

WAR GARDENERS

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Fred sniffed uneasily as he turned the corner from the station. There was a faint aroma of something cooking, just what he could not yet tell, but he knew that it came from his own kitchen as surely as he knew that the sun was coming up next morning. As he came nearer he was able to distinguish it more clearly—tomatoes in some process of preservation!

How weary he was of this canning. Night in and night out it seemed for weeks and months past it had been the same thing. He had come home to find Laura overheated, overtired, not dressed, and her temper at the snapping point.

The bungalow as he approached it looked so bare and cheerless that he was almost tempted to turn back to the station and take the first train away from trouble. The porch looked that last year had been a varicolored mass of foliage and trailing vines were now innocent of so much as a coat of paint; the awnings, so bravely and cheerfully striped a year before, hung stained and despondent from dry, dusty eaves; the flower beds formerly gorged with peonies, big orange poppies, roses and a thousand varieties of everything, and the close-clipped emerald lawn, had given way to a vegetable garden.

But Fred's thoughts were bitter, not so much on account of the war dress of the house as with conditions within. He thought of Mary Ann, that precious family jewel who had come to live with them after the honeymoon, and of the three delectable meals he and Laura had sat down to every day. Mary Ann had left at Christmas. But the worst of the whole thing was Laura's insatiable penchant for canning.

"For goodness sake, can't you ever get through?" Fred had asked despondently the day before, when Laura, up to her neck in pear butter, had set him down to a fried egg and potato on the corner of the kitchen table.

"Goodness, no! There are the tomatoes yet and peacocks and catsup!"

Fred did not argue. But he smelled the tomatoes now and predicted another triangular meal in the kitchen.

He was right—almost—except that tonight's meal had but one dimension—a baked potato.

"I was just too tired to cook, Fred," declared Laura wearily.

And then Fred said things he'd never meant to say about coming home to a mussed-up house and a Dickens-of-a-looking wife, and flung out of the kitchen and out of the house, climbed on the train, got a seat on the river side, and settled back for his twenty-minute ride.

Suddenly some one leaned forward and said in his ear, "You're getting back early, my boy."

Fred turned in surprise. It was old Mr. Prompter, the senior partner and by long odds the hardest worker in the firm. In spite of his age he was very rich and lived in a fashionable section two stations beyond Fred.

Fred said something about his dinner, but the old man was deaf, so what; moreover, he was changing his seat to talk to Fred.

"I was just thinking," the old man was saying, "that our young men in the office weren't taking the interest in the business they ought to, but it seems I'm wrong. I'm glad to see, my boy, that you are willing to do your bit in this sudden extra pressure of work."

Little by little it was sinking in. Old Mr. Prompter took it for granted that Fred was going back to the office to work like himself. And Fred was too paralyzed to enlighten him.

"After all," thought Fred, "it won't hurt to let him think I'm a little thing. I've been after a raise and this may help some. I'll go get a bite somewhere, telephone to Laura and humor the old chap by working like a sinner all evening."

That night Fred came tiptoeing in at twelve o'clock fearful of waking his wife, but she was sitting up sewing beside the living room lamp and looking like his honeymoon wife of last year. She was dressed in a gown he liked and her hair, always lovely, looked prettier than it had for months.

Before Fred could say a word Laura sprang up. "Poor dearie, you must be tired. Come on and sit down and we'll have one of our old parties. I've been an awful person to you lately, and I'm never, never, never going to put up another thing and neglect my house and husband as long as I live, war or no war."

Fred took her in his arms and patted her head tenderly. "Listen, dearie, it's the best investment you ever made. Old Prompter got so worked up when I was the only one who turned up for work that he—you'll never guess it—he took me into the firm. That baked potato meant thousands of dollars a year to us. You'd better put it in alcohol on the mantle."

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Champ Has New Version.

Champ Clark has added another classic to the list of proverbs, according to the Washington Star.

It was in the midst of a debate. Representative Gillett of Massachusetts had been guilty of gross exaggeration by saying: "A bird in the hand is worth seven in the bush."

Champ Clark was not to be outdone: "He thinks so," declared the speaker, "but in my district there is a lawyer who believes a bird in hand is the poorest work of God."

MARKEN ISLAND OLD STYLE

Ancient Manners Are Still Observed and Historic Costumes Are Worn by the Inhabitants.

Marken Island is a bit of the old Holland, an inlet lying in the Euzder Zee not far from Edam, of cheese fame. Holland is rapidly becoming modernized nowadays; the big bloomer of the canal boatmen has gone the way of the wooden shoe, well toward oblivion, although the latter, it is said, is becoming increasingly popular with the price of leather soaring, writes Nilska. The Dutch are rapidly abandoning the old ways that endeared them to the artists of bygone generations, so that any spot where the traditional customs are still preserved is worthy of note as a living museum of history.

Such a spot is Marken Island, where old manners are still followed and the old costumes still worn. Separated by only a narrow channel from the progressive mainland, it is now the less fifty years behind the times. It seems to be characteristic of small islands that they progress much more slowly than mainland whence their people came. Thus in the Arran islands off the coast of Ireland the old Irish tongue is still spoken; in the Hebrides men still live as they lived in the days of Scott, and on Marken Island the men still go down to the fishing boats in bloomers and wooden shoes.

The dark blue bloomer is the mark of the married man, while the single men wear white—a somewhat illogical arrangement in view of the facilities for laundry work that married men ought to have. The women wear the old-time costumes and carry their knitting about with them on the streets. Every one of the houses is exceedingly small and almost unbelievably clean. There are not more than 800 people all told in this little colony of fishermen.

Marken is quaint and old-fashioned, but it lacks the touch of self-consciousness to make it perfect. In all the little shops you can purchase picture postal cards depicting scenes that are "quaint" and "typical." And when a region begins to realize that it is picturesque it has taken the first step on the road to the commonplace.

NEW METHODS OF FIGHTING

Modern Warfare Is Carried On Under Water, Under Ground and in the Clouds.

"Digging in" has a new and important significance and the fantastic legend of Darius Green is long forgotten in the light of practical achievement by the bird-man of today. The cavalry of the earth has been supplanted by the cavalry of the air. The actual fighting of modern warfare is conducted under water, under ground and far up among the clouds.

Yes, there have been drastic changes in military tactics and military equipment since the old days when we used to drill in the armory over the grocery store in the little old home town. What we tried so hard to learn of military lore in those days would be classed as low comedy by a recruiting officer of this changeful period. But, all the same, one can't help wishing that one were somewhere in France at this minute with good old Company C, 10th regiment, of the National Guard, and we'd make a reasonable wager that, of the survivors of that organization, if given an opportunity to go, there wouldn't be a slacker in the bunch. Exchange.

Powerful Aero Engines.

In testing an airplane engine of 200-horse power a Detroit company mounted it upon a heavy motor truck, and the aerial propeller sent the truck flying along a boulevard at the rate of more than 40 miles an hour. This is a speed that the truck could not begin to develop under its own motive power, and the method furnished a better practical test of the 12-cylinder airplane engine than was possible in the testing laboratory or in any stationary trial on blocks. As an additional test the rear wheels of the two-ton truck were locked, so that they could not revolve, and in this condition it was driven across a ball park by the airplane engine and propeller through heavy drifts of snow and over ice. The motor weighs 800 pounds and develops power sufficient to drive a 12-passenger airplane at 40 miles an hour.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Discoveries in Palestine.

The discoveries which the British and Indian troops are making in Palestine of old churches and their sacred dust have reminded one of the soldiers of Sir Henry Layard's description of the excavators at Nimroud. When the first of the enormous figures began to appear above the earth Arabs raced to them—"Hasten, O Bey, for they have found Nimroud himself. Wallah, it is wonderful; we have seen it with our eyes. There is no God but God!" And they hid them in terror to their tents. The Aznacs were filled with different emotions, for like all the forces their ranks are furnished with highly educated as well as men of the old type of private.

Won His Lost Watch.

An extraordinary watch story is told by a Welsh campaigner home on leave from African battlefields. When he was in German West Africa he lost a wristlet watch. It was not very valuable, so he did not worry a lot about it. But many months later, when on active service in German East Africa, he took a share in a raffle for a watch. He won, and to his amazement found that the prize was his own watch.

OLD ST. AUGUSTINE

By A. M'GAFFEY.

St. Augustine en fete presents the prettiest picture imaginable, and one need not be surprised to meet a romance at any turn of its quaint old streets. And the cathedral on the plaza, with its ancient Spanish belfry, would seem to be one of the most likely places in the city for a story, or, at least, for the beginning of one. So must have thought the fate that watches over our mundane affairs when on Easter Sunday the bells began to ring out their joyous invitation to the world.

As the orderly crowd thronged into church two young men crossed the Plaza and entered. One was in naval uniform; the other dressed as a tourist's guide, and both were bronzed as if from long sea service.

The services were half over when a lady and a gentleman came in at the great door and passed down the aisle toward the altar. The gentleman was stout and middle aged, the lady in the bloom of twenty years.

As they passed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, one of the young men touched the other on the arm with a glance at the pair. He was answered by a nod, and presently both left the church, slipping out by a side door. In a narrow street running at right angles to the plaza, they hailed a cab, into which he of the uniform stepped, drew the door in and sat down to wait.

The other, sauntering over to the plaza, took his station near the group of palms, in the shade of which two or three carriages were grouped. And soon the old bells boomed and the people streamed out. Among them were the two for whom our amateur detective was lying in wait, and as they entered one of the carriages he managed to get near enough to hear the order to "Fort San Marco."

By three o'clock in the afternoon the fort was crowded with people. Walking through this animated scene, a part of it, and yet foreign to it, were the young lady and the stout gentleman. There was a third person in the party now, a stranger with a distinguished air.

"There's a fine view for you, senior," remarked Mr. Maynard, the stout gentleman.

Don Miguel nodded a smiling assent; he was far too happy for words.

But a cry of rage from Mr. Maynard broke in on his trance. Right under the sea wall, at the foot of the eastern glacis, a four-oared boat, rocked on the incoming tide, and as Marian Maynard caught sight of it, she turned to her father and said, with a sparkle in her eyes: "They are waiting for someone down there; I wonder who it can be."

"Yes, they belong to that gunboat yonder. I suppose some young naval sprig out for a lark, curse him."

"Father!" exclaimed the girl angrily.

"I mean what I say," rejoined the other. "I hate the whole service because of that impudent jackanapes with whom you have been fancying yourself in love. What have you to say, Miguel?"

"Oh! oh! What is it, senior?" replied Miguel.

"I say we will laugh at a certain person after we've seen Mr. Maynard testily."

The Don's response was a scowl.

As the three moved away a tourist's guide stepped out from an embrasure, and walked leisurely down the stairway. He wrote something in a memorandum book in his hand, then went into the corridor below and waited. The three came down presently. The guide nimbly opened a door on the right, and before the two gentlemen knew what had happened, they found themselves in a small room with a table in the center. An obsequious salesman took them in hand, while the guide, saying: "I will find a treat for the young lady outside," slipped back into the corridor.

Marian Maynard, divining that something unusual was on the tapis, was standing flushed and trembling when the audacious guide put the paper in her hand on which he had written:

"Lieutenant Westville waits for you at the foot of the eastern glacis. Lose no time."

And Marian Maynard lost no time. She flew out of the dark portal with swift step. A young man in naval uniform met her half way, and clasping hands they ran together down the slope to the boat. They were in it in a trice, but had not gone many lengths from the wall when a couple of gentlemen bounced out upon the esplanade waving their hands and shouting like mad.

Something must be done, however. Don Miguel set off below the fort, where he could hire a boat, and Mr. Maynard, pressing a cab into his service, hurried after, the crowd streaming down the road to see the fun.

It was a fine sight which now greeted the throngs on the pier. Each boat's crew did its best. The situation was intensified when, a moment later, a group appeared on the forward deck, and it became apparent that a marriage ceremony was taking place there. There was a general clapping of hands and loud cries of "bravo!" along the pier as the ceremony ended.

A warning shout of "stand off down there!" from the deck arrested the Don and Mr. Maynard in the frantic endeavors to board the vessel which had already begun to move. And soon a wide lane of blue water lay between the Don and the retreating vessel. (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

WEAPONS OF THE TEACHERS

Evil Methods Inspiring Fear in Hearts of Children Not Conducive to Best Results.

Power to produce fear is a poor weapon. The teacher who uses it is not doing his best work.

Snakes are feared by reason of their sting. So are lions and tigers for reason of their power to produce harm. Fear is the weapon of an enemy. We do not fear our friends, nor can we fear anything that we love.

Evil is just absence of good; for it cannot exist where good is. And evil chooses fear for its weapon. Neither evil nor fear should exist in the schoolroom, says an exchange.

Good is always stronger than evil. Good is always stronger than fear. Why should teachers employ evil methods and inspire fear in the hearts of children when springs of love are bubbling up on every side?

There are smiles, and kind words, and kind thoughts, and deeds of kindness—but the list is too great to complete. These inspire love, and as weapons are much more efficient than is fear.

And then there is faith! When good loses its trust in its ability to overcome, fear disarms and evil conquers.

An animal will not attack a man who has absolutely no fear of it. That is the secret of the liontamer's power. Evil cannot defeat a man who is strong in good, and therefore he has no cause to fear evil.

USE CHOPSTICKS IN JAPAN

Old Custom Prevails Among Poorer Classes, While the Rich Have European Knives and Forks.

The use of chopsticks is general in Japan, except among the richer classes, who have adopted European knives and forks, and to some extent, the European custom, London Tit-Bits says. Small bowls of china or lacquered wood are the usual table equipment. After the various solid portions of the food have been lifted to the mouth with chopsticks the liquor remaining is sipped from the bowl. In the case of rice, which would be tedious to pick up grain by grain, the bowl is often raised to the mouth and the rice scooped or pushed in with the chopsticks. It is also customary to pour a little tea into the rice bowl after it has been nearly emptied, and in this way the few remaining grains of rice are washed down as the tea is drunk.

At public places the chopsticks at each meal must be new; this is indicated by the fact that the chopsticks are made from one piece of wood and are left joined together, as were matches at one time. These new chopsticks are incased in a thin paper envelope, sealed at the end, and bearing Japanese characters advertising either the hotel or some firm that has furnished them free to the proprietor for the sake of the publicity thus gained.

Insects Carry Disease.

Our knowledge of the connection of insects with disease is a very modern acquisition. In his presidential address to the Washington Academy of Sciences, Dr. L. O. Howard noted that standard medical works of a score of years ago made no mention of the subject, but recent literature records 220 different disease germs as known to be carried by insects to man or animals. 87 organisms are known to be parasitic in insects but not known to be transmitted, and 282 species of insects as discovered carriers or carriers of diseases of man or animals. The transportation by wind of the body-louse, the carrier of typhus fever, is among later discoveries to which many writers have given attention. Tick paralysis is another novel subject, the disease occurring in Australia, Africa and North America, and 18 cases have been reported by a single Oregon physician. Progressive paralysis of motor but not sensory nerves follows the attachment of the tick. The disease is not infectious, and it has not been decided whether it is due to a specific organism or to nerve shock. Infantile paralysis is believed to be one of the diseases not carried by insects.

New Metal Discovered.

A new metal has been discovered in the Nelson mining district of British Columbia by Andrew G. French, and it has been named Canadium. It is allied to the platinum group and occurs pure in the form of grain and short crystalline rods, and also an alloy, and assays give three ounces or less to the ton. Canadium has a brilliant luster, and like gold and silver and platinum, does not oxidize when exposed to the air; it is softer than platinum and its melting point is 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The physical and chemical properties of the metal are to be studied at the chemical laboratory of the University of Glasgow.

Canadium is the first new metal to be discovered in anything more than infinitesimal quantities since 1868.

New Metal in Use.

Thermostatic metal, a new material is adapted for such uses as recording temperature changes and giving automatic temperature control. It is made of strips of two strong, non-corrosive metals, of widely different expansion on heating. These are welded together, and any change of temperature causes the compound strip to bend. When a piece four inches long five-sixteenth inch wide and one-tenth inch thick was raised 100 degrees Fahrenheit, a force of 24 ounces was necessary to overcome the bending tendency and keep the strip straight.

THY NEIGHBOR

By LOIS WOOD.

Linnelle moved into his bachelor apartments on the 18th of the month. He had had a suite down at the exclusive Walmere, on Washington square, when Alston & Co. gave him the order for a book. It was to deal with New York life of the group system, showing how the city was divided into little neighborhood villages, especially among the poor.

Young Alston had suggested that he move over to the East side and study conditions among the submerged tenth at first hand. It had not appealed to Linnelle. He was not of the tramp-poet variety. Even while he liked to be a denizen of the old Greenwich village, still his quarters were on the north side of the square. But it came to pass that he became an inmate—he would not call it resident—of the Diggs apartments.

At some time Mr. Diggs had felt the weight of millions preying upon his mind and had placed model payments for the deserving poor in their midst on the East side.

After the third day in his new lodgings the monotony palled on him. He had prowled around the neighborhood and made the alarming discovery that instead of being in the midst of thugs and night hawks he was in the midst of highly respectable old settlers. Instead of their being peculiar to their kind, they regarded him as a rara avis.

He was buying green peppers and fresh tomatoes from the little Greek Mario at the corner and answering his questions idly, when he became aware of another customer who seemed highly amused at his inquisition.

"You stay very long?" asked Mario.

"For a while."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Write. Play the music. Paint. Sculpt. Not just professor, huh?"

Linnelle felt his face redden as the girl smiled.

"Must one give an excuse for living here?" he asked.

And Mario let it pass. Hearing the girl give her address for the delivery of goods, Linnelle realized that he had a neighbor. He caught one swift glance from big gray eyes that smiled at him as he passed on. When his own goods were delivered via the dumb-waiter there was another basket thereon. Just as he was starting to write down a new idea, his telephone bell started to ring. It was his neighbor, Mario had told her he had left her goods with Mr. Linnelle, apartment 12. "Would he be kind enough to let her have them?"

Linnelle smoked savagely on his return. She had been smiling at him again in that cool, appraising, amused way. He plunged at his work with avidity, trying to banish the memory of a slim young person in a rose lined smock with curly, dark hair.

He made the discovery the next morning that from his windows on the inner court he could look over at her windows. Quite against his instinct of good taste he found himself going so constantly. She had window boxes where spring bulbs bloomed profusely.

She came twice a day to water her plants. Then she would stand for a long while looking steadfastly up at the square patch of sky five stories above. He used to wonder if she could be a sunworshipper. The shaft of sunlight just struck her windows as if she stood in front of the sun, and she drank it in even as her flowers did. So passed the weeks and their acquaintance ripened.

His book was nearing completion toward the middle of the summer. He had dinner at a little Turkish restaurant on Twenty-sixth street. It was nearly nine when he put his passkey in the lock of his own door.

"Oh! Mr. Linnelle." It was Marie-Jorie Fraser, her face pale and anxious. "I wonder if I could ask you to come and look at my window. I just got home myself, and it looks as if someone had entered the apartment." Linnelle followed her down the hall.

In her little living room the scrim curtains and daffodil valance lay in a crumpled heap on the floor, the upper window pane had a round hole through its center.

"Do you think anyone is here?" she asked, standing in the doorway. For answer Linnelle glanced around quickly and picked up a baseball that had rolled under the steam heater.

"There's your burglar," he laughed and laid it on the table.

"I'll be so glad when this is over," she said. "I've soaked in local atmosphere until I'm sick and tired of it, and I want to go home. You see, Mr. Linnelle, I'm a very nervous person. I perfectly dandy part in Carruthers' new production, 'Children of Clay.' I only came down here to live and catch the spirit of the East side. If it hadn't been for you living so near to me I'd have been scared to death."

"If it hadn't been for you living so near to me I'd have been bored to death," returned Linnelle. "Come up to the roof. I want to tell you there." And they went up the five flights of stairs together.

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Seized Farms for Tillage.

A representative of the Irish department of agriculture visited a number of farms in County Roscommon recently and took possession of them on behalf of the department on the ground that the owners had not complied with the tillage order. In all, 1,683 acres in the occupation of six persons were seized.—London Times.

HERE GRAMMAR CAME

Marked Grammar Came from the Nile River of All Egypt, and Responsible for Invention.

The world reached its highest stage of intelligence before grammar was even invented, much less studied. Ernest G. Moore writes in the New York Review: "I have had some difficulty to find out where and by what means blight upon young life first came in being, and why it ever became a school study, and I find that the Greeks know it best; that their triumph over literature and their matchless oratory came to flower before grammar was dreamed of; that it was not in any sense one of the great arts which they wrested out and with which they armed the human race; that after Greece had declined, a barbarous Macedonia made himself owner of all Egypt, and in so doing he succeeded himself with the most spectacular form of oratorical art, which his vain mind could conceive, he set to collecting not only all the rare and precious objects and books and manuscripts there were in the world, but he capped it all by making a collection of the living men of the world who had any reputation at all where for knowing and thinking. Taking them from their homes where they had some relation to the daily necessities of human beings, and had really been of some use, he shut them up for life in one of his palaces at Alexandria, which the folk were in the habit of calling 'the henhouse of the muses,' and out of their confinement, since they could do nothing better to amuse themselves, they combed the words in the books which real men had written, and prepared tables of the forms and endings which the words of words employed. The lifeless fragments of books which their dulling left us now call grammar, and study instead of books and even speech itself. In their lowest depth of indifference to the moving, pulsing life of man, and even the Alexandrians sat so low as that."

TRUE LOVE OF SLOW GROWTH

But, Having Elsewhere, There Is Not True Love Which Cannot Pass With Triumph.

True, lasting love is a slow process in starting that is slow love, it is a little more difficult; a little more truthful and pure from the start. It is less disturbed by jealousy, by trifling differences. It is more steady, though less flamboyant. It is less easily disturbed by frosts of misunderstanding and other disturbances.

So much for the beginning of love.

The second test of love is time—separation—dispute. The passing time shows itself in this test—time cannot pass it; it cannot last. Only true love lasts, and that because it reaches down to the rock of mutual esteem, and is made of material of mutual respect and sympathy it is compounded.

When love has passed its second test—it is usually able to pass the third test, which is altruism, of service. At some time or other in life, love always asks: What will you give the love? And he that loveth truly answers: I will give my time, my personality, my position, my wealth—and will I give for love.

But he that does not love deeply, says: I would keep love, but I do not wish to give up too much for it. Foolish fellow. His love fails in its test. He loses his love because he will not pay the price of keeping it.

The final test of love is its endurance. True love makes one better. The wrong sort of love is degrading, not uplifting. He does not have truly who is not a finer, stronger personality because of love.

Real love is the man of one's life; it brightens, gladdens, uplifts and beautifies.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Building Concrete Ships.

Concrete ships will displace the wooden-walled Norwegian ketches, it is reported, the first Norwegian concrete ship having been launched at the Forgrund Cement Works, in the presence of the prime minister, Ed. Knudsen. The ship is built of an entirely new system, with the bottom upwards, in which extraordinary position the launching took place at a sort of underlying sledge, which passed out with the ship. When the vessel was reached the hull became detached from the sledge and gradually rolled up to a certain point, then subsequently slowly righted itself. The ship, which is of 200 tons burden, was built in three weeks, but the next will only require about half that time as the original frame will be used for each subsequent ship of the same size.

Completion of the ship, when the water is completed will take only one day. It is intended to start the whole building of iron and concrete ships of 200, 300 and 1,000 tons. A 1,000-ton ship will be completed in six weeks.

Rights of Man.

The superstitious view, the prevailing reverence, that formerly surrounded science, is passing a way in all countries, and leaving the possession of property to the conviction of scientists. When wealth and science, instead of fascinating the multitude, excite emotions of disgust, when the science of drawing forth administrations, is held as an insult upon weakness, when the scientific method is applied to the making of laws, and it is only in a scientific method that the scientific method is held as an insult upon weakness.

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