# The Beloved One

By JASPER WRIGHT MARLOWE

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Whenever Miss Aida Worth visited the law office of Wade Guthrie she exhibited a hauteur and mandatory incivility that cut the young attorney to the quick. Not that he cared for the young lady in the least, but it hurt his sensitive nature to realize how faithful he had been to the interests of the imperious beauty and how unappreciated were his efforts.

There was a manifest contempt on her part, a certain latent threat in her cold glance, as though she knew something of his past. Her younger sister, Jessica, was quite the reverse. She had never forgotten the day when her father died. As she leaned over him to kiss him, he said solemnly:

"My child, it has been necessary to leave Wade Guthrie with full power to manage my estate. Trust him implicitly. He is a man among men, and our family owes to him lasting respect and gratitude."

More than once Jessica had remonstrated with her sister for her treatment of Wade Guthrie. "He is the hired servant of our father," Aida said, indifferently. "Besides—" but there she paused and failed to enlighten Jessica as to what further was in her mind. Now, Aida was about to marry, and her money exactions from the estate had become extensive. She flounced into the office of Guthrie one afternoon, a red spot on either cheek, an angry expression in her eyes.

"I sent for some money yesterday," she began, stormily.

"Yes, Miss Worth," responded Wade, "and I very much regret that I could not supply it."

"Could not supply it?" repeated Aida, contemptuously. "You perhaps forget that the estate you handle for my father is the property of myself and my sister."

"Miss Worth," spoke Wade, gravely, "you have forced a crisis that I have hoped to avoid. Not only has the estate exhausted all of its present ready cash, but is in debt, and only by the most rigid economy and careful management can we be able to carry it to a point where it will pay out."

Miss Worth grew white to the lips, but with anger, suspicion and resentment.

"Mr. Guthrie," she said, "it is your business to have money on hand. You will either get me what I require or I shall secure another lawyer, go to court and demand an accounting of the affairs of the estate."

Now he, too, had a bloodless face.

"I beg of you not to do that," he said. "As to resigning my trust and making a full private accounting you have only to send me your lawyer."

"You are trying to avoid the direct issue," snapped out Aida, "but I shall force you to the wall and expose you."

"You will expose me?" repeated Guthrie, vaguely.

"Yes. I know your position precisely. I know that you are an ex-convict upon whom my father took pity. Why a man of his judgment was swayed to place his estate in your charge I cannot imagine."

Wade Guthrie gripped his hands and set his face in a rigid mask. The deadly insult of the moment, the envenomed fury of his client stirred him to the depths.

"But for your sister, whose interests must not be imperiled by your rash act," he responded, "I would summarily go into court and surrender my charge of the estate. As it is, you will please send me your legal representative and I will satisfy him."

It was a remarkable story which Wade Guthrie recited to the new confidential advisor of Aida Worth. It told of how he had for three years made up for a continuous deficiency in the estate income. His own money had gone to cater to the expensive caprices of the elder sister. There was no promise whatever of the estate paying out unless collection could be made of a decidedly desperate claim.

"For the sake of Miss Jessica Worth," said Guthrie, "I am willing to continue to bear the burden of maintaining the estate. I will give her sister five thousand dollars to relinquish her claim to the estate, out of my own means."

Aida accepted the tender. She married. Then it became the one impelling motive of Wade Guthrie's life to see that the interests of Jessica Worth were cared for. He saw her rarely, because he loved her, little knowing that she esteemed him as her true and nearest friend.

The desperate claim unexpectedly paid out. Just after that Jessica came to his office one day in a state of considerable agitation.

"Mr. Guthrie," she said, tremulously, "my sister had more than once hinted to me of a certain dark passage in your past life. Today I found among my father's papers a letter that enlightened me. To save my dead brother from the penalty of a crime you assumed his guilt and took his sentence. Oh, that you should have borne the contumely! Oh, how base the ingratitude of my sister!"

Her eyes were suffused with tears. Her hands, placed in his, remained there. Wade Guthrie had kept silence through the years. He maintained it now.

But Jessica Worth understood and, understanding, venerated him, loved him. He knew it soon, and all his loyalty and self-sacrifice were rewarded at last.

### John Harvard's History Traced.

Until modern times, says the London Graphic, John Harvard was "the Melchizedek of New England." He was "without father, without mother without descent." So profound was the ignorance concerning the founder of America's first and greatest university, that an offer of a princely reward for "five lines of definite information" about him went unclaimed. Gradually, however, the labors of various industrious investigators bore fruit until today John Harvard is a real figure of American history, whose footprints on English soil are clearly legible.

### The Papyrus Plant.

In the story told by Mrs. Williams mention is made of papyrus, which was called "papu" in the time when the mummy of her story lived. From that word came the Greek "papuros" and our English word "paper." The historian Herodotus called it "biblos" and from this the old Greeks got a word "biblion," meaning a book, which we have carried on into our "Bible." Go to a good dictionary and you will find a long list of words beginning with "biblio" and they are all connected with books.

### In Advance of His Age.

The name of Bacon has been surrounded in England by legendary tales of black magic and witchcraft. There are songs about him, and he has always been a figure of mystery even to his modern interpreters. "Friar Wizard," as he was called, knew too much for his age. He wrote extensive studies on the construction of telescopes. The first mention of gunpowder is found in his books, and it was he who suggested its use for purposes of warfare.

### Shorthand in Chinese.

The inventor of the system of shorthand established in China, must be nothing less than a genius. The language has no written vowels and consonants, and one syllable, spoken in as many as nine different tones, has as many meanings. In spite of these difficulties, the new system permits a speed of 140 words a minute. Schools for teaching shorthand are being established in various parts of the country.

### The Slacker's Load.

"De bigges' load some folks has got ter carry," observed Brother Williams, "is a grip full of excuses for gittin out o' doin' de right thing at de right time. For instance, ef it's wood cuttin day, dey ain't got no ax; an' ef dey got a ax, dey ain't no grindstone ter sharpen it, an' ef de grindstone's dar, de well's gone dry an' dey's no water ter wet it."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Garrison Flag.

The garrison flag of the United States army is made of bunting, with 36 feet fly and 20 feet hoist. 13 stripes and in the upper quarter next the staff is the field or "union" of stars equal to the number of states, on blue field, over one-third length of flag, extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top.

### Islanders Once Pirates.

Recent archaeological researches in the Virgin Islands, formerly the Danish West Indies and now belonging to the United States, indicate that the ancient Indian inhabitants of the islands were pirates who made long voyages in their canoes in search of loot.

### The Bible in Strange Tongues.

The British and Foreign Bible society has translated the Bible into all sorts of foreign tongues and dialects. You could read a British and foreign Bible in a different tongue every day for sixteen and a half months before exhausting the list.—London Mail.

### Daily Thought.

Many men build as cathedrals were built: the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets, and the spires, forever incomplete.—Henry Ward Beecher.

### Common Fallacy.

"Dar is always a dangerous temptation," said Uncle Eben, "to suspect dat a man is takin' life easy if he doesn't happen to be doin' de same kind o' hard work you is."

### Oh, Dear, No!

No, Maude, dear, just because a deaf mute talks with his hands is no reason why he should drown his sorrows in the finger bowl.—Philadelphia Record.

### No Need to Be Too Hasty.

Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast on you. Let them alone for a while and then, like mud on your clothes, they will rub off of themselves.—Murray.

### In the Library.

"Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—Boston Transcript.

### Daily Thought.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.—C. C. Colton.

# Do Dreams Come True?

By VINCENT G. PERRY

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Marcia Herns picked up the silk gown before her and gazed at it longingly before she folded it and put it in the delivery box. Would such a gown ever be hers? Not for a long, long time, if ever—the thought caused her to sigh wistfully. Would any of her dreams ever come true? She had dreamed of so many things and had had so many castles in the air, but none of them had come true. She wondered whether such a gown would be hers? To make sure she removed it from the box and held it to her shoulders. She was still admiring it when a step behind her caused her to look up. It was Madame Wanda the proprietress of the establishment.

"You will please put that gown in its box and deliver it at once, Miss Herns," Madame Wanda said tersely.

"It was such a pretty gown I could not help admiring it," Marcia apologized. She noticed the address on the box and smiled faintly. There was a long walk before her, but it would be a welcome change from the close confinement of the modiste's shops. As she was passing out Marcia could not help glancing in the long mirror. She was shabby—she could not but admit it.

Her Avowal of No Avail

Still her rosy cheeks, pretty mouth, large eyes and dark curls that peeped from under her turban gave her an appearance of refinement that somehow she felt, despite her position in life.

"I'll show her some day," she breathed to herself, as she saw her employer glaring at her.

It happened so suddenly that Marcia hardly knew just what had happened. She was walking with the box and its precious burden under her arm, pretending that she was one of the grand ladies who patronized Madame Wanda's taking her own dress home to be admired by the handsome young husband who had so willingly made out a check for the enormous sum that it had cost. He would be a handsome husband—like whom? Why, the mayor, of course. She would be the mayor's wife, the handsome young mayor who had just been elected, and whose picture had appeared in every magazine and paper—but did the mayor have a wife? It didn't really matter. Probably, she thought, a handsome man like him would certainly have a wife. Then it happened. The box was snatched from under her arm. She caught a glimpse of a big man jumping into an automobile and hiding his face behind her box. She was so dismayed that she did not notice the crowd of people until they closed in on her and then she was pushed on with them. They were nearly all laughing and shouting, but she could not understand what had caused it all. When she managed to break away from them, over a block from where the parcel had been snatched, the automobile had disappeared. She did not know what to do at first, but then decided to return and have madame notify the police.

No sooner had Madame Wanda heard her story than she flew into a rage. "You have stolen that gown, you little thief!" she shrieked. "I will have you arrested. Who will believe your story? It is ridiculous! You were contemplating stealing that gown before you went out, and I caught you at it. Two hundred dollars is lost by your treachery."

Marcia's avowal of innocence was of no avail. Events happened with such a whirl that after that she hardly knew what was happening, until she found herself confined in a prison cell. At first she could not understand the seriousness of the position in which she had been placed. When she did realize it, however, she did not feel depressed. What was the best thing to do, she wondered. Why hadn't she called a policeman when the robbery had been committed? If it had not been for the crowd she would have thought of that. What was the crowd doing there at that time of day? It had happened just in front of the big buildings, and that was the day the mayor was to take his oath of office. That was it—the crowd was waiting for the mayor to appear. How foolish she had been not to have realized it before!

What if the mayor had been looking from a window and seen the man snatch the box from under her arm! Wouldn't it be splendid to have him come to her rescue and tell Madame Wanda and the policemen that the story she had told them was true! The slight prospect of such an unlikely thing comforted her. At every new arrival in the corridor she looked up to see if it were he. When evening came and he had not appeared, her spirits still kept up. She was just dozing off to sleep when she heard Madame Wanda's voice. There was a man's voice, too. As they drew near her cell her heart beat rapidly. Had the mayor come? But it was not the mayor. It was just the night sergeant, who unlocked the door and told her she was free.

"It is in the paper," Madame Wanda started to explain. "The man who snatched your parcel was none other than the mayor, trying to hide his face from the eager camera men. Here is the picture of it."

Marcia grabbed the paper from her hands and looked at the picture on the front page. "Mayor Eludes Camera Men" was the heading. There he was, just getting into the automobile with the box hiding his face, and there she was standing on the sidewalk with a look on her face that reminded her of the way she felt when it occurred.

"I knew the mayor would save me," Marcia cried joyfully. Madame Wanda looked at her wonderingly, and the sergeant chuckled.

That evening found Mayor Charles Mason in his own apartment for the first evening in weeks. The paper before him was causing him a great deal of unrest.

"I never saw such a frightened look on a girl's face in my life," he said to himself. "What a cad I was to think only of myself and my desire to keep my picture out of the paper, for one edition at least. I wonder what was in the box?" He secured the box and examined the contents. That troubled him more than ever. "What if this girl has been accused of theft, lost her position or been arrested?" he went on, as he walked up and down the room. His servant interrupted him by announcing a caller.

Marcia entered the room, her cheeks glowing. "I have come for the dress," she began, "and I want to thank you for getting me out of jail."

He recognized her at once. "You weren't arrested?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, I was, but I didn't mind a bit," she answered. "It was just a little adventure, and an adventure is a rare thing in the life of a seamstress."

After he had offered a score of apologies and explained the reason for his unseemly action, he handed Marcia the box.

"You have opened it," she said. "Isn't this a delightful gown?"

"I haven't seen much of it," he confessed.

She took it out and held it up for his inspection. "My, I adore it," she said. "And I'd love to be the woman who owns it. I was pretending that I was, when you took it yesterday. Maybe I will be able to offer an same day for I finish my night course at the business college this month. Stenographers make good wages, don't they?"

After she had gone, Charles Mason sat back in his chair and laughed softly. What a trusting sweet little girl she was, he thought. His life had been such a busy one, he had spent so much time making a success and reaching the place that he had attained that he had never thought of marrying before, but now, as he sat there a desire grew in his heart for some one to share his honors with him. Wouldn't the girl that had just left him make just the kind of wife a busy man like him needed—some one with a sweet smile and a trusting heart?

A week later an official looking letter came to Marcia. She opened it eagerly.

"I've got a position as secretary in the mayor's office," she announced excitedly to the other girls. "No more hard times for me."

When she was leaving at the end of the week Madame Wanda presented her with a beautiful gown.

"It is a present from the mayor to repay you for the inconvenience he put you to," madame explained.

"It is just like the one I liked so much," she explained. "Isn't it wonderful to have a mayor for a friend, even though I had to be arrested to find him? My dreams all seem to be coming true at once."

### Hard and Soft Water.

The difference between hard and soft water consists in that hard water contains certain salts that are not contained at all or in very small quantities in soft water. These are almost always calcium or magnesium salts, extracted from the earth through which the water has passed. It is, therefore, easy to understand why they are not contained in rain water, which is formed by the aqueous vapor more or less contained in the air.

When soap is employed with hard water there is produced a chemical transformation in which the soap is changed into a substance that does not dissolve in water, while soap used with soft water produces a substance that dissolves in water and gives an excellent lather, and is, therefore, good to wash with. Hard water can be distinguished from soft water by an examination with a soap solution.

### An Instance.

"The language of flowers is very eloquent."

"Especially when the sentiment of love is conveyed by a pair of pressed two lips."

### Africa's Big Population.

Nearly one-fourth of the earth's land surface is comprised within the continent of Africa, and it is as far around the coast of Africa as it is around the world. Every eighth person of the world's population lives in the Dark Continent. The blacks double their number every 40 years and the whites every 80 years. There are 843 languages and dialects spoken among the blacks of Africa, but only a few of them written. One area in Africa unoccupied by missionaries is three times the size of Ohio. Throughout Africa there is one missionary for every 133,000 souls.

### About Dyes.

In 1863, an Englishman by the name of Lightfoot produced aniline black; and in 1873, the first sulphur dye was discovered by Croissant and Brittonpiere of France. In connection with the development of dyestuffs it should be recorded that to a French chemist is due the modern method of the preparation of the excellent bright yellow dye for animal fibers. Another quality which this dye possesses, is that it may be used for the detection of hemp, flax and cotton in woolen goods, inasmuch as it does not color vegetable fibers.

### Never Give Up.

No matter how old you are you should never give up trying to better your best. The spirit to give up is by far a greater foe than years. When you think right and aim to materialize your thoughts it's wonderful what you can do. So root out the craven ideas of life and keep your eyes turned westward. Forget your years and tackle the young man's task. What you lack in freshness you will make up in good judgment. What you need is the attempt. Only when you make the effort will you really learn what's in you.—Pennsylvania Grit.

### Honorary Army Promotion.

Brevet is a French word, meaning commission or warrant. In military usage it gives an officer higher nominal rank than the one for which he receives pay. It is an honorary promotion. The first time it was used in the United States army was in 1812 when Capt. Zachary Taylor, who afterward became president, was made major by brevet for his brave defense of Fort Harrison against the Indians, near Terre Haute.

### Beware of Gathering Rust.

Any machine, neglected and left standing idle, soon gathers rust. As the rust accumulates it exercises a corrosive action. It eats into part after part of the machine, which presently is good for nothing. Had it been regularly used that piece of machinery would have lasted much longer. Idleness has been its destruction. So is it with the human machine.—Exchange.

### Snore the Last.

When the 7.38 train for Philadelphia pulled into the quaint old station at Lancaster on Friday morning a New York drummer who stood waiting to take it smiled a wide and cheerful smile at sound of the conductor's announcement: "Philadelphia train! Gap the first stop."—Evening Public Ledger.

### Phonograph in India.

The universality of the phonograph is much in evidence in India, especially in the centers of population. Talking machines are very largely used in Madras among those who have means to buy, beyond the bare necessaries, certain comforts or luxuries which cost only a moderate amount.

### Tack Window Shades.

When the window shade falls off the rod take a shoe string, or any kind of strong tape and put the tack through it. No matter if the children pull on it or the spring breaks, it will not tear off again.

### New Detachable Handle.

In the belief that a thief will be less likely to steal hand baggage that has no handle upon it, an inventor has patented a detachable handle for suit cases.

### Convincing "Arguffers."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is such smart arguffers dat dey kin almost make you go back on somethin' you does understand an' believe somethin' you doesn't."

### Grand Old Man of Liberty.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., was the signer of the Declaration of Independence who lived longest after July 4, 1776. He survived until November 13, 1832.

### The Pope's Chair.

What is said to be the most expensive chair in the world belongs to the pope; it is of solid silver, and is said to have cost $90,000.

### Bee Hives Always in Demand.

In some parts of northern Arabia the hills are so well stocked with bees that no sooner are hives placed than they are occupied.

### Optimistic Thought.

Riches do not exhilarate so much with their possession as they torment with their loss.

# The Scrap Book

## STRUCK FANCY OF EDITOR

### Angry Poet Fortunate That in Epigram He Had Something of Commercial Value.

The other day we printed a little anecdote about a holdup man and a humorist. Before the story was in type the following companion piece had arrived in the office. We figure that Eldi (the author of this one) and the editor of this column must have been stricken with the same idea at the same moment. Eldi's yarn is much better than our own. Behold it:

The poet finished his poem, had his cousin, who was a stenographer, copy it, put it into his pocket and went to see the editor.

"I have some verses here that I wish to sell you. I will read them to you." And he did.

"How much do you want?" asked the editor.

"The poem is worth fifty dollars," replied the poet. "I am in need of some small change. You may take it for five."

The editor expectorated meditatively. "I wouldn't give you fifty cents for it," he said.

Up rose the poet in a rage. His movement toward the door was rapid but dignified. There he turned and snarled: "You can conduct a jackass to the Pierian springs, but you can't make him imbibe!"

"Hey! Wait a minute!" yelled the editor. "Here's five for your epigram!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Big Plant to Build Destroyers.

The new plant of the Fore River Shipbuilding corporation, located a few miles south of Boston, will be the greatest destroyer plant in the world, and will be ready for work early in 1918. There will be a large number of small destroyer shops and the necessary manufacturing buildings, the latter having an aggregate floor space of more than 2,000,000 square feet. After the completion of the plant the program calls for delivery by the Fore River corporation within two years of at least 46 destroyers. These will cost $1,500,000 each, or a total of $69,000,000. In addition to the main plant outside of Boston there will be erected a $2,500,000 turbine plant at Buffalo, and another $1,500,000 plant in Providence, R. I. The equipment from these plants will be shipped to Fore River for installment on destroyers as soon as completed.—Marine Journal.

### Culled Oranges Used for Fuel.

Lindsay (Cal.) orchard owners are doing their part in conservation of fuel, culled oranges having been found valuable for heating purposes. The oranges are allowed to dry out thoroughly between the rows of trees in the orchards and then are collected in picking boxes. They made an exceptionally hot fire, due to the large amount of oil in the rinds.

Culled oranges are worthless for any purpose, and even plowing them under in the orchard has been found a bad practice. Their use for fuel, therefore, not only disposes of the culls, but results in a saving of wood or coal.

### Oh, Yes, You Can!

The famous explorer was describing a harrowing adventure that had befallen him.

"I peered into the jungle," he said, "and there before me lay a trunkless body."

"Here, what are you talking about?" snarled a rival explorer. "Who ever heard of a trunkless body?"

"My friend," the first speaker answered, calmly, "this body was that of an elephant!"

### Habit of Appreciation.

The habit of appreciation does more to make the possessor popular than almost any quality that can be named. You do not need to envy the pretty girl who cannot even peel potatoes without making a charming picture of herself, or the witty girl who can talk on almost any subject, and make herself entertaining, provided you have learned both to feel appreciation and to show it.—Girl's Companion.

### Where We Are Living.

"Don't you know we're living on the edge of a volcano?" exclaimed the serious citizen.

"Maybe we are," replied the shivering one; "but it feels more like an iceberg to me."

### Words Unnecessary.

"Do you believe in telepathy?"

"Yes. As soon as I phone the coal man he knows what I am going to ask him for and I know what his answer is going to be."

### Charity.

Wife—So you lent my sister Belle's husband $100? And why?

Husband—Oh, just out of sympathy; he wanted to get a divorce with it.

### Up-to-Date.

Miss Chance—I hear you are engaged to Lord De Broke.

Miss Millyuns—Not exactly, but papa has an option on him.