

A Knave and a Fool

By RUTH GRAHAM

My niece, Alice and Bess, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen—the age when a girl is thinking of marriage—asked me to tell them something about my girlhood. I told them of an incident that had occurred to me which I intended as a lesson for them. This was the story:

When I was just your age, Alice, I met Ralph Loring at a barn dance. He had recently come to our town, and not only because he was a new adjunct, but a very popular one, a number of the girls set their caps for him. I didn't, because I couldn't believe that he'd consider me for a moment. Sarah Baker made the first dash for him. Although he was attentive to me, she made every effort to take him away from me.

I told Ralph that he'd better switch off from me and take her up, but he said that he was nobody's property and would do as he pleased. Whatever was a girl's due he would scrupulously observe, but that didn't mean that he was not free to associate with whom he pleased.

That was the beginning of it for me. Ralph became more and more devoted to me, and I think most of the girls were glad of it, for if they couldn't get him themselves they preferred that I should have him rather than Sarah. One of them warned me one day that I'd better look out for Sarah Baker, that she was beside herself with rage and jealousy and ready for anything that would injure me. I thanked her for her kindly feeling, but told her that Sarah couldn't injure me with Ralph, for he was too high minded to believe anything against me without proof.

This was true, but Ralph was a man of great equanimity and good sense, for that reason I couldn't see what there was in me to please him—and persons with good common sense themselves are not apt to tie to those who haven't it.

Well, Ralph proposed to me, and I was not only delighted to have carried off the prize, but was desperately in love. Sarah Baker, after hearing of our engagement, changed outwardly toward me. She congratulated me, saying that of all the girls in town she didn't know one more deserving than I to get the prize. And I, little fool that I was, believed her. I have never since understood how I could have been so easily taken in by her. The truth is there are some persons who are easily humbugged and some who are not. I have always been ready to believe in the sincerity of any one who says nice things to me.

Sarah never let an opportunity pass to do something for me. Gradually she made me believe that I was too good for any man, and once she let slip a remark that I was too good for Ralph. This troubled me. What did she mean? Too good for Ralph. Didn't that mean that Ralph was imperfect? She had put an idea into my head, and I couldn't get it out. Later I asked her what she meant by the remark, and she called me a poor dear innocent and told me not to worry. I would have no more trouble with Ralph when, married to him than other women had with their husbands. No man was to be trusted in certain respects.

That's the way Sarah prepared her trap for me. She took her time and advanced step by step. When all was ready she blew the blow.

It came in the shape of an anonymous letter, mailed from a neighboring town, purporting to have been written by a girl who had been jilted by Ralph and warning me against him. I nearly fainted on reading it. Maybe if I had more time I might have recovered sufficiently to avoid making a duce of myself. But, unluckily, Ralph rang the bell within half an hour after I received it. I ran upstairs to my room, and writing on the back of the letter I had received, "All is over between us," sent it down to him.

Pretty soon I heard the front door shut and from my window saw Ralph walking away. He was walking dejectedly with a bowed head. This I interpreted as an admission of guilt. Indeed, were he innocent would he not have asked me to come down and hear his explanation?

That is the last I ever saw of Ralph Loring. His action in not defending himself and going away looking like a culprit confirmed me in believing that the charge against him was true. But, oh, how I suffered! It seemed at times that I must recall him and take him, guilty as he was. I might have done so, but he went away from the town, I heard, to accept a business position elsewhere.

Later a woman who was a mutual friend of Ralph's and mine came to see me. She had the anonymous letter with her and one from Ralph. He had endorsed on the former, "I prefer a wicked woman to a fool, but I am not in love with either. This is a great disappointment to me."

Ralph had told our mutual friend to explain the matter to me. She had a specimen of Sarah Baker's handwriting with her and showed me how nearly identical it was with the anonymous note.

My feelings at my break with Ralph were nothing to the load I had to bear at learning that I had helped my enemy to ruin me. I knew from the words he had written on her letter to me that there was no hope of a reconciliation. Ralph in one way passed out of my life, in another way he will be always with me, a sorrowful memory.

STORY OF A FORCED LOAN.

The Way Zapata Gave the Bankers of Mexico Two Surprises.

One morning Zapata, the Mexican leader, issued two proclamations. One was a prohibition edict closing the saloons, the other a command for the bankers of the city to assemble for a conference.

The bankers attended the meeting. They went in fear, dreading confiscation of their deposits. Only a few days before the arrival of General Carranza had collected a "forced loan" of 10,000,000 pesos from the banks. What mercy could be expected of the bandit leader? Zapata's speech was short and to the point.

"Caballeros," he said, "my men are hungry. I want 50,000 pesos to feed them for a few days. You will pay this. I promise you protection. You may carry on your business without molestation as long as you do not aid the enemy. You may go when you sign the order for the money."

Thankful to escape with such a modest demand, the bankers did as they were ordered. Zapata kept his part of the bargain, and for months the city was better policed than it has ever been since Porfirio Diaz was driven from Mexico. But this is the strange part of the story—strange to one who knows the system of confiscation which has bled the business men of the country.

Ten days later Zapata paid back the 50,000 pesos. Christian Herald.

ARMOR-PIERCING SHELLS.

They Proved Their Superiority Over the Gathmann Explosives.

The late Louis Gathmann, the inventor, who died at the age of seventy-four years, labored long and hard and with zeal and enthusiasm to bring about the development of the high explosive shell which bore his name.

It was Mr. Gathmann's belief that it was not necessary to carry the high explosive shell through armor plate and into the interior of a ship, but that if a sufficient quantity were detonated against the outside of a ship it would be equally if not more destructive.

He secured from congress an appropriation for an eighteen inch gun capable of throwing a shell containing 800 pounds of gun cotton. Our army and navy officers held that the only effective shell would be one of the armor piercing type provided with a delayed action fuse, which would burst the shell back of the armor.

Both types were tested at Sandy Hook about a score of years ago. The armor piercing shell penetrated an eleven inch plate and tore the backing to pieces. The Gathmann shell burst against the face of the plate, but failed to do more than dent it in the earlier rounds. Finally cracking it in two in the last round. The superiority of the armor piercing shell was thus established.—Los Angeles Times.

She Was Fired.

In Hudson Maxine's "Dynamite Stories" is the following sad narrative: "We once had a servant girl whom we nicknamed 'Jeopardy' because she could not be prevented from pouring kerosene directly from the can upon a lighted fire. One day Jeopardy left us very suddenly, and she never came back. We were sorry she left, as Jeopardy was a good girl. It developed that she had chained to a fifty pound case of dynamite sticks in the woodshed, which she had been using to start the fire in the kitchen stove. Sometimes dynamite will work all right for such a purpose, but it is notational stuff and cannot be depended upon merely to burn. It was during one of those intervals that Jeopardy went."

The Ruffing Passion.

"Jibway is such a confirmed fan that he applies baseball slang to every conceivable situation."

"I've met men like that."

"For instance, the other day Jibway attended a party that was expected to be a wedding ceremony. The bridegroom failed to show up. There was much excitement and confusion. The bride was so angry she vowed she would marry any man who would take the missing bridegroom's place."

"Well, well!"

"That was when Jibway sang out, 'Is there a pinch hitter present?'" Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Famous Beauty.

Miss de Bonavent had features so perfect that her contemporaries said she was worthy to sit as a model for a Greek goddess. The flesh of her face closely resembled alabaster, and yet she was not pale and did not give the impression of being in delicate health. Her beauty attracted universal attention to her, no matter where she went, and even in old age she retained most of her good looks.

Passes Him By.

Askett—Well, George, are you meeting with success now that you are a lawyer?

George—Yes, I seem to meet with it every place I go, but it is the other fellow who is on friendly terms with it.—Indianapolis Star.

A Word to the Boys.

A boy should not get the idea that he can score in the game of life through the errors of his opponents. To win he must be able to make hits.—Youth's Companion.

Worse Than Before.

Mrs. Eke—Well, what do you think of Clara's voice now that she is through with her singing lessons?

Eke—It's no better and there's a lot more of it.—Boston Transcript.

INVISIBLE LIGHT.

Only When It Strikes the Retina of the Eye Can It Be Seen.

What is the simplest demonstration of the fact that light is invisible? The blackness of a midnight sky demonstrates this fact most readily. We may see the planets brilliantly illuminated by the sun's rays, but the surrounding space is dark, although we know that light must be passing there.

The passage of a beam of light through a darkened room is only visible on the dust in the air, and the cone of light seen when the sun shines through a small hole in a shutter is not visible, but only light reflected from the notes in the beam. This can be easily and simply demonstrated by placing in the beam a glass vessel from which the dust has been carefully removed. The beam then may be seen before and behind the vessel, but is invisible within. A Bunsen burner or a red-hot poker held so as to destroy the notes will also render the beam invisible at that spot.

Light is only visible when it strikes on the retina of the eye, and it can only do so when it reaches it in a direct line or is turned by a reflection or refraction into a direct line. Just as the bullets from a gun do a man no harm unless aimed or turned in their course toward his body, so light is without effect unless it is aimed or turned toward the retina.—Pearson's Weekly.

TICKET SPECULATORS.

Their Trade Was Really Started by Dumas and His Barber.

The practice of speculating in theater tickets, strange as it may appear, was started by the elder Dumas. He patronized a Paris barber named Porcher, and one day this worthy while shaving the novelist asked him why he did not sell the tickets given him by the managers of the theaters where his plays were produced.

"To whom could I sell them?" asked the author of the "Three Musketeers." "Why, to me, if you like," replied Porcher. "And what would you do with them?" asked Dumas. "That's my business," replied the barber, continuing to lather the bronzed face of the famous story teller.

"But I give you tickets whenever you ask for them," said Dumas. "Ah, one or two are not sufficient for my purpose," responded Porcher. "I must have all your tickets and every day."

"And you will pay for them?" said the dramatist. "Cash," was the simple yet practical reply.

Dumas at that moment was very badly in need of money, so he at once concluded the bargain. Porcher, who shortly after this gave up shaving and cutting hair, made similar bargains with other authors and quickly became rich.

Turner Had His Way.

The late J. M. W. Turner, one of England's most famous artists, served for some time on the banking committee of the Royal Academy, and one day when he strode into the picture rooms he was struck by a picture sent in by an unknown provincial artist of the name of Bird. Turner took it into his hands and examined it with this way and that. "A fine work," he exclaimed. "It must be hung up and exhibited."

"Impossible," responded the other members of the committee. "The walls are full, and the arrangements cannot be disturbed."

"A fine work," repeated Turner. "It must be hung up and exhibited." And, finding his colleagues to be as obstinate as himself, he hitched down one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's in its place.

But She Liked It!

Very strong peppercorns are grand, father's favorite confection. One day says the Christian Herald, he gave one to four-year-old Marjorie and waited a while to see what she would do when she should discover the pungent flavor of the candy. A few minutes later he saw her take the partly eaten peppermint from her mouth and place it on a table beside an open window.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like the candy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marjorie. "I like it, but I thought I'd let it cool for a little while."—Youth's Companion.

Sarcastic.

A young author, evidently destitute of benefiting by the experience of an older brother craftsman, once asked Richard Henry Stoddard how he had acquired such a mastery of Anglo-Saxon.

"I don't know how I ever did it," replied the poet, who, after a moment's reflection, added, "I think, however, I must attribute it to the fact that I never had any education."

A Medical Epitaph.

I can't bear "Tears" cannot restore him, therefore I weep," says a correspondent but the following epitaph on the tomb of a doctor given me I hasten to say, by a medical man comes near it.

"He survived all his patients"—Manchester Guardian.

Commercial Facility.

"Jones is a regular golden mouthed speaker."

"I never noticed he was so much of an orator. What made him golden mouthed—perspiration?"

"No, his death."—Baltimore American.

Different With Trouble.

Owens People talk about borrowing trouble. "Borrow" doesn't seem the right word to me. Oke—Why not?

Owens—When I borrow money I can forget about it right away.

How They Became Acquainted

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Ralph Emerson took up the telephone book, ran his eye down the E's to Emerson and paused at the name Frank. He was desirous of calling up his brother. When he came to the name he was looking for he took the receiver off the hook and gave the number to the girl in the central office. It was not long before a feminine voice replied:

"Well?" was the reply in a melodious voice.

"I would like to speak with Frank."

"I am Frank."

There was a brief pause, at the end of which Ralph said:

"I mean Frank Emerson."

"I am Frank Emerson."

Another pause.

"If you are Frank Emerson he must have been metamorphosed into a woman—a woman with a sweet voice."

There was a bit of a laugh.

"Well, Frank," continued Ralph, "I have called you up to say that I have two tickets to the theater for this evening. Can you use one of them?"

There was quite a long pause after this, at the end of which Frank said:

"I think you must have got hold of the wrong number. My father is down in the telephone book as Francis Emerson. I am named for him, but I am Francis, not Francis."

"I see."

"I think that you will find your brother's name just below papa's."

"I don't doubt it."

"Well, can I do anything more for you?"

"You can, but I fear you won't."

"What is it?"

"I wonder if you know any one I know."

"It is possible."

"Do you know the Meriwethers?"

"No, I don't know any one by that name."

"How about the Ostranders?"

"I don't know them either."

Ralph tried several others and finally asked if she knew the Bushys.

"Dr. Charles Busby's family?"

"Yes."

"Helen Busby is an intimate friend of mine."

"Good. I know her very well. Now I shall say goodbye to you for the present. I am sorry to have troubled you. Will you be at home this afternoon between 2 and 4?"

"I expect to be at home all the afternoon."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye. I dare say you will find your brother's number."

"Quite likely."

Half an hour later Miss Emerson received a telephone call, this time from a woman.

"Is that you, Frank?"

"Yes."

"I'm Helen Busby. A friend of mine, Ralph Emerson, desires to know how I have arranged to bring him around to call upon you this afternoon."

"Ha, ha! Isn't that funny?"

"Never mind now, your friend will tell you."

"Your friend?"

"I tried to log off till tomorrow, but he insisted on today."

There was no reply to this, and after a few more commonplace remarks the receivers were hung up.

At 3 o'clock the same afternoon Mr. Emerson and Miss Busby rang the door bell at Miss Emerson's. They were admitted, and Ralph looked upon the face and figure of the girl whom he had fallen in love with through her voice. He was not disappointed in her. Indeed, the face and figure were as attractive as the voice.

After a brief interchange of civilities Ralph said that he had exchanged the two seats he had held at the theater for three seats, and he invited both girls to use them with him.

He had paved the way so well that notwithstanding the briefness of Miss Emerson's acquaintance with him there was not the slightest reason why she should not accept the invitation.

At 8 o'clock the same evening Ralph, Emerson and Helen Busby drove up to Miss Emerson's, and they all proceeded to the theater. After the theater came a supper, and by this time Mr. Emerson felt as well acquainted with Miss Emerson as he was with their mutual friend.

The next day Miss Emerson was called up again by her new found admirer. "Just to listen for a few moments to that melodious voice of yours," he told her. Naturally she was pleased at the repetition of the compliment and before the telephone interview was finished she had made another engagement with Mr. Emerson. Then came boxes of flowers and other indications of a lover's intentions and after a very brief season a wedding.

"I should have shut you off," said Mrs. Emerson in speaking of their first meeting, "as soon as I discovered that you had called the wrong number."

"Just so," replied her husband. "Why didn't you?"

"Why didn't you do it yourself?"

"Suppose I had. Where would have been our present happiness? I think I managed it very well. I didn't presume on our brief telephone interview as an introduction. I arranged everything according to the most stringent rule of etiquette."

However, the manner in which Mr. Emerson made his wife's acquaintance is well known to their friends and is considered quite a romantic episode.

LEGALIZED NICKNAMES.

They Appeared in Official Records in Colonial Times.

Nicknames are not likely to go out of fashion so long as human nature remains what it is. In these days, however, it is not customary to spread such titles upon official records, as was formerly the habit, according to the archives of several of our states.

In the Dutch records in 1644 we have John Pietersen, alias Friend John. In the Newtown purchase from the Indians, dated in 1656, one of the boundaries is "by a Dutchman's land called Hans the Boore," and in the Bushwick patent, dated Oct. 12, 1687, one of the boundaries is "John the Swede's meadow." In 1695, in the Kings county records, a man is named living at Gowanus as "Tunis the Fisher."

The common council of New York in 1691 ordered fish to be brought into the dock "over against the city hall or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in," and in the same year an order was passed "that Topknot Betty and her children be provided for as objects of charity."

The explanation of this custom in many cases was that the persons in question either had no family names or had forgotten them, so that the use of their generally accepted nicknames became a necessity.

RELIGIONS IN CHINA.

One For Everyday Life, One For Sickness and One For Death.

The state religion is not Confucianism, though founded on it. To the worship of heaven it adds the worship of nature in its chief material forms, such as the earth, sun, moon and stars, mountains and rivers. To the cults of ancestors it not only adds that of heroes, but expands so as to take in many of the divinities of Taoism and Buddhism, thus forming a compound of the three religions.

Logically the three are irreconcilable, the Taoist being materialism, the Buddhist idealism and the Confucian essentially ethical. Yet the people, like the state, make of them a unity by swallowing portions of each.—In ordinary their lives are regulated by Confucian forms; in sickness they call in Taoist priests to exorcise evil spirits, and at funerals they have Buddhist priests to say masses for the repose of the soul.

Besides the women and the priest hood the two sects last named have very few professed adherents, though the whole nation is more or less tinged by them. The men (at least those who can read) almost without exception profess to be followers of Confucius.—Scientific Monthly.

Oil and Lubrication.

Oil is a peacemaker and serves its purpose by interjecting itself between the two warring elements of a bearing surface which would soon find themselves in the midst of a hot and disastrous argument were it not for the good offices of this conciliatory medium. Therefore it is an actual film of oil which is forced into the bearings or under the cylinder walls and over which adjoining bearing surfaces slide. It is because the actual film of oil must exist between the smooth surfaces of a bearing that it is so much necessary for oil to be of a certain thickness or viscosity. It therefore becomes evident why oil, to be satisfactory for use in a gasoline engine, should be of a quality not easily broken down or thinned by the temperatures reached in the oil circulating system of the average automobile power plant.—H. W. Slauson in Leslie's.

Was Too Particular.

A Bounton (N. J.) real estate man was trying to sell a small farm by mail to a possible purchaser in Manhattan, a very precise and particular person. One day a friend asked him how he was making out on the deal.

"Oh, I've quit," he said in a tone of marked pleasure. "You see, he wrote for so many details and kept insisting on having more that I got tired at last and wrote telling him if he would pay the freight both ways I would ship the darn farm down to the city for him to look at, and he never answered my letter."—Puck.

The Old Order Passeth.

What has become of the old fashioned man who was about to solve the problem of perpetual motion? And where is the old fashioned woman who wore gloves that reached only halfway to the end of her fingers? Can anybody furnish information concerning the whereabouts of the old fashioned boy who wore mittens which were fastened to a long string?—Chicago Herald.

Zeppelins and Colors.

On a dark night a Zeppelin would be invisible whatever its color until the searchlights located it, and then it would not matter how it had been colored. Once the searchlights had picked it up it would appear a conspicuous silvery object projected against the night sky, even though it were painted as black as the blackest coal, provided it were opaque.—London Globe.

No Longer Joyous.

"What has become of the man who used to sing 'We won't go home till morning?'"

"He doesn't feel like singing any more. He vocalized on that line so long and frequently that now there isn't any home."—Washington Star.

Caustic.

He—I shall not marry a woman unless she is my exact opposite. She—you will never find so perfect a being as that.—Life.

PRANKS BIG SHELLS PLAY.

Curious Effects of High Explosives Used in Modern War.

The explosive force of the big shells used in modern war has produced many curious effects. In some cases these effects have been to deprive men of the power of speech, in others to restore it. In the same way hearing has been lost and also regained, while sight has been suddenly banished and as suddenly brought back.

But one of the most astonishing effects of all was that narrated by a French captain. It occurred while he was occupying an observation post in a tree. An eight-inch shell happened to explode immediately beneath him, with the result that the displacement of the air hurled him clean out of the tree. It also knocked him senseless for a few moments, and when he came to himself he made the amazing and disconcerting discovery that it had stripped him of his breeches, vest and tunic, leaving him, as he put it, "as bare as a worm."

Another soldier described the freak of a shell of which he was the victim. It exploded several yards away from him without doing him any harm. But it blew his breeches from his back, and when he picked the garment up it was minus all the buttons.

The eccentricity of another shell was sworn to by a trooper, who was certainly a very close observer. He was standing between two horses when the projectile burst close by, killing both animals, but not injuring the trooper in the slightest.

OUR PAPERS ARE TRUTHFUL.

Only When Deceived, as a Rule, Do They Wander Into Mendacity.

"Our papers seldom lie." Deems Taylor says so, and he should know, having been a newspaper man himself. He states "that newspapers rarely print statements that are not at least poor relations of the truth."

In the first place, competition among newspapers is too keen. Facts themselves are explosive enough and scatter plenty of libel suits in their wake as it is without a paper's deliberately hunting for trouble by printing fiction.

"Usually when an absolute misstatement has appeared in a newspaper the paper's chief offense is in having believed an untrustworthy source, a contingency difficult to guard against since any paper is more or less at the mercy of its out of town correspondents and news agencies. Any correspondent can fool any paper once, but it is to the credit of editors that an over imaginative correspondent rarely gets a second chance to exercise his talents.

"After all, the principal reason why our press does not print lies is that newspaper men as a class are honest, conscientious beyond the average and, according to their code, strictly honorable. Certain things may be permitted by that code that strike the layman as peculiar, but deliberate mendacity is not one of them."—Century.

A Dramatic Scene.

The most dramatic scene ever witnessed in Westminster hall was that trial in Henry VIII's reign when 490 men and eleven women appeared before the king and some of his great nobles with ropes around their necks on a charge of being concerned in the rising of the pretences on the previous May day. Fortunately they had good friends in three queens—Katherine, Mary of France and Margaret of Scotland—who begged for their pardon on their knees, and when Henry at last yielded to such supplications the prisoners, it is said, "gave a mighty shout for joy, throwing their halters toward the top of the hall." The stage has never produced anything to rival that dramatic moment.—London Graphic.

Sleeves in Workshops.

Although time and again workmen have been warned regarding the danger of loose clothing when working around machinery, it appears that many of them persist in ignoring the danger. As a result 936 workmen were killed in the United States last year by being drawn into the wheels of machinery or thrown to death when parts of their clothing became caught in rotating members. Loose sleeves and neckties are prolific sources of danger and should not be tolerated for a single moment by the careful worker.—Exchange.

A Pint of Bees.

The phrase "A pint of bees" was used in an English court, and the judge asked what it meant, but did not receive a definite answer. An expert in apiculture says there are 2,100 bees in a pint.