

A WOMAN HATER

By M. D. WHITNEY.

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Dear Helen—It's no use, old girl. You might as well leave me alone in my "blessed singleness" and forget you know me when your desire for match-making runs high.

You see, my dear sister—no kind of girl can interest me. You have tried out every brand, all to no purpose. Horrors! I shudder, yet every time I think of that Smith girl with the baby face, watching my every move with her adoring eyes. If I had to endure that longer than a week I'd be a dead one. And that vinegar-faced Miss Clapp, with her woman's rights. My hair is streaked with gray today, as a result of having her indicted on me for two days.

And Miss Munyon, the helmsman—Helen, where was your love for me when you invited me to look after that damsel for a perfectly good week end? Or was it your sweet way of teaching me that all is not gold that glitters.

Filled with apprehension on account of my many narrow escapes, I must decline your kind invitation for the coming week end, and your newest protegee, Miss Longley, will have to be thrust upon some other poor victim.

How are the kiddos? Will run down to see them as soon as your guests have gone, and I can venture forth in safety.

By-by, sister mine—and pardon me for being a happy confirmed bachelor. Lovingly yours, BOB.

"Of all the conceited, impossible, exasperating brothers, Bob Thornton is the worst." Helen Arnold threw the letter into the hearth fire.

That afternoon in the telegraph office of the city, however, the same Bob was doing a strange thing. He was actually staring at a very pretty vision in a pink linen suit and lacy pink hat.

His thoughts were interrupted by the young lady's voice. "I wish to send a telegram, please. Will you take it to Mrs. Helen Arnold, Mountainville, N. H.?"

"Great heavens," exclaimed Bob—"my sister Helen—wonder who she is! Needless to say, he waited anxiously for the message.

"Dear Helen," it ran. "Cannot come before six o'clock train. Will arrive Mountainville about 8:30.

(Signed) "ALICE LONGLEY." "Alice Longley—Bob Thornton, you're a fool, and everything that goes with it." But without further reflection he grasped a pen, and a second message was sent to his sister. "Have changed my mind. Will arrive 8:30 train." "BOB."

If she still bore any resentment for Bob's first letter, she had ample reason in the three days which followed.

Bob was the devoted slave of Alice Longley, who with her sweet, quiet manner of refusing his every attention nearly drove him mad. When after maneuvering for all he was worth to accomplish it, he was finally chosen as escort for the bungalow party and dance, he was happy for the first time since his arrival.

But at the last moment the children's mail received a call to come at once to the bedside of a dying sister, and Mrs. Arnold did not know what to do. She could not stay at home, since she was the hostess of the occasion.

Much to Bob's dismay, Alice Longley sweetly asked if she might stay with the children. She would much prefer to go to the dance, and she knew Mr. Thornton would be glad to excuse her, for—with a smile at Bob—there were so many other girls who were willing to dance with him.

About an hour after the departure of the party for the dance, Bob Thornton returned disconsolate looking, and angrily chewing the end of an unlighted cigar.

He found Alice sitting in a big library chair—having put the youngsters to sleep, mending a pair of tiny socks.

She was very much surprised to see him, and much more surprised, when with a sudden movement he came forward without a word, lifted her in his arms from the big chair, and kissed her soundly on either cheek.

"There," he exclaimed, "Now I suppose you will hate me worse than ever, but I just couldn't help it. Miss Longley—Alice please forgive me," as he saw the look of pain and indignation in her eyes—"I can only excuse myself by telling you the truth. I love you—how much only God knows, and when I came upon you suddenly, after a miserable hour of longing for you—well please don't ask me to explain any more. Only tell me, dear—could you, would you, let me try to make you love me. Please give me a chance."

Alice Longley's eyes were smiling now, even though the lashes were wet. "Mr. Thornton—Bob," she replied, "you do not need a chance. I have loved you from the first day—when I saw you in the telegraph office trying to disguise your curiosity over my telegram. But I had been warned of your heartlessness with women, and was determined that you should not add my name to the list of conquests."

What Bob Thornton replied to that speech, and how the rest of that evening was spent, can better be imagined than described.

Mrs. Bob Thornton is a very happy bride now and when her young friends ask her for a advice, she replies with our fall: Give him a reasonable good-sized dose of indifference.

HOMING INSTINCT OF TOADS

Like Pigeons, They May Yet Be Made Useful Bearers of Messages, Says Naturalist.

Armies may yet use toads as message bearers in place of carrier pigeons if this incident related in a letter to the editor of Every Week is found to have general application:

"Dallas Lore Sharp, the naturalist and writer of nature books, told me that toads possess the homing instinct. 'Take one away from the spot where it has always lived and he will return, even though you have carried him ten miles,' said Mr. Sharp.

"I resolved, then, to try an experiment with Teddy, the big toad who has made his home in my garden in Wakefield for the past five years. Writing my name on a tag, I tied it to Teddy's hind leg and took a train to Boston. Then I transferred to an elevated train which carried me to Charlestown, on the outskirts of the city. At the corner of Perkins and Haverhill streets, Charlestown, near the B. and M. signal tower where I am employed on night duty, I let Teddy out of the box. He blinked at the red lights a second or so, darted out his tongue and gobbled a few Charlestown mosquitoes, and began straightway to hop along the side of the street to Mystic avenue. When he reached the corner he made a bee line for Wakefield, hopping off in the darkness at a lively pace.

"It was just 11:15 p. m. when I went on duty at the tower and 8:20 when I reached home the next morning. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when, on entering the yard, I discovered Teddy in his accustomed place, under the silk cock, against the side of the house, taking a bath—I presume—after his long, dry and dusty hop of nine miles. The tag with my name was still tied to his leg."

SOMETHING MORE THAN "TOY"

Quaint Old Legend Having to Do With Plow is Peculiarly Appropriate Just Now.

There is a quaint old legend of Alsace, recalls the Christian Science Monitor, concerning a family of giants who, once upon a time, lived in a certain castle in the old country. The moral of the story seems appropriate at a time when the French minister of agriculture is making special effort to encourage the cultivation of land.

The giants lived, says the legend, far from the peasants of the plain and, one day the daughter of the house, who though quite a child, was already thirty feet high, strolled toward a plain and saw a laborer peacefully plowing his fields. She picked up the peasant, the horse and the plow and put them in her plane and returned to the castle to show what she had found to her father.

"What you think is but a toy," said the giant, "is what produces the food which enables us to live. Put back the laborer and his horse where you found them." From that time onward, adds the tale, the peasants were never molested by the giants.

Women Soldiers.

Advertisements of Molly Pitcher of Revolutionary fame as the first female soldier in the United States have appeared. Perhaps she was the first, but certainly she wasn't the only one or the last.

There was Nancy Hart of Georgia, who took ten Tories prisoners; Deborah Sampson of Massachusetts, who enlisted in the Continental army, fought in battle after battle, her sex unsuspected, and headed military expeditions; Frances Hook of Illinois, who served in the Union army during the Civil war; Frances Wilson of New Jersey, Mary Owens of Pennsylvania, Major Belle Reynolds of Illinois.

Most famous of our Joans of Arc were Major Pauline Cushman, a Federal scout, and Capt. Belle Boyd, a Confederate spy, who saved Stonewall Jackson's army from destruction.

All the women who won reputations as soldiers proved themselves as brave, efficient and hardy as any man could be. Here's wishing more power to their elbow!—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Medicinal Literature.

The London Lancet departs for a moment from the austere halls of science to adventure into the fields and gardens of literature, though keeping one foot safe within the accustomed medical precincts. The Lancet discusses nothing less worthy than the works, writings, theories, maxims and pleantries of Master Francois Rabalais, the point being that his diversions into letters were simply part of his day's work as a practical medic. He wrote, the Lancet assures us, not for the untold generations of the future, nor for the delectation of our own selves, but solely and strictly to amuse, hearten and brace up the spirits of his patients during the tedium of their illness, thereby aiding his cures and adding to his stature as a member of the faculty.

Master Francois was a great believer in the therapeutic value of literature.

The Lady of the Tiger.

"George," she said, "before I give you a final answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance—was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her throat-like ear: "Anything!"—Gargoyle.

Baseball Equipment Aids in Making Athletes of Soldiers of the U. S. Now in France

Three months ago an earnest appeal from a second lieutenant of an engineer regiment doing duty at a permanent post back of the lines in France, for athletic equipment to outfit five teams was mailed to Clark Griffith. Mr. Griffith responded to the call.

Up to the present time the Griffith Bat and Ball Fund has given the boys about 43,000 bats, 12,000 bats, 4,000 catcher's masks, 4,000 catcher's mitts, 4,000 chest protectors, 4,000 first base-



Clark Griffith.

man's mitts, 12,000 base-bags, more than 60,000 felder's gloves and thousands upon thousands of baseball guides, score cards, sweaters, boxing gloves, shoes and countless other articles. In all, it has furnished a great part of the baseball goods that have been sent over there.

Clark Griffith's appeal to President Wilson and the secretaries of the war department and the navy, as well as other men of influence is largely responsible for the interest that is being taken to keep the soldiers physically fit by athletic sports.

"A soldier is only half a soldier until he becomes athletically trained." This is the note of thanks that General Pershing sent to Mr. Griffith for the work that he has done for the American Expeditionary forces.

Provisions of the War Tax on Parcel Post Packages

The war tax act of October 3, 1917, imposes a stamp tax on parcel post packages as follows: "Upon every parcel or package transported from one point in the United States to another by parcel post on which the postage amounts of 25 cents or more, a tax of one cent for each 25 cents or fractional part thereof charged for such transportation, to be paid by the consignor. No such parcel or package shall be transported until a stamp or stamps representing the tax due shall have been affixed thereto." This is not an amendment of the postal laws but a special war tax based on postage rates. There is no war tax on parcel post packages on which the postage is less than 25 cents.

A machine has been invented for chopping out young cotton plants, at the same time the crop is being cultivated.

Ten Commandments Adapted to the Soldiers and Sailors in Service of Uncle Sam

The Lake Division News, official publication of the Lake division of the Red Cross, which includes Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, contains what it calls "Uncle Sam's Ten Commandments" in a recent issue. The "commandments," submitted by an Ohio chapter, follow:

1. Thou shalt not evict for nonpayment of rent a soldier's dependents, under penalty of \$10,000 fine.
2. Thou shalt not cut off a soldier's life insurance because of delayed premiums.
3. Thou shalt not foreclose a mortgage on a soldier's property.
4. Thou shalt not take away a soldier's home on which he has made part payment.
5. Thou shalt not sell a soldier's property because of his failure to pay the taxes, national, state or local.
6. Thou shalt not settle a lawsuit against a soldier in his absence.
7. If a soldier is sued, the courts shall postpone action until he can attend to it.
8. If a soldier have a mine, timber or farm claim, assessments on which are overdue, it shall be held for him.
9. Honor thy soldier and thy sailor that thy days may be long.
10. No man hath greater love than that he offer his life for the world's sake, and it is commanded that law, she'll say when I get home, and so to I."

New Jersey Dentist First to Fill Tooth With Gold

The first dentist to fill the nervous cavity with gold was Edward Maynard, who was born in Madison, N. J., 105 years ago. Maynard was also the inventor of many of the instruments now used in dental surgery. He had a varied career. His ambition was to become a soldier, and he was appointed to the West Point Military academy, but resigned because of ill health. In 1835 he graduated in dental surgery

and settled in Washington, where he practiced for 55 years. While Doctor Maynard was experimenting with improved fillings for teeth, and inventing new appliances, Doctor William T. G. Morton, a Boston dentist, robbed surgery of much of its horrors by introducing the use of ether in operations. This was in 1844, a few years after the first dental college in America was founded in Baltimore. Doctor Maynard was also the inventor of the breech-loading Maynard rifle patented in 1851, which was the forerunner of the modern rifle. He died in Washington in 1891.

Some Postscripts.

A factory for the manufacture of alcohol from sweet potatoes is planned for the Azores.

For marking tools or other metal objects an electric etching machine has been invented.

To support a table for invalids a bracket that may be attached to any bedstead has been invented.

Using ordinary coal tar as a basis, a factory in Europe is turning out about 200 tons of artificial rubber daily.

In proportion to population Serbia leads the nations for centenarians, Ireland ranking next and then Spain.

BROTHERS REUNITED AFTER MANY YEARS

The war has brought together in New York city two French brothers who had not seen each other for ten years. One is Rene Humbert, a member of Pershing's army in France, now home on furlough, and the other is Marcel Humbert, a member of the division of the famous French Alpine chassours, now visiting the United States. Both Rene and Marcel Humbert were born in France. Ten years ago the Humbert family emigrated to America, Marcel remaining behind.



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He joined the famous "Blue Devils" at the outbreak of the war and has been in many battles. Meanwhile Rene joined the regular American army and went to France with Pershing's first troops, returning two weeks ago with a detachment of Americans who were sent to the United States to aid the Liberty Loan drive and also to boost army recruiting. The two brothers were attending an outdoor meeting in New York city a few days ago when they recognized each other, and the reunion began right then and there.

River "Soaked" With Liqueur.

The Leavenworth police emptied more than five hundred quarts of beer and whisky into the Missouri river in one day. The bottles were broken on the bridge railing before the liqueur was consigned to the muddy waters. The liquor was seized in raids upon bootleggers bringing it into the state from Missouri and was used as "wet" evidence in trials in court.

Invents Flying Torpedo.

Thomas G. Aultman, a mechanical genius of Fairmont, W. Va., has perfected a flying torpedo which may be the answer to the German 75-mile gun. The torpedo, the inventor claims, can be sent any distance and dropped at any desired point. It is controlled by wireless. The torpedo is propelled by a small gasoline engine and has a lifting capacity of 1,200 pounds.

Identical Thoughts.

"Do you and your wife ever think the same?" "When I'm out late at the club we do. She keeps thinking what she'll say when I get home, and so to I."

Distinguishing Mark.

"This check is doubtless all right," said the bank cashier politely, "but you've got something about you that would serve to identify you?" "I have a mole on my left elbow."

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Little things often lead to serious consequences. So it is not surprising to learn that recently an employee of a large manufacturing establishment was coming down the stairway from the third floor of the warehouse when the lacing in one of his shoes became unfastened. He continued to go down the stairs, and when about five steps from the landing he stepped on the flowing shoe lace, which threw him, and he fell, striking his head and shoulders on the bottom step with such force that he died the next morning. Which teaches us that one cannot afford to be careless, even in such trivial details as loose shoe strings.—Scientific American.

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NOW OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE

Port Whence Sinbad Sailed on Voyage of Trade and Adventure Has Decayed.

In spite of the evidences of modern industry, Busra was the port from which Sinbad set out on his voyages of trade and adventure. Sinbad was not a myth, but a real man with a sailor's love for the sights of foreign lands. Louis A. Springer writes in Asia. It must have been a great event when he sailed away with his fleet of dhows and when he returned with the treasures of far-off China and the Eastern Islands. The Busra of today is a mean little town in a clearing of palm trees two miles from the river, and at its port, instead of the laden dhows are rusty tramp steamers with tawdry wares of the West. Farther up the valley, at Kurna, where the Euphrates and Tigris join, is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden; beyond are the ruins of Babylon and on the bank of the Tigris is the romantic city of Bagdad where Harun-al-Rashid, the great caliph, attracted the wits and the wealth of Islam and ruled in lavish splendor. Down the Arabian coast are great ruins, still almost unexplored. Lovat Fraser, a close student of this region, believes that some day it will be demonstrated that here was the scene of momentous events that determined the course of the human race while the shores of the Mediterranean were yet in impenetrable darkness and that here the first dim glimmerings of civilization dawned upon the mind of primitive man.

JUST WHAT IS SIMPLE LIFE?

Interesting Question Often Asked is Here Answered by One Who Claims to Know.

Most of us are inclined to hold to the opinion that a man leading a simple life is a creature who necessarily has to walk barefooted or without the full outfit of modern clothes, and that it is only the country folk who can lead that sort of life, by virtue of their contact with nature. Nothing could be further from the truth. A millionaire occupying a mansion on Fifth avenue can lead the simple life, if in his discharge of daily duties he looks upon his fellow man as his brother, and does not enlarge in his own eyes his importance, due to his palatial residence or his expensive clothes. On the other hand, the farmer or the man who walks around barefooted from necessity, or who wears the simplest kind of clothes because he cannot afford others, and goes about with envy in his heart toward every being who possesses more than he does, is far from living the simple life in thought or dress or in any other manner.

The Reason Why.

This difference in the complexion of people is due to the varying amount of pigment or coloring material in the cells of which the skins of all animals are made. Very light people have very little pigment; very dark people, those with dark eyes and black hair, have a great deal of this coloring material in their cells.

A great many people are neither light nor very dark. They have less than the dark complexioned people, and more than the light complexioned people. When the hair turns gray it is because the pigment has disappeared. As this is due to the loss of this coloring material, dark complexioned people turn gray sooner than light complexioned people. The structure of the skin showing how these cells are made in layers can be seen by examining the skin with a microscope.

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CUPID NOT IN THIS DEAL

One Case of Courtship That Was Conducted Along the Strictest of Business Lines.

Everything was strictly business with August Rinnick. A sign on his desk said: "This is my busy day," and a sign above his desk said: "There are a quarter of a million words in the English language." Be brief.

He regarded his office force merely as machines of varying degrees of efficiency, and it was therefore several months before he realized the luscious physiognomy and many virtues of Miss Perch, his stenographer.

But, with August Rinnick, to think was to act, and the very afternoon on which he finally realized he summoned Miss Perch into his office.

"Miss Perch," he said, "take a letter."

And he dictated as follows:

"My dear Miss Perch: It has lately come to my attention that you are a young woman of exceptional facial embellishments, mental endowment and moral efficiency. The limited time at my command will not permit me many details, but I may mention that since you have been in my employ I have never yet seen you masticating chiclet commonly known as gum—or applying powder to your nose (an organ whose extreme delicacy of contour and pleasing abbreviation much impressed me). In short, my dear Miss Perch, the idea has come to me to endeavor to induce you to have your surname legally changed to Rinnick—in brief, to become my wife. I will cheerfully give you a day to think this matter over, and shall be pleased to hear from you at your leisure. Very truly, A. Rinnick."

In the next day's mail he received the following reply: "Mr. August Rinnick: Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 30th inst., would say that I am otherwise engaged. Very truly, Thelma Perch."—Exchange.

QUANT OLD INDIAN COINS

So Authenticated That They Were Not Even Accepted in England as Value in Metal.

In 1908 the independent state of Hyderabad, India, obtained a modern mint and called in the coins that had been current up till that time. The old mint of Hyderabad was little more than a cooper's shop in which scrap copper of all sorts was melted up, hammered into plates, cut up into very rough approximations of one tola in weight, and stamped between dies, one of which was in the mint and the other in a toll held in touch. A blow from a sledge hammer made the impression. There was no regularity in shape, weight or stamping, nor was the metal uniform in quality.

The mint could not furnish supplies fast enough, and licenses were issued to cooper-smiths to assist in production. Naturally, the Scientific American states, nonlicensed persons began to manufacture, and adulteration with lead was so flagrant that when several tons of these coins were sent to England as old metal they were returned on account of their impurity and were finally worked up into brass for local consumption. A "dub," if held in the name of a spirit lamp, would before it reached red heat begin to discharge very fine jets resembling mercury; the lead, having reached its fusing-point, burst from the copper with a force indicating a very high internal pressure.

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"Now comes the news that two inventors in Osceola, Ark., have jointly invented a breath-guard of a new pattern. It is said to be effective, but not in the manner you were thinking of. It is intended to protect dentists, barbers and physicians from inhaling the germs-laden breath of their patients or patrons. It consists of a small curved shield of glass placed so as to cover the nostrils and held in position by a spring clip gripping the partition wall of the nose on the inside. Many diseases are directly communicated through the inhalation of tainted air, and a device of this kind should be a boon to professional people who are compelled, by the nature of their duties, to be in close proximity to those whom they serve."

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Even the skilled and highly trained ophthalmologist, when he wants to try out an idea—for instance, a new kind of operation for cataract (which means the removal of the crystalline lens)—will get a pig's eye and see how it works. If it succeeds, he tries it on a patient.

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