

An Effective Introduction

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Worthington was at the seashore. The day was foggy, but since there was nothing to do at the hotel he concluded to walk on the beach. He could not see the waves as they rolled in, but he could hear them break on the sands. That at least was better than lounging over a magazine or knocking balls about on a billiard table.

For awhile he kept between the dunes and the verge of the ocean. He could see nothing a dozen feet before him, but occasionally when a dune towered above him he caught a dim glimpse of it. At times he diverged from his line of direction toward the ocean and could see the foam ready to encircle his feet. Aiming to keep midway between the dunes and the foam, when he got too near the one he bent his course toward the other.

Why did he continue to walk shuttling off from everything save the sands beneath his feet? Why do we do anything we are not obliged to do? Why will a man risk his life climbing a cliff? Why will one who has made a fortune continue in the slavery of business? Why does the sailor imprison himself in a ship when he has the whole earth to wander on?

He didn't know. He had begun to saunter to avoid ennui. But as he proceeded he forgot those at the hotel sitting about listlessly with a bored look on their faces. He was walking in the mist because he wished to. There was something he liked in being thus shut off from the world he knew to be about him but could not see. He had sympathized with blind persons and wondered how they could be cheerful, as many of them were. Now he understood. But he could not give his understanding in words.

Something dark loomed before him, and in another moment a woman stood facing him, a few feet from him. She was young and pleasant to look upon.

There was a zest in this meeting, though the person met was a stranger to him. He might have met a girl, many girls, time and again on a beach when the whole panorama of nature was spread out before him and not one have attracted his attention. But here out of nothingness had sprung a living being. It was like a child coming from the unknown. One does not consider anything remarkable in it as it comes falling at his feet even if it is from a meteorite, but a living human being suddenly entering into his life—this was a wonder.

An introduction, essential under other circumstances, would have been incongruous. Worthington forgot even to raise his hat. The girl at first started, then her features broke into a quick, brief smile. Then she said: "Strangely met."

"Yes, strange. But no stranger than all other meetings. Every meeting is strange. It is all strange."

"What?"

"Everything from the universe down to a grain of sand."

"The universe is not so strange to me as a single living being."

He did not hear this; he was following his own line of thought. Presently, as if waking from a dream, he said: "Can it be possible that we are strangers?"

"We are, yet it seems as if I had known you always. It must be the unusual manner of our meeting."

"I could not feel more companionable if I had known you from childhood."

"I wonder," she said, "should the fog lift would we be as we would have had we met under the blue sky, the ocean, the dunes and the sunlit abodes of man about us?"

"We would have passed each other like two leaves sailing in the wind, doubtless never to be so near again."

At that moment the fog vanished from about them. The sun shone, the blue sky arched above them, the waves reflecting its hue. White combed waves were chasing one another on the glittering sand surface, white gulls were sailing aloft.

Worthington turned from briefly taking in the scene toward the girl, smiled and raised his hat.

"We are again in the world," he said, "but we have got the start of the world. Having met out of the world, we have been divested of its conventionalities. While thus shut off by ourselves, untrammelled by its customs and its influences, we have become companions. For my part I shall never relinquish what I have gained."

Her eyes dropped to the sands when he said this, and she made no reply.

"How did you happen to be walking on the beach in the fog?" he asked.

"It was dull at the hotel. I could not stand the chatter of the rocking chair brigade."

"And the gossip. I admit a fog is pleasanter. One enjoys better the sound of the waves. You are at the Ocean House?"

"I am."

"I sit at the Sea Gull. I cannot so suddenly get back to the world's customs as to ask permission to call upon you. It would seem like asking it of one whose playmate I had been."

"Don't. You will find me at home whenever you call in the morning before the bathing hour or in the late afternoon or in the evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes. Come early."

"And stay late?"

"As long as you like."

"I promise not to keep you up after 10."

But he stayed till midnight.

PRESERVE YOUR SHOES.

It Will Repay You to Give Them Proper Care and Attention.

We all wear shoes. If we manage them rightly they will last longer, we will not need so many new ones and there will be more left for others. The following suggestions from the leather and paper laboratory of the United States department of agriculture can be utilized by every one who walks:

Shoes should be oiled or greased whenever the leather begins to get hard or dry. They should be brushed thoroughly—and then all the dirt and mud that remains washed off with warm water, the excess water being taken off with a dry cloth. While the shoes are still wet and warm apply the oil or grease with a swab of wool or flannel. It is best to have the oil or grease about as warm as the hand can bear, and it should be rubbed well into the leather, preferably with the palm. If necessary the oil can be applied to dry leather, but it penetrates better when the latter is wet. After treatment the shoes should be left to dry in a place that is warm, not hot.

Castor oil is satisfactory for shoes that are to be polished; for plainer footgear neatfoot, fish oil or olefin may be substituted. If it is desired to make the shoes and boots more waterproof beef tallow may be added to any of these substances at the rate of half a pound of tallow to a pint of oil. The edge of the sole and the welt should be greased thoroughly. Too much grease cannot be applied to these parts.

A simple method of making the soles more durable, pliable and water resistant is to swab them occasionally with linseed oil, setting them aside to dry overnight.

Many of the common shoe polishes are harmful to leather. All those which contain sulphuric, hydrochloric or oxalic acids, turpentine, benzene or other volatile solvents have a tendency to harden the leather and make it more liable to crack.

It is poor economy, too, to wear a shoe with the heel badly worn on one side. This throws the shoe out of shape and may soon result in its ruin. It is also likely to cause temporary injury to the foot.

Hair and Cold Water.

To make your hair grow use cold water as it runs from the hydrant. Apply the water to your hair with your wet hands and run your fingers through what hair you have or rub your scalp with your wet cold hands. This exercise will bring the blood to the scalp, and only from the blood can you get new hair or make the hair you already have more luxuriant. You cannot get hair from grease. Nothing in the world is so good for the hair as cold water applied with the wet hands until the water has reached the scalp. But do not immerse your head in cold water. This is all too much of a shock.—Los Angeles Times.

Think Health.

It is not a fear of illness or of death that we should encourage, but a love of health, a sense of responsibility for the care of our bodies, a desire for bodily endurance and efficiency and full achievement.

If the mind is fixed on these ideals and the already known means of accomplishing them are utilized the needless miseries that clutter the lives of so many may be left to take care of themselves.

It is not so much necessary to fight disease as to cultivate health for the happiness, contentment and moral gain that it brings.

First Use of "Magazine."

"Magazine," properly a storehouse (Arabian), has been annexed by literature, but it is interesting to recall the birth of its now common literary use. In that venerable periodical, the Gentleman's Magazine. In the introduction to its number (1731) we read, "This consideration has induced several gentlemen to treasure up, as in a magazine, the most remarkable pieces on the subjects above mentioned."—London Times.

Her First Journey.

Margaret, five years old, was traveling for the first time. She sat as if entranced by the view from the car window.

Her father, noticing the rapt expression on her face as the train sped along, said:

"What do you think of it, Margaret?"

She replied: "Oh, father, it is just like a picture book, only you don't have to turn the pages."—Chicago News.

Dehydrating.

Dehydrating is simply what was formerly known as drying fruits and vegetables. The old method of paring and slicing apples, stringing the slices and hanging them up to dry, although called drying, was really dehydrating.—New York Sun.

Took It to Herself.

"She's a vain girl. There is no mirror handy, so now she is looking at the barometer."

"How will the barometer cater to her vanity?"

"It says, 'Fair'."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

History Repeats Itself.

"Can't say that the world is getting a bit smarter," asserted grandpa. "My grandson asks me the same silly questions that his father asked at his age."

But He Did.

Teacher—Bobby, give an example of the double negative.

Bobby—I don't know none.

The love of country is more powerful than reason itself.—Ovid.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

A number of ladies were making clothes for Belgian orphans at Red Cross headquarters. Naturally they talked as they worked.

"Come, Madeline; can't you tell us of some adventure that has befallen you?"

"My life has been very uneventful," was the reply.

"You were in Europe, weren't you, when the great war broke out? Surely there must be something interesting in your experience at that time."

"There was a romance."

"Oh, do tell us about it!" chimed a dozen voices.

"It wasn't much of a happening, but since you want to hear it I don't mind telling you."

"You see, I was in Belgium when war was declared, but I didn't know that the Germans were going to come in such a hurry, and I hadn't seen all the sights. So I delayed getting away till they were driving the French before them toward Paris."

"That's the way I got into Red Cross work."

"The only means by which I could travel were the ambulances carrying the wounded. I set myself up for a nurse, taking care of a load of wounded men who were being carried to the rear, till a shell exploded under it and blew it and its contents sky high."

"Weren't you killed?" asked one of them.

"No," said the story teller; "I wasn't killed."

"What saved you?"

"I was leaning over a wounded soldier at the time, and when he was blown up his body constituted a protection for me. He was killed, though."

"It seems to me," remarked one of the ladies, "that there is some unnecessary information given here. Go on with the story so far as regards your self alone."

"And leave out the romance?"

"No," shouted every woman present. "They took the ambulance I was in to Calais."

"I thought it was blown to atoms," put in a listener.

"That was a French ambulance. I was picked up by English Red Cross workers and at Calais was taken across the channel."

"The speaker stopped short, as though she had finished her story."

"Where does the romance come in?" asked several ladies at once.

"Oh, I'm going to tell you that. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course," all responded.

"I stayed in England a long while, caring for wounded soldiers in the hospital. At last I sailed for America in a British ship. That was when the submarines had got to work, and we were all fearful of being sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Most of us remained dressed day and night. I wore a tailor-made suit I had bought in London. You see if I got through safely I wouldn't have to pay duty on it, and if we were blown up and I was saved I would be well dressed and correspondingly well treated. If I was drowned my corpse would be well gown'd."

"How thoughtful!" remarked several listeners so to voice.

"We hadn't been out thirty-six hours when there came the sound of an explosion forward. I knew at once it was a submarine. I went to my state room, got out all my jewels and put them on."

"What for?" asked a surprised listener.

"For the same reasons I wore my tailor-made gown. I've been asked not to give any unnecessary information. I think I won't tell any more of it."

"Go on!" was the universal cry.

"Well, when I went up the companionway I found a terrible scene on deck. The officers were protecting the boats at the point of the pistol for the women and children. When one of them saw me and how well dressed I was—most of the women looked like frights—he offered me his arm and escorted me to a boat. I got in, and as we were pulled away from the sinking ship I threw him a kiss of thanks."

"How lovely! Was he the romance?"

"No. I'm going to tell you about the romance now. The sea was running high, and one huge wave came along and turned our boat over. I gave myself up for lost. Fortunately my tailor-made gown I told you about caught a lot of air under it, and this kept me up for awhile. But the seas finally took all the air from under me, and I was about to sink when I felt myself drawn upon some boards. It was an improvised raft. I looked up into the face of the handsomest man I ever saw."

"This raft is not capable of supporting us both," he said. "I give my life that you may live." With that he rolled off into the water."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed a chorus.

"We women don't appreciate the effect of own adornments. There was admiration in my preserver's eyes, which no doubt was heightened by my tailor-made suit and my jewels, all of which were becoming to me. I have no doubt that I owe my life to them."

"There was a hushed assent.

"You were picked up?"

"Yes."

"And he?"

The narrator bent over her work to hide the dimness in her eyes.

"No," he sank beneath the waves."

"Who is that young woman?" asked one lady of another as they were leaving the place.

"The biggest liar in the United States. She has never been out of her native state."

FAMOUS TUNNELS

The Simplon Is the Greatest and Costliest of Them All.

LONGEST HOLE EVER BORED.

This Road Through the Alps Is More Than Twelve Miles in Length and Its Cost Exceeded Fifteen Millions—Our Own Hoosac Tunnel.

The costliest as well as the biggest railroad tunnel in the world is the long hole burrowed below the Alps between Brigue, Switzerland, and Iselle, Italy.

This tremendous tunnel, the Simplon, is 12 miles 587 yards in length and cost more than \$15,000,000. Several millions more will be spent in completing the second chamber. Work was begun on it in 1858, and traffic began to move through in 1906.

The Simplon is about three miles longer than the St. Gothard and the Loetschberg tunnels and more than four miles longer than the Mont Cenis, the three next longest of the world's railway tunnels.

The Mont Cenis was the first of these big bores. It was completed in 1871 and at once diverted passenger and freight transportation away from Switzerland, as it furnished a direct route to Italy from southeastern France.

The Swiss determined to win back their lost traffic, and in 1871 work was started on the St. Gothard, which was not finished until eleven years later.

The St. Gothard is about nine and one-half miles in length and cost \$11,500,000.

In its toll of lives it was the costliest of all. Faulty ventilation, the terrific heat and the lack of care in keeping down the dust caused the deaths of 800 laborers. This tunnel is wholly in Swiss territory, and eight years ago it was bought from the owners by the government.

The Simplon, located about halfway between the Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard, is a double tunnel, although only one chamber has been wholly excavated. The other will be enlarged and put into service when the first becomes overtaxed. Better arrangements for ventilation kept the death toll down to sixty, twenty-five cubic feet of fresh air being supplied to the laborers for every one blown into the St. Gothard.

The difficulties conquered were tremendous. The Simplon is not only the longest, but the lowest of the Alpine tunnels, and the rock temperature sometimes reached 133 degrees.

When the workmen from the Swiss side reached the center of the great bore they were halted by an enormous spring of hot water. Then the engineers were stopped, and for some time it looked as though the whole work might have to be abandoned. But the engineers refused to be daunted, although six months were required to dig out the last 300 yards of the tunnel.

So slight were the errors made in the digging that the headings from either side met with deviations of but eight inches internally and three and one-half inches vertically. The total length of the tunnel was thirty-six inches less than had been calculated. Trains are pulled through the tunnel in eighteen minutes, at the rate of forty-two miles an hour, by powerful electric locomotives.

The Loetschberg is the latest of the big Swiss tunnels. This is about the same length as the St. Gothard and is also wholly in Swiss territory, being located to the north of the Simplon. It is a part of the Bernese Alps railway, which has thirty-four tunnels in its forty-eight miles between Thun and Brigue.

The Simplon will apparently remain the biggest of railway tunnels until a submarine one is driven under the English channel or perhaps under Berlin.

At present the longest projected mountain tunnel in Europe is a French undertaking, which is planned to pass directly under Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, and to form another highway between France and Italy. But this tunnel will be only a little over eleven miles long, so that it will be merely second in rank if it is carried out.

The Hoosac tunnel, in western Massachusetts, was the first really big tunnel in the United States. Begun in 1855, it was not finished until 1870. Air drills and nitroglycerin were used in this work for the first time on a big scale in any American engineering project. The Hoosac tunnel is four and three-quarters miles in length.—Boston Post.

Geologist's Thermometer.

Quartz is the geologist's thermometer, for it is formed between narrow ranges of temperature. If the materials from which nature makes it are subjected to more than so much heat they take on an entirely different character from quartz. The same is true if they are subjected to less than a certain amount of heat.

None Worth While.

"There is one thing I am rather worried about in this suburban club business."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Do you know if they serve cakes with these golf tees?"—Baltimore American.

An Improvement.

"He left his home all for her."

"Why so?"

"Well, you see, hers was the better home."—Penn State Froth.

To Double your troubles and lessen your friends talk about them.—Your Companion.

PALACE OF THE CZARS.

Beauty of Tsarskoe Selo, Built by Peter the Great.

Tsarskoe Selo, the city some fifteen miles south of Petrograd where the former czar was accustomed to spend the spring and where the peasants seized the hunting preserve of the deposed Nicholas, is a beautiful place.

The city now has a population of 30,000. It was an insignificant village when Peter the Great presented it to his consort, Catherine I., and began the construction there of the great imperial palace. The palace was completed just a year before Peter's death and was greatly beautified by his daughter, Elisabeth Petrovna, in later years.

Some of the most magnificent royal apartments in Europe are found in this palace, notably the bedroom of Marie Alexandrovna, consort of Alexander II., with its opalescent glass walls, its columns of purple glass and its mother-of-pearl inlaid floor. The walls of another chamber are paneled with amber; a third apartment is decorated with silver; another has wonderful tables and chandeliers which glow with soft light of iapix lazuli, and there is a ballroom which glitters with gold and mirrors.

With all these sumptuous apartments at his disposal, Nicholas II. seldom occupied any of them, but preferred to live in a modest building no larger than the country home of the average well-to-do American.

The extensive gardens and parks, embracing an area twenty-eight times as large as the United States capitol grounds, are among the chief beauties of Tsarskoe Selo. Picturesque groves, artistic bridges, charming arbors and delightful swan ponds are to be found on all sides, with here and there an artificial ruin which captivates the eye and quickens the imagination.

Beyond the imperial gardens and grounds the streets of the village are broad and straight. There are several barracks and hospitals and eight churches.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

GETTING THE FEET WET.

The Part the Sidewalk Plays in Cold and Grip Epidemics.

That a close relationship exists between sidewalks and grip epidemics is asserted in Good Health by Martin Navin. Grip and colds, says Mr. Navin, are germ diseases. Germs are floating about us in the air. We breathe them in by the thousand. But they are cowardly fellows. Once they get inside a healthy body they retreat."

He goes on:

"It is only when one thing or another disturbs our health equilibrium that the bugs manage to gain a foothold in our system. It may be injudicious sailing, it may be lack of fresh air, but frequently it is some kind of exposure—getting the feet wet—that lays the fortress open to them."

"It is not at all hard to get your feet wet. And that is where the sidewalk comes in. The ordinary sidewalk is a right hand assistant when you want a cold foot bath. It is built flat, without any slope to drain it."

"The condition is aggravated if there occurs a natural depression in the sidewalk. The water runs into it and stands until it is dried or is frozen. The natural result is a harvest of grip epidemics and any number of colds, bronchitis and lung troubles. And tuberculosis, too—this disease can often be traced to sidewalks, since it usually starts with some simple lung affection."

"We must stop building flat sidewalks and make them convex instead, so they will drain easily, and elevate them slightly above the level of the ground."

The Greatest Evil.

The Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian and a Persian—who in the presence of the Persian monarch debated this question: Of all evils incident to humanity which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty," the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience," while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O king, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way."

The Bow and Arrow.

The first mention of the bow and arrow is found in the book of Genesis, where it is written that Ishmael, the son of Abraham, "dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer."

"A bow shot," too, is mentioned as a measure of distance. In the sculptured slates found at Khorsabad and Nineveh representations of archers frequently occur, and the bow seems to have been a weapon in the Assyrian and Persian armies.

Rules For Frying.

First, everything must be as dry as possible before frying; second, the fat must be smoking hot; third, drain everything on paper to absorb the fat; fourth, fry everything evenly a golden color; fifth, take up quickly and lightly; otherwise things will lose their crispness.—New York Mail.

Dutiful.

Our idea of a dutiful daughter crystallized into definite form yesterday when we saw a blooming young matron of this neighborhood stand by with an air of quiet resignation and exemplary patience while her mother did undoubtedly kindly intended things to the baby.—Columbus Journal.

Helping Ya Editor.

He—Oh, yes, I write verses occasion ally, but I always tear them up. She—Ah! I knew you were clever.—Boston Transcript.

A KING'S SECRET

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

"What are you doing, Jean?" asked a soldier of his comrade in barracks in Paris.

"I am commemorating the scene we witnessed today."

He was having tattooed on his right arm in India ink a picture of a guillotine with a figure lying on it.

"What are you doing now?" asked the other again.

"I am beginning to have tattooed under the picture of the guillotine the words 'Death to kings and tyrants!'"

These men had been stationed with their corps about the scaffold on which Louis XVI. had that day been beheaded. He who tattooed his arm was young and an enthusiastic revolutionist. So devoted was he to the cause of the people of France against their king that he did not suppose he would ever be a royalist. As to his being a king, that of course was absurd. He was but a French peasant and a sergeant in the ranks of the army.

But that was an age when the people of France rose to the surface. The kings and nobles passed away, and the commoners took their place. A great commander arose, and with him he pulled up many others. Among them was the soldier who had tattooed his arm. Sergeant Jean Bernadotte under Napoleon became a marshal of France and married a relative of the emperor.

During the early part of the nineteenth century Bonaparte was conquering kingdoms. He did not make a republic of them, He had been a republican and had made up his mind that the government France must head was a monarchy, with himself at its head. The people he conquered placed under the control of kings, and these kings were usually members of his own family. Even if Napoleon did not conquer a kingdom his influence was so great that he could control its government.

The throne of Sweden became vacant, and Napoleon nominated—whom? The man who had stood guard over his king when he was executed and had tattooed a picture of the dead on his right arm with the words under it, "Death to kings and tyrants!"

Here was a king with his own condemnation indelibly stamped on his person. There was no eliminating it. The king was doomed to wear the hated picture of the death of his sovereign till his own death should destroy it.

The supreme object of the king of Sweden's life was to guard his secret. No vessel was called upon to land him his clothing when he dressed in the morning or to take it from him when he disrobed at night. The office of master of the robes was a secret. Had it not been for that which hung like a serpent to his arm he might have at times forgotten that he was a French peasant of whom another commoner monarch had made a king. But the accursed spot would not out. In the morning when he performed his ablutions there it was bared to his gaze. At night when he disrobed it stared at him as with the malicious eyes of a serpent.

In those days when a person was ill the doctors drew blood from him. This was done by lancing the right arm. There is a story that the king of Sweden fell ill, and the doctor suggested that he bare his right arm to be bled. The king refused. The doctor told his majesty that if he did not permit them to bleed him they would not be responsible as to what might happen to him.—The king would not yield, but bared his left arm. He was told that it would not be professional to bleed him on his left arm. Nevertheless, since the king would not yield, he was bled from his left arm.

The king recovered, but he was destined to die in his bed. When his last illness came upon him and he believed his end was approaching he said, "Dr. Gorgenson, his principal physician, and charged him in case he died to see that his right arm was exposed to no one except himself. He also was to possess the secret under a pledge