Her Lover

By MARCELLUS AFTON MEATH

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It would have frightened Norma White, had she known that someone was in love with her. She was eighteen and had never had a beau.

Yet there was a token of mystery in a circumstance that puzzled her, that set her thinking, and made her watchful. Norma and her aged aunt lived near the edge of the city and their necessities had compelled Norma to seek work. Half a mile distant was a factory devoted to the manufacture of leather, wood and light metal novelties. Norma had applied for a position. She was inexperienced but she felt sure that with time given she would develop speed in sorting out and making up packages.

"It's piece work and you get paid according to what you turn out," a fellow girl worker told Norma. "The only thing is you've got to reach a certain average. If you don't they won't keep you."

This statment worried Norma. She could not all at once master her task nor speed it up. In fact at the end of her fourth day Willis Thorpe, a young man who had charge of the department, came to her work table and gave her numerous little points as to facilitating progress.

He was a diffident unobtrusive person, but patient and encouraging. Norma felt that his interest in seeing her get along was genuine, but she was doleful and uncertain as the next day she found her progress not up to production standard.

"I do hope they don't discharge me till I have a fair trial," she told her aunt. "There is a certain proficiency in handling the work that don't come all at once to a person."

It was two days later that the mystery materialized. Norma came to work in the morning a trifle worried. It required as her portion of sorting the packages a minimum number she had failed to reach the day before, which was two hundred and fifty.

"They let Alice Wrenn go," one of the girls told Norma. "She kept running behind until the finishers couldn't get a supply and they've hired a faster hand," which intelligence daunted poor, anxious Norma. Then, as she sat down at her table to place the work of the day before in a large packing box, her eyes dilated.

"Three hundred," she counted and pronounced the enumeration with a puzzled gasp. "Why! I surely counted only two hundred packages last evening. What does it mean?"

She scanned the faces of the girls near her, seeking to identify her generous helper, but each worker was engrossed at her task. Then more puzzling still was the realization that the work must have been done after quitting time. At five o'clock everybody stopped work, except some of the department heads. The last of these to leave locked the big front door, slipped the key through a slot into the inside letter box and the night watchman in the morning unlocked the door for the first comer.

"Oh, Aunty, what good helpful souls there are in the world!" said Norma, when Saturday night came. "Every morning for over a week now I have found an addition to my packages of more than enough to make up the limit average. Isn't it lovely? I wish I knew who was showing me all this kindness."

It was two evenings after when John Ross, one of the owners of the factory, strolled past it, his daughter Elsa on his arm. He paused suddenly.

"That's strange," he ejaculated forcibly.

"What is it, papa?" asked his daughter.

"I certainly caught the glint of a light in the second work room. It can't be the watchman, for we noticed him at his usual post in the office section. There the light is coming into the other rooms. No one has right or occasion to enter the place after dark. It must mean mischief or theft. 'Stop right there, and who are you?' stentoriously demanded Mr. Ross as the door was opened, and a form stepped out, locked the door and slipped the key through the slot of the letter box.

The intruder carried a package under his arm and looked embarrassed at this unexpected challenge. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Ross, "it's Willis Thorpe. Whatever are you up to?"

Thorpe recovered his wonted wits and shifted the package he carried uneasily, with a nervous little laugh. "I'm caught, I see," he said, "but I'm not stealing anything. I've got some of the leather clips in this bundle taking them home to sort and bring back early in the morning all done, and truth is, Mr. Ross, there's a girl worker who needed and deserves encouragement. I've thought enough of her to do part of her work."

"But how did you get in the key?"

"I've used a magnet to draw it out through the slot," confessed Willis.

"Well, I declare," blurted out the astonished manufacturer.

"Oh, papa, what a sweet, delicious romance!" chimed in impressionable Elsa Ross, just engaged and alive with sentimental impulses. And she made Willis tell more of his strangely secret love making.

It was her mission to cultivate Norma and bring the two closer together, and papa saw to it that Willis got a better position and donated a handsome bonus in cash the day of the wedding.

THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER

Men of Science Baffled in Endeavors to Find the Real Root of All Languages.

The oldest languages known at the present time are the Sumerian, Babylonian (or Accadian) and the Egyptian. The earliest known inscriptions belong to about the fifth millennium B. C., but it is reasonable to assume that these were antedated by many different languages which had a great antiquity. The script of the Sumerian, Babylonian (or Accadian) and Assyrian was the cuneiform. Seldeen the language used generally was the dialect of Babylonia along the time of Belshazzar, is what we now know as the Aramaic language. Archeology has thrown no light on the subject of the confusion of tongues. Abraham very probably spoke the Aramaic, the language of Aram. In Canaan his descendants apparently used the language of the land, which it was that of the Ammonites. This is what we now know as Hebrew. It would seem that the Israelites retained while in Egypt the language familiar to them, but archeology has thrown no light upon the subject. Nothing has been discovered which can be determined as antediluvian. Babylonian legends mention several cities as existing before the flood, and Arabic tradition says Hiran was the first city that was rebuilt after the deluge, but archeology has offered no certain data as yet on the subject.

ONLY BIT OF RUINED WALL

All That Remains of Castle That Was the Birthplace of Scotland's Hero, Robert Bruce.

Turnberry castle, on the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland, now but a bit of ruined wall near the lighthouse, was the birthplace and early home of Robert Bruce, whose father and mother "combined in themselves the earldoms of Annandale and Carrick or royal lineage—the titles still being retained by the present royal family of the United Kingdom."

In ancient times this old castle was large and strong. In the early part of Bruce's career Turnberry was held by an English force. Bruce through a mistaken signal, came to take the old familiar place, though his men were many too few for the task. Disdaining to give it up, however, he kept up an irregular war, sometimes being driven to refuge in the mountains or even in the wilds of a distant loch.

At length he gathered together enough men to take Turnberry castle, which act was the beginning of his triumphant progress through Ayrshire and Stirlingshire, which finally ended with Bannockburn's tremendous victory.

It is hard to realize the oldtime importance of Turnberry, now that the visitor must search long before he can come across its few battered remains.

Food Quotas.

The man who works hard needs in a day 12 ounces of one or of a combination of the following: Meat, poultry, cheese, dried vegetables, fish or eggs. To vary the above he may count every glass of milk drunk equal to an ounce of any one of the others. The soldiers, either in home or military life must have four pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables in order to keep the bony structure in good condition. He will need the three-quarters of a cupful of fat (this includes butter, oil, the fat of meat eaten or any other fat in the daily diet) to keep him warm and to this group he must add one and one-fourth pounds of bread or cereal and finally, in order to complete the necessary amount of driving power, he must have two ounces of sugar or one-third of a cupful of strup.

Know Them by Their Laughter.

The far-seeing man with a sense of humor laughs in his throat in spasmodic little bursts. He looks before he leaps. He takes a good survey of a question before committing himself. Neither laughter nor speech escapes easily. He lets them out judiciously.

Those who laugh inside, shake their shoulders and go red in the face are generally a good-tempered sort, generous and a boxboard. But look round the corner when you see the man coming who swallows his laugh as though it would defile his lips. If he is your master he will sweat you; if your parent, he will bully you; if your husband he will make you miserable.

Insure Good Results.

If one is pressed for time a good showing can be made by keeping cool and quietly disposing of one task before beginning another. Hurry and excitement will hinder any cause. But the person who has mastered himself or herself—who remains calm under all circumstances—is the man or woman who does splendid work.

Learning to concentrate one's mind upon the duty at hand is, indeed, an effort worth while. Therefore, the girl or woman who would spare herself hours of needless worry or excitement should wisely keep her head—in other words, give her best attention to whatever task confronts her.

Small Request.

"Boss, would it hurt you much to separate yourself from a little coin?"

"Why, no. Here's a nickel. See! I give it to you cheerfully."

"Thanks, boss. De good book says it's more blessed to give than to receive. Judging from de way you look in' de way I feel I guess de good book right."

WHY

Gunner's Name Was Given to New Destroyer

Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, stirred an enthusiastic audience at Baltimore when he said that the last official paper to which he appended his signature before leaving Washington was an order naming the latest destroyed the Ingram—not in memory of an admiral, a general, or a citizen of official well known throughout the nation, but in memory of a gunner's mate, first class, who paid the supreme sacrifice to save his ship.

"We have scores of destroyers named for great admirals and brave officers who gave glory to the navy," he said, "but I am glad to add to the illustrious list this 'gunner's mate first class,' in bestowing the name of Ingram on a new destroyer, which is destined to avenge his murder.

"There is no rank in sacrifice. Yesterday Osmond Ingram was one of thousands of young sailors who responded to the call of the sea when their country needed them. Today he lives in our grateful appreciation to morrow he will live in the invincible destroyer which will bear his name."

AND GETS AWAY WITH IT

How Good Natured, Affable Borrower Makes Victims of a Wide Circle of Neighbors.

She can't help it you know. She was just born that way. And oh what a wonderful crop of healthy irritation she manages to raise in every street that is honored with her presence. Such an affable, good-natured creature too you could not possibly have the heart to refuse her.

"Oh say I'm real sorry to trouble you, but could you let me have a bit of coffee? I've run clean out. And, do you know, I must have missed the baker; there isn't a scrap of bread in the house."

"I wonder if you'd mind lending me one of your big tablecloths. I'm expecting company tonight and mine are all too small. It's real kind of you, I'm sure. I haven't got any of those lace doilies that look so neat under the cookies. I suppose you couldn't—well, now, that's awful sweet of you."

"Our lawn mower got left out in the rain and now it won't cut at all. Might we borrow your fine new one? And maybe you wouldn't mind lending me the house the children do cut ours up so. I'm real grateful, I'm sure."

"John is taking me to the opera tonight and I'm just sick because I haven't an evening cloak. Would you think it was awful cheeky of me if I asked will you are kind. Oh what a sweet feather boa! I always wanted a feather boa more than anything; they look real smart with an evening dress. This one about matches my gown. Oh would you really?"

And she returns you the wrong kind of coffee, an odorous make of bread, your tablecloth with fruit stains your lace doilies torn, your lawn mower out of order and your cloak indelibly soiled. We have all met the dear, affable soul and would not hurt her feelings for worlds.—Los Angeles Times Magazine.

How Airplanes Are Caught.

Steel nets slung between kite balloons to entangle allied airplanes on night raids are now being used by the Germans, according to Aeronautics (London). As a matter of fact—"the idea is not so fantastic as may appear at first sight. A net of thin gauze piano wire, very widely spaced, would prove quite an effective barrier against an airplane, since a single wire wrapping itself around the propeller would suffice to place the machine out of action. In addition, small balloons carrying a small charge of high explosive are stated to be dotted at intervals about the net. A net of this description, though it cannot, of course, be spread at any great altitude, may nevertheless serve a good purpose by compelling raiding craft to remain at a fairly high level, thereby impairing their aim."

How Soldiers Carry Stoves.

The tiny Japanese stove, known as kwairo, designed for the pocket or for bed use, is said to have done much to lessen the winter sufferings of Russian soldiers since the war began.

It is described as resembling a metal cigar case. Its fuel, invented about a third of a century ago and variously improved, is made in hard or soft sausage-like rolls, one of which burns for three hours, giving sufficient heat to relieve freezing or benumbed parts of the body.

The fuel is made from such substances as hemp stalks, mulberry, nut rinds or corncobs mixed with a vegetable oil. The best is prepared from fiber freed hemp stalks, reduced to charcoal in a covered pit, ground, mixed in paste with a kind of tree leaf, molded and dried in the sun and inclosed in a special paper.

How Paper Is Made From Bamboo.

One of the largest publishing houses in Scotland has already taken steps to secure a supply of paper made from bamboo. It has planted about 1,000 acres in the island of Trinidad and obtained a concession to cut bamboo in the government owned forests.

Bamboo grows so rapidly that with in three or four years it is suitable for papermaking. The firm's experts have designed a machine that mashes and shreds the cane and eliminates the knots, and have found a bleach that removes the yellowish green tint that has hitherto been considered a drawback to paper made from bamboo.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Work, forgetting all responsibility of time, appreciation or censure, enjoy it or make believe you do and in time you really will. Somebody has said the thing which is needed most in everyday life is imagination, the little child has a happy time in "making believe." Never get too old to "make believe."

FAVORITE DISHES.

Sour cream makes a most delicious white sauce to serve with codfish or with any fish. Care should be taken not to over cook it.

Spiced Tongue.—Take a fresh calf's tongue, put it in to boiling water and let it simmer for two hours or long enough to loosen the skin easily. Put four tablespoonfuls of butter in to a saucepan and when hot add a cupful of small onions, one red pepper, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar, two small carrots chopped, one half pound each of dates and raisins, well chopped, then add a pint of the liquor in which the tongue was cooked and simmer one hour. Remove the tongue, thicken the sauce and pour around the tongue when serving.

Scrambled eggs served with half a cupful of grated cheese which is just allowed to melt is a most appetizing supper dish.

Stuffed Onions.—Parboil good-sized onions and stuff the centers, chopping the portion removed; add egg, a little flour, a clove of garlic chopped, a half-cupful of grated cheese, butter, salt and pepper. Mix well and fill with the well-blended mixture. Bake until thoroughly cooked.

Salmon Sandwich Filling.—Take a can of salmon, removing the bones and skin, and put it through a sieve; add to it two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or substitute, a saltspoon of mace and a dash or two of cayenne. Mix the paste very thoroughly and press it into small glasses, pour over a layer of melted fat and keep in a cool place. Nice for Sunday night lunch. A chopped pickle may be added when using the paste to give zest to it as well as variety.

Peanut and Rice Loaf.—Take a cupful each of ground peanuts, fresh and crisp; tomato, strained bread crumbs, and cooked rice with salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Mix all together and steam one hour. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. This is a fine meat substitute.

Nellie Maxwell

THE KITCHEN CABINET

After a day of cloud and wind and rain,
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And flooding all the darksome woods with light,
Smites on the fields until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.
—Longfellow.

LET US PLAN.

The women of our country are divided into two classes today—not the loyal and disloyal, for the great majority of our American women are keenly loyal. No woman who reads and thinks can be otherwise; but the two classes are the small number of women who need not worry because of expense, and the great number who must count every penny to make ends meet.

The woman who must watch her purse closely, that her family is well and economically fed, is she who must study food values, attend every lecture on foods where she may gain new ideas or inspiration. We are confused very often in our judgments of food values by taking this or that food and learning its nutritive value, but forgetting that different foods act upon each other in the digestive process, thus producing a more highly nutritive food than either taken separately. There will always be something lacking in substituting one food for another. Rice and potatoes cannot take the place of wheat, yet by adding a variety of foods to our diet the health of the body as well as its growth may be kept up with no wheat at all.

The housewife who must consider cost, with food substitutes, is the housewife who needs to study, and over 80 per cent of our American women are in that class.

When a butter substitute is used on the table see that the family has plenty of egg yolk and green vegetables to supply the growth determinant found in butter. If is better, where possible, to serve butter to the growing child and economize in some other way.

We are apt to feel that eggs used in foods can be saved, thus cutting down expense; but every egg added to corn bread, griddle cakes, cake or pudding adds just that much more food value to the dish.

Nellie Maxwell

HOW MUCH NERVE HAS TO DO WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE FLYERS.

In speaking recently regarding the medical aspect of flying, Sir Watson Cheyne, the famous English doctor, among other interesting things states: "An important thing is the necessity of having true binocular vision, especially when traveling at a great speed, and of having a very rapid connection between the sight and the action; in fact, in selecting pilots, one of the most important points to ascertain is, whether the binocular vision is good, and also the time it takes between the aviator seeing and taking action. Very often it has been discovered that one eye is not used at all. Many people are going about with one eye and are not using the binocular vision; that is an extremely dangerous thing. You could not allow a man to enter the air service unless you found he had proper binocular vision; otherwise he would kill himself and smash his machine." The statement, it is held by some, is a fallacy. The possession of nerve has more to do with the success of an aviator than mere physical strength or keen vision. Many first-class pilots have had sight and one at least has but one eye.—Scientific American.

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER'

Why Snappy Phrase Coined by American Captain Has Been Rendered Practically Immortal.

There are few phrases more deeply imbedded in the language of the people than "Blood is thicker than water." The man who coined it has just had a destroyer of the navy named after him—Captain Josiah Tatnall. Consequently, the Tatnall will always recall the phrase as much as the man who first used it. The story of the origin of the phrase is an old one and need not be repeated. One reflects, however, that phrase making in itself is by no means an exceptional gift enjoyed only by people of high station. Many humble folks are very clever at saying things pithily. An occasion of sufficient moment is necessary to enable a phrase to catch the public ear and usually such an occasion is the opportunity only of persons of high or temporarily important station. Captain Tatnall had one fleeting chance to say a great thing at the right moment, and so he enriched the language for all time.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Why They Were Laughing.

While the residents of the riverside, in the neighborhood of Claremont, were talking of the daylight-saving edict one day, and asked one another seriously if it would be really and truly patriotic to go for the morning canter on the bridle path an hour earlier, some one noticed a little group of persons, evidently from out of town, standing around a lamp post near the approach of Grant's tomb and inspecting the post rather curiously. "Now, I wonder what they can be looking at, or looking for?" asked one of the habitues of the Claremont, a woman in riding habit, who had just returned from her recreation. Her companion took out his watch and observed that it was exactly 25 minutes to noon. "Yes," said the horsewoman, "25 minutes to 12, you are right with the clock in the cupola of the ferry house. But what has that to do with these people?" "Nothing unusual about this," said she laughing, "but it explains the strange conduct of these people. No doubt they are wondering how we do it and why we do it."—New York Times.

Why Celluloid Collar Is Back.

It has remained for the drastic need of war economy to bring the celluloid collar to a high degree of serviceability and good looks. A flexible, fine cotton fabric collar, so treated with a celluloid preparation as to look exactly like the standard linen and whose life is from one to two months, has been produced.

This collar may be worn all day, dipped in hot or cold water at night, cleaned with a damp towel and quickly dried, ready to be worn the next morning, as fresh and white as the day it came out of the collar box.

The insistent demand from army and navy officers for a dress collar which will have a dull, refined fabric finish of linen and yet stand unflinchingly under war service on parade, in automobiles and in the trenches, has made such collars popular.

How Londoners Act in Fog.

In one of the densest fogs ever experienced in the suburbs of London a number of accidents and strange adventures were reported. In one case a woman walked into the river at Richmond, where she was employed, while trying to find her way to the street car station. Here cries were heard by a wounded sergeant in the South African forces, who pluckily jumped in and rescued her. With nightfall the confusion to traffic became very serious. Many persons alighting from street cars formed "fog queues," and headed by some one with a lighted candle or torch started to walk to their destination. Thousands of persons were obliged to proceed to their homes on foot; many lost their way, and eventually found shelter at police stations.—London Telegraph.

Had Her Way.

Patience—So Peggy's engaged to Paul at last?

Patrice—Sure. She's landed him.

"You know she always would have her own way."

"But will she now?"

"Of course, she will. He asked her to name the day, and she wouldn't do it. She insisted that the ceremony should be performed at night."

Self-Help.

"Don't you hate a man who insists on being waited on instead of doing things for himself?" asked one woman.

"No," answered the other. "Our home would be much happier if my husband didn't get the lights and the doorbell all mixed up owing to his impression that he is a natural-born electrician."

An Expert.

Mr. Shears (in a jeweler's shop buying diamonds)—I wish my husband were here.

Jeweler—Is he an authority on diamonds, madam?

Mrs. Shears—Not exactly; he is an editor, and knows paste whenever he sees it.—Pearson's.

A Tempting Morsel.

"My, what a beautiful lion tamer!"

"A stunning creature."

"The lions show almost human intelligence."

"How is that?"

"They eye her as if they thought she looked good enough to eat."

The Reel Thing.

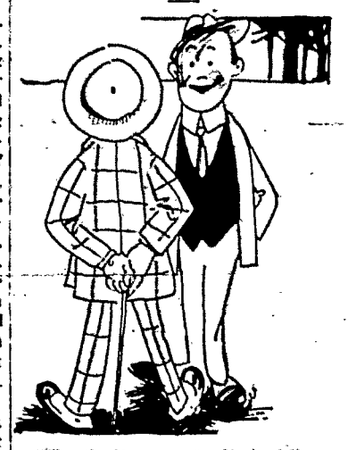
Patience—Who's the guy I see with you at the movies every week?

Patrice—Isn't he the "goods," though?

"He's not so bad. But, tell me, who is he?"

"Why, he's my reel steady."

MORE COMING.



"The fools are not all dead."

"That isn't the worst of it; they aren't all born yet."

Christening the Baby.

Brown has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter;
Brown named her "Oleomargarine,"
For he hadn't any but Her.

He Knew.

The Foreigner—You-aw-don't recognize titles of nobility in this country?

The Rich American—Oh! yes, we do. The women folks can quote their market value offhand and call 'em by their first names.

Quite Modern.

"I got tired of his electrocuting around."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is more up-to-date than to say that he is hanging around."

Cruel World.

Dubber—How did he lose his hearing?

Gubber—Somebody made the remark that money talks and he tried to hear it even whisper.

From Experience.

"Why do you say Harold is of an ungenerous nature?"

"Because he is the only man I was ever engaged to who insisted on getting back his ring."

No Greek for Him.

"Do you admire the classics?"

"No," answered Uncle Lowbrow. "When it comes to dancin' gimme an old-fashioned 'clog.'"

Continuous.

"They used to stop a battle for breakfast."

"Now they don't even halt for the Saturday night bath."

Greased.

"The trouble with you is that you don't seize your opportunities."

"Oh, I grab at 'em fast enough, but darn 'em, they're greased."