

AND IT HAPPENED!

By HELEN R. RYAN.

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Our smoothly running, efficient office was in the grip of romance—youthful, exuberant, rose-colored romance—and it was most disconcerting. There was Virginia, quite the life and fun of the place (when the president's back was turned), leaving us to join her young husband, who had just been given a commission and was stationed somewhere on the coast.

Then there was Blanche Hodgkins, our capable and always dependable head bookkeeper, who was soon to follow Virginia's bridal footsteps. We had some wonderful lunch hours together, Blanche and I.

Ned Sullivan had passed in his resignation and was going to an aviation detachment down south somewhere and little Mac Clement told me in strictest confidence that they had lately become engaged.

Nell and Joe, who though really in love with each other, were always "falling out," had made up and life was like a sweet love song again for them.

Even our middle-aged collector, who was twice a widower, had signified his intentions of marrying his landlady.

Romance, romance everywhere! But not a breath of it touched my life.

Here was I, Nora Monahan, first assistant to the president, around whom nearly everything had always revolved, outside the pale of it all!

Just then Mr. Magione, the president of the firm, came out and stood by my desk.

"Much work, Miss Monahan?" he inquired with his usual brevity.

"Why, yes, I'm really swamped," I confessed.

Of course he had to come out at the precise minute when I wasn't occupying myself. That always happens to me. I might be working like a Trojan all morning and stop for just a second's hilarity—and get caught. The others, for instance, have all the fun they want when "the cat's away," and when he appears on the scene everything is serene and quiet.

"No wonder," he said, half under his breath, "with all the excitement and pandemonium that's existing around here these last few days. I don't think I ever struck such a thoroughly romantic place in my life!"

I looked up rather in surprise. Mr. Magione is usually very brief. He is one of the finest and keenest business men I have ever met, and he never mixes business with sociability, so I was even more astonished when he cried, glancing at the flowers on my desk, "Don't tell me that you are following in the wake of all the others. Has some guy Lothario sent you those?"

"Mercy, no!" I laughed. "Flowers are my one extravagance. Haven't you ever noticed? I have always at least one posy on my desk, even in the dead of winter."

"Sure they don't come from anybody else?"

"Of course not! I've wrapped myself up in my work so much that I've never had time to think of anyone—even if anyone had shown any interest, which they haven't!"

"I'm glad of that," and he left me abruptly and went back to the private office.

"Selfish brute!" I cried to myself, although I have always held an admiration and respect for him, which has amounted almost to reverence. "He's afraid if I go he won't get anybody to plug as hard as I have for his paltry \$18 per!"

But I was mistaken, for when I was putting away my ledger after the others had gone, he said to me quietly, almost gently, "Don't you ever grow weary of the perpetual grind of your work?"

"Oh, sometimes," I answered carelessly, jabbing my pen into my pocket.

"You seem so much of a home-body that I'm surprised somebody hasn't captured you long before this."

"Nobody has ever cared enough," I answered truthfully enough, as I thought, "and I never let it bother me."

"Somebody has cared very, very much," he said seriously, and then to my utter astonishment, there he was, telling me what a lonely life he led, despite his luxurious, exclusive clubs and how much he had always longed for a simple, unpretentious home with somebody who really cared.

And quite before I knew it I was telling him how utterly weary I was of boarding in the city and how often my thoughts had wandered back to our cozy little cottage in the country.

The very next Sunday we motored out into the country and found the most charming little place you ever could imagine—not at all pretentious, but homelike and cozy—with casement windows and gables and a trellis where rambler roses climb in the summer and where there is a really beautiful view from the dining room window, of course I'm tremendously happy, but I can't help hoping that the young lady who takes my place will be very efficient and businesslike and not too pretty!

CITY OF QUEER CONTRASTS

Nome, Desolate in Winter, is Feverishly Lively During the Short Months of Summer.

Ships approaching the coast of Alaska watch eagerly for the first glimpse of a break in the low horizon line, and as the faint silhouette of a city is caught by the spy glass word goes round that Nome is in sight. The square outlines grow steadily plainer and broader. Unmindful of the heavy waves that crash so dangerously near its doors the city is reaching out to the very water's edge to greet the incoming ship. A bobbing launch comes out to meet the ship and bring in the passengers to the shore.

The gold seekers built Nome in the rush of 1898, and the gold seekers still add their quota to its population. They have made it a city of contrasts—of ostentatious wealth and hopeless desires. Where they camped on the beach and built wooden huts and saloons the city has grown up. When more space was needed, it spread its houses along the beach in long uneven rows.

From November to June it is frozen into a dull apathy from which it rouses to attend theaters, dances, and other social frivolities which make the winter tolerable. Ice bound and dark the winter may be, with only three or four hours of pale sunlight a day, but the popular idea of the wilds of Nome is an interesting myth. Electric lights, telephones, department stores, banks, hotels—Nome has all of these perquisites of modern civilization.

When the sun begins to shine steadily and the fresh surf pounds on the beach, Nome awakes and the summer residents who have gone "outside" return. The population is practically doubled. Nome spends its summer months in wildly rushing about to make up for the enforced dullness of the frozen winter.

MUSICIANS HAVE LONG LIFE

Reasons Why Those Who Furnish Us With Sweet Sounds Are Not Cut Off in Youth.

Investigations made recently by a well-known doctor lead him to conclude that musicians who play wind instruments are exceptionally long lived.

Cornet players are credited by him with an average life of 69.1 years. Clarinet players are next with 64.4, while the average oboe and bassoon player lives to be about sixty-three years old. The longest duration of life by these players of wind instruments is in men who handle the flute. Because of the formation of their instruments, they do not have opportunity for full exercise of their lungs. Therefore the flute player, according to this authority, reaches an average age of 61.2 years.

It is interesting to observe the number of seemingly aged men who are members of orchestras. The theater orchestra that does not number one or two men who have left their hair far behind with the years, or 776 so gray that they appear well upon the century mark, is an exception. The truth is that a steady and moderate daily use of the lungs, which is called for by the performance of professional duty, is responsible for this remarkably high average of existence.

Why Iron Chimney Stacks Corrode.

The cause of corrosion of galvanized iron chimneys is attributed generally to condensation which forms inside the stack, and which in conjunction with the carbon which has been deposited in use, creates a galvanic action which soon destroys the zinc coating and finally eats through the iron or steel base. To prevent the condensation an air space around the stack is recommended. The stack is made double from the base to a point close to the top, with small iron braces between the inner and outer chimneys. These may be riveted close to the ends of the sheets in course of construction. The air space may be one or two inches, according to size of stack, and local conditions. Scientific American.

Man in the Making.

We are all sculptors of life. From the anthropoid ape stage clear up through the ages, in the slow process of evolution, man has been at work chiseling himself. Always on the whole bettering himself a little, eliminating the animal, the brute qualities more and more, in spite of setbacks, he has persistently struggled toward the realization of his ideals—the higher man, the ideal man.

Our sculpturing is mental; our thought is the chisel that traces the ideal in life's marble. Angel and demon, beauty and ugliness, success and failure lie side by side in the marble of life.—Dr. Orison Sweet Marden, in New Success.

"Nuts" of Pristrend.

Pristrend makes remarkably modest demands on orthography for a Balkan town, being spelled in only six different ways.

It has no need for a water board, because the river Bititza, called the Matitza by casual geographers, cuts the town in two while in almost all the streets there are brooks that become torrents after heavy rains.

The Pristrendian "nuts" are the most gaudily dressed people in the Balkans, and the local bazars blaze with garish garments, beside which the rain-bow-hued neckties inflicted on innocent Englishmen at Christmas would look drab.—London Chronicle.

A LIFE COMPANION

By HELEN A. ROBERTS.

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"Wanted—Companion for young lady. Must be well educated and have best of references. Apply at 601 Maple avenue, city."

"There," sighed Olive, as she read the above advertisement. "I've got to start and look for one now. I certainly have had a good education. Mr. Lawrence will give me a good letter of reference."

About six months previous to this time, Olive's father had died, leaving her alone except for his old school chum Ted Lawrence. He had left no will and Olive, always supposed to have been wealthy, had to find some means of supporting herself. Some of the town gossips had said that old "Ted" Lawrence had something to do with it, but nothing further was said.

When Olive had shown Ted Lawrence the advertisement, he thought it a fair place for a girl of her standing, so advised her to try for the position. After a short talk with her adviser, Olive started for the house on Maple avenue. In answer to her ring at the door, a maid appeared and showed her in to the lady of the house, who was Miss Madison. Olive introduced herself, and after a few minutes of conversation with Miss Madison, was hired.

During the next six months, Olive and her mistress traveled a great deal. Then, suddenly, they packed up to leave for home. Olive's employer explained that her brother, who was in training camp, was coming home for a short furlough, and that she was going to give a dinner in his honor. Olive was somewhat happy, as she would be able to visit many of her old friends, and most of all, her old friend, Ted Lawrence.

During the time that Miss Madison's brother Ralph was home, Olive had very little to do, as Miss Madison was quite busy entertaining her brother.

The night of the dinner, Olive was out walking on the large lawn that surrounded the Madison home, and she chanced to meet Miss Madison and her brother. Of course, they were introduced, and Ralph upon finding that Olive was his sister's companion (whom he had heard much of), insisted that she join them at dinner.

A few minutes later, as she was coming down the stairs to go into the dining room, the maid handed her a telegram. Looking first at the signature, she saw that it was from Ted Lawrence. "Come to my office at your earliest convenience," it read. Being quite anxious to know what the telegram meant, she excused herself to the hostess and left at once for the office. When she arrived there, he quietly asked her to sit down as he had some good news for her.

"Olive, it was a year ago today that your father died, leaving a will in my possession, not to be opened until one year after his death. It leaves his entire estate to you. Now, you will, of course, give up your position with the Madisons."

Olive was happy and yet she was sad. She was glad that she didn't have to support herself any more, and yet she didn't want to leave the Madisons. The next day she informed her employer of what had taken place the evening before. They were all glad and yet they wanted her to stay with them, as they had got to like her in the short time that she had worked for them. Olive thought it over and told them that she would stay a few months longer.

It was some six months before Ralph came home again and still Olive was in the employ of Miss Madison. Ralph and Olive had become quite good friends and had been corresponding with each other since the last time Ralph was home. This time when he came home it was Olive who was busy entertaining him. One evening when he was home he asked Olive to take a short walk out in the garden, and just before they turned to come back Olive told Ralph that she was going to leave his sister. Olive was a little bit disappointed when Ralph didn't say that he was sorry, or even try to induce her to stay, but on the contrary, he looked happier, and turning square around, faced Olive and said: "I've been looking for a companion for life and you're the one I want. How about it?"

Olive hid her face in his arms and nobody but Ralph heard what she said.

Wanted—Ingenuity.

There is a factory where they screws are used in assembling the machines. Formerly these screws were picked up with a small pair of pliers, but now magnetized screw drivers are used.

In Kansas there is a shop where small screws are inserted by first pressing them through a bit of paper. Then they can be easily handled and put in position, and the paper torn away.

These are only examples of the sort of ingenuity so badly needed to get people out of the rut of inefficiency.

The Stopping Place.

"I don't mind lending you my hoe, my ax, my lawn mower, the madam's ice cream freezer, and a lot of other things about the premises," said Mr. Hippings. "If I'll give you fair warning, Gadsden?"

"Yes? What's the trouble?" "If you ever come over here and try to borrow our portable garage, I'm going to say 'No.'"

The Scrap Book

TELL VINTAGE OF STAMPS

Lines on George Washington's Collar Button Are the Marks Which Reveal Their Exact Age.

When next you obtain an ordinary three-cent stamp, take a magnifying glass and examine the little round button at the center of the collar which is at the neck of George Washington in the portrait. If the button contains five vertical lines, the stamp is the one you have been accustomed to use, says Boys' Life, the boy scouts' magazine. But if the button contains, instead, first a vertical line; second, a vertical line; third, a dot between two dashes; fourth, a vertical line, and fifth (at the very right) two dots—if you find this combination then you have a stamp which was made by a process which the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington has recently adopted.

If there are five vertical lines, the stamp was made from a steel plate into which the design was cut or etched by an engraver with his tools—the method by which our country's stamps have been printed ever since it began to produce the labels more than 70 years ago. But if the vertical lines are broken in the manner described, then you will know that the stamp was printed from a zinc plate to which photographs have been transferred.

The first process, still employed in the making of our adhesives except those of the new three-cent denomination, is known as recess printing. The second is called surface printing or (because of the use of an offset press) offset printing.

HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CHUMS

Origin of the Friendship Existing Between Man and Dog Lost in Mists of Antiquity.

The friendship of dogs and men is as old as war and has needed no conflict to furnish proof of its reality. On the part of the dog this friendship has furnished some of the finest interpretations of loyalty known to life.

In the present war the dog has more than a chum relation and more than a doglike office to fill. The development in recent years of dog training in certain forms of official service, as with the police, has opened up possibilities that are sometimes of amazing character. The police dog has, indeed, been the raw material for the working out of a splendid helpful service.

Dog training for war work, like any other sort of animal training, is a delicate and exacting business. To say that the dog is a good pupil is simply to say that the dog lives up to his traditions.

How Dogs Play War Game.

The dog is an important feature in the many camps scattered over the country, and besides being a great pet among the troops often proves very useful. A northern naval air service camp possesses a dog of exceptional sagacity. It knows all the bugle calls and is always first on the scene. The calls of the four different stations are apparently known to it by the number of G's sounded at the end. The dog takes its share in holding down an airship, hanging on to the ropes with its teeth and making itself generally useful. Perhaps the most sagacious act takes place at the weekly camp concert. The animal remains asleep throughout the concert, but when the national anthem is played it immediately walks out, knowing that the concert is over.

New Motion-Picture Machine.

A new motion-picture machine for the home, designed also for educational and business purposes, weighs 23 pounds and is fitted to a carrying box resembling a small suitcase. Its special claim is a motor drive giving practically the same speed with either direct or alternating current, a novel feed giving flickerless pictures, a 14-volt 2-ampere lamp illuminating brilliantly for pictures up to 12-foot in diameter at distances not exceeding 100 feet, and security against fire by the use of slow-burning films. A rheostat reduces the ordinary 100-volt current of the street circuit and adjusts the lighting to any requirement.

The Captain's Dog.

A captain was very fond of his two dogs and always permitted them to accompany him. One day while drilling his company he had just given the preliminary command; "Company!" when one of the dogs barked. The company halted. The captain stared for a moment, then realizing the reason turned to the dog, saying: "Who is running this company—'you' or me?"—Private S. G. Druschell, U. S. M. S., Quantico, Va., in Judge.

Understanding.

"Jim, why don't you ever take me to a baseball game?" "What would be the use, my dear? You don't understand it."

New Motion Picture Camera.

A Polish scientist is the inventor of a motion-picture camera which can be carried in the hand and which is operated by compressed air when a button is pressed.

FLUFFY

By FLORENCE G. MEANEY.

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"Oh, dear, I wish I looked like other girls; it's no wonder nobody likes me. This old hair! Every time I look in that glass I just want to scream."

This outburst arose from Virginia Ray, the youngest of three sisters, or Fluffy, as her school chums called her, owing to a wealth of auburn fluffly hair.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed her mother entering the room, "what's worrying my little girl? Look at the pretty eyes all swollen!"

"Oh, mother," Virginia stormed, "I just wish I didn't have this old hair. I've brushed it and combed it, I've tried out and it doesn't change one bit; I think I'll be tempted to cut it all off one of these days if they plague me any more about it." Then she told her mother how they had nicknamed her Fluffy, to match her hair. Mrs. Ray tried to comfort her by telling her "some girls would be crazy to have those curls."

At the supper table the main topic was the dance to be held that evening for the boys over there. "And," chirped Helen, second eldest, "Capt. Arthur Harvey of the regiment is going to be there; they say he is a stunner and unmarried!" No one had noticed the pretty flush that had come to Virginia's face, nor that she had tasted very little supper, and on a pretense of being so tired she begged to be excused.

Once out of their sight she gave way to her thoughts. "I wonder," she mused, "could it be possible?" and tripping upstairs she made her way to her sister Mary's wardrobe and selected a gray-georgette-crepe dress, the prettiest she could find. It would do no harm to try it on, she thought; then arranging her hair up high she viewed herself in the long mirror. "Gosh! I never knew I could look so nice," and trotting in delight to her own room, she decided to go to the dance.

Eight o'clock found the hall quite crowded, orchestra playing, and everybody bubbling over with happiness. In the farthest corner sat Virginia all alone and unnoticed, as she thought. She had seen her two sisters having the time of their lives and almost wished she hadn't come, but then her thoughts strayed to the object of her presence there, and she started another neck-straining search, but of no avail.

Suddenly the orchestra struck up a lively fox trot, and Virginia was lost in beating time, humming and watching the different steps and didn't mind the time passing. "Pardon me," came in a low voice. "Why aren't you enjoying yourself like your sisters and the rest?" Virginia turned suddenly to find herself face to face with the man she had come purposely to see. "Oh, I—I—" she stammered. "Really, I must be going—" But she didn't go alone, for Captain Harvey asked permission to escort her home, and after some hesitation she decided to allow him.

It was a pleasant walk home, and when Virginia asked him, "How did you remember me after such a long time?" he replied: "Well, when I came into the hall I glanced around to see if there was anybody I knew, and for the minute, I must confess, I was somewhat disappointed; you see the crowd seemed so strange to me. But when I happened to glance over in a certain corner I saw you, and stopping up to one of the fellows I inquired who the lady was with the fluffly hair. You know it is some time since we became acquainted, and for another minute I forgot we were friends (so careless of me); so finally putting on my thinking cap I recollected everything." He continued talking about the good times they had that summer they were together—the picnic, the little pool where they had learned to swim—when suddenly he turned to see if Virginia was enjoying it, and to his amazement saw two big tears rolling down her cheeks. "Stop right where you are," she cried. "You are like all the rest, and I thought you were so different. Oh, why does everybody ridicule my hair?"

Captain Harvey had been so interested in talking over those times she forgot he had even mentioned her hair, and for answer he put one strong arm around her and, lifting the tear-stained face, he said: "I've only known you a little while, girlie, but I like you; and, honest, I wasn't making fun of your hair." Virginia looked up, eyes sparkling at hearing his humble confession, and then to his surprise she told him how she happened to be there. "You see, Captain Harvey," smiling through her tears, "I heard them say you were going to be there, so I was bound to go, even though I had to borrow a dress, and—" she stammered—"I guess I'm not disappointed, after all." "Nor I," chimed in Harvey, "because I adore fluffly hair."

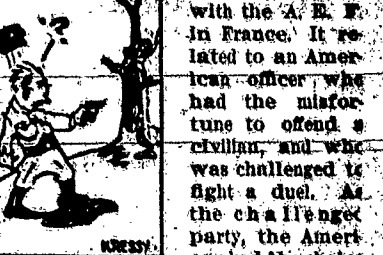
Yellow Fever.

Dr. Walter Reid of the United States army discovered in 1900 that yellow fever was communicated to man through the bite of a mosquito. During the nineteenth century deaths from yellow fever at Havana were frequently as high as 1,500 per annum, or at the rate of 428 per 100,000 inhabitants. A year after Doctor Reid's discovery they had ceased altogether. Up to that year the mortality from yellow fever had been as follows: 1820, 808; 1831, 350; 1832, 337; 1834, 434; 1835, 133; 1836, 1,282; 1837, 853; 1838, 126; 1839, 133; 1900, 310; 1901, 18.

NO MAGNANIMITY ABOUT IT

American Had Distinct Object in View When He Fired His Pistol in Upward Direction.

A man came into the office to tell us of an incident he had just heard from a correspondent with the 2d E. F. Ja. France; it related to an American officer who had the misfortune to offend a civilian, and was challenged to fight a duel. At the challenge party, the American had the choice of weapons, and he chose Colt automatics.



The parties met at the appointed time, related our friend, and the seconds placed their principals in position. But when the word was given, the American fired in the air.

"Ah," we exclaimed, enthusiastically. "That was magnanimous! Was it not?"

"It was not," disagreed our informant. "You see, his opponent was climbing up a high tree at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drake's Medals.

Sir Francis Drake, one of England's naval heroes of the time of Queen Elizabeth, after his voyage round the world, was presented by the queen with a handsome medal, now in possession of the descendants of the famous commander at Nutwell court, Devonshire, England. It has been pronounced by experts to be a characteristic example of the jeweler's art of the days of Elizabeth. The frame is set with diamonds and rubies, and encased in various colors, forming a handsome setting for the fine cameo cut in onyx. Two heads are depicted thereon, one representing Europe, cut in the lower straits, while on the upper of black the head of a negro has been fashioned. Set in the reverse is a beautiful miniature of Queen Elizabeth by the famous painter, Nicholas Hilliard, with the date—'Anne Dom: 1575 Regal 20.'

From the badge hangs a cluster of baroque pearls connecting a pear-shaped drop with the main body of the badge.

Bird With Hands.

In the forests of British Guiana lives the hoacina, a singular bird whose young possess a free claw at the end of each wing, which they use almost as the monkey uses his hands in free climbing.

The nest of the hoacina is in a tree overhanging the water, and the young, unlike most birds, are active from the first.

The outermost quill feathers of the wing, which might hamper the free use of the claws, do not grow much until the rest of the wing is strong enough to make climbing less necessary. Then they grow out, and the claws are absorbed. The adult bird does not feed them. Should a young hoacina fall into the water it makes for the shore and seizes a branch, up which it quickly climbs.

Makes Sport of Bombardment.

A new sport has made its appearance in Paris as a result of the long-range cannon bombardment. One may drop in at any cafe or restaurant any day and find the game in progress. After the dinner or between sips of coffee a paper is passed around with the question: "At what hour will the big cannon fire its next shot?" Each person fills in the time he thinks the striking will begin and pays a franc. The firing of the cannon causes more excitement than fear. The waiter rushes at the list, while the others crowd around, shouting and gesticulating, to find out whose guess has been the nearest and who gets the money.

Privates to Judge Prizes.

The French senate is being urged to resurrect from its "grave" on the table a bill passed some two years ago by the chamber which provides that every defendant before a court-martial must have at least two judges of his own rank. The so-called Bona-partide code of 1867, now in use, provides this for officers, but not for privates or noncommissioned officers, and in fact no one below the rank of corporal, and only one of that grade sits on the judges' bench at present.

Army of Big Men.

The men in the present American army are larger than those serving in previous wars. Largest shoes of shoes and clothing are continually being called for. Records in the quartermaster's corps show that a size larger than ever before is being demanded in shoes, shirts and breeches. "The stalwart Americans" is the universal comment Europe makes in regard to her soldiers.

Talking Through His Hat.

"There, sir, you have absolutely the last word in straw hats," said the smiling salesman, as he finally succeeded in putting one over on Mr. Heppcock. "Thank goodness, I got it at last, if it did cost me \$44," remarked the merchant, as the started home to let his wife disapprove his purchase.

Said it to Others.

"Life without you would be a hollow mockery." "Pooh, pooh. I've heard that before." "But you've never heard me say it before." "No. That's because I'm above eavesdropping."