

A Meddler

By ELLA CHARLOTTE OEFSTEDAL

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A meddler and a gossip, having sown the seed of mistrust and suspicion in the mind of pretty, credulous Ellice Bruce, her visitor, Miss Tabitha Jones, spinster, went her way, complacent over her righteous conclusion that she had warned the innocent and possibly halted the iniquitous career of "one of those men."

In all innocence Ellice had prattled forth the rare joys of married life, but expressing the regret that there had come a break in the delightful harmony of their lives.

"Ransom is just worked to death," she dolefully narrated. "There must be a lot of extra work in the office for every evening now he is occupied with important business and does not get home before nine o'clock."

Then Mrs. Jones began to tell of the poison. She intimated that such flimsy commonplace excuses usually headed the breaking away of the pleasure-seeking husband from the irksomeness of home.

"Women should not believe all the men tell them," she declared. "If I were you I would make it my business to be sure that he was kept at the office after hours."

"What?" watch Ransom spy on the dearest husband in the world?" cried Ellice indignantly, but after her visitor was gone she fell into a stupor of dejection and wretchedness.

Her acquaintance with Ransom, their sweet love-making interlude to wedded bliss and made up for past misery in the life of Ellice, and now all that recurred to her.

Four years previous her father had been lost to his family. He was a weak, rather than a really wicked man. After fifteen years of integrity, he had fallen into evil ways.

Thinking of the perversity that had thus come across a once-kind and loving man, Ellice wondered if as great a change might occur with the husband, who was her soul's true idol.

"Have you yet found out what really keeps your husband away evenings?" inquired her postiferous visitor later.

"I only know it is his business," replied Ellice simply.

"Oh, very well," sniffed she. "I have tried to be a friend and adviser, that's all," and left in a huff.

It was two evenings after that when Ellice, seated and feeling truly craven-hearted, left the house and proceeded to a store directly opposite the building where her husband was employed.

DEATH IS ALWAYS PRESENT

In the Trenches a Point is Reached Beyond Which Emotion Will Not Reach.

It is the dinner hour—12 m.—in the trenches. Round a fire bucket sit six men, mess this in hand, hastily eating a meal.

"Cottage pie, have ye? My eye, but some blazes is lucky. Where did ye get the spuds?"

"Back in billets, of dear. Got 'em out of the old madame for 'sipping to chop up 'er wood. 'Ave a bite?"

"The potatoes are after a taste, regularly. Food is very precious on the front."

"I shouldn't mind it at all," said the man in the middle, who had been a trench artist in cooking.

Not a word was spoken. Then suddenly through the flame, quite close to the ear, came a prolonged hiss, a bang followed by a cloud of smoke, and up spat the earth over our seven silent friends, covering them with stray bits of mud.

"In a second it is all over. Recovering they look around. At the end of the trench they see the visitor lying sideways, a moss tin still clutched in his hand."

"Got 'is?" comments one man, who has gone to turn him over.

"Why the hell wouldn't he stay where he belonged?"

"Callous? No doubt. But then, it happens every day. There must be some point beyond which emotion will refuse to reach."

"At least a third of the body's food should be fat. A man doing sedentary work requires three ounces of fat daily in some form."

"We are told that there is a famine in Germany, which, according to experts, is a more terrible thing than a famine in bread."

"The Other Extreme." In a North side family are two small boys, six and four.

"Unsinkable" Ships. With regard to unsinkable ships, says a writer in a London paper.

Shakespeare Mentioned Cambrai. The product to which Cambrai gave its name, for it was first manufactured there, is made in many other places now.

And, seated in an invalid chair, older, thinner, bearing signs of wretchedness, but with grateful glance for every movement of his kind-hearted helper, was her father!

The Last Sandpiper

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY

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Archie Lane tried to analyze the motives, inspiration and reasons that had prompted him to come to Bristow. It was one of the farthest north stations of the old Hudson Bay Fur company, a settlement nearly a hundred years old, and what it had been in the past country aged pioneers told him it was now.

"I shall become a free lance," he declared to her. "It may be a ranch, the mines, land preemption, oil, but I'm going to get the right start in life. I have faith in me, Nellie, but I'm coming back rich."

"Oh, rich or poor, what is it to me," broadly smiled Nellie. "So that you can come back?"

"Some fine day," dreamed on the arctic visionary. "I'll burst upon the town here, pockets full of money, heart packed with the old true love for you. Yes, I'll spin into the dead old burg in the best automobile cash will buy, painted blue, Nellie dear, the color of your lovely eyes."

Then the ranch, the mines and all the erratic program, and had luck everywhere. Then some one hinted at Camelia, and following one hazy lead after another, Archie had landed at Bristow.

"In the dusk he sat meditating, paying little attention to what was going on until he was attracted by the boisterous, flamboyant exuberance of a veteran trapper just returned from his trip north."

"Poor season, lads," reported this newcomer, pipe, bottle and companion ship lending a satirical glow to his rugged face.

"What was it at those words that caused Archie to start, then to grope nervously for a buzz, half obliterated memory? He listened no further to the narrator, but sat striving to analyze the terse, wry edge of a reminiscence."

"I've got it," he suddenly breathed, and arose to his feet and restlessly paced the floor until the old trapper had finished the recital of his adventures. Archie approached him.

"I heard you speak of a sandpiper."

"Oh, yes, funny thing, but I hadn't seen one before for over three years."

"What kind of a sandpiper was it?" pressed Archie.

"The genuine old spoonbill. Why, say twenty years ago they were thick as catfish, sort of died out. It was like meeting an old friend. Oh, yes, friend, indeed, for the critter saved my life."

"Do you suppose there are many still up around Mirror lake?"

"Oh, I was just reading about how scarce they had become," was Archie's old handed reply.

TO A PAIR OF GLOVES.

Just a little pair of gloves, Shorter than a worn pair, With the fingers neatly darned, Like they had been torn.

Just a little pair of gloves, Limp and quiet, folded up, Like their—soul—has died! Every finger seems to look Lonely and my hand Trembles as it touches them— Who can understand?

Just a little pair of gloves, When she tossed 'em there— Singin' like, she turned to go, Didn't have a care. Kissin' them? A prayer, a tear? An' my heart's right bow— Empty now.

Margaret E. Sanctor, Jr., in the People's Home Journal.

COULDN'T STUMP THIS MAN

Quack May Have Been Short on Medical Knowledge, But He Had Resources.

Stern was the glance which the coroner cast at the quack doctor who had just appeared in the witness box.

"And when you were called in," he asked, "what did you give the deceased?"

"Give—him?" "Well, I gave him Ipecacuanha."

"Indeed!" sneered the coroner. "And I suppose you know, sir, that in the man's condition you might just as well have given him the aurora borealis?"

"Quite so—quite so, sir," said the witness, blandly. "It is a pleasure to meet a man of medical education. That is exactly what I should have given him if he had not died!"

College Girls to Help Win War.

The example of the value of college girls in real farm work which was given last season by Vassar students is likely to prove catching.

"What Solomon Did Not Know." A romantic story comes from Syria. Coal deposits have been found on Mount Lebanon.

"Sorghum as a Meat Cure." Folks who like sugar-cured meat may save sugar and develop a sugary flavor by using sorghum.

"How Could She Tell?" One of the girl ushers in a Flatbush theater had a problem offered her the other evening.

"Grumbling Unfashionable." One of the results of these strenuous times in which we are living is that grumbling is going out of fashion.

"Or Second-Story Job." How—I saw that eminent reformer De Fuss running through the streets with a stepladder this morning.

"Practical Results." Hazel—Do you believe those Bill-kin idols bring good luck?

"Musik a Chinese Monopoly." Musik is one product of world commerce in which China practically enjoys a monopoly.

"Animal Cemetery." Probably the largest and best appointed animal cemetery in the world is that which still remains attached to the ruined summer palace in Peking.



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A Disappearing Island. At Lake Orion, in Michigan, there is a certain mysterious island which comes to the surface each summer, only to disappear again every winter.

Music's Effects. Children, the young and the vigorous are more resistant and find more pleasure in noises than do the older and less healthy.

Acts of Heroism Recognized. Twenty-four acts of heroism were recognized by the Carnegie hero fund commission in its fourteenth annual meeting.

Average Accidents. Women are always the first to be called upon wherever and whenever an accident occurs.

Be Fair With Children. Do not keep a list of your children's faults constantly before you, and do not, if you would be happy and at the same time make these little ones happy, elaborate upon their failings before company.

"K" in the Navy. Navy coon, which Princess Mary thought might be good to eat as chocolate, is known aboard ship as K.

Gone Forever. What has become of the o. f. woman who used to use her thumb nail to make pretty etchings on pound prints of butter, then sold the prints for nine cents a pound?

Baltic Sea. The Baltic sea gets its name from balteous (a belt), because the strait or entrance to it has always been called the "Belt."

Adam's Wrong Start. "Mamma," said Edith, "when the first man started to spell 'palm' with a 'p' why didn't he scratch it out and start over?"

Men and Needles. Some men are like rusty needles—the best way to clean and brighten them is with work.—Youth's Companion.

Worth While Quotation. "From the vast solitude of city streets the army of the 'Lonely Folk' is drawn."

Optimistic Thought. Honorable retreats are in no way inferior to brave careers.

New Southern Industry. The advantages of New Orleans as a port were emphasized in the opening of a cannery factory for the distribution of real green-sea turtles.

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