

The New Hour

By VIRGINIA LEE

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"Ten o'clock, Marvin."
"But it's only nine by the right time," submitted Marvin Druse. "I don't think I shall like this putting the clock ahead, Winnie. It seems as if I've been here only a little while—as if I'm being cheated out of a whole precious hour."

Betty Winnie Allison blushed colorfully. There was a compliment and devotion implied in the remarks of Marvin that she rather liked. She had plenty of admirers, but she was very fond of Marvin. Her people liked him, too. There was something sensible and loyal about the unpretentious young fellow.

"Don't oversleep yourself now," said Winnie, at the doorstep.

"No danger. I'm an early bird. Winnie, my being out in the garden an hour before breakfast," suggested Marvin. "You see, I'm raising some flowers, all for you. I'm wondering if orange blossoms would grow in this climate."

"Don't be silly, Marvin!" smiled Winnie.

"I'm not. You know I've told you that you and I are going to marry some day. I'm going to keep saying it till I make some impression on you."

He went off with a happy smile and Winnie watched him out of sight. No engagement yet existed. The pay down at the factory was not enough to support a wife and Marvin was sensible and Winnie patient.

His work was arduous. Marvin was expected to report for duty at six o'clock and remove the books from the vaults and have them in place on the various desks by the time the office force arrived.

His last thought was of Winnie as he fell asleep. He yawned, half refreshed, as his mother knocked at the door of his room next morning.

"Five o'clock, Marvin," she announced. "Breakfast ready."

"It seems as if I just went to bed," spoke Marvin, as he appeared downstairs. "It's dark enough, isn't it? I don't know that I at all favor this pushing the clock ahead."

It struck him that daylight was behind him and nature all out of kilter as he left home. Nobody seemed astir. The Druse home was half a mile from the town. Marvin started across a field ending in a stretch of timber. As he penetrated the wooded stretch he came to a sudden halt.

"I declare!" he breathed. "That's queer. It's a baby's cry!" and he peered ahead down the leafy arcade and walked on slowly. As he advanced, however, there sounded the echo of human voices. This was all quite mysterious, and as Marvin made out two men near an automobile he stepped aside into the underbrush.

"The kid's got to have milk," fell upon his ears. "If it gets started howling we'll have the whole country on our trail."

"I don't see how you're going to get any," was retorted.

"There's a lantern hobbling around what looks like a little farm yonder," resumed the first speaker. "Sure to have milk there. You stay here and cuddle the brat if he gets going again. Only an hour to reach cover, and rich Robert Marsh has probably discovered his baby's absence by this time. It's twenty thousand dollars' ransom on the penitentiary for us, so we want to hustle."

The speaker started away. His companion stood gazing at a bundle of robes on the rear seat. In a flash Marvin comprehended the situation. The name mentioned, Robert Marsh, was fully familiar to him. He was the son of the richest man in the district and as Marvin knew, had one little child. These wretches had kidnapped the infant, intending to hold the little innocent for ransom.

Marvin acted on impulse. Just as the man at the automobile stepped into the front seat to sit down Marvin sprang upon him. He dealt him a dozen blows, sending him senseless to the floor. A renewed wailing on the rear seat advised him that there was a child there. Marvin seized the wheel. In three minutes he was on the main road, in five more he halted in front of the town jail and sang out briskly for the marshal.

The official appeared speedily. Marvin told his story. The insensible ruffian was carried to a cell and assistants were sent to apprehend his mate. The marshal got quickly in telephone communication with the town thirty miles distant where Robert Marsh lived. The baby set up a hungry cry.

"I'll take care of the child," announced Marvin, and carried it again to the automobile and within a brief time it was in charge of his mother.

Robert Marsh fairly embraced Marvin when he arrived three hours later, wept tears of joy over the recovered child and left a check for five thousand dollars in the hand of Marvin.

"I like this getting up early, for a fact," jubilated Marvin, for now, he whispered to himself, "I can marry Winnie."

"Oh! but you got up an hour too early," explained his mother. "When father came down I found that after I had set the clock ahead he repeated the operation."

"Blessed man!" commended Marvin, "if he hadn't, I wouldn't have met those scamps in time to outwit their wicked schemes."

GET ALONG WITHOUT SCENERY HEART OF BRITISH EMPIRE

In That, as in Many Other Ways, the Chinese Theater Seems Primitive in Our Eyes.

Scenery in China is conspicuous by its absence. Mountains, mountain passes, rivers, bridges, city walls, temples, graves, thrones, beds and other objects are represented by an arrangement of chairs, stools and benches, while the passage of rivers, horse riding, unlocking of doors and entering houses where not even a screen exists between the visitor and those he visits, the climbing of mountains, execution of criminals and numerous other actions are presented by pantomimic actions that are perfectly understood by the audience. Thus, a leper drinks wine, in which, unknown to himself, a venomous serpent has been soaked, feels an itching sensation and throws himself into an imaginary fish pond where, to the beating of gongs, he goes through the motions of washing and finds himself cured of that loathsome disease, to become a future chief graduate. Or a general sent on a distant expedition brandishes his whip, capers around the stage a few times amidst the clashing of cymbals, and then stops and informs his audience that he has arrived. Or a criminal who is to be hung, accompanied by the weird music from the two-stringed fiddle, will walk over to one side of the stage and stand under a bamboo pole with a rag tied to the top. He has been hung! All pain is represented by throwing the head back and gazing upward. Anger, by very hard breathing and staring eyes. Every movement of the hand or head, the positions in which the feet and arms are held, are all significant of some definite action and meaning, and these movements are perfectly understood by the Chinese, who will tell you, like the modern school of stage artists in the West, that scenery is an unnecessary bother.—From "The Chinese Theater," by Frank S. Williams in Asia Magazine.

Good Reasons Why Trafalgar Square, in London, Has Been Given That Appellation.

Trafalgar square has been called the heart of the British empire, the most truly English spot in London. It is not of Leicester square or of Piccadilly that London Tommy dreams, but of Trafalgar square, with the statue of Nelson in the center. The statue on the slender column is England's best-loved hero. The figure of Nelson, three times the natural size, is reared 145 feet in the air, with Landseer's four lions of bronze at the base.

Many of the most important buildings of the city are grouped around the square. The National gallery, with its art collection, faces the Nelson column. The collection was begun in 1824 and is one of the finest in the world. In the upper part of the square is the church of St. Martin-in-the-Field, where Neil Gwyn lies buried. This last bit of information is apt to interest the visitor more than the fact that Bacon was christened at the church's altar.

The column stands at the crossing of some of the most famous streets in London. Charles the First walked down Whitehall to his execution. The Strand, branching from the square, is the main artery of the city as well as the favorite meeting place of the people. Bustling, noisy, crowded, fondly beloved by Londoners to be broad, it is the busiest street in the empire. The principal shops and many of the hotels are on this street.

BUILT BY ORDER OF CZAR

City of Harbin, Railway Center and Military Depot, Has Also Become Great Flour Center.

The city of Harbin was built to order for the one-time czar of all the Russias, who, in constructing the Trans-Siberian railway, found that he needed the little village of Harbin as a railway center and military depot. Only a little diplomatic juggling was required, and the village began to grow up and expand before the puzzled eyes of its peaceful inhabitants. The new Harbin did not absorb the old part, but was built beside it, so that the farmers still continue to raise their millet and wheat untroubled by diplomacy and troop maneuvers.

There are few Chinese and almost no foreigners in the city. Russia discourages alien immigration, and by agreement with China, only Russians and Chinese are allowed to hold land, construct houses or have any permanent business interests in Harbin. Russian railroad officials and workers and Russian colonists and troops are the chief residents of the entire neighborhood.

Harbin is called the "fat city" because of its position in the level valley of the Sungari river, with mountains protecting it on east and west. It is the flour center of the East. The fields are covered with grain, and down on the Sungari river front Manchou coolies load endless junks with flour ground in the modern mills of the city.

His Use for Bryant's Portrait.

Actors are reverent souls, and what they do not know about the men that have made our poetry and set down for the rest of us the thoughts that we had not the time to utter, is of little moment. It is a tale of long ago that the fair-wigged George Rigold, who played Henry the Fifth in 1875, and created a tremendous upheaval among theater-goers all over the country, was seated one night in his dressing room when a caller appeared. A portrait of the patriarchal looking William Cullen Bryant was tacked up over the mirror.

"Ah, Rigold," said the visitor. "I'm glad to admire our poet Bryant."

"Bryant? Who's he?"

"Why—why—don't you know? That's his portrait you have there."

"Is that old file a poet?" Rigold asked. "Gad! I didn't know. I got him for a study in wrinkles."

A Raise in Wages.

Everybody likes to have his wages raised, and everybody feels a little thrill of pride when he is told he is going to be paid more for his work. Did you ever figure it out that you were being paid wages when you go to school, and can have them raised every month if you want to? Sure, you study, and that's work. You get paid for your work in knowledge. Suppose this month you bring home a report card which shows you have been only fair in arithmetic. That's not bad. But you want your wages raised. So you work a little harder and next month the report is good instead of fair. You've had a salary increase. That's the only way to look at it.—From the American Boy.

How Finns Keep Warm.

In many ways the Finns are a very queer people, as is illustrated by the Christian Herald.

It is during the terribly cold months that the Finns revel in the mighty ovens that fill one corner of every kitchen, and often loom up large and vastly impressive in the other rooms of a Finn home as well. The tops of these monster stoves are perfectly flat, and steps lead up on one side.

When the weather becomes bitterly cold and bleak, the entire family will take quilts and pillows and, mounting to the top of the big heater, spread down their bedding and sleep very comfortably and contentedly on the hard, hot bricks until morning.

A Happy Blunder

By Charles Vance Hawdon

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Ned Sadler, cub reporter, laid all the blame upon his first banquet when he discovered a hideous blunder he had made. It was his mission to pick up all the stray items of local interest he could run across. This free lance opportunity resulted in the accumulation of a great bulk of notes when he came to prepare his copy for the newspaper, sifting out the best.

A banquet was his last assignment, not ordered, decorous; but he was not set to strong cigars and his head was muddled as he sat down to write up his various "stories."

Through some hocus-pocus of an addled brain Ned got things woefully mixed. Thus, instead of announcing the engagement of Miss Rosalie Durham and Mr. Acton Bell, he stated that of Miss Adrienne Percy and Harvey Revere. Then, to make the situation still more complex, he manufactured an item stating that Mr. Acton Bell, prominent in Liberty bond work, had placed Miss Rosalie Durham in charge of an office in the Central building with a corps of lady assistants, to make a "hand drive" among downtown buildings.

The names he had exactly reversed. He had secured the real engagement item from a friend who was authorized to furnish the same. The Liberty bond item he had obtained direct from Mr. Harvey Revere. All unconscious of his error Ned went home, his labors concluded, and the afternoon issue of the Daily Record went to press.

ASCIBED TO FALLING STAR

Mystery Crater in Plain of Arizona Is Thus Explained by Geologists of Prominence.

About forty miles from Flagstaff, Ariz., in the midst of a great plain, there is a saucer-shaped hollow or crater about three-quarters of a mile across and 600 feet deep. The rim of the crater rises between 150 and 200 feet above the surrounding plain.

Rocky fragments are scattered about for several miles around the crater. Among these rocks many fragments of meteoric iron, some containing black diamonds, have been found. The inner walls show that the crust of the earth was broken when the crater was formed, yet no volcanic rocks exist there.

Geologists have offered theories to account for this phenomenon. One is that an immense meteorite made the hole, and that the meteoric fragments mentioned are remnants of the falling star. Another theory ascribes the origin of the crater to a tremendous explosion of steam in the rocks beneath, and a third combines the first two by suggesting that the blow of a falling meteor, striking the earth's crust at a point where subterranean water had accumulated in the neighborhood of heated rocks was the cause of the explosion.

Traced by Laundry Mark.

Perhaps the most striking instance on record in England of how laundry marks assist the police was that of the Yarmouth beach mystery, when the mutilated body of a woman was discovered on the western shore of that, previous to the war, popular seaside resort. Over 400 laundries were visited by the police to discover the ownership of the linen found on the body. It was traced at last to a small hand laundry at Woolwich, whether it had been sent by a Mrs. Bennett. Twelve hours later the dead woman had been identified, and her husband, Herbert John Bennett, was in custody charged with her murder.

He had, as he thought, obliterated every clew. He had persuaded the woman to stay at Yarmouth under an assumed name. He had also, by suspicious pretenses, got her to hide her identity in every possible way; and he had decoyed her to the beach at dead of night and there strangled her—silently, swiftly, secretly—while pretending to "dress her." But he overlooked the existence of that one little telltale laundry mark—which brought him to the scaffold.

Mysterious-Lake-Tchad.

The natives of the surrounding country reverence the Lake Tchad, in Africa, and its island inhabitants. They believe that a great snake lives below the lake's surface, and commands the worship of the race of island dwellers. Some even think that these snake worshippers live within the lake. The island folk are doubtless glad of a legend which protects them from attack so effectively. Unfortunately for them, foreigners are not so gullible and adventurous travelers are the more eager to push on to the lake after hearing the warnings of the fear-struck natives.

Little Men and Big Jobs.

Among the chiefest enemies of mankind is the individual who seeks a job for which he is too little. If he is a fellow, his coats make other human beings fear the light of day. If he builds buildings they tumble down and mangle those who occupy them. If he is an oculist he puts out his patients' eyes, or if a surgeon he is prone to cut off the wrong leg. In all of life's stations the little man in the big job causes misery, but most of all he meets disaster when he meddles with the affairs of nations.—Detroit Free Press

BEE'S KNOWLEDGE OF TIME

Experiments Seem to Prove Them Endowed With Intelligence Almost Beyond Belief.

Bees, said to be the most intelligent of insects, have a remarkable knowledge of time, says the Philadelphia Record. Professor Conklin of the University of Pennsylvania is of the opinion that bees also have a powerful memory, which is the reason, he asserts, that a bee flying half a mile away from its hive returns safely to its shelter. It observes closely the landmarks passed on the outward journey.

An owner of several hives of bees, noting the diligence they observed in their work, was induced to investigate if time could be accurately gauged by his swarms. For several weeks he had his meals on the terrace of his house, breakfast being served promptly at seven o'clock, when preserves were used as a light repast.

Most of the contents of the table were allowed to remain until lunch-time, at 10 a. m. At noon the mid-day meal was served, but without sweets. At 4 p. m. there was a light lunch, with sweets, which remained on the table for half an hour or so. As a further inducement a dish of stewed cherries was put to cool on a window nearby, and in a few hours the whole swarm of bees were sucking the sweet juice.

This incited the bees to visit the window regularly. The dish was afterward moved to the table, and was discovered by one of their number. On the morrow several companies were at the feast, and every day the number increased. At first the bees arrived at all hours but soon they realized that there was "nothing doing" between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., so the visits ceased except at the meal hours.

Fifteen Cities in 1920

May Reach a Population In Excess of 500,000

There will certainly be ten American cities, when the 1920 census count is made, that will have a population in excess of 500,000, and there may be as many as fifteen that will pass the half-million population score, states a writer in the Baltimore American. Baltimore is going to be in the big ten, but where along in the big ten? New York, Chicago and Philadelphia will be the three largest cities in the order named. But what marks passed on the outward journey. And just what place in the first ten column will Baltimore occupy? The question may seem trivial, but it is a question in which the people of at least five cities, Baltimore being included in the five, are even now taking a lively interest.

The five cities that will be in competition for fourth place are Baltimore, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit and Cleveland. The city that is most likely to beat Baltimore in the race for fourth place is Detroit, which now has an estimated population of 825,000. Estimated populations sometimes shrink tremendously when the government count is made, and it may be so with the spunky metropolis of Michigan. St. Louis is claiming a 1918 population of 850,000, but this also is subject to possible shrinkage, as it is 165,000 greater than the 1910 score. Boston has not extended her boundary lines and is not making any claim to extraordinary population growth. The New England city does claim an increase of 100,000 over the 1910 count, however, or a present population of 707,000.

It seems to be a warranted conclusion that Baltimore must score above 800,000 to get fourth place in the column. If the Baltimore score should be around, say, 750,000, the Greater Baltimore may not be located above seventh place and may be in eighth position, or only two places from bottom. But the Baltimore count may be in a way of surprise. We don't know just how many people there are in the annex.

A FEW SMILES

A Wise Sillyness.

"What excuse did you give the wife last night?"

"I gave none."

"Didn't even tell her it was business detained you?"

"Heavens, man, if I'd uttered the word 'business' I'd have given myself dead away."

Inconsistent.

George—You have stolen my heart.

Peggy—That's a nice thing to say after you've been bugging me for six months to accept it.

Service.

"You have always considered yourself a servant of the people."

"Yes," said Senator Sorghum. "But understand this. I'm not one of those servants who get independent and want to run the whole works."

If She's Mercenary.

"What is the best way to lead up to a proposal?"

"You might make some casual reference to the size of your income tax."

"Yes."

"In a majority of cases that will put the young woman in a receptive frame of mind."

Interviewing a Lion Tamer.

"What are your methods in lion taming. I would pay you well for a few lessons."

"I don't mind giving you lessons, mister. But there's nothing in the business, I warn you."

"I don't wish to embark in the business. Thought I'd try 'em on my wife."

A Bright Idea.

Friend—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband.

Wife—Yes. I'm trying to spoil him so that if I die and he marries again no other woman could live with him.

Speak of 100,000 Army as Sort of Corporal's Guard

The war has blunted the old meaning of figures and we speak glibly of an army of 100,000 men or more. General Pershing's offer to General Fox as though it were only a sort of corporal's guard. Late reports hint at a larger figure than that equalling Kitchener's first army. Never before in our history have 100,000 men fought under the Stars and Stripes in any one battle. The Army of the Potomac, which Grant and Meade fought the campaign of 1864, had an aggregate strength of less than 120,000, and only a part of them were used in any single engagement. Earlier there had been rather more than 70,000 federal troops at Gettysburg, about 65,000 at Chattanooga. Sherman started from Atlanta with some 60,000. Napoleon had 72,000 men at Waterloo and the British numbered 68,000.

Little Men and Big Jobs.

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