

CHARLIE'S GIRL

By MILDRED WHITE

You cannot blame Belle and her mother for being discouraged about it; there all those years they had looked forward to Charlie's getting so he could help out a little at home, and as soon as he finds a good position in the city, he goes and engages himself to a girl. Even Charlie's pa said she looked like one of them picture actresses.

Charlie had asked 'em all to the theater, Mr. and Mrs. Cantwell, and Belle, to meet his girl. High shoes she had on, a light blue skirt peepin' beneath her dress. How'd Charlie expect to keep all that up, they wondered? If he'd stayed on takin' care of his father's store when Mr. Cantwell got too old to tend to it, he'd taken up with a sensible girl in town, and not brought some one into the family for good to work.

"Like as not," Belle said, "she'd be comin' out to visit afterward, and would sit with those polished fingernails of hers, expecting to be waited on." Belle wouldn't do it. She had run around enough after Charlie, gettin' him put through college, an' now on top of the news that he was engaged, come word that he'd been drafted, an' accepted into the army, an' very soon he'd have to be leavin' for camp. They had almost forgot their disappointment in this new sorrow, when Charlie up and wrote that he'd marry the girl before he went away.

"She's never had a home," he told 'em, "goin' about from place to place, an' I'd like to leave her safe with you."

They gasped at that. "Goin' about from place to place" didn't seem much of a recommendation, nor no family neither, and as for livin' with them, it couldn't be done. "Mercy knows," Belle and her mother had enough to do now, an' old Mr. Cantwell too tired to speak evenings, as he sat "figurin' up." So Belle wrote prompt an' told him, an' they guessed it made him mad, for he never answered. When he didn't come out from the city, they just know he was married.

Mrs. Cantwell's eyes were pretty red from crying one evening, when she went to answer the doorbell, and there right into the room walked Charlie's girl. She smiled and took off her rose-colored coat with the gray fur collar.

"I've come to stay over night," she said, "and get acquainted with Charlie's folks."

"You are married to him?" his mother asked. The words were cuttin' her.

"No," answered Charlie's girl, "I wanted to wait until you knew me better."

So they took her to the spare room, an' she went on takin' pleasant an' layin' out her things. That night Mrs. Cantwell was taken sick sudden, Belle heard her coughin' an' got up an' phoned the doctor, but he was out of town. Then her mother gettin' worse and being kinda desperate, she woke up Miss Della—that was Charlie's girl.

"If you'll just sit by mother," she said, "I'll go out an' try to find our practical nurse. Her name's got a 'P'hone."

It was about two o'clock in the morning, so Miss Della says: "Wait until I see her," an' in a moment all businesslike, the way a nurse does, she was feeling the mother's pulse, gently touchin' her head. "I've been studying nursing," she says, "and I know just what to do. It'll be pneumonia unless we work quick," an' they did. When Doctor Bronson come in, in the morning, he said the case had pulled Mrs. Cantwell through.

"You're a wonder," he says to Miss Della. "You'll honor your calling."

Well, all day she went stepping about in her little white dress and shoes, things seemed just to grow next where she was, she'd pat Mrs. Cantwell's hand soft like, as if lay on the pillow, or smile as she'd smooth her hair.

"Recreation hour," she said in the afternoon to Belle. "I must go for my walk."

"You ain't going back to the city?" Belle asked fearful to be left alone.

"No, indeed," Charlie's girl replied. "Not till your mother's better."

"Would you mind," asked Belle, "stoppin' at a music pupil of mine, tell her I can't get out today to give a lesson?" And what do you suppose? When that Miss Della came back all glowin' from her walk she was laughin'.

"I gave that music lesson," she said. "The child didn't want to miss it, and—here's your money."

There didn't seem to be nothin' that a cypress-looking girl couldn't do. "It's the result of my adventurous life," she told Charlie's pa. "When one's alone in the world," she says, and then sudden her big eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Cantwell motioned her over to the couch where she was lying. "You—shan't—never be alone in the world again, 'Little Charlie's girl,'" she said. "Belle, an' pa, an' me—can't spare you."

"Really," asked Miss Della, "you want me in this dear little home?"

"We do," cried Belle.

An' they were all so excited they didn't see Charlie until he was standin' beside 'em.

"Really, you'll consent to marry me now," he says smiling at Miss Della.

"Maybe—Oh! maybe I will," she cried, an' ran straight into his arms.

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TELLS ABOUT JOHN RANDOLPH

Thomas H. Benton Relates Interview With Eccentric Man, in Which He Depicts His Melancholy Mood.

Thomas H. Benton in his "Thirty Years' View" gives an interesting account of an interview he had with the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke. The interview was at Mr. Benton's room in Crawford's hotel, in Georgetown. It was in the gloom of the evening, before the lamps were lit. Mr. Randolph, reclining on a soft, silent and thoughtful, repeated, as if to himself, Johnson's lines on "Senility and Imbecility," that show his life under its most melancholy form:

"In life's last scenes what prodigious surprises.
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.
Down Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow.
And Swift expires a driver and a show."

When Mr. Randolph finished repeating these lines, Mr. Benton said to him: "Mr. Randolph, I have often heard you repeat these as if they could have an application to yourself, while no one can have less reason than yourself to fear the fate of Swift."

To this Randolph replied: "I have lived in dread of insanity."

While Randolph was not insane in the ordinary sense of the word, it is certain that he had occasional temporary aberrations of the mind, and it was during such times that his talk was most brilliant and copious flow of hours of wit and classic allusion—a perfect scattering of the diamonds of the mind.

His will was contested on the ground of insanity, but it was not set aside.

MIX DOUGH WITH SEA WATER

Wider Adoption of the Practice Is Recommended by French Naval Pharmacist, Health Advantages.

It has long been a custom in certain parts of France to make up the dough for bread with sea-water instead of using, as is customary, fresh water, with the addition of salt required to make bread both healthful and appetizing, says the Literary Digest. M. Albert Saint Sernin, a French naval pharmacist of the first class, urges the wider adoption of the practice, which has, according to him, several advantages; the bread keeps moist longer, owing to the ability for water possessed by the magnesium chloride sea-water contains; it is very wholesome, since it provides not only the chlorides of sodium and magnesium, but other mineral substances which the body can make use of.

The water must be collected at a suitable distance from land and should be taken from a depth of six or seven yards; if possible, the yeast must be prepared with fresh water and the salt water used for mixing the dough. The French water adds:

"Bread made with sea water, useful for everybody, is to be recommended especially for growing children, for convalescents, and for all those who need to repair the wastes due to fever or to hard labor."

Half-Way Work

We are none of us, so good architects as to be able to work habitually beneath our strength; and yet there is not a building that I know of, lately raised, wherein it is not sufficiently evident that neither architect nor builder has done his best. It is the especial characteristic of modern work. All old work nearly has been hard work. It may be the hard work of children, of barbarians, of rustics; but it is always their utmost. Let us have done with this kind of work at once; cast off every temptation to it; do not let us degrade ourselves voluntarily, and then mutter and mourn over our shortcomings; let us confess our poverty or our parsimony, but not baffle our human intellect. It is not a question of doing more, but of doing better. Do not let us boss our roofs with wretched, half-worked, blunt-edged rosettes; do not let us flank our gates with rigid imitations of medieval statuary. Such things are more insults to common sense, and only unfit us for feeling the nobility of their prototypes.—Ruskin.

Four-Are Rainbow

A four-arc rainbow was seen by a vessel at sea recently, one pair intersecting the other pair. Two arcs are often seen on land, and three are sometimes seen; but the invariable rule is that these arcs all have a common center lying below the horizon. The explanation of the two pairs of arcs was, however, quite simple. The sea at the time was exceptionally calm, and acted as a gigantic mirror. Two of the arcs, which had a common center below the horizon, were due to the sun itself; the other two arcs, which had a common center above the horizon, were due to the reflection of the sun in the sea.

Rust Dissolver

An Italian inventor has patented a method of cleansing iron and steel from rust. By his process the metal is made the cathode in a phosphoric acid electrolyte. It is claimed that this acid, unlike others, dissolves away the rust without attacking the solid metal, and also tends to prevent subsequent rusting. The electrolyte is made by adding 10 parts of phosphoric acid to 90 parts of water, or by adding a 10 per cent solution of sodium phosphate to 10 per cent of the acid. A temperature between 50 and 70 degrees Centigrade is recommended.

IN A NUTSHELL

According to Josephus the walnut tree was formerly common in Palestine and grew luxuriantly around the sea of Tiberias.

The output of manganese ore in this country in 1916 amounted to 27,000 tons, which was three times the production in 1915.

A Kentucky man has written to a Connecticut mayor please to find him a stepmother, "not too fat," for his four daughters.

Vibration is almost entirely eliminated from a new reciprocating pump in which cranks are used instead of cranks to drive the pistons.

Boston has tried successfully the experiment of having open-air moving pictures, which is an advance in conserving the public health.

Although England's meat imports are very heavy coming from Australia and North and South America, 90 per cent of the supply is grown at home.

The production of fuel briquettes in the United States last year exceeded 2,000,000 tons and was the greatest record, being an increase of 33 per cent from the year before.

The colicli has the reputation of being the goat of the sea. It will eat anything, and there are many records of its having performed some marvelous feats of swallowing.

Fedor F. Koss, mining expert on the Russian mission to the United States, has requested that firms making labor-saving machinery for use in mineral industries send catalogues and descriptive literature to him.

All of the European armies have shoes without-linings; and the new service shoe of the United States is made that way. It makes a better shoe, more sanitary, more comfortable and less likely to cause blisters.

YOUR CHANCE

Quit worrying over lost opportunities and become alert to new ones.

You are going to have more chances to make good.

The old saying that opportunity knocks but once at your door is a fallacy.

Don't be so pernickety that you immediately begin to wonder if the quotation about "opportunity" was correctly quoted, and so lose sight of the lesson which it is so right to derive in.

From experience you know you have had already more than one chance to improve your present position.

Don't allow yourself to think the big chance is going to hunt you up.

Indeed, it will skip you a-dying if there is a disposition on your part to be sought, and then coax, and then importune.

Opportunity is looking for some one who is ready and waiting to grab it.

Don't lose a second in catching on to opportunity any more than you want to lose a beat of that wonderful music by making a false step in the dance you enjoy.

HIT AND MISS

Some folks find a happy compromise in building houses of rock on the sand.

A great deal of criticism of kissing comes from those who are seldom exposed to it.

In many instances it takes a heap sight more courage to let go than it does to hang on.

We are charitable enough to think that the man who found a bit of ground glass in his breakfast food and blamed it on the kabser was going a little too far with his imagination.

SOME OBSERVATIONS

The western lie is brutally a lie; it has no decoration, no artistry, no craftsmanship.

Next to the German, your westernized Oriental is as big a scoundrel as the world produces.

It needs an unscrupulous as well as a clever man to make an intelligent woman waste her capital upon him.

The best and most healthy moments in life are when we forget civilization and cities and become human animals.

It is possible that some disciplined reflection may take place while a woman is dressing her hair or a man is looking for his studs.

When a woman gets into trim for letter-writing she is in the condition of a species of moral intoxication; she will go on and on whipping herself with her own verbosity.—From Sir William Richmond's "The Silver Chain."

BACK HOME

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Gazing from the car window upon the glories of an autumn landscape, John Stewart felt all at once out of harmony with his surroundings; weary and worn in mind and body, and obsessed by the uselessness of his struggle for fame and fortune. No that he had been unsuccessful—John Stewart's name was well known in its world of business, and those luxurious which he had not ago considered desirable, were now his for the buying—but where was the anticipated joy?

Home coming to the costly apartment after each of his tiresome trips, with only the solemn, red Japanese to buy him welcome—was not an event to be looked forward to eagerly. Though John Stewart coveted neither wife nor family, there was no satisfactory home atmosphere in the palatial residences of his friends, where he was a guest. Home? Just what constituted the word? Stewart's mind went back to the spicy odor of ginger cookies, and a small kitchen. Then, as if in answer to his thought, a bird passed, whistling through the air, his arms filled with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash.

There had been such a tree before the homestead doorway, he remembered, and even when snow came the berries would linger like bright drops of cheer. Strange, how he had forgotten the old place, strange how many mother-institutions had been put aside with the old excuse of business; and he had been busy, winning that which now seemed so profitless.

The old house was still tenanted, people objected to the nearby cemetery, the agent said, and in consequence it was going to ruin. The house really had not seemed worth troubling about, but now, with an impulse borne of the scarlet berries, with an old homesick longing for—he knew not what—John Stewart decided to change cars for Oakville, and walk past the place. He found the village much as it had been, when he, a youth, so contentiously left it. On through the twilight he now went thoughtfully—past the old graveyard with its trim cut trees, and there, just before him beamed a light in the old house window. So there were tenants after all? He wondered in an excitement long unknown, if he might perhaps go inside, sit before the "big fireplace" and remember.

Stealthily he crept to the wide front window and a warm glow all at once seemed to flood his heart. He had not realized before that the prospect of empty desolation had kept him away. Here now in the light of the old fire and a shaded lamp, sat a happy family, a neat little mother busily knitting, a young girl smiling and pulling the needle, a young lad reading a book and a young girl smiling and pulling the needle, a young girl smiling and pulling the needle.

John Stewart caught his breath in new emotion at sight of her. Long ago he, too, had known a youthful dream of a girl in a rose-colored gown who should play at evening upon that same old piano—a girl with eyes as clear and unafraid, impulsively he climbed the steps and pulled the old white doorbell. It was the girl who responded to his ring.

"No," she answered the question, "the house is not rented." Then frankly she continued, "The agent had deferred the use of the place upon their agreement of keeping it in repair. They had appreciated the opportunity. Her brothers had worked the farm while she was preparing herself to teach, but if he, the owner disappointed, the sweet voice faltered: "why they would look for other quarters of course."

And immediately John Stewart was standing before the old fireplace, telling them all, in his inexpressible new role of humbleness, how very glad he was to have found them there, the opening light of the window, the open piano with its waiting music. "Why I can almost fancy," he added blithely, "that ginger cookies are baking out there in the oven."

The girl in the rose-colored gown smiled at her mother. "Well, you come and see," she said.

The old-time vision grew as he followed her through the well-known door—grew and sent some new emotion tugging at his heart as she fell upon her knees before the oven. "Have one," she asked merrily, holding out a pan of fragrant cookies, and then the little mother appeared.

"No, dear," she gently reprimanded, "perhaps Mr. Stewart will honor us with his company at tea; it might be like coming home."

So the girl stood upon the little porch much later, waiting with her lantern to light him down the road.

"I may come again!" he asked her. For a moment her hand thrilled in his grasp, for a moment his eyes grew tender before her own. "Yes, if it would seem like a coming back home," she replied.

"I have discovered the meaning of the word 'home' tonight," said John Stewart, "home is where the heart is—'I'm coming back.'"

And the girl's face above the lantern glowed with a sudden joy; as she caught him down the road.

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RUSSIA TO RECLAIM DESERT

Good Pasture Lands Are Destroyed at the Rate of One Hundred Thousand Acres a Year.

The shifting sands of Astrakhan and the measures taken by the Russian government to deal with this problem form the subject of a memoir by J. G. Firatov, published in Petrograd, observes the Scientific American. Ten million acres of the province in question are covered with shifting sands formed during the nineteenth century and subsequently. These sands, have been spreading at the rate of 100,000 acres a year the result being the transformation of good pasture land into a barren waste. The principal cause is over grazing; flocks and herds are kept so long in one place as to result in the complete destruction of the turf. Poor agricultural methods are also responsible. About the beginning of the present century the government took measures of control and reclamation, and between 1904 and 1909 an area of about 40,000 acres was brought under cultivation. In 1913 a special service was ordered to deal with the question. The province was put under the charge of a chief forestry officer and divided into six districts, in each of which a subordinate official was appointed to superintend the work. At the time of writing good progress has been made in planting soil binders and growing herbaceous crops, but it was still problematical whether the province was adapted to the establishment of forests.

EARLY-MAN FIGHTING ANIMAL

Ancestors of Present People Were Called Upon to Face Beasts That Inhabited Plains and Rivers.

The first houses were caves. Early man was a fighting animal, and had to contend against the huge and ferocious beasts that infested the plains and rivers, observes a writer. His dwelling naturally had to be a place of security as well as a habitation. Caves were natural and artificial, the latter being hollowed out of solid rock by rude flint instruments. Most of them were formed in the sides of cliffs and among high, rugged hills.

To those early ancestors of ours, the primeval men and women who secured, as one would think, but scanty shelter and protection from these stone caves and holes in the rock, we apply the generic term of cliff dwellers.

They were entirely ignorant of agriculture, and subsisted by hunting and fishing and on the natural products they found growing in a wild state.

What is very remarkable, at our very doors can still be seen the typical houses and handwork of those prehistoric tribes in the caves of the Llanos river in southern Colorado. These, in most instances, are as well preserved as when their ancient occupants deserted them—perhaps 10,000 years ago. When inhabited they were reached quite frequently by notches cut in the rock, and at other times rope ladders must have been used.

Gladstone a Hard Worker

Gladstone was a hard worker, with no dreads with regard to work, says the American Magazine.

He turned from political responsibilities of the heaviest to Greek for recreation, and lived his four-score years and more, just as Pope Leo XIII, turned to Latin poetry for his relaxation from world-wide burdens and lived on beyond four-score and ten, living so hopefully that when at the little dinner given him on his nineteenth birthday, one of the cardinals said, in proposing a toast to him: "Here's to you may live to be a hundred, holy father," the old pontiff replied: "But why limit me to a hundred?"

They were contemporaries of Ranke, the German historian, who at the age of ninety-one proposed to write a history of the world in 12 volumes, one volume to be completed each year and actually lived, I believe, to complete nearly half of it.

These men had no dreads; but they allowed their energies to work on without any fear of exhausting their vitality.

Almost the Speed Limit

"At Chattanooga," said a veteran of the Civil war, "one of the men in my company left early in the action, and no one saw him till after the battle, when he appeared in camp unharmed and unscathed. Some of the boys accused him of running away, but he wouldn't admit it.

"I only retreated in good order," he declared.

"I heard of the matter, and a few days later I asked him if he had any idea how fast he had retreated."

"Well, I'll tell you, cap'n," he said, "if I had been at home, and going after the doctor, folks that see me passing would have thought my wife was right sick!"—Harper's Monthly.

Some Grievances

The railroad official invited the stern citizen to communicate his troubles.

"I want you to give orders," demanded the visitor, "that the engineer of the express which passes through Elm Grove at about 11:55 be restrained from blowing his whistle on Sunday mornings."

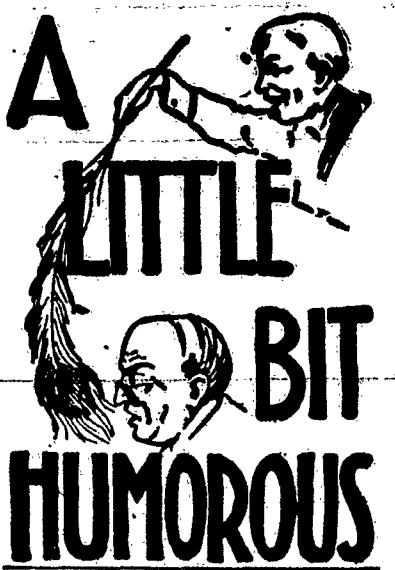
"Impossible!" exploded the official. "What prompts you to make such a ridiculous request?"

"Well, you see," explained the citizen, in an undertone, "our pastor preaches until he hears the whistle blow, and that confounded express was 20 minutes late last Sunday."

Lamb.

Chance for Discovery

When a man begins to brag about himself it is a sign that he has discovered that the world hasn't discovered how good he really is.



A LITTLE BIT HUMOROUS

A Busy Line.
"Central, how much longer must I wait to get 4476 Juniper?"
"How long have you been waiting?"
"About ten minutes."
"Judging from the kind of conversation I heard the last time I listened in, there's an engagement ring at 4476 Juniper that is about to be returned. You may have to wait an hour."

Unbeautified.
"Do you think that rhyme beautifies a thought?"
"Not always," replied Mr. Penwidge. "The prospect is not rendered more alluring by the fact that some of the days to come are to be meekless, wheedless, sweetless and possibly heatless."

The Fate of Genius.
"I don't see Three-Finger Sam around Crimmon Gulch any more."
"No," answered Broncho Bob. "Sam met the fate of genius. He had so many original ideas he got to introducing new rules in every card game and we just naturally had to make him feel unwelcome."

Long Winded.
"Let's go."
"No. Let's wait a while longer. I believe the orator is reaching his peroration."
"You're mistaken. That's his handkerchief he's reaching for. He'll mop his brow with it and start all over again."

NOT ALWAYS



Why did you never marry?"
"I don't feel that I could support a wife."
"Don't let that worry you. If she finds you can't she'll leave you."

At Least an Effort.
The man who fights and runs away.
Doth move the fancy to delight,
Compared to one who wants to stay.
Secure and not attempt to fight.

Often the Case.
The old man took a few drinks to-day and imagined he could wipe up the town."
"What happened?"
"Oh, when he got home his wife made him wipe his feet before he could even come into the house."

Class.
"These class meetings make me sad."
"As to how?"
"We were all in the same class once."
"Well?"
"But how few of us are in the same class now."

A Home Body.
"So you spend all your evenings at home?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta has speeches to make and we can't keep a servant. Somebody has to look after the house nights."

By Slow Degrees.
"Do you really enjoy Camembert cheese?"
"I'm eating it as a matter of discipline. If I can learn to like it maybe I'll get so I can stand a cold-storage egg."

Vocally Overzealous.
"Is Bliggen patriotic?"
"Yes, but not always with judgment. He insists on singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' no matter how he makes it sound."

Savage Revenge.
"Do you, too, want to can the kniser?"
"Yes, if there is any boiling process about it."

Naturally.
"The man we met yesterday looked very queer when I asked him if he were interested in the shut-in movement."
"No wonder. He's just out of jail."