

HOMESICK

By HILDA MORRIS.

Christine had come to Stillville from the city to be a substitute teacher in the township high school.

"If only it weren't so lonesome!" she thought, as she walked a country road one bright, windy Saturday afternoon.

"Hi there!" a man's voice shouted. "Hi there, Miss Gray!"

It was Richard Harding, greeting her in the local fashion. Christine stood and waited as he came striding toward her, a fine, strapping young man, clad in farmer's overalls and a flannel shirt.

"Are you taking a walk?" he asked as he caught up with her. His voice had the easy modulations of an educated man. He was a graduate of an eastern college.

"Yes, I'm going through your cemetery. It's so quaint! I'm only used to crowded city cemeteries that reach for blocks and blocks. Tell me, are all the people in this town related?"

Richard laughed. "Very nearly. The Bullits are related to the Emmets and the Emmets to the Hardings and the Hardings to the Bullits again. We're all kin somehow."

"All but me," said the girl, laughing a little wistfully. "It must seem queer to have so many relations."

Richard did not appear to have heard her remark. He was looking ahead at the big square red brick farmhouse where he lived with his mother and sister. His mother, a sunbonnet on her head, was cutting tulips from the rows that bordered the garden walk. She straightened up as they approached, and came to the gate.

"Howdy!" she said cordially. "It's right cool for an April day, isn't it? Have you been walking, Miss Gray? Well, do come in and have a cup of tea. I made some clannoon cakes this morning that must be eaten."

Christine hesitated. "It isn't five o'clock yet," said Mrs. Harding, royally sweeping aside the girl's unspoken objections. Richard was holding the gate open, so almost before she knew it Christine found herself in the big square sitting-room of the Harding homestead.

She had not been in a private home of this size for years and years, not since her childhood days and before long arid years of furnished rooms. The house gave her rather an awesome impression of vastness and elegance. It had been solidly built for posterity by a forebear from New England. Its furniture was mid-Victorian.

"Have you always lived in the city?" Miss Lottie Harding asked in her timid voice. Miss Lottie was an "old maid" who spent her years in making endless yards of tatting.

"Since I was two," said Christine. "Are your parents living?" pursued Miss Lottie, to whom family was one's most interesting attribute.

"No," answered Christine. This put a somber period on the conversation, broken only when Mrs. Harding brought in the tea.

In spite of herself the girl presently began to feel the homelike warmth of the place. When she left, stepping out into the damp spring dusk, it seemed as though the chill wind struck her with redoubled force. She shivered, and hurried back to her dining room in the village hotel.

The next day Christine met Richard Harding on the corner by the post office. "Can't you take a drive?" he called eagerly. "My team's just over yonder."

The girl perked her pretty head as though considering. "Why, perhaps," she conceded, "for a little while."

Presently they were riding off down a winding road bordered with dog wood and the picturesque flowering Judas tree.

"I'm going home next week," she announced, as calmly as though her heart were not beating furiously. "Home?" he queried.

"Back to the city, where it isn't so lonesome. I only came to substitute for a month, anyway, and I'm not used to the country. It's too quiet for me."

"I suppose it is," Richard assented, letting the reins drop loosely. "I suppose you couldn't stand it here. But I've something to ask you, Christine. If I should be willing to come to the city and live your way—give up this quiet country life—would you marry me, Christine?"

"Leave here!" cried the girl incredulously. "Why, Richard, I—I like you best here. You belong here. Oh, Richard," she breathed, "I was so homesick! I was going to leave because I could not stand it to see homes and friends and mothers all about me."

"Well," he answered joyously, "you needn't ever be homesick again. You have me, all right!"

"D'Annunzio's Real Name. D'Annunzio of Italy was once denounced as a decadent scribbler of flowery and fragrant phrases. The war, however, made him a verile and statesmanlike patriot. During the latest fighting on Carso plateau he has fought hand to hand with his country's enemies. By the way, Gabriele D'Annunzio is a pen name. The author's real name is Gabriele D'Annunzio."

HOW OCEAN CABLE DEFERS FROM TELEGRAPH LINE.

Although an ocean cable is in fact a telegraph line, it is so differently constructed that the rules for working land lines are almost entirely dissimilar. With the first long cables, great difficulties were encountered in sending through them a current of electricity of sufficient power to record the messages rapidly. The methods for overcoming these difficulties, and in use at present, are described as follows:

Keys which, when depressed, transmit positive and negative currents, are employed at the sending station in connection with the regulation battery. The current of the battery does not pass directly into the cable, but into a condenser, which passes it into the submarine line.

This greatly increases the force of the current used and serves to cut off interfering ground currents.

The instrument first employed in receiving cablegrams was a reflecting galvanometer. Upon the magnet of this instrument is carried a small curved mirror. A lamp is placed before the mirror and behind a screen in which there is a vertical slit. Flashes of light moving across this slit as the needles moved from left to right, indicated to the trained eyes of the operator the letters in the message being transmitted.

But this method of recording messages was found to tax the eyesight of the operator severely, a few years' work often rendering them almost, if not totally, blind. Recognizing the fact that there must be something wrong with such a system, inventors set about repairing the defect, which resulted in perfecting the syphon galvanometer, which has all but superseded all other receiving devices.

BIG FLOCKS ONLY SOLUTION

Why Idea of "A Sheep for Every Family" Would Be of Little Value.

The idea of "a sheep for every family" is good in intent and purpose. Both manufacturers of woolen goods and meat distributors would like to see a larger supply of raw material.

Sheep raising, however, is not like gardening, says the Albany Journal. To be successful it must be conducted in the open and on a large scale.

Breeding itself is a large and complicated matter. Also, the nature of the wool-growing animal is unsuited to combined commercialism and domesticity. The family who had a sheep running around the dooryard would form an attachment for the animal that would out the latter on the footing of a family pet, that could be separated from its valuable wool only if the sheep's comfort were considered.

As for the use of a family sheep for meat, such would be rare. "Led like a lamb to the slaughter" has more than a literary meaning. One who could see a sturdy steer felled by a hammer blow or an uncouth and squealing pig slashed in the throat, would turn from the sight of a lamb, without a flinch, held helpless while slowly bled to death. Most people like lamb or mutton, and most people require woolen clothing, but for both food and warmth the sheep-raising industry will depend upon commercialized flocks.

TORCHES FOR THE TRENCHES

How Uncle Sam's Soldiers in France Will Be Kept Warm.

School children in many cities are making trench torches to be used by the Sammies across the sea.

The torches are made from newspapers, which are cut in column widths. Eight of these columns are required for one torch. The paper is rolled, one strip at a time, until the article is complete. Then it is rolled four minutes in paraffin.

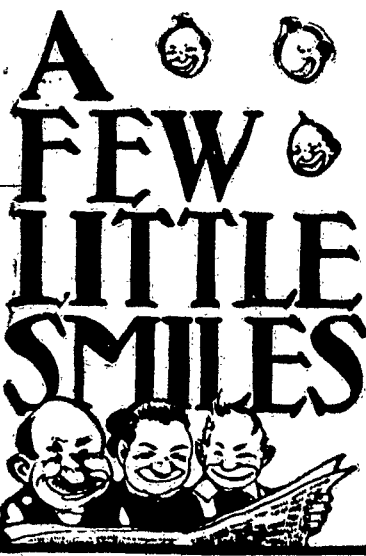
The torches are to be used to warm the hands of the men in the trenches and to boil their coffee. They first originated with the Italian soldiers in the Alps. One and a half million have been used by the Italians. They are only slightly more than two inches high, but burn a long time.

How Binder Twine Is Made From Palmetto Trees.

At last the palmetto tree is coming into its own. It has been posing for two-thirds of a century in Southern poetry and Southern oratory, and now Florida and South Georgia and other Southern states have turned upon it and said: "Now you be useful as well as ornamental. You shall take the place of Mexican sisal for the manufacture of cotton bagging and binding twine and, instead of being used for broom-making to sweep ignoble floors, you shall become useful to the nation."

A newly invented machine spins the fibre out of the palmetto leaves. They are stripped green from the trees, fed into one end of the machine and emerge as balls of binder twine from the other end.

In four months the stripped tree will have another coat of leaves which will be cut off at their stems and fed to the machine, and so on three times a year.



A FEW LITTLE SMILES

Wise Old Man. "Age brings wisdom," said Arthur J. Balfour at a Washington luncheon. "We have been in the war three years longer than you."

"Perhaps you have heard the story of the septuagenarian who courted the dancing girl. 'My dear child,' he said, 'I love you, and I will prove my love by deeds, not words.'"

"So saying, he handed her a wallet filled with official-looking documents, and they lived happily ever after. Age brings wisdom."

Tit for Tat. A shrewdly dressed woman was sitting in a car when a quiet looking soldier in getting in accidentally trod on her dress.

She talked at him for about ten minutes and wound up by saying: "A gentleman would have apologized."

Saluting the young man bowed and said: "A lady would have given me a chance."

She Ever Work for You? Mistress (to cook)—Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing? Bridget—Shure, it's the docher that told me O! must take oiron for me blood, an' O!n thyrin' to melt down the poker, bad cess to it!

Mistress—But, gracious, Bridget, you can't drink hot melted iron! Bridget—Thin O!n lave it till it cools.

THE LOSER



"So you went to Reno?" "Yes; to get a separation." "From your wife?" "No; from my money."

The Plotter. The ostrich covered up his head in a conspicuous spot. "Do not disturb me, please," he said; "I'm hatching out a plot."

Informative. She was much interested in prison reform and was visiting a large prison one day. "Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" she asked. "A big, burly ruffian."

"No'm," responded the ex-burglar; "they're all here wit' me."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Bad Precedent. "Why do you want a divorce from your husband?" asked a friend of the family. "Because he isn't the man I thought he was when I married him," sobbed the young wife.

"My dear child, a general application of that principle would break up nearly every home in the country."

Economies. "How's the little old fiver going now?" "Fine," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Run it every day?"

"No. We have to alternate. One day we buy milk and the next we buy gasoline. We can't afford both on the same day."

Reputation to Maintain. "Can't you set a date for the payment of this bill?" asked the collector. "I could, if it weren't for one thing," answered the debtor. "What is that?"

"I want to maintain my reputation for veracity."

Tact of Wives. Mr. W.—A tactful wife keeps many little household secrets from her husband. Mrs. B.—Yes; even the fact that she is all the brains.

A New Idea. "Tender coverts is quite an intellectual character, I am told." "Then, I suppose, they keep him in one of the brain cells."

SAYINGS OF A CYNIC

The fruit of labor is success, but the juice is often sour. Marriage isn't even a good lottery; a man has a chance in a lottery.

A man shows signs of understanding a woman when he doesn't try to refute her arguments. Gout is too fashionable to be cured.

It generally takes a woman to mend a man's ways. From the free-list to the blacklist is but a jump.

All women are convinced that all men are terrible, except possibly one. About the time a man ought to quit wearing red ties he begins to wear them.

Some people are like shadows—they are with you only when everything is fair. Some nations and all women begin hostilities without declaring war.

We often discard the wrong cards, and sometimes it happens that way with friendships. The virtues of men, at best, are negative; I admire a woman for what she is and a man for what he isn't.

When a young man once drops into poetry he seldom gets on his feet again. —Chicago Herald.

MUCH IN LITTLE. Cultural stations of the United States bureau of fisheries produced more than 5,000,000 fish and eggs in the year ending with June, a new high record.

The timber possibilities of British North Borneo are to be investigated by an expert from the United States whom the government has employed.

In an experimental way, at least, an Italian inventor's wireless apparatus transmits written messages, sketches, shorthand characters and various designs.

As a substitute for a grocer's scoop an inventor has patented a pump that lifts dry articles from their containers, which remain closed to exclude dust.

A well-known motion-picture actress has designed an automobile which serves her as a dressing room with almost as many conveniences as a dressing room in a theater provides.

From the speed at which earthquake waves travel through the earth an English scientist has constructed a theory that the world has a dense central core, which may be measured in time.

In the cities of the Seville consular district there appears to be a growing tendency toward outdoor recreation, which should afford American manufacturers of sporting goods an opportunity to ship their wares to Spain.

WORDS OF WISDOM. And we always wonder if the girl at the phone looks as sweet as her voice sounds. The man who can climb up again after being bumped from a pedestal is the greatest hero of all.

Act crazy and you may be regarded as a genius, but you are more apt to be considered a darn fool. When an old woman looks extremely young it is a sign that the business of the beauty plumber is flourishing.

FACTS ABOUT EGGS. The flavor of the egg is influenced by the hen's feed. The older the hen the larger will be the average size of her egg.

The eggs from hens that are not mated keep fresh twice as long as fertilized eggs. The shell of the egg, being porous, will quickly absorb odors, and these will affect the flavor.

The first eggs of winter are generally larger than those laid at the close of the summer season. The sex of the eggs cannot be foretold, not one of the old-time theories in this particular having ever been proven.—Farm Life.

FLASHLIGHTS. The man who doesn't do his best deserves to fail. A fellow wouldn't have to be much of a speed merchant nowadays to spend money faster than he can earn it.

Don't spend time wondering how the other fellow gets his money. In nine cases out of ten the man who has been successful is the man who has been successful.

THE GALLY FEUD

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Bruce Farraday had been away from home for so long that he had actually underestimated the manners and customs of Halsey Gap.

He had been home from Rudemelt college about four days. The family had given him to understand that they expected all things of him, and especially that he should run for representative the next autumn. There had been a Farraday in the state legislature from the Gap section ever since West Virginia had walked her own path to statehood. Since the death of Bruce's father fifteen years before, the Gally family had controlled the seat. Bart Gally had gone up for two terms and Wallace had followed in his footsteps.

He rode down the mountain road to the little village after mail, loving every foot of the way. It had been years since he had walked that road to school. When he came to the old familiar crossroads, with its cairn of rock supporting an old sign post, he drew rein. Many a time he had lloitered there waiting for Nance Gally to come along on her way to school. What had they cared for feuds in those days? She was six, he barely ten. Resting now in his saddle, while the Captain crooped the sweet clover and sorrel by the roadside, he remembered the day of their great quarrel. He had called her redhead on the way home from school, because she had walked with her cousin Wallace instead of him. There had been a fight and Wallace, a strapping, black-browed youth of fifteen, had beaten him before her eyes.

The sound of horses' hoofs cantering along the old timber road roused him from reverie. It was Nance. She rode her sorrel mare like a boy, her short curls flying in the morning breeze. As she rode, she was singing Dixie at the top of her lungs, until she caught sight of the silent horseman, and stopped short.

Bruce raised his cap in neighborly greeting, noting approvingly the vivid beauty of her young face and sparkling eyes. "Good morning, Miss Nance," he said. "It seems like old times to be waiting here for you. You're looking mighty well."

She tossed her head in quick resentment. "I reckon you can keep your compliments to home, Bruce Farraday. We ain't askin' anythin' from any of you in the complimentary line."

She rode on, never looking behind. It was that afternoon that he gave Matt Crawford, local boss of the Democratic caucus, permission to use his name for nomination at the coming elections.

"You've got to step lively and look both ways at once," said Slater Belle, when the campaign was in full swing. The next day there was a conference between Bruce and Matt Crawford. Briefly Bruce outlined his plan of action. On the Farraday property there was a large old mica mine, unworked since the death of his father. Ever since his arrival he had secretly been probing its possibilities, and felt fairly sure of his ground.

"Matt," he said, "I know a chap with capital, who went to Rudemelt with me. He'll back the old mica mines when I say so. Let's open them now and hire all the available men. Get them on one-year contracts, with option of renewal."

Matt grinned appreciatively. "I think I'm looking at our next representative," he said. The mine was a success. Boys and men from all districts through the valley and mountains flocked to work instead of remaining idle through the summer and autumn, waiting for the Gally mills to open.

Election day told the story. When the votes were counted in the little room back of the post office old Judge Finkus stroked his Vandyke happily. "I reckon you're benten, Wally," he remarked through his little glass grating at the stamp window. Nance heard the words, too, as she stood by the window. With a muttered oath her cousin rushed past her out into the little square where men were cheering for a Farraday. Blind with fury, he shot out his fist at Bruce, but fell as Bruce caught him with a counter blow on the point of the chin.

"Bruce leaped to the old oak stump. "Fellow-citizens of the Gap, this is the end of the Gally feud. Right here Wallace and I have settled old scores, and I want to tell you it's time the Gap joined the march of progress and buried the feud forever. You shake hands with me, Gally; if you don't I'll beat you up until you do, for we're going to be friends from this day on."

Wonderingly the Gap beheld the two shake hands as Bruce left the stump. A minute more, and he was beside Nance, where she stood apart from the others. "Can I help you on your horse?" he asked. "I'm going to see you home."

Nance lifted her tear-wet face to his, captivation in her eyes. "I'm mighty glad you won, Bruce," was all she said. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A Real Hardship. "Son, I refuse to pay any more of your poker debts." "That's rather tough, dad," said the gilded youth. "My decision is final."

"But, do you realize, dad, that there are practically no facilities in this town for any other games of chance?"

WHY

Physical Defects Make Children Backward

Neglected supervision of the child by its parents before it enters school is the subject of sharp rebuke and admonition from Dr. Wilmer Krause, rector of the department of physical health and charities of Philadelphia.

The general tendency of parents to treat without concern the symptoms of physical disorder displayed in their children, especially so long as they are the ones able to romp about in the exuberance of youth, is taken as a basis to task by the director.

"It is universally agreed that the personnel of a military organization must be physically fit to endure the trials and hardships incident to its particular duties," says Doctor Krause.

"In a measure the same holds true of the children who are to enter a new environment when registered upon the school rolls, and who are to give up their customary hours of play or home for a seat in the classroom, to be occupied for definite hours every school day. A change of discipline from that of the home to that of the school, together with the labors of study, brings about a complete mental change in the attitude of the child. Are your children prepared for this change or are the older boys and girls ready to take up their advanced studies?"

"The eyes, ears, teeth, nose and throat should receive special attention as defects of these parts of the body are most frequent. Defective vision must be corrected if the child is expected to keep up with its studies and to maintain the same standard as the normal child. Good hearing is also essential to the child who receives oral instruction as many cases of backwardness are primarily due to defects of hearing. Diseased tonsils and adenoids are responsible for so small a number of cases of illness among children, many especially during the school term, by having them removed at an early date we permit the child a better opportunity to combat the disease of childhood."

"Of no less importance are the teeth. We cannot hope to improve the physical state of the school children unless their food is properly masticated by sound, healthy teeth. Infections through the mouth often begin their beginning in carious teeth."

PORTABLE PHONE FOR WOODS

New Forest Ranger Can "Cut in" Anywhere on Long Lines.

A forest officer of Minnesota, Minn., has invented a very ingenious portable telephone, weighing only two and a half pounds and so practical that it has been adopted by the government and is part of the regular equipment of patrol in the national forests this season.

It is said that a field man equipped with this telephone, a few yards of heavy wire to make the ground connection can "cut in" anywhere along the more than 30,000 miles of forest service telephone lines and get in touch with the headquarters of a supervisor or district ranger. No talk, one end of the emergency wire is thrown over the telephone line, the two ends are connected to the portable instrument, and the instrument is connected to the ground wire, the end of which must be thrust into the damp earth or in water. Contact with the line wire is made possible by removal of the insulation from a few inches of the emergency wire.

The instrument, writes E. I. G., in St. Nicholas, does not ring the bell of the receiving telephone, but instead causes a screeching sound from a small megaphone-shaped apparatus descriptively known as a "howler." This instrument is installed at the ranger station telephone and is said to give effective notice that someone is on the wire. The transmission is equal to any standard wall telephone, conversations having held with it for a distance of 1,000 miles.

How to Cure Stammering. Lispering and stammering, according to Popular Science Monthly, are separate imperfections of speech which require entirely different treatment. Lispering, for instance, can be cured in a short time by tongue and palate gymnastics. The "lisp" simply because they do not work their tongues and palate properly. By making the child speak before a mirror, however, the teacher can correct these mistakes. Stammering is a nervous disorder which cannot be cured so easily. The pupil involuntarily applies too much force at certain parts of the vocal organs, causing the stuttering and a spitting with which we all are familiar. The cure is to relieve the overworked parts by distributing the energy evenly. This is learned by pronouncing certain flowing sounds in front of a candle until the flame does not flicker.

Why White Corn is Cheapest Food. Those who have made careful study of the nutritive properties of various grains and foods, agree that white corn is the most satisfactory. It is also the cheapest. Figures quoted by the Literary Digest show that one pound of cornmeal, hominy, or grits is equal in food value to one pound of wheat flour, one pound of rice, one and one-half pounds of beans, two and one-half pounds of peas, and three and one-half pounds of lentils.