talleyrand.

Talleyrand's conservatism was summed up by a witty compatriot, Paul de Courrier, who on one occasion declared that if Talleyrand had been present at the creation he would have exclaimed: "Good gracious! Chaos will be destroyed!"

When It's True.

"There's no sentiment in business," he said coldly.

"Not when you want to give somebody a little the worst of it," the other fellow replied.—Detroit Free Press.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Use of Mineral Oil.

Dr. Le Tanneur contributes to the Paris Medical some practical points in the use of mineral oil in constipation. The oil, he says, is in no way digested or even modified by the juices of the stomach and intestines. It acts as a lubricant and nothing else, though it tends to heal abrasions of the intestinal wall caused by rough particles of food.

The New York Medical Journal says mineral oil should be taken either before breakfast or after dinner, two tablespoonfuls being a dose. Its use should be continued every day for at least a fortnight, when the bowels will continue to work naturally without it, for the mineral oil is in no sense a cathartic, but it will cure constipation.

Little Sammy Dresser

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Sam Dresser as he opened and read a letter left by the postman on his morning round.

The letter referred to was addressed to Samuel E. Dresser. Sam had no middle name. It notified him that his uncle, William Dresser, had died and left a son, Samuel, six years old. William Dresser had provided in his will that this boy, having no mother, should go to live with his cousin, Samuel E. Dresser, who was to be his guardian. In case Mr. Dresser declined the charge, then Miss Amelia Wilkins, a distant relative, was to take his place. The writer had no knowledge of Miss Wilkins except that the testator had attached to the will her photograph, with her address written on the back. This he inclosed.

Dresser looked at the photograph and fell in love with it. It may seem singular that a man should fall in love with a photograph. But why not? This girl looked at Dresser out of a pair of honest, merry eyes that seemed to say to him: You are my fate, and I will love you forever. It is difficult for some persons while looking at picture plays to remember that the players are mere photographs. One can imagine a man falling in love with a woman on the screen. Is it much more to fall in love with a single photograph of her?

Anyway Miss Wilkins in the photograph looked at Dresser in a way that made him long to meet her. The letter had evidently been delivered to the wrong Dresser. Sam concluded that he would try to find the right one through Miss Wilkins. He wrote her a note stating the case as it was, but tore it up and wrote another in the name of the orphan, stating that his father had died and left him to the care of "Uncle Sam," but Uncle Sam wouldn't have him, so, according to the will, he was to go to Cousin Amelia.

Back came a reply stating that Uncle Sam was a hard hearted wretch and Sammie must come to Cousin Amelia. She would take care of him and love him dearly.

"All of which means," said Sam to himself, "that I will be glad to take care of her and love her dearly."

The photograph did not represent a girl over seventeen or eighteen, and Sam was only nineteen. What did the scamp do but dress himself up in knickerbockers and a short coat and, taking a carriage drive up to Miss Wilkins' house. There he told the maid who admitted him to tell Cousin Amelia that he was Sammie Dresser.

When Amelia Wilkins came down stairs to greet her cousin she was somewhat astonished to see an overgrown boy who looked too old for his clothes. Her first thought was "What shall I do with him?" She received him as kindly as possible then, going upstairs, consulted an aunt with whom she lived, for Amelia, too, was an orphan, and the two sat down to the problem of whether to turn out little Sammie Dresser to the mercies of the world or take charge of him.

Upon the advice of her aunt Amelia returned to Sammie and told him that she had supposed him to be a child, but, seeing that he was old enough to take care of himself, she did not think it would be proper for her to adopt him. Sam replied that he had been thinking there must be some mistake.

Sam detected, beating her the letter which had induced him to call upon her. In the course of a week he called in propria persona. When Miss Wilkins looked at him she was as much astonished as she was when he called on her before.

"You find me changed, don't you?" said Sam innocently and in his own natural deep voice. He had used a falsetto before. "My father kept me back, treating me as a child. You made me see how much behind my age I was. When I left you I resolved to be a man."

Miss Wilkins was so puzzled that for awhile she did not know what to do or say, but Dresser looked so proud of himself for throwing off the coddling influences which had kept him back that she gradually became accustomed to the change, and Sam spent a very happy evening with her.

When Dresser departed he was cordially invited to call again. Before doing so he sent a basket of cut flowers to Miss Wilkins with a note confessing the fact that when her photograph had fallen into his hands he had been so bewitched by it that he could not resist the temptation to use the mistake that had been made to make her acquaintance. He threw himself on her mercy.

Miss Wilkins was very merciful. Indeed, she had a keen eye for the ludicrous and was very mirthful over her admirer's attempt to personate a small boy. Sam followed up the flowers with a call and an invitation to dine with him in the park. Whether it was the absurdity of his act or the course that led him to it is not known, but it is quite likely that it was the latter. Sam was a fine fellow, and a woman is not likely to spurn devotion. At any rate, Miss Wilkins consented to become Mrs. Dresser.

One day the husband and wife were strolling in the park when a little boy rolling a hoop ran against them. Among other questions they asked him his name.

"I'm Sammie Dresser," was his reply.

Both Sam and Amelia burst into a laugh. Not hearing from Sam or Amelia, the lawyer who had written to Sam had adopted the boy.

AVOID HOT ROOMS.

Your Health Will Be Better and Your Work More Effective.

The right temperature for the office, living room or workroom, that degree of heat that will keep one comfortable, healthful and at the same time will enable him to do the greatest amount of work with the greatest ease is discussed in a bulletin from the North Carolina state board of health. It says:

"Seventy degrees of heat, which most people think they are keeping when in reality the thermometer reads anywhere from 72 to 78, is for all practical purposes too hot. It is enervating and unhealthful. It predisposes to fatigue, colds, grippe and especially to pneumonia, for the reason that too much heat lowers bodily resistance.

"Careful study and all experimentations demonstrate that a moderately cool, dry air in motion is the best all condition for the body. At no time is a temperature higher than 68 degrees recommended, while a much lower temperature is needed to work in. In no country in Europe is the indoor temperature allowed to go over 68 degrees, while the usual house temperature over there is 60. Huntington states that men do their best mental work when the air temperature is 60 and their best physical work when it is about 40. The best all round temperature for work is 50, he says.

"Observations have further shown that the minimum amount of work during the year is done during the hot summer months and the middle winter months—January and February—when indoor heat is highest. Students at West Point and Annapolis do their best mental work, mathematics in particular, in the spring and fall and their worst work in midwinter and midsummer. Excessive heat and lack of cool, fresh air are thought to make the difference."

WILL HOLD FEAST OF DEATH.

For Mother of Gypsy Queen Mary, Who Died In Michigan.

There'll be a big sauerkraut feast this spring at that place in the United States where a certain band of Roumanian gypsies happens to be. Stella Stankovitch, 101 years old, mother of Queen Mary, died the other day in a tent pitched on the plains of Michigan. Queen Mary has decreed the feast of death.

Winter winds shake the canvas tents of the little colony the gypsies set up outside of Ford City. Barelegged children huddle about open fires and gaze in fear at the empty cloth shelter in which the queen mother died. Its flap slaps back and forth with the blow of the wind.

"I'm sick," Queen Mary said, when a visitor called on her. "I've got the grip."

She threw a few chunks of wood into a smoking, battered stove. Behind her stood a young woman smoking a pipe, and a barefooted girl of seven. On a bed, beneath ragged coverings, lay another child, feverishly ill.

"We will have a feast in memory of Queen Stella between Easter and May," the queen went on. "We'll have roast lamb and roast pig. We'll have cabbage and sauerkraut and fruits. We'll put a big table outdoors, and the feast will be free. Everybody will be welcome to come and eat of the feast of death."

And her black, beady eyes glowed in anticipation.—Kansas City Star.

Fatal Street Music.

To street musicians was due the untimely death of one of England's foremost humorists, John Leech. The strain of ceaseless application to his work rendered Leech abnormally sensitive to street noises of all descriptions, and street music in particular drove him frantic. The organ grinders it is said, knew of his enmity toward them and played within earshot of his studio simply to plague him. In a letter to Mr. Bass, M. P., who was framing a bill for the suppression of street noises, Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch, declared that beyond a doubt Leech's ultimately fatal malady, angina pectoris, or breast pang, was due to the disturbance of his nervous system, caused by the continual visits of street bands and organ grinders.—London Opinion.

What Comes Next?

"What's a dreadnaught, father?"

"A dreadnaught, my son, is a battle ship so large and heavily armed that it does not fear anything."

"Then what is a superdreadnaught?"

"A superdreadnaught is still bigger and more heavily armed. They were designed especially to give the dreadnaughts something to be afraid of."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Safe.

Flubdub—Why have you never married, Singleton? Singleton—Well, the women have always regarded me as an unfortunate fellow who wasn't bad enough to need reforming or good enough to make a desirable husband.—Life.

Started Early.

He—When did she begin to fear that he had married her for her money? She—Well, I believe her suspicions were first aroused when she had to pay the minister.—London Telegraph.

Crabs and Toads.

While crabs are known to have lived for half a century, the average life of the oyster is but four years. Frogs die sooner than toads, as the latter may live for thirty-six years.

White men should exhibit the same insensibility to moral tortures that red men do to physical torments.—Theophile Gautier.

HOW SHE GOT HIM

By ELEANOR MARSH

"I wish," said Mrs. Perkins to her friend Mrs. Oglethorpe, "that Harry would take a wife. He needs something to settle him, and that is the only thing that will do it."

"Is he opposed to marriage?"

"He won't listen to it."

"What is his objection?"

"Why, you know, Harry inherited all his grandfather's estate, nearly a million, and he has been a target for marriageable girls ever since. They have simply disgusted him."

Mrs. Oglethorpe said nothing for some time. She was thinking. Finally she broke silence.

"I think I know of a plan that will settle him. You know Madge Clavering? Well, you send Harry to me for the first fortnight in April. I'll have Madge with me, and with a little coaching I believe she will do what you wish."

"Madge is a good girl, and I would be glad to see Harry settle down with her."

Henry Perkins, through his mother's influence, was induced to go to Mrs. Oglethorpe's. Madge was on hand, ready for business.

"I have a young girl with me," said Mrs. Oglethorpe, "whom I wish you to meet. You will find her somewhat depressed, but I trust association with you will make her feel more cheerful."

"I'll get her out of it," said Henry confidently.

Many sad persons have a bad effect on others, but there was a resignation about Madge mingled with a cheerfulness of disposition that was attractive. Then, too, she had a winning smile which seemed to come through tears. Henry was not informed what her trouble was, but he soon got a pointer. She was continually bringing up a paragon by the name of Silas Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs was the most intellectual, the bravest, handsomest, most engaging man that had ever trod the face of the earth. The fact was delicately brought out by Madge that Henry Perkins was not worthy to loosen his shoes.

For the first time in his life Perkins found himself turned down for another man. Instead of being considered an Adonis, Mr. Gibbs was the Adonis. At first Henry wanted to get away from a girl who was forever talking about another man, but after awhile he became ambitious to eliminate this remarkable creature in his own favor.

"Are you a college graduate?" asked Madge one day of Henry.

"Yes. I'm a Williams man."

"Where is Williams college? I never heard of it. I suppose it is one of the small institutions. Mr. Gibbs graduated at Harvard. He led his class for four years and took most of the prizes. He was president of his class and class orator."

"Was he given to athletics?"

"Yes, he was captain of the football and baseball teams and stroke oar in the university crew."

"Anything else?"

Madge looked offended. On her face was an expression signifying, "Who are you to sneer at the exploits of a remarkable man?"

Now, Madge was the first girl who had not literally thrown herself at Henry Perkins, and she was constantly crying him down by comparison. He was irritated, his self esteem was injured. For the first time in his life he hungered for a bit of encomium from a girl. When he found that he could not excite her admiration he endeavored to excite her sympathy. He had his troubles like every one else, and he told them to her. In this he was more successful. If she could not admire him she could at least pity him. This brought them a trifle closer together. Gradually Mr. Gibbs faded away, and shortly before Perkins' visit was finished the immaculate figure was taken down from his pedestal.

That was the beginning of it. The next time Mr. Perkins longed for sympathy he sought Miss Clavering. She had become sufficiently weaned from Mr. Gibbs to be very cordial to Mr. Perkins, and when the latter told her his troubles she burst into tears.

One day when Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Oglethorpe were together the former said:

"My dear Mrs. Oglethorpe, I owe you a debt of gratitude. Harry is engaged."

"To Madge Clavering?"

"Yes; through your contrivance. How did you manage it?"

"Oh, after what you said to me about girls throwing themselves at Harry I told Madge of it and left the rest to her. She held up to him an imaginary man who was simply perfect. Beside him Harry was a mere worm of the earth. In this way she brought Harry to value any bit of appreciation she might deign to give him, and when he asked for sympathy she poured forth a liberal dose. Pity is akin to love, you know, and Harry found that if he could not be admired he could at least be loved. So they're engaged, are they?"

"Yes, and Harry is very much in love. He is not contented a minute when he is away from Madge."

"You don't mean it! When are they going to be married?"

"Harry wants to be married right off, but Madge says it will require months for her to get a trousseau."

"Well, Mrs. Perkins, I sincerely hope she'll make your son a good wife."

"I have no doubt of it. It will set he him, anyway."

"It certainly will."

"I can never forget your kindness."

Military Marshals.

Like many other French words relating to war and hunting, "marechal," in its older form "mareschal," is of purely Teutonic derivation in both its parts, and the word has had a curious history. Some words rise in the world with the passage of the centuries and others fall. This is one that from the very humblest of beginnings has come to great estate.

The marshals do not owe their name to Mars, though they are his votaries. In the olden times they were about the humblest men in an army—horse servants, or grooms. Then they advanced to the dignity of being horseshoers, and those highly respected artisans are still "marechals" in France, though "ferrants" has to be added to make their calling clear. And, while "marechal de France" is a magnificent title, there are also "marechals des logis," who are in cavalry regiments only what "sergeants" are in infantry regiments.—Exchange.

Gun Salutes In India.

The viceroy of India, as representative of the king-emperor, is entitled to a salute of thirty-one guns. This number had its origin in a mistake. Formerly he was entitled to twenty-one guns. When the time came, years ago, for allotting the salutes to the various native rulers of India the three principal of these vassal sovereigns—namely, those of Hyderabad, Mysore and Baroda—were each accorded twenty-one guns. It was discovered a little late in the day that the superior rank of the viceroy had been overlooked in the matter, and the necessity was pointed out of it's supremacy over the vassal rulers being emphasized in the eyes of the natives. So instead of reducing the number of twenty-one guns that had been accorded to the three rulers in question the viceroy was given ten more guns and is today the only person in the world who is entitled to that altogether exceptional number of guns.—London Spectator.

How Buffalo Bill Got His Name.

Many years ago, when the Union Pacific railroad was completed, the question arose as to how all the laboring men were to be fed on meat, as meat was thought necessary to make muscle. General W. E. Webb had the contract to feed the men, and in talking the matter over one day with some of his subordinates one of them suggested that he call in William Cody, then a famous government scout on the plains, to help solve the problem. Cody suggested that he be allowed to hire men and kill buffaloes for the railroad men.

This plan was adopted, and Cody became later world famous as Buffalo Bill. In those days the buffaloes were so plentiful that it is on record that more than one engineer had to stop his train until a herd had crossed.—A. G. Hegeman in New York Sun.

Masters of Tool Making.

Are Anglo-saxons conceited about their preeminence in matters of machinery? A book "English and American Tool Builders" by Professor J. W. Roe of Yale answers the question thus: "Practically all the creative work in tool building has been done in England and America. * * * The French have shown an aptitude for refinements and ingenious novelties. * * * The Swiss are clever artisans, but have excelled in personal skill. * * * Germany has developed splendid mechanics, but the principal machine tools had taken shape before 1870, when the empire began. The history of English and American tool building therefore covers substantially the entire history of the art."

A Daring Voyage.

The smallest boat to cross the Atlantic under her own sail was sailed by Captain Andrews. This craft was but fourteen feet long, but in it Captain Andrews crossed the ocean in 1891, landing at Palos, Spain. He traveled about Europe exhibiting his boat until the World's fair in Chicago, when he returned to this country and placed it on view there. He had previously made two unsuccessful attempts to cross the ocean.

A Good Motto.

"We've got a good motto for our paper," said Kidder.

"What is it?" asked his acquaintance.

"What we have we hold."

"Oh, I see! Referring to your circulation. By the way, I didn't know you were a publisher."

"We're not; we manufacture fly paper."—Chicago News.

Inhuman.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "the defendant claims that when he ran over my client his car was going but three miles an hour. Think of the agony endured by my client when being run over as slowly as that!"—New York American.

Very Thoughtful.

Miss Askit—Did your husband smoke those cigars you gave him for his birthday? Mrs. Nuwed—He smoked one and said he would keep the rest to remind him of my kindness.

Contrariness of the Sex.

"How was it your wife came to give up housekeeping?"

"Just her contrary ways. First she broke down, and then she broke up."—Baltimore American.

National Forest Lands.

On about 2,000,000 acres of national forest lands grazing by domestic stock is either entirely prohibited or is greatly restricted to provide range for elk.

There is no gate into heaven except at the end of the path of duty.—Van Dyke.