The Aftermath

By ELLA CHARLOTTE OEFSTEDAL

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"I want to find a bank," spoke little Alice Devon to a girl companion of her own age. "Don't you know any?"

"Lots of them," was the reply "downtown. It's a long way there, though. What do you want to find a bank for, Alice?"

"Oh, I've got some business to attend with it," announced Alice, very seriously.

"There's Mr Burton [illegible] the banker. "He was a bank[illegible] lives in the big old house on the next corner. Maybe he'd do for your business."

"I wouldn't wonder," replied Alice thoughtfully. "Show me now, Nellie which corner it is?" and the other pointed.

"Guess I'll go and see that Mr Burton," said Alice and went back home. She lived with her mother in rather obscure quarters the rear rooms of a cheap flat. Her father had gone to the country, her mother was doing outside seamstress work. Alice went to the little alcove where she slept and from her toy trunk unearthed a little tin toy bank. Soon she left the flat, carefully locking the door after her. The Devons had lived in Washington only a few weeks. [illegible] tary sense had not gone well with them for some time past. Mr Devon had been ill for a spell and had been offered a position with a construction company. It was decided to remove to Watertown, which was nearer to his work and he could visit his family over Sunday each week.

Alice proceeded to the big corner house full of the excitement of a great idea. The massive front door of the old mansion stood open and she crossed the threshold, entered a spacious hallway and stood looking curiously about her. Finally her ear caught the echo of rustling papers. The sounds directed her to an open door. Beyond it an old man was seated before a desk, which he was rummaging. He had a grim set face that did not greatly encourage Alice, but she had come "on business" and plucked up the courage to approach him boldly.

"Please," she said, "is this Mr. Burton, the banker?"

"Eh? Why--"

Her challenger paused. He came bolt upright in his chair. He gripped its arms in a strained spasmodic way as though her appearance had aroused some strange emotion in his breast.

"Who are you?" he demanded and his tones were husky and unnatural.

"I am Alice Devon" she replied. Her host tremored. A lump seemed to come in his throat. "Who sent you here?" he next insisted, and into his face came a token of guarded suspicion.

"No one," replied Alice. "Only a little girl friend told me you were a banker, and I was looking for a bank."

"What for," inquired old John Burton.

"Why, you see, next Sunday is papa's birthday and he's coming home. I want to make him a little present. Oh! there's such a pretty necktie for fifty cents in a store near us, and I want to buy it and surprise him, and I promised mamma I wouldn't ever use any of the money I've been saving along. See," and Alice showed her little bank. "There's seventy two cents there. Will you keep the bank and lend me the fifty cents for a while and I'll pay it back with new pennies I'll save, and then you can give the bank back to me."

The pallor, the emotion displayed in the face of the old man subsided somewhat. A strange expression came into his eye, half amused. "I declare" he muttered, "you are the strangest client I ever ran across. Yes little one, I'll let you have the loan, provided you tell me something about yourself and your—your mother and father, and all that."

Alice had little to divulge as she chatted on, except that papa and mamma were the very best and kindest people in the world and that papa had been sick and was working now.

"I won't keep your bank as security," spoke the old man with an effort "and you can have the money you need. I'm a lonesome old man and I'm glad you came. Wait, little Alice, for a minute. I want to make you a little gift that I've kept for a good many years," and he rummaged in the desk and brought to light a little square box. From its velvety depths he unearthed an exquisite pearl necklace. He clasped it about the throat of the dazzled, wondering child. He kissed her tenderly, he restored to her the toy bank, pressed a bank-note in her tiny palm, and said:

"Go home now, little Alice, and tell your dear mamma I gave you the necklace because it really belongs to her."

Alice did not know it, but John Burton followed her at a distance. Her mother sat like one overcome as she listened to the story of Alice's adventures. Her tears fell upon the necklace. It had belonged to her dead mother, and the man who had spurned was her father, who in his pride and obstinacy had disowned her when she married Clyde Devon.

There was a knock at the door of the little flat that evening. John Burton viewed his daughter, an anxious question in his eyes. She answered it by throwing her arms about his neck and resting there, weeping with hope and gladness, knowing that the past was redeemed through the artless doings of a [illegible] child.

PRESIDENT HAS SECOND CABINET

Consists of Heads of War and Industrial Agencies.

MAKES FOR UNITY OF ACTION

Prosecution of Fight for Democracy Opened Up as Result of New Arrangement—"War Cabinet" Calls at White House Every Wednesday to Discuss With President Methods of Speeding Up War Work.

The nation's war making agencies have achieved a close harmony of action through the Wednesday conferences at the White House, which high officials say has speeded the prosecution of the fight for democracy, to the point of greatest efficiency yet reached. Decisions of far-reaching importance have been made by close contact between the heads of the various branches involved under the chairmanship of President Wilson, who is said authoritatively to have smoothed numerous difficulties which might have resulted in delay or friction without mutual understanding reached in conference.

The president now virtually has two cabinets the first of which advises him on diplomatic and political questions while the second discusses with the chief executive the problems of mobilizing the industrial powers of the nation without which there could be no war.

Makeup of the Second Body.

The cabinet proper meets every Friday. The "war cabinet" or "industrial cabinet," as it is coming to be known, calls to the White House every Wednesday, the director-general of railroads, the chairmen of the shipping, war industries and war trade boards the food administrator and the fuel administrator. At times when the navy or army has a special problem involving industrial questions Secretary Daniels or Acting Secretary of War Crowell attends.

The war cabinet at no time has touched on political questions. This was learned from a very high source. All the war cabinet's work has been to further the preparation of America to throw her entire resources into the scale against the enemy. So important has this work become that the prosecution of the war, except for direction of actual military and naval movements, now is intrusted to the little group of six men, representing the factors necessary to provide the fighting men with all they need to bring victory as quickly as possible.

Edward R Stettinius, second assistant secretary of war, in charge of all industrial and commercial aspects of the department, may be added to the Wednesday conferences because of the close connection of his work with that of Mr. Baruch of the war industries board and the other members of the war cabinet. Mr. Stettinius is regarded as a virtual director of munitions.

First results of the war cabinet's work have become apparent in the decision of the war industries board to give preference in delivery to 100 per cent requirements of shipyards for steel. Mr. Hurley took to the conference detailed accounts of demands made on him for tonnage. His statement to the conference was prepared after frequent consultations with him by General March chief of staff. The war department was said to be well satisfied with the shipping facilities available.

Food and Fuel Problems.

Food problems have come in for much consideration by the war cabinet. Mr Hoover is understood to have received approval for any further restrictions on consumption he may deem advisable to enable this country to fill its pledges of food to the allies.

Domestic affairs closely related to production of war materials also have come up for discussion, one of the most important having been the supplying of fuel to New England.

All of the problems hinge on shipping because all of the work of the cabinets is bent on the one object of prosecuting to a successful conclusion the war [illegible]. The meeting of all the other chiefs with Mr Hurley has resulted in a general understanding of the needs of each other.

Altogether the result of the war cabinet's work was described by one of its members as having been to enable all of them "to keep step."

PLANS TO EVEN SCORE

Man Who Lost Four Cousins Seeks Vengeance.

Sam Walker, forty, a coal miner left Pittsburgh recently to join the British army with the intention of accounting for at least four of the enemy because of that number of cousins lost on the western front. "I will try to get a few on my own personal account," he said.

Farm Hand Now "Gets Salary"

Chris Harris, a farm hand living in South Dakota, has just made a contract with Patrick Kelly, an expert farm hand, by which Kelly will work for Harris during the season at a salary of $104 a month. This is the highest price ever paid a farm hand in South Dakota. Before the area of high prices of farm products, farm labor only received from $30 to $40 a month.

"Chasing Rainbows"

By JUDSON DUNNE BARTLEY

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"You have my ultimatum," announced old Jared Bliss determinedly. "A small allotment. I will advance no more capital for rainbow-chasing experiments."

"But I had every reason to suppose that the man with the unsinkable ship had a real invention of merit."

"Bah! A common swindler."

"And the strange name Yucatan was [illegible] an expert metallurgist."

"They all are!"

"But you are [illegible], uncle, and I am sorry," echoes old Ned Porter. "I guess I have been something of a butterfly. As it is, I thank you for the dependable financial assistance you offer me until I get on my feet. Tell you what I am going to do—get away from the city and my dreams, and see if quiet country scenes won't enable me to figure out some scheme of getting started right in a steady business way."

It was because of this resolve that Ned found himself a guest at a little old farmhouse four days later. It fitted into was back, old fashioned surroundings. Ned had been directed to the Warren home by a villager, who said:

"You see, it's where old Isaac Warren lives, him and his daughter, Rhoda! They're poor, ever since he was robbed of the savings of years last winter. She's a trim, tidy little housekeeper and you'll be sure to get wholesome, well cooked meals."

The quaintness of the Warren home and the characteristics of its inmates quite interested Ned. Old Isaac was not very cheerful company, but Rhoda made up for this lack of brightness and animation.

"You see," the old man would mournfully narrate, "when the house was broken into last winter the burglar got away with all I had. I kept my savings in an old iron pot hidden under a slab of the fireplace. Whoever got it must have seen me put it there. Ten thousand dollars nearly—think of it!"

It was a cold winter night when the old man and his daughter returning from the village, saw a stranger emerge from the house. He carried something done up in an old shawl and drove for the woods. Old Isaac discovered his great loss and aroused a posse of neighbors. The thief was sighted shot at driven from one stretch of timber to another, and two hours later was discovered, shot through the heart, lying dead in a heap of underbrush. The precious pot of gold and banknills was missing.

Two days had not gone by before Ned discovered that he was in love. The simple, artless maiden who tried to make the grim old house the abode of sunshine grew upon him as a creature of rare grace and beauty. She was, as well, the most industrious of housekeepers. The interior of the house was a miracle of neatness, the meals dainty and appetizing. Her devoted attention to her old father to the mind of the fascinated Ned made her a veritable household angel. Every day after dinner however, Rhoda claimed five hours of absolute freedom.

"Now, don't get curious father dear," Ned overheard her say, "but I have engaged to give the afternoons for two weeks to some friends who will pay me well for my time. Think what a help that will be to us."

Several days went by. Rhoda would depart regularly about noon and reappear in time to prepare the evening meal. One day strolling along a country road a few miles from the village Ned drew into covert and was considerably amazed to note an automobile flash by containing four ladies, most gayly and extravagantly dressed and Rhoda was one of them. It was the next afternoon that he was caught in the midst of a terrific storm. A tornado blast had blown down trees all about him. Then the clouds broke and a magnificent rainbow spanned the azure. He smiled, quizzically as he strolled on.

"Perhaps good luck would come to me if I could find the rainbow's end," he uttered whimsically. "It seems to dip right into the middle of that great thicket yonder," and he continued in its direction, until a great monarch of the forest that had blown over in the storm compelled a detour to evade its tangled branches. Ned paused, spellbound. Lying upon the ground where the big hollow stem had snapped asunder was a pot of gold—at the end of the rainbow! The vessel had tipped and its contents had spread all about. In a flash the truth presented to Ned; within this hollow tree the burglar, pursued, wounded, had hidden old Isaac Warren's treasure. Ned started as a moan reached his hearing. He sought its source to discover Rhoda lying where a decaying branch of the tree had kept her prostrate. There was a crude bridge at one temple. Her self-reliance, her love drove him to her in his arms. Her eyes opened, she read his secret, and as they returned home, he carrying the recovered treasure, his other hand clasped her own fondly.

They were closer than friends now and Rhoda explained that her mysterious employment had been with a movie combination, taking scenes in the wildwood. Isaac Warren carried out a cherished plan to employ his capital in business in the town, and he took in Ned Porter, not only as a partner, but as his son-in-law.

IRISH POTATO CUTS BIG FIGURE IN WAR

Neglible Crop This Year Would Be Little Less Than Calamity.

By HAPSBURG LIEBE of the Vigilantes.

Do you know that the homely Irish potato has cut, is cutting, and will continue to cut, almost as great a figure in this world war as the submarine? It is a fact. There is nothing fanciful about it. Germany, super efficient in this one thing at least, has been planting Irish potatoes even between the ties of railroad tracks. I for one, think she owes more to the Irish potato than she owes to the success of her submarines.

In the past, a small crop has always followed a big crop. The big crop runs the price down and the potato growers then plant the little crop—some of them through plain pique. Last year we had the greatest crop in our history. According to precedent, we are to have a small crop this year. And if we do, the coming winter will see us, as a nation, suffering from famine.

Get that. Food will win the war and there is no other article of food that may be prepared in so many ways as the potato. Nor are there many other food articles so rich in nutrition as the potato. Prices this year will not be low enough to cause any worthwhile loss to growers, no matter how many potatoes we produce. They are going to be needed. They are going to be in demand. Armies can live for a long time on potatoes alone.

It settles down to a matter, not of price alone, but of patriotism as well. A negligible potato crop this year is going to be little less than calamity for us. There is still time in which to plant, and the more we plant the better it is going to be for us all. Remember, you can't starve a nation or an army that has plenty of potatoes. There are few other things fated to be of so much importance in the winning of this war. An unheard-of crop should be grown in the United States this year. We must all be soldiers now.

Whether you own a square mile of ground, or only a square foot, don't forget the Irish potato, saver of nations.

GERMAN-AMERICAN HEARTS

By E. BROWN of the Vigilantes.

Shall I leave my native shore
Just because there is a war
And obey Wilhelm's command
To be a traitor to my land?
Tell me then, why should I go
Cause my people came from there?
This alone is my country
What care I for Germany?

Say you I can't drop with a name
So to use the German name?
Where I've always earned my bread,
Where, a evening, laid my head,
Where to me heart manhood grown,
Where I say, has been my home?
Where but here is my country?
What care I for Germany?

Say you Germany is strong
And will conquer in the long,
That will all traitors graves
Or forever be slaves?
Never will [illegible] we won
While America has a son
I will fight for my country
Soon may conquer Germany!

[illegible]

GIRLS SUPPLANT MEN

Working as Telegraphers for Those Who Met Military Needs.

Four young women now are employed as depot operators on the Minnesota division of the Northwestern railway. The head operators of which are in Winona. They are taking the places of young men released to meet military needs.

These are the first women used in the [illegible] of the railroad in history.

The female depot employees are all trained telegraph operators and are working nights. Officials say their work, in spite of the fact that they are beginners has been highly satisfactory. The girls are Viola Curley, Marshall, Minn., Louise Schaanbacks, Ivota, [illegible], Minn.; Anna Haugen, Janesville, Minn.

DESTROY Y. M. C. A. HUTS

German Traditions of Ruthlessness Being Maintained.

German traditions are being maintained, for her ruthless legions now invading Russia have destroyed many Y. M. C. A. huts, forcing the secretaries and workers to flee before them, according to cable dispatches received by Chicago Y. M. C. A. officials.

A cablegram just received from Russia reads:

"Front Y. M. C. A. huts captured by Germans and destroyed. Secretaries and workers safe."

A [illegible] that the many [illegible] have been to Moscow [illegible] representatives [illegible] to Moscow to [illegible] for service.

Steve Dies at 113.

Edward Stokes Gray, a slave for more than a century, and who worked for four masters during slavery days, died at Laurel, Del., at the age of one hundred and eighteen.

Gray had perfect eyesight and worked actively and regularly until nearly one hundred years old.

HIS FATE

By GLADYS ETHEL SALTER

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Who is she?" inquired Albion Ward, with interest and admiration.

"She is Nell Bodley. Always trim and neat as you see her now, smiling, happy and not much of a home life to brag of."

Ward was a stranger in Rushville and sojourning there briefly. His companion was an old timer with whom he had a casual acquaintance. He had been attracted by the young girl, who had driven up in front of the main store with a lively horse attached to a buggy. Grace and agility marked her every movement. She paused to stroke the head of the horse and the animal seemed to understand that he was to behave himself until she returned. She came out of the store finally and was hailed at the curb by two young girls.

"You'll be sure to come, Nell?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, I couldn't miss it! Grandfather is so very ill! I'm so happy to think I had enough out of the milk money I saved to buy these," and the speaker lovingly caressed a box she carried. "You will surely call for me?"

"Yes, brother is going to drive us over and we'll pick you up on the way."

"I'd like to know this young miss," confessed Ward, as he strolled on alone. He started down a country road. He covered several miles and threw himself upon the green sward to recuperate before he essayed the return journey.

The drowsy flower perfumed air lulled his senses to somnolence. A break upon the silence aroused him. Coming down the road at full speed, her hair flowing, her eyes a-sparkle, her lips parted in excited delight was Nell. Both she and the spirited animal seemed to enjoy a burst of unrestrained liberty. She flashed by the spot, the vehicle struck a rut and bounced high in the air. A mock shriek rang out, then a silvery laugh echoed thrillingly and the rig vanished. It had seemed to Ward that as the buggy bounced out of the rut some object lifted in the air and circled to the road. He went forward to explore this supposition.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "it's the box the young lady had in the town. Wonder what's in it?"

Removing the paper covering, Ward beheld lying in a nest of tissue paper a pair of dainty blue slippers. He stood gazing at them, weaving all kinds of sentimentality about them and their owner.

"She will be greatly disappointed when she misses them," ruminated Ward. "Possibly she may come back searching for them."

He lingered about the spot for over an hour. Then Ward struck out for town, a quaint conceit in his mind. He repaired to a public garage. He inquired as to the Bodley farm. It was dusk when he started from the village, driving an automobile, the lost package at his side.

The moon was just coming up as Ward reached his destination. The somber farmhouse showed only one light at its rear. Ward left the machine and made his way towards it. Through an open window he viewed Nell Bodley. She sat with forlorn face, gazing into space. Across a chair hung a filmy dress and some trifles of ribbons and laces.

"Do not be startled," spoke Ward boldly. "I am a stranger, but I know some of your friends in the town."

Nell had started to her feet. She looked half frightened.

"I have come as a sort of fairy godfather," went on Ward. "You are going to some social function tonight, I understand."

"I was," said Nell "but someone stole a purchase I had made out of the buggy—"

"No," corrected Ward. "You mean a pair of Cinderella slippers? They fell out down the road. Here they are."

"You found them? Oh, how kind, how good you are!" cried Nell. "But it is too late. I could not go without them and my friends have gone on without me."

"Miss Bodley," spoke Ward, "I have an auto outside. I will feel it an honor and a pleasure to drive you wherever you wish to go. I will attend to some necessary adjusting of the machine, and will be ready in five minutes."

She came out just as the full moon sailed beyond the horizon in its full splendor. Albion Ward fancied he had never seen so beautiful a creature. Then a dash down the road and an arrival at a farm where a merry party were having an old-fashioned barn dance.

The hostess of the evening, coming out to welcome Nell, and advised of the situation insisted on Ward remaining as a guest.

It was a novel and charming experience for the elderly young man. [illegible] Nell. For the time she and Ward were so well acquainted that it was understood he would call and see her the next day.

"Cinderella," he said, one afternoon, a week later, "I am called back to the city. Will you miss your fairy godfather?"

Her face fell. She turned aside to conceal the regretful tears.

"Nell," he went on softly, "look into my eyes and see if you cannot guess what I wish to say to you of truth and love."

IMPORTANT USE FOR CAMERA

Arctic Region Can Be Mapped by Photographs Taken From Miles Above the Objective.

The adventures of the camera men in this war are more thrilling than any romance. Braving the fire of batteries of anti-aircraft guns and hourly encountering the skillful air duelists, they must calmly choose their positions, risk their lives often for a single exposure, and carry back their pictures in record time. Successful photographs have been made at a height of more than three miles, says Boys' Life, the boy scouts' magazine, for February. From such an altitude the earth appears flat, all objects being lost in a dull cloud-like effect, but the cameras used are of the tele-photo type, which will pierce through this distance. Some are made with a pistol grip which enables the aviator to aim his camera quickly. Other aero cameras are built into the floor or side of the aircraft and pictures are taken by touching a button with the foot. An ingenious mechanical device has been invented which will take pictures at any desired rate per second, so that nothing will be overlooked.

Aero photography has many important uses apart from warfare. The camera has been carried by daring adventurers over unexplored regions. It has been estimated that an aero photographer could cover more territory in a day in the Arctic region than could be traversed in a month by dog sledges.

POET MADE WAR HIS THEME

Washington Audience Somewhat Surprised That Masefield Couldn't Spout His Own Verse.

The visit of John Masefield, poet and soldier, to Washington recently attracted the attention of scores of people who have known him through his tales of the sea and other stories in verse form.

The auditorium was packed by the hundreds who came to see what a real, live poet looked like. The national capital, in 1918, may claim its full share of sophistication in matters political, but the visit of a poet is another thing.

Several years ago Alfred Noyes, fellow Englishman of Masefield, spoke there, and people were delighted to find him a simple, frank, good-natured fellow who had all the earmarks of a successful young business man.

So this time they wondered what Masefield would be like. Would he spout yards and yards of poetry from memory? He was scheduled to read his poems.

Masefield talked about the war. He had been through it, and talked from personal experience. He said scarcely a word concerning his poems.

At the conclusion of his talk some one insisted that he give them several of his poems.

"I'll have to have a copy," he said simply.

Finally, after much search through the audience, one lone copy of the book needed was found.

Exhibit of Spider Webs.

Notwithstanding the fact that a spider web is so fine and delicate that unless covered with dust or sparkling with dew it is almost invisible, the American Museum of Natural History is now displaying a series of these webs, 12 in number, so mounted on dark backgrounds as to be plainly visible. The special construction, widening gradually from the center outward, is easily traced. The webs are accompanied by [illegible] plates of the spiders which [illegible] them. Some spiders live in the web they spin, others spend only the nights there, hiding during the day in [illegible] often some distance away, with a single thread leading to the web. One of the larger spiders, Aranea tesselata, for instance, spins a thread from the center of its web to a tent made of leaves and sits. Sitting in this tent the spider holds the thread in such a way that it knows when the web is [illegible] by its insect prey.—American Museum Journal.

Her Work.

Congresswoman Jeannette Rankin said in a Y. W. C. A. address:

"Charles Schwab married on $7 a week, and Chauncey Depew on $8. I have no sympathy with the girl who makes a devoted young man wait till he can support her as luxuriously as her old father does.

"My sympathy all goes out to the young man who said joyously, as soon as he was accepted:

"'Then, darling, we'll get married at once. Of course, at first, we shan't be able to keep a servant.'

"'Oh, Jack, hadn't we better wait, then?' she protested. 'What would the neighbors say if they saw me doing my own work?'

"Jack looked puzzled.

"'Why, sweetheart,' he said, 'whose work do you want to do?'"

New Type of "Destroyer."

The [illegible] report that the United States [illegible] a new type of flush-[illegible] long a very high [illegible] of hitting [illegible] reputation [illegible] fighter designed by a young naval officer, and described as being of 20,000 tons, with a flat protective deck and two towers, one forward and one aft. This vessel carries no guns, but has eight or ten torpedo tubes on each side.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.