Her Patriotism

It Showed Itself Strongly In Wartime

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Jack Williams picked up the morning paper, and again his heavy eyes followed the printed list of those named to answer their country's call. Yes, there it was undoubtedly, the black letters seeming to threaten him, "John Williams, Elm avenue."

There was no defect in either years or physical fitness to excuse him from duty. He had been chosen to serve his country, yet every fiber of his being revolted. Not that John Williams was a coward! Courageously he might face the fighting line of battle, but to leave his little invalid sister helpless and alone—that was a task which seemed an impossibility.

Years before she had been left to his care, when the automobile carrying the child and her parents had met with an accident, leaving her orphaned as well as disabled. There had been some injury to the spine just what the doctors could not determine. As the years passed Lillias had in a degree outgrown her serious trouble, but the shock of the accident had left her in a state of almost hysterical dependence, and "no one could do anything for her but Jack." At least that is what various women said who had been called for occasional attendance during his absences. With the assurance of her brother's presence the wraithlike girl could go about her slight household duties, waiting like some patient, soft eyed spaniel at evening for his return, and it had taken all his efforts to keep the modest home throughout his course of study.

Jack had avoided the distraction of love by devoting himself unswervingly to his sister. So now this was the crisis he faced as the letters of his own name twinkled back from the printed page. He must tell Lillias of the coming separation.

"Lillias," he said desperately, "I'll have to be away tonight. Do you think Mrs. Holmes would come in to stay with you?" It had occurred to him suddenly that away from the distracting appeal of her eyes he might come to some solution of the problem.

The eyes now widened in the apprehension his absence always caused. "Oh," fretted the girl, "must you go?"

He had gone. The destination did not much matter, so he boarded a suburban trolley and went flying along through the glories of summer time in the country. A small station at the foot of a steep hill attracted his attention, Jack Williams left the car to follow a broad tree bordered road. It was a very sleepy village. The road wandered, fragrant with the breath of clover, through a straggling business street, then on again past the white steepled church into dusty silence. Houses widely scattered at last seemed to cease altogether, and Jack had decided to sink back upon the grass and think things over when a garden wall loomed up before him. He had not noticed it at the turn. It was a cool looking old stone wall, with vines clambering over its sides and directly before him was a door. The door being slightly ajar. Jack stared inside, then followed his own inquiring stare. The place seemed to have been unattended, uninhabited for a hundred years. Tangled bushes caught at one's clothing, growing things spread themselves half over the traced out pathways, an old sundial was crumbling unheeded in company with a stone Cupid aiming his arrow. How had this estate of long past grandeur been so utterly deserted? Back in the distance loomed a great weatherbeaten house. Jack passed the imposing doorway, vines growing impudently across its very openings, and for a moment the thought came to him, a thought as hysterical as any Lillias might entertain, that here would be a place for a man to hide, a man who was forced away from his own. Then rounding the silent old house, he came suddenly upon a picture, which, after the first start of surprise, held him in breathless silence. Upon an old stone bench heaped with cushions lay sleeping as beautiful a maid as a certain sleeping princess in an enchanted garden of long ago.

At the first bewildered glance Jack might have supposed the girl to be dead, for all above her white gown were flowers and bundles of flowers, great bunches of scarlet and white geraniums, with centers of bachelor blue. It was a remarkable tableau. Across the girl's breast was pinned a small satin American flag. The soft wind rumpled the waves of her dark hair. The crimson of her cheeks and lips belied any first notion of death. Near by lay the waters of an old, silent fountain.

Perplexed, entranced, Jack stood motionless; then, like a certain princess of old, the girl's eyes trembled into wide awakeness, and she looked up at him. Hers was not a dreamy gaze however, for she sat up immediately and asked briskly: "What is it? What do you want?"

It was rather difficult to explain the aimlessness of his unintentional visit but Jack managed to do so.

"You see," he added, "I wanted a quiet place to think things over, and the garden looked so quiet."

"It is," the girl answered emphatically. She laughed. "I'm afraid if I had realized just how quiet I should [illegible] have taken up my residence here [illegible]."

"Alone?" Jack exclaimed.

"With one exception," she quickly responded and ran to open a door of the [illegible]. Released, a ferocious looking [illegible] bore down upon him, to be instantly [illegible] by the girl's low spoken "It's all right, Bob."

"My lady guard," she explained smilingly. "And if Bob had not been locked up for punishment you would not be in the garden this moment."

"Lucky for me," said Jack, "that he was locked up. Perhaps he'd like me to vacate now. Do you think"—his eyes met hers pleadingly—"that you could persuade him to let me stay just a little while? This place breathes peace to my troubled spirit."

"Troubled?" Her pretty brows went up inquiringly. "We like to help people in trouble, but"—

"You can," he added quickly, "if you will divert my mind by telling how you come to be here alone in this great deserted place, why red, white and blue flowers are heaped about you and why"—

The girl threw out her hands, while the dog grumblingly stretched himself at her feet. "One thing at a time," she protested. "As to the 'great deserted place,' it has been fought over so long by disputing heirs that it is mine now, being the last surviving relative, with no heirs left to dispute. And, being tired of aloneness in the city, I conceived the idea of trying it here in the country. We have no funds for menservants, maidservants or repairs, so Bob and I are doing very nicely by ourselves. We've made part of the house presentable and have started on this corner of the garden. As to the flowers, there is to be a patriotic meeting in the village hall tonight in honor of the brave boys who are leaving for war, and I am going fairly to border the platform in fragrant red, white and blue." She bent quickly to pick up a bundle of knitting, and her lovely bright eyes flashed at him over the needles.

"Oh, if I'd been a man!" she said. "If only I might have been a man, to be of some use to my country! I sit here and knit for the soldiers; I wind pounds and pounds of bandages; I tie red, white and blue flowers to show my patriotism. But what does it all amount to?" She put the knitting aside, with a sigh. "You," she asked almost anxiously—"you have been drafted?" The glow of her eyes seemed to have entered Jack Williams' soul. The thrilling voice seemed unaccountably to inspire him with her own passion of patriotism. He spoke huskily, and he was glad, strangely glad, through all his being that he could answer in the affirmative.

"Yes," he said; "I am going."

The girl jumped to her feet and held out her hand. As Jack's own closed over it he felt indefinably her sympathetic understanding. "Sometimes," she went on quietly, "it is hard to go—hard to leave those depending upon one behind. You have a mother?"

"No," Jack slowly replied. "This is the problem I brought out with me today." And then he told her all about it—told of Lillias and her hysterical reliance upon him, her weak, crooked little spine and the tiny city garden whose small province she feared to leave. The bees hummed drowsily in the old garden, and the girl arose once or twice to place, while still listening, her flowers in the fountain's basin. Then she came slowly and stood before him.

"I have thought it all out," she said at last, "and you must not believe me to be either hasty or unreasonable. The solution is so simple that it may amaze you at first by its very simplicity. I told you that I was lonely in this quiet garden. Yet I love it. Lillias must come here and live with me. She will not be afraid, for I shall understand her, and in the sweet, clear air and sunshine she shall grow well and strong, at last quite well, and we will both be happy. In the city I have many friends. Tomorrow you shall learn of me, and I shall learn all that I wish to know of you, and we will bring your sister back here together."

The red blood rushed to the man's face. His voice trembled. "You—you do not realize," he said. "You are impulsively good. What right have I, a stranger, to accept this sacrificing offer?"

"Don't you see," cried the girl, her voice vibrant, "this is my privilege to serve my country. To make bandages—that is little—but to help to send a soldier—that is much!"

And a few days later as the setting sun cast its shadow over the old sundial three sat at tea in the ancient garden—a soldier in khaki, tall and good to look upon; a beautiful girl with an American flag upon her white gown and a wraith of a girl seated in an old easy chair. Beside the little table stretched a watchful bulldog.

"I've been thinking," said the beautiful girl, "of how triumphantly you will come back to us. Lillias and I shall welcome you at the garden door, and Lillias will be plump and merry."

The invalid smiled and turned aside to fasten a parting gift she was making, while the soldier bent over the beautiful girl.

"And I have been thinking," he said slowly, "how hard, how desperately hard, it must be for a soldier to leave the woman he loves." The girl raised her eyes to his.

"Hard too," she added softly, "for the woman who waits."

Jack Williams arose abruptly. His time was up.

"And you will wait—with Lillias?" he asked. There was tense earnestness in the question.

Long the two looked at each other. "Until you return," she answered, and they knew it was a promise.

Lillias, glancing over the heads of the two absorbed ones, smiled at the crumbling stone Cupid, still aiming his bow and arrow.

Truth About a "Monster."

According to the ancient writers, the basilisk—sometimes called cockatrice—was a monster to be greatly dreaded. Its breath filled the air with a deadly poison and burned up vegetation, and the glance of its eye was fatal to both man and beast. The only creature that could face it and live, they said, was the cock, and travelers were advised to take loudly crowing cocks with them as a protection against the monster. So much for superstition. As a matter of fact, the basilisk is a harmless lizard living a quiet life in the woods and feeding on insects. Its appearance, however, is formidable, and it is this, perhaps, that gave it a bad name. It grows to a length of from twenty-five to thirty inches, including its tail, which is much longer than its body. Rising from its head and inclining backward is a broad, wing-like expansion which gives it some resemblance to the flying lizard. The crest of this expansion is formed somewhat like a crown, and that gave the basilisk its name, which is from the Greek word meaning king.—Exchange.

Reels With Jeweled Bearings.

Without a doubt jeweled bearings on the reel make it run more smoothly and add to its life. The lengthened life of a reel, due to the fact that it is jeweled, more than overbalances the added cost over the ordinary kind. As a general thing, the jewels are set in removable caps at the end of the bearings, which makes it easy to keep them clean and oiled. Of course the jeweled reel nicks you deeper in the bank roll, but after a fellow has put in practice work on the lower priced reels and feels like investing in one that will last forever, if handled right, then the jeweled reel is the only one to buy. Right down to casts, as it were, the jeweled reel is one that acts best in the hands of the angler who knows how to handle it. It spins with such freedom and speed that it is conducive to backlashes with the beginner, who has not the thumb work to control it.—From "Lake and Stream Game Fishing," by Dixie Carroll.

Liszt and Helgoland.

Of Helgoland one has an unexpected glimpse in Rudolf Lehmann's reminiscences, published over twenty years ago.

The artist went to Helgoland in 1849 and found Liszt, the great pianist, staying in "that most bracing of watering places—a barren rock some 100 feet high and scarcely two miles in circumference in the midst of the North sea."

There were, besides Liszt, half a dozen well known people staying in Helgoland, and Lehmann calls it "this enchanted island." He says it is formed of bright red sandstone, so soft that the sea, washing away some of its base, is dyed red for some distance.

Since Lord Salisbury ceded the little island to Germany at least £20,000,000 were spent in fortifying Helgoland.—London Chronicle.

Here's Your Hat; Stay Awhile.

It is the Nunc Dimittis—the art of the peaceful departure. To know when to go and how to let go after "mine eyes have seen"—yes, that is a fine art indeed. Learn the art of terminal facility and save a world of apologies and regrets afterward. Learn not to linger over anything, even a telephone. Long conversations, long explanations, long letters, long farewells, long prayers in public, sermons or speeches and long spun out stories—pray avoid them. Come to the point on time. Depart gracefully. Peace will then pursue you. Leave a wish and longing because you have gone. Learn to let go of little things today and you will be ready to decide quickly at tomorrow's crisis and to depart in peace.—Christian Advocate.

Important Trifles.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at 5 in the morning or 9 at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easier six months longer. But if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work he sends for his money the next day.—Benjamin Franklin.

Good Policy.

"I never interfere with other people's affairs."

"No?"

"No; I stopped that years ago, when I checked up and found that all the money I had ever made came from minding my own business."—Detroit Free Press.

Nature's Judgment.

"Nature deals wisely with us."

"Huh?"

"She apparently doesn't furnish any diamonds too large to wear."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Authority.

"Tell me, my man, do you exercise your marital prerogative and dominate your wife?"

"Better ask her. She's the boss."—Baltimore American.

Disadvantages.

"Here's a man died from the effects of chewing phosphorus on matches."

"That is what comes from putting oneself too much on a light diet."—Baltimore American.

Punishment.

Caller—Here are some verses I wrote. What ought I to get for them? Editor (after glancing over lines)—I am an editor, not a magistrate.—Boston Transcript.

Man sinks beneath his load when fear rises in his heart; drive away his fear and you will divide his load.

You Must Cure Yourself.

I do not care how many licensed physicians there are in the world; I do not care how many drugs and how many drug stores there may be in the town; I care not how many schools of medicine there may be. I say unto all you persons who are sick and ill that you will never be cured by licensed medicine. The doctors never will and never can cure you. Drugs never cure. You must cure yourself. And if you have not the will power and the courage to reform the conduct that made you ill you are already a goner. Nothing can aid you, not even nature. "Medicus sanat; natura curat." This is the Latin of the medical schools. The doctor sanitates, but nature alone can cure. And nothing in nature can cure you but your own conduct—by reformation, by resorting to the right food and the right drink.

It is up to you whether you are to be an invalid all your life or a well man—a well woman.

It is a question of personal morals, individual ethics.—C. F. in Los Angeles Times.

Abolish Fahrenheit?

There is a growing crusade against the Fahrenheit thermometer used in all English speaking countries, and the plea is made that the Centigrade thermometer be employed in its place. The Centigrade is used for nearly all scientific purposes and is decidedly superior to the Fahrenheit, but the latter is in familiar use among the great mass of people who use heat measuring instruments.

Practically all English-speaking people use the Fahrenheit scale, even with all its inconveniences, and people who imagine that they can effect a change by an act of congress reckon without authority. Nothing is more difficult than to change the established habits of a people, a truth which will slowly dawn upon the enthusiast who undertakes to change the meteorology of a nation.—Locomotive Engineering.

War and Human Nature.

Referring to the oft repeated claim that there can be no such thing as universal peace, because war is a phase of human nature—that men always have and always will fight, Dr. Frank Crane thus speaks: "War, human nature! Yes, as leprosy is human nature, or tuberculosis, or epilepsy, or homicidal madness! As demons in hell, in human shape, are human beings." The idea that men of sense will justify war because it is human nature would fit them for the lunatic asylum. And then the doctor goes on to say "Give human nature a chance. Let the people manage their governments and war will speedily cease forever."

And that's true too. It is despicable the way some people will blame human nature for war. By that argument every crime could be justified.—Ohio State Journal.

Garden Soil.

Test your garden soil for acidity. Procure a dime's worth of blue litmus paper at a drug store. Make a slit or incision in the damp soil, put in paper two-thirds its length and leave it for a half hour. If the change of color is to red or deep pink your soil needs heavy liming. If there is no change of color liming will be of little value.

If garden soil is heavy, or "hungry"—that is, harsh and lacking in humus—give it plenty of well rotted stable manure. Nothing could be better. If the soil is in excellent physical condition bonemeal with the addition of a little potash will supply the plant food necessary for any ordinary crop of plants or mere annual growth.

Something in Your Eye.

Foreign bodies in the eye, if they have not penetrated any part of the eyeball, are best removed by pulling the lid away from the eyeball with the fingers, so that the tears will flow and wash the particle away. Never rub the eye. When the eyeball is penetrated you cannot see an oculist too quickly.

The Practical Girl.

He—You are the prettiest girl I ever saw. She—That sounds all right, but I don't know how much the compliment is worth until you tell me how many pretty girls you have seen.

Sad Fate.

"I hear Adele has gone into comic opera."

"There was always something supremely sad about the girl."—Life.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Heartburn.

Heartburn is due to hyperacidity or excess of acid secretion in the stomach. This interferes with digestion by preventing the proper digestion of starch, and in this condition acid foods and sugar are especially irritating. It can be relieved, but not corrected, by the use of alkaline drugs. Bicarbonate of soda and similar remedies may be taken for temporary relief. Acid foods should be avoided. Baked potato is alkaline and is usually acceptable in such cases. The food should be thoroughly mixed with saliva and should be confined for a time to stale bread, potatoes and a small amount of beans in some cases. The mental state is frequently an important factor in the cause and correction of the malady, but lack of proper exercise is the principal cause. Systematic exercise, including walking, should be adopted gradually and followed regularly. The simpler the diet the better.

Chevrons of Honor.

The French are quick to bestow symbols of honor on soldiers who perform deeds of self sacrifice or daring. More than any other of the allies, perhaps they recognize the value of emblems of service.

Among the many neat little marks upon the French uniforms that indicate the rank and the department of the wearer, says Sir A. Conan Doyle in "A Visit to Three Fronts," there was one that puzzled me. It was to be found on the left sleeve of men of all ranks, from generals to privates, and it consisted of small gold chevrons, one, two or more. No rule seemed to regulate them, for the general might have none, and I have heard of a private who wore ten.

Suddenly I solved the mystery. The marks are the record of wounds received! By this admirable little device the French allay the smart of a wound and make it bring lasting honor to the man among his fellows.

The Good Old Mustard Plaster.

There was a day when no well regulated home in the state was without a mustard plaster or the "makings" of one. It had its own place in the house just as the smoking tobacco or the green coffee had.

For years Kansas kept house and broke the prairies, subdued the Indians and wasted the buffalo on quinine and mustard plasters. Many times the mustard plaster stopped the "ager" when quinine wouldn't phase it.

In those good old days, when every ache in the back anywhere between the neck and the hips was called "lumbago" and every other pain was called the "old fashioned colic," mustard plaster served as the family physician. It was applied to the earache in children and to the rheumatism in father's arm. Good old mustard plaster! — Kansas City Times.

Old Time Irrigation.

The remains of irrigation systems that date back to prehistoric times when the valleys of Arizona were inhabited by highly civilized Indian tribes are still in existence. One of the most famous of these is on the state highway running from Prescott to the Grand canyon. Water is taken from what is known as Montezuma's well, a curious natural well 440 feet in diameter and 93 feet deep, except in one spot, where no bottom has been reached at 500 feet. Lime in solution is carried by the water, and the sides of the ditch have been preserved by the petrification of the original earth. A line of levels was run along the bottom of one of these old Indian ditches and showed the grade to be almost perfectly uniform at the rate of .1 feet each 100 feet.—Indianapolis News.

Athens the Seat of Learning.

It may be said unhesitatingly that the country which has produced the greatest men in literature and philosophy, art and architecture is Greece. In the little state of Attica—not much larger than Greater New York—true civilization and all that goes along with it were born. All that has been done since the "age of Pericles" has been simply the carrying out of the ideas, principles and methods laid down by the men who won Marathon and Salamis, Plataea and Mycale. Galton, a high authority, does not hesitate to say that Athens and the little state of which it was the capital produced more first class intellects than have since been produced by all the world put together.

Keeping Track of Ships.

In the course of a year more than a dozen ponderous books are filled at Lloyd's with nothing but the names of ships, their captains and the dates on which they touch and leave port. Every known vessel in the world of more than a hundred tons register has its record in them, and the underwriters can easily turn to the name of any British or foreign ship and tell approximately where she is at the moment.—London Tit-Bits.

A Good Reason.

"Does your wife begin complaining about your coming home late?"

"My wife never began complaining about anything I do."

"You are fortunate."

"Not at all. She doesn't begin complaining because she's never stopped."—Baltimore American.

All the Same.

"Are you sure that he is crazy, doctor?"

"You are his wife. You ought to know."

"But I've been married twice before, and I thought he acted about the same as the others."—Life.

In the Stocks.

The term "stocks" as an instrument of punishment is applied in the authorized version of the Bible to two different articles, one of which answers rather to the pillory. The other answers to the stocks, the feet alone being confined in it.

Her Quick Wit.

He—Your new hat is charming, but I fancy it doesn't go well with that dress. She (enchanted)—Oh, you dear old hubby, so you really mean to buy me a dress as well?

Love.

Obedience, we must remember, is a part of religion and therefore an element of peace, but love, which includes obedience, is the whole.

First Literary Club.

Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds founded the first literary club. It was in 1764.

Wipe out the past, trust the future and live in a glorious now.—Towne.

She Was Too Radiant.

The elder Swift, founder of one of the great Chicago beef concerns, hated to see women working in bright clothes, according to a man who once labored for the Swift concern. There happened to be a stenographer at the works, however, who bought all the loud raiment she could and looked like a combination of a merry-go-round and a rainbow when she walked through the yards.

One day the elder Swift caught sight of her. He called his assistant.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Why, that's Mr. Blank's stenographer."

"How much does she get?"

"Twenty five a week."

"Dock her."

"I'm afraid she'll leave."

Swift shot a glance at his assistant before he answered.

"If she doesn't," he said, "dock her again."—Earl Godwin in Washington Star.

The Long Lived Farmer.

Man armed with a hoe protects himself from the agencies of death more completely than man with any other life defense weapon. The United States bureau of statistics has discovered that important fact by a study of the records of life insurance companies. Thus "the hard life of the farmer" is longer, not because it simply seems longer, but because he lives in the midst of protective agencies. The statistics of the entire country show that farmers live longer than all others, fifty-eight years being their average span of life. Bookkeepers and office assistants live the shortest lives, thirty-six years being their average limit of endurance. Among the office workers tuberculosis is the worst enemy of life, 35 per cent of them having died of that disease. Among the farmers heart disease causes the most deaths, 10 per cent of the total.—Worcester Telegram.

Told by the Windmill.

In certain districts of Holland news of a domestic sort is frequently announced by the windmills. When, for instance, a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in an oblique position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests do likewise with their mills in celebration of the ceremony. To announce a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage and with the two upper sails unfurled. In the event of a miller's death his family causes the sails of his mill to be all furled, and the mill is turned around until the arms assume an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

Contrasts and the Eye.

Lecturing on "The Effect on the Eye of Varying Degrees of Brightness and Contrast" before the Illuminating Engineer society recently, Dr. James Kerr of the public health department of the London county council referred to some effects which may be surprising. Having to examine long lists of figures in black type, he tried to facilitate his task by drawing vertical and horizontal lines in red ink, but the different focusing of the black and red strained his eye and gave him a headache, which did not trouble him when all the figures and lines were either black or red.

One of Them Did.

As good a real kid story as you're probably noticed for awhile is related herewith: The four-year-old son was having lunch alone with his grandmother. At his proposal they agreed to play "father and mother." He was the father, and she was the mother. After the few words of grace he bent forward in excellent imitation of his father and said, "Well, mother, and have the children said anything cute today?"—Philadelphia Star.

What They Were Doing.

"What was Si an' his wife a-doin' when you stopped at their farm awhile ago, Zeke?"

"Oh, a-hemmin' an' a-hawin'."

"Hemmin' an' hawin'?"

"Yep. She was hemmin' a apron, an' he was hawin' at the mule."—Florida Times-Union.

Sufficient Reason.

"Are you an art connoisseur?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Sumrox, "although I should never speak of myself as such."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not absolutely sure I know how to pronounce the word."—Exchange.

Mean Revenge.

"Brown sent me a brick by parcel post, but I got even with him."

"What did you do?"

"Passed the word along to a number of agents that he was figuring on taking out more life insurance."—Detroit Free Press.

Waste of Cash.

"My wife is afflicted with a wasting disease."

"Wasting disease."

"Yes. She has a bad case of shopping habit."—Boston Transcript.

Travel.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

Sensitive.

Dentist—We must kill the nerve of that tooth. Patient—Then I will go out of the room. I'm too tender hearted to witness it.

A good action is never lost. It is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need.—Calderon.