

A BOLD ATTEMPT

By ETHEL HOLMES

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mark Trevor locked his desk and went home. Having let himself in with his latch key, he went upstairs stealthily, for it had occurred to him to enter his wife's room quietly, and if her back were to ward him he would put his arms about her and surprise her with a kiss.

From this it will be supposed—and correctly—that Mr. and Mrs. Trevor had not been long married.

Cautiously pushing the door open, he saw standing before a dresser, hunched in one of the drawers, a woman. In another moment she caught sight of his reflection in the mirror. Turning, she faced him.

"Madam," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I came for your wife's jewels. But since I have not found them and have been interrupted in my search I will put in operation a scheme which I devised and for which I prepared before coming here in case I should fail in obtaining the jewels. Your wife is not in the house. I left her some ten minutes ago at the door of a friend of hers with whom she was exchanging a few last words before parting. Knowing the disposition of my sex to prolong those few parting words, I believed I would have plenty of time to come here and at least make a beginning."

Opening a reticule, she took out a bit of paper and handed it to Trevor. It was a note for \$1,000.

"Sign it," said the woman.

"I will do no such thing."

"Yes, you will when you have heard my reasons why it would be best for you to do so. Your wife will be here in a few minutes." She had got between Trevor and the door, locked it and put the key in her reticule. "She will find you locked in here with me. I will plead guilty and ask her forgiveness. Your domestic happiness will be ended."

Unfortunately for this part of the woman's plan, at this moment the front door was heard to close. Mrs. Trevor had finished the "few parting words" with her friend and reached her home. Ascending the stairs, she attempted to open the door of her room and found it locked.

"Open the door," said Trevor sternly. The woman produced the key and did as she was directed. Trevor threw open the door. The woman covered in a corner, affecting shame and contrition. Mrs. Trevor stood looking from one to the other, first with amazement, then with pain.

"Oh, Mark," she wailed, "how could you?"

"This woman"—Trevor began, but the criminal stopped him.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Trevor," she said. "I have injured you in stepping in between you and your husband. Mark loved me before he ever saw you. He really belongs to me rather than to you. He will deny what I say. He will give his own explanation of my being here. He will lie to you, as he has lied to me. Believe him if you will, but I assure you he is not to be believed."

Mrs. Trevor cast an appealing glance at her husband. It pleaded with him to set himself right, though convicted by overwhelming evidence.

"Eileen"—he began again, and again the woman drowned his words.

"Don't listen to him," she said. "I will tell you the true story in a few words. Several years ago he found me an unsuspecting country girl. His words were very sweet. He told me that in me he had met his fate, of all the girls he had ever met I was the only one to whom his heart."

At this point the woman began edging around toward the door. Mrs. Trevor shrank away before her, leaving the way clear. Trevor stood overwhelmed, paralyzed with the self-confessed thief's unblinking assurance. Then the wife found voice to say to the woman:

"Leave."

"I obey you. I leave you with the man who has blighted my life. Would that you had been left in ignorance of his true character! Never again will I."

She was about to back out of the door when Trevor sprang forward, closed it, turned the key and put it in his pocket.

"You will never again play such a bold game with me, for I shall put it out of your power to do so. Give me that reticule."

The woman turned pale. She grasped the reticule the tighter.

"Eileen," said Trevor, "take the bag from her. I don't wish to use force with a woman."

"What do you wish with it?" asked the wife.

"It contains the proof that this woman is levying blackmail."

Eileen advanced toward the woman, who, opening the bag, took out an ivory handled pistol and leveled it at her adversary. Eileen drew back, but her husband, ignoring the weapon, advanced to the thief and took the reticule out of her hand; then opening it he took out the unsigned note. After explaining the woman's scheme to Eileen and convincing her of his innocence he unlocked the door and told her to go and telephone for the police.

Trevor stood guard over the woman till the arrival of a patrol wagon from a police office, and she was removed to the city jail to await trial on a charge of levying blackmail.

Peace returned to the Trevor family, and the blackmail was sent to serve a term in state prison.

BOTH PLAYED FAIR.

Story of a Railroad President and a Labor Leader.

When Matthew C. Brush, president of the Boston Elevated railroad, found his men were getting restless he settled the trouble in characteristic fashion. In the American Magazine Alfred Brunberg says:

"Constant argument did not appeal to Brush. It was not his way of doing business. He buckled up his belt and plunged into the middle. His first move was to call W. D. Mahon, head of the National Carmen's union, into his office and lock the door.

"Now, Mahon," he said, drawing up a chair and leaning forward with his friendly smile, "we're here in my office. The doors are locked. There are no stenographers concealed anywhere, no dictagraphs, no one to listen. My curtains are drawn. We're here alone. But before we can do anything I've got to know you and you've got to know me. You tell me all about yourself, and I'll tell you who I am and what I've done."

"And thus the labor leader and the frank, friendly railroad official drew back the curtains of reticence and suspicion and showed each other the conditions that were within them. Mahon saw Brush the newsboy and Brush the apprentice as well as Brush the vice president. Brush saw Mahon as a fellow man whose heart was bound up in the welfare of labor.

"Mahon found out that I was square," Brush said afterward, "and I found out that he was square. He was open and honest, so was I. We were both convinced that neither one was trying to play tricks on the other."

"For nineteen hours the two men, behind locked doors, debated the complex problems, each zealous for the interests he represented. At the end of that time the labor leader walked out with a mutual agreement in his hand. Not only was this agreement satisfactory to the company, but unions have called it one of the finest documents of its kind ever drawn up."

LIVE THE CHEERFUL LIFE.

Look on the Bright Side and Enjoy What You Have.

When we are in trouble we are prone to cry out about it, complaining that we are unjustly used, that no one else has suffered as we do. When things go well with us we take it as a matter of course that so it ought to be. We are not largely given to gratitude.

We may have food enough, a comfortable shelter, be clothed comfortably, we may have health and employment in such labor as we are able and like to perform; we may have a competence which puts us above anxiety—and still we find fault and complain.

Some one may have a better dress, or a handsomer car, or may entertain more elaborately, or be greater in popular favor than ourselves. There is something that does not please us. Instead of being glad that there are so many things to make us happy we complain and find fault. We let a "scumpled roseleaf" spoil our joy amidst a wealth of things that should make us glad.

Why not set the mind on the good things of life? Ignore the things that are petty and of really small consequence. Cultivate a cheerful habit of mind, looking for all that is good and appreciating the blessings that have fallen to our share.

For every one there is something to enjoy. The sun at least shines for all. When you are heavy hearted count up the good things of life that are yours to enjoy.—Chicago Post.

Retort Caustic.

A tourist was having his boots polished by an Irish shoeblack, and as the latter was administering the finishing touches his patron rudely tossed two coppercents on the pavement as a reward. This insult, added to no doubt by the fact that the reward was the mere recognized twopenny, caused the shoeblack to exclaim:

"Thank ye, sir. The only polish you have is on four boots, and I gave you that"—London Telegraph.

Just a Mythical Boss.

Scheduled in a suburb is a young man contemplating matrimony. Last evening he went to his father for advice.

"Dad," he said, "do you think a man should be the boss of his home?"

"Well," replied dad grandly, "the husband is credited with being the head of his house, but I've not met a man who had a good recipe for bossing a wife"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Rather Unpleasant.

"I won my wife by saving her from drowning."

"Ah, that was romantic!"

"It seemed so once. But now every time I do anything that doesn't suit her she tells me she wishes I had let her drown."—Kansas City Journal.

Setting Her Right.

Freddie had just proposed to Millie.

"No, Freddie," she said, "I cannot marry you. The man who gets me must be a grand man, upright and square."

"My dear girl," said Freddie, "you don't want a man; you want a piano."—Pearson's Weekly.

Spotted Negatives.

Small, irregular shaped, transparent spots in negatives are known as pinholes. These are usually caused by particles of dust resting on the film during development.

Sad Truth.

"Are you economizing over at your house?"

"No. We're simply eating less for the same money."—Washington Star.

THE FOOD PROBLEM

This Country Pays a Big Price For Its Reckless Habits.

WANTON WASTE IN OUR HOMES

Each Year \$700,000,000 in Good Eatables Is Flung Into Garbage Pails or Is Destroyed in Cooking or Allowed to Spoil.

Good food heedlessly thrown into garbage pails, food allowed to spoil in the household, food ruined by improper cooking and food destroyed by rats, mice and insects constitute the heavy waste of the \$700,000,000 annual waste of food in homes in the United States. Seven hundred million dollars is considered to be a conservative figure by the secretary of agriculture. In household waste, of course, are not included the vast losses of food allowed under improper handling or insufficient marketing methods to spoil in transit or in the hands of producers or dealers.

Much of this \$700,000,000 household waste of food, the dietary specialists of the department declare, is easily preventable. This preventable waste consists in large part of the following items:

Edible food thrown into the garbage pail or into the kitchen sink. Much of the food is thrown out, the specialists say, because so many people do not know how to utilize leftovers or will not take the trouble to keep and prepare them. The specialists point out:

Leftover cereals can be reheated or combined with fruits, meats or vegetables into appetizing side dishes, and even a spoonful of cereal is worth saving as a thickener of soups, gravies and sauces.

Stale bread can be utilized in a variety of ways in combination with vegetables and meats and in preparing hot breads and puddings.

Skim milk, too widely looked down upon as a food, although it contains practically all the nourishing elements of whole milk with the exception of the cream or fat, can be used as a beverage in cooking cereals or as a basis for milk soups or sauces.

Sour milk, so largely thrown away, can be used in making hot breads or in the home manufacture of cottage cheese.

Every scrap of meat or fish can be combined with cereals or other foods lacking in pronounced flavor, both to give flavor and to add nourishment to made over dishes. Every bit of fat or suet trimmed from meat before cooking or tried out in boiling, roasting or broiling can be made useful in cooking.

Many butchers, after they have weighed meat and named the price for the trim of valuable suet and fat. This fat, home and used, would reduce expenditures for prepared cooking fats.

Many persons regard the saving of small amounts of leftover food as unimportant. If they kept accurate account, however, the specialists say, many families would be astounded by the amount of good food they are throwing out.

Next comes the spoilage of food due to careless handling and storing in the home. Much milk spoils quickly because it is kept uncovered in warm kitchens. Close observance of the doctrine, "Keep perishable food, especially milk, cool, clean and covered continuously," may make a striking difference in the food bills of many families.

In other cases, one or two vegetables, beets or carrots, for instance, not used immediately, are thrown out or allowed to spoil instead of being used in soups or combination dishes. Fruits which could be stewed and kept are allowed to spoil.

As to food spoiled by careless cooking, many housewives who complain that children and adults will not eat breakfast cereals fail to realize that the cereals they serve are undercooked, scorched or improperly seasoned and thus made unpalatable. Most of the cheaper foods require careful seasoning and preparation to be fully appetizing.

Waste in preparation is cited. Much useful food gets into the garbage pail because the housewife in preparing potatoes or other vegetables and fruit, such as apples, cuts off with the skin a considerable percentage of edible material.

Many persons are unaware that the green and tender tops of many vegetables, which contain valuable mineral and other food substances, are excellent cooked as greens or even as additions to salads.

The over generous serving of food is held responsible for waste. Many families take pride in serving lavish and overabundant meals. Such meals lead not only to waste of food on the table, but to overeating, which often impairs health and efficiency.

The same standard, "Eat enough food and no more," rigidly followed, would reduce greatly food bills in many homes and at the same time tend to improve the physical condition of all members of the household.—United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

FOR LIBERTY

By ELINOR MARSH

Great Britain, having decided after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown that it would not pay to prosecute the war further to subdue the colonies, gave up trying to do so, but having for a couple of hundred years held supremacy on the ocean continued to exercise a number of tyrannical—so called privileges in reference to our merchant marine. She claimed the right to search our ships for British deserting sailors and was not particular as to their being British. Many an American was taken off a Yankee ship and forced to serve in the English navy. This was not the worst. The king's ships would hover over an American coast, send boats ashore with a press gang and carry off any man found defenseless.

Cyrus Tomkins was a farmer in those days on the coast south of New York at a point where Asbury Park is now located.

One day a ship was seen running in very near the land. She was a man-of-war, but she carried no flag. Cyrus was working in the field and too intent upon what he was doing to notice a boat put out from the vessel and pull to the shore. The first thing he knew he was tackled from behind by several strong men and, despite his efforts to free himself, was hustled down to a boat and carried to the ship.

The coast was sparsely settled in those days, and it is questionable if any one saw the abduction. Tomkins' wife was not at home, and his children were at school some distance from the water.

The farmer knew that his capture meant a term of enlistment in the British navy, separated from his home and his family. As soon as he was taken aboard he was entered as an able seaman, put in sailor's togs and left to go where he pleased for as for going ashore he could not do so without swimming all the way, a distance of a mile and a half.

The wind was blowing fresh on shore, and the commander of the ship desired to sail away, but he had sent another boat to a point further north and was obliged to await its return. He called back and forth for awhile, but the boat not appearing, he dropped his anchor. The wind had freshened instead of lulling, and it was believed that the absent ones dare not put out from the shore in the face of such rollers.

It was sunset before Mrs. Tomkins' family came home. Not finding her husband waiting for his supper, she went out to look for him. Seeing his farming tools where he had been captured, the marks of a struggle and the ship anchored out in the ocean, she took to the situation. Then she saw some one on the ship waving. This was not the first deprivation of British ships on the coast, and the poor woman knew that her husband had been taken from her, his home and his family.

When Cyrus waved to his wife a tar standing near him saw him.

"Say! goodby to the old woman, mate?" he said. "Like enough this is the last sight you'll get of 'er for a matter of three year or more."

Cyrus made no reply; he was calculating the chances of his getting ashore in such a wind and sea in case he attempted to swim the distance. He must make the attempt, if at all, under cover of darkness, for if seen he would be recaptured. But to swim in such a sea at all was equivalent to suicide, and in the darkness he would not know in what direction he was swimming.

Cyrus had a son fourteen years old that was as much of a duck as his father. Young Cy thought of the swimming problem and on the same lines as the captive. As soon as it was dark he made a bonfire on the high bank overlooking the ocean. Tomkins saw it and knew very well what it meant. From that moment his resolution was taken.

Watching his opportunity he worked his way up on to the forecastle where there was no one to see, and let himself down on to the bowsprit chains. An enormous wave swept him off, and he was committed to the mercy of the deep. The stern of the vessel was blown toward the shore and he was obliged to swim along the side. Fortunately he was not thrown against it and was soon driven by the wind and waves beyond the stern. He felt that he could live in the water, but doubted that he could make a landing in such a sea. However, he nerved himself by the thought that he had bathed in water almost as turbulent and hoped for the best. Whenever he rose on a crest he looked for the shore light, but the wind was blowing straight on shore and was taking him toward it. As to guiding his direction that was impossible. It was not very long before he heard the dreaded breakers. Nearly all his strength remained to him, for there was no use in trying to swim. When close to the shore he watched his opportunity, and when the wave on which he rode was about to break, by a strenuous effort he threw himself backward, and, instead of the roller coming down upon him with its tons of water, he was whirled heels over head up on the beach in the boiling foam.

As soon as he recovered his breath, guided by his boy's bonfire, he made his way home. Suddenly the door was thrown open and, pale and dripping, he stood before his wife and children.

"I knew you'd do it, dad" were the first words from his son that greeted him.

MINTING OUR DIMES.

The Way the Silver Coins Are Made Counted and Paiked.

The process of dime making is an interesting one. The silver bullion is first melted and run into two pound bars. These in turn are run through immense rollers and flattened out to the thickness of the coin. These silver strips are then passed through a machine, which cuts them into proper size for the presses, the strips first having been treated with a kind of tallow to prevent their being scratched in their passage through the cutters.

The silver pieces are then put into the feeder of the printing presses and are fed to the die by automatic machinery at the rate of 100 per minute, 38,000 dimes being turned out in a regular working day of eight hours.

As the smooth pieces are pressed between the ponderous printing dies they receive the lettered and figured impression in a manner similar to that of a paper pressed upon a form of type. At the same time the piece is expanded in a slight degree, and the small corrugations are cut into its rim.

The machine drops the completed coin into a receiver, and it is ready for the counter's hands. The instrument used by the counter is not a complicated machine by any means, as one might suppose. It is a simple copper colored tray, having raised ridges, running across its surface at a distance apart the exact width of a dime.

From the receiver the money is dumped on the board or tray, and as it is shaken rapidly by the counter the pieces settle down into the spaces between the ridges. All these spaces being filled, the surplus coin is brushed back into the receiver, and the counter has exactly 1,250 silver dimes, or \$125, on his tray, which number is required to fill the spaces. The tray is then emptied into boxes, and the money is ready for shipment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE GLORY OF CORN.

Our Crop the Biggest and Best of Any Kind Grown in Any Land.

"No nation can starve," writes our secretary of agriculture, "which raises in a year 3,000,000,000 bushels of corn."

Not only not starve, but it can live without wheat, live well and grow fat. Who says eating corn is a hardship?

Corn comes to your table in twenty different uniforms and every one of them a perfect fit.

American corn is the biggest and best crop of any kind grown in any country of the world.

Search the earth around and you will find no other product of the field so beautiful as corn in midsummer, standing in long, straight rows like soldiers, with green banners streaming. In autumn these rows turn to myriads of tents, which fill with their yellow ears 10,000 cribs with food too good for any king.

Corn alone saved John Smith's colony at Jamestown and so gave our continent its first English settlement.

Corn kept from starvation the pilgrims in Massachusetts and led very properly to the first Thanksgiving day. The American Indian placed the white races under an unpayable debt when he introduced our ancestors to corn.

Whether you eat "roasting ears" or hot corn muffins, golden cakes just off the griddle or a warm, thick bread, you cannot go wrong.

I tell you, if Homer had not died a couple of thousand years ago he would write us a finer epic on corn than he did about the siege of Troy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hanging the Flag.

When a flag pole is in a slanting or horizontal position if the rope holding the upper corner of the flag be pulled very tight and the rope holding the lower corner be slackened somewhat, thus allowing the flag to drop slightly away from the pole, the wind will spill out of it. This will do much to prevent the flag from wrapping around the pole. A little experimenting will show how much to slack away the lower corner. It depends on the size of the flag and the angle of the pole.—New York Sun.

Panama Canal Forts.

The fortifications for the defense of the Panama canal consist of sea-coast forts at each end of the canal and field fortifications around the locks. The object of the sea-coast forts at the canal terminals is to prevent an enemy in time of war from entering and blocking the canal by sinking vessels in it.

Caught by Cupid.

"I hear your brother went on a fishing trip with a fashionable party to Florida."

"Yes. I told him he was making a mistake to go on such a fishing trip."

"How so?"

"He got hooked."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How He Pleased Them.

"The paper states that you pleased a big audience at the banquet last night."

"The paper is wrong. I did not appear."

"Um. I guess the paper is right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Daughter Was Right.

She—But, father, he is the only man I love. Father—That's right, my child, I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time.—London Tit-Bits.

Laboring toward distant aims sets the mind in a higher key and puts us at our best.—Parkhurst.

How Nicholson's Courtship Was Begun

By F. A. MITCHELL

Nicholson met his fate in a library. He was sitting in an alcove reading "Dombey & Son." A young lady in street costume entered and glanced her eye over the books on the shelves. On coming to a set of Dickens' works she began to appear interested, scanning the volumes more carefully. A librarian was passing, and the girl called her.

"Is this the only set of Dickens' works in the library?" she asked.

"I believe it is. Yes; I'm quite sure we haven't any other. What volume do you want?"

"Dombey & Son." It seems to be out."

"Beg pardon; here is 'Dombey & Son,'" said Nicholson.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of depriving you of it!" said the girl.

"I have nearly finished it, but I shall not be able to just now. I beg you to take it."

"Not on any account, so long as you like reading it."

"Well, then, I will complete it. I shall do so in a few minutes."

"Don't hurry. I shall not get away from the library for some time."

She left the alcove, and Nicholson pretended to resume his reading, but instead he followed her with his eye as she dawdled over the shelves, now and again taking out a book, turning the pages for awhile, then passing on to another. Nicholson noticed her pose as she stood on one foot, the other leaned in a slender boot showing beneath her skirt, the box drooping on her shoulders adding to the picture.

Nicholson wore a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots in his buttonhole. When he had kept the book long enough to have made a pretense of finishing it he took one of the flowers from his buttonhole, and placed it between the leaves of the book; then, going to where the young lady was doing her literary browsing, he handed it to her.

"Are you sure you have finished it?" she asked.

"Quite sure—that is, for this time. I shall doubtless read it again, or rather parts that are favorites of mine."

"I shall return it within a week. I am a quick reader."

"Do you ever note parts of books that especially appeal to you?" he asked, looking at the forget-me-not that hung without the leaves.

"Sometimes," she replied, her eye directed also to the flower. "Thinking him for his kindness in letting her have the book she had come to the library for she bowed an adieu and took it to the loan desk, where it was duly stamped and handed back to her.

A few days later Nicholson went into the library at that hour in the afternoon when young women go gadding.

He had not been there long when the young lady who had wanted "Dombey & Son" entered. Nicholson retreated into an alcove where he could be in the shadow and look out at his charger who was under the skylight in the center of the library.

Sometimes a very big thing will fit to move one, and sometimes a very little thing will give one the emotion of his life. A very little thing at this juncture set Nicholson's heart beating wildly. The girl wore a faded forget-me-not in her corsage.

Here were two persons of opposite sex who had met, conversed, the man had offered a token in his own delicate way, the girl had accepted it, and it would naturally be supposed that this warranted Nicholson's presumption that it involved an acquaintance.

Nevertheless he did not take advantage of the situation. He considered that situation momentous. Thus far the moves on both sides had been worthy of a pair of thoroughbred. Nicholson had no idea of making a false move. Instead of walking past the young lady, looking at her and giving her an opportunity to give him a nod of recognition, he got out of the library by the front door, where she was in the rear of the building. Altogether too much would happen should he meet her face to face, upon what she might decide to do. If she did not recognize him there would be fork in their paths which might never bring them again together. At any rate, Nicholson decided not to hazard a rebuff.

The next day he went to the library, found "Dombey & Son" in its place on the shelves, took it out, opened it at the place where he had inserted the forget-me-not and found a visiting card which had apparently been left there for a book mark. The name engraved on it was Miss Ella Stanley. Nicholson took out a Russia leather case, put the card in it and walked out of the library like one who had achieved a signal victory.

It must be admitted that this is a very unsatisfactory place to close a story. Nevertheless it must be closed here, for Nicholson, who told me the story himself, did not proceed any further with it. He married the girl who wore his forget-me-not and who carelessly left her card in its place in "Dombey & Son." But the only addition he made to his narrative was that after their marriage he asked his wife some questions about another story—the story of "Dombey & Son"—that brought out an astonishing ignorance of the tale. Indeed, she had never read the book. I asked Nicholson if he regarded the card as an invitation to call, but his wife was present when I did so and at a glance from her he turned the subject.