

"The Fog"

By LOUISE OLIVER

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An east wind was blowing when the Bardsleys awoke on Monday morning. Also they had had a few friends to a late supper Sunday night, at which Mrs. Bardsley had concocted one of her famous rabbit. It was rich and cheesy, and Mr. Bardsley had had two servings in spite of the doctor's orders about a light diet.

So of course when Mr. Bardsley asked him at the breakfast table for an increase in his weekly allowance, it was not strange that her husband should growl out an unfeeling refusal adding that there was one other thing besides taxation and death and that was a woman's habit to be satisfied.

Now Mrs. Bardsley had felt her request—justified since her husband continually added a dollar a week to her own wages, the husband, unashamed, charged her taxes as much for her husband's shorts, and every one in the garage from the gas man to the oil man was getting a dollar a week from her pocket, that instead of weekly and miserably crying about her refusal she became angry. In fact she got mad and cried through for the first time almost since their marriage.

"Look here, Thomas," she said, "I'm hitting out each word with a sump that made her husband jump. 'Will you tell me why you married me—'"

"I give up," he retorted. "Photographs are cheaper and they occasionally say something pleasant."

"If you can't give me enough to live in peace and comfort without having to worry my head off all the time about money," she finished, ignoring his interruption.

"Well, Lord knows I'm not made of money. I've had to dig down in my jeans for so many things lately I'm nearly strangled all the time. If you tried you could manage differently."

"How?"

"That's up to you. I'd let Katie go."

"And do my own work?"

"Wouldn't kill you, would it?"

"Thomas Bardsley, I never did a day's work in my life!"

"Then it's time you were benefiting by my admirable example and beginning."

Mrs. Bardsley rose from the table, her eyes flashing dangerously. "Very well, Thomas. I'll do my own work."



Her Head on His Shoulder.

But that doesn't include anybody else remember. Where shall I send your things to the club or a hotel, or would you prefer to go back to your mother's?"

"Oh, send them to the devil!" thundered Mr. Bardsley, jumping for his hat and rushing for the door.

"I will," called Mrs. Bardsley after him. "I just wanted to know his address."

Mr. Bardsley proceeded to his office, the east wind and shades of Welsh rabbits following. Things went wrong all day. His stenographer irritated him beyond endurance by refusing to be a mind reader and understanding what he meant to say instead of what he did say when she took dictation.

The typewriter seemed to tap twice, faintly on the raw nerve ends, and every time the telephone rang he jumped as though a shell had hit him. The east wind had brought more trouble in its wake also, besides irritated nerves and domestic discord. Since ten o'clock the air had thickened and condensed until mixed with the smoke from mills and furnaces, a heavy, impenetrable fog first cousin to a regular Londoner, had settled down over the city. It penetrated buildings, hallways and offices until Mr. Bardsley could scarcely see his own desk.

The result of eye strain, nerve strain and indigestion produced slowly but surely the worst headache Mr. Bardsley had ever had in his life. He stood it until four o'clock, then resolved to pull up stakes for home. If

BURMESE GIRLS' EAR PLUGS

Ceremony of Boring Lobes Performed by Professionals After Consulting Fortune Teller.

All the girls here wear ear plugs. They cannot enter society without them. As a maiden approaches the age of coming out, which is usually at twelve or thirteen, her ears are bored, and the ceremony is as important to her as the first long dress is to her American sister.

The ceremony is formal, and it must be done when the stars are propitious. The family consults the fortune teller for this occasion, and a big feast is prepared. All the relatives and friends attend in their best clothes to witness the piercing. This is done by a professional earborer, who uses needles of pure gold for the rich and silver ones for the poor.

When the exact moment has arrived the girl is laid down upon a mat in the back of the room and her relatives hold her there while the earborer inserts the golden needle through the lobe and fastens it around in a ring. This he leaves in the ear. The other ear is treated likewise.

While this is going on the hands of the girl are fast. It takes the ear some time to heal. When it is quite well the process of enlarging the hole begins. The needle is pushed back and forth until the sore heals.

It is then taken out and a little cylinder of ivory rolled gently is pressed in. This is gradually opened from week to week, stretching the hole larger and larger—finally—reaching the size of the Cleveland Leader.

BIGGER PRIZE THAN TIGER

Natives Who Set Trap for Jungle Monarch Satisfied With Bagging Smugglers of Opium.

A singular tiger tale comes from a village in Java, where the tigers had been committing havoc for some time. One day a central band of opium smugglers, while passing through the forest, saw two tigers following them. They were armed only with knives, and so they ran as fast as they could, but the tigers, as may be supposed, rapidly gained on them.

When almost overtaken they sped in their trap, a sort of box-like affair, and both gladly rushed in, carrying their burdens with them. The trap shut down very closely, but that pleased them mightily as they could hear the tigers scratching and snarling on the outside. The night passed in this way, and at dawn the tigers scampered off and the smugglers essayed to do likewise, but their efforts were unavailing. They were in a trap, sure enough.

In a few hours the setters came to have a look at the trap and rejoiced to see it closed, thinking a tiger had been caught. Their joy was redoubled, however, when the prize proved to be the unlucky smugglers with a valuable load of opium and the unlucky fellows were marched off to jail in triumph.

Meals and Marriage.

The length of time that a woman has been married can be told approximately by the manner in which she eats her refreshments at an afternoon party. If she excuses herself, just before the refreshments are served, and flounces out in a righteous, you-neglect-your-husband-shamefully look at the other guests, she is a bride of not more than two months.

When a woman sits nervously on the very edge of her chair and eats absent-mindedly with her eyes on the clock, she has been married at least six months, but has not yet become calloused to suffer because her husband is kept waiting for his evening meal.

After women have been married from one to thirty years they settle down to a thorough enjoyment of what the hostess's best efforts have produced in the eating line, which no vision of cross, impatient and starving husbands can dim.—Atchison Globe.

The Scrap Book

JOHN AND JACK.

Oh, Johnny was once a luxurious boy. On fashion's attire he insisted. A pink tie afforded him generous joy.

Till one day he went out and enlisted, oh, you wouldn't know Jack.

With his rugged complexion of tan, A caiths expands.

On his mossy old hands, And Jack is a regular man.

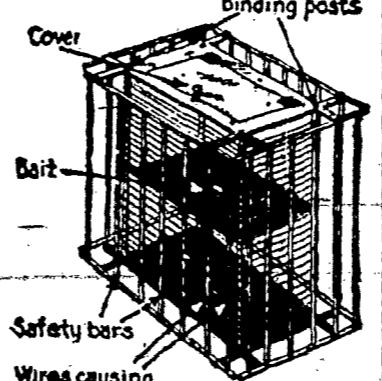
Oh, Johnny could dance with unswerving grace, Rose petals he dropped in his hair, He leaped through life at an indolent pace.

Till he made the trip over the sea, Oh, you wouldn't know Jack.

As his head makes a track That is rugged and broad in its span, His head won't believe, He has no time to shave, But it sure is a regular man.

—Washington Evening Star.

ELECTROCUTE THE FLY



An electric chair, so to speak, for every home, has been devised for the benefit of our old enemies, the flies. The illustration shows the contrivance. It is placed, and "live" wires so devised that before the fly gets to the former the voracious fly will surely be electrocuted by the latter.

Legislators Extravagant.

It costs £270,000 a year "to run" the house of commons including £200,000 for members' salaries and £44,500 to work the house of lords. For the coming year the lords are putting on an extra item of £1500 for six reporters, as they are now issuing their debates daily. Like the house of commons, in view of the fact that the commons, who hold many and long sittings, can manage with 12 reporters, the lords, who sit neither early nor very often, are doing themselves well.—London Daily News.

Lesson in Punctuation.

At school one day the English instructor put on the blackboard for his pupils to punctuate what appeared to be a meaningless jumble of words. At first glance it appeared to be an insoluble riddle, but several minutes' thought and the proper punctuation marks made it clear enough.

The sentence was as follows: "That that is is that that is not is not is not. That that is, is, that that is not, is not. Is not that it?"

Adoption of Standard Time.

The United States adopted standard time in 1883 on the initiative of the American Railway association, and at noon of November 18 of that year the telegraphic signals sent out daily from the naval observatory at Washington were changed to the new system. There was no other change in time until the daylight saving went into effect this year when the time was advanced one hour all over the country.

Census of a Vacant Lot.

In a little town in Illinois George N. Walcott conducted an investigation to find out how many animals—or, rather, forms of animal life—inhabited an acre of city land, says Popular Science Monthly. The count in a city lot, obtained by multiplying the contents of a bucketful by the figures required for an acre, disclosed the fact that there were between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 of grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, cockroaches, earwigs, lantern flies, plant lice aphids and other "bugs" in one acre of land.

There will be, of course, a large variation in the count according to the season in which it is made. For example, there is a one-third increase in the population in the spring over that in the autumn owing to the rapid multiplication of earthworms.

The Greatest Medical Authorities in the World have made public statements in which they endorse the value of such ingredients as are contained in Father John's Medicine.

These great physicians say in substance, that these ingredients are beneficial notably in wasting diseases and those maladies which are connected with or have their origin in debilitating and wasting diseases and in colds.

To detail here the statements of these various authorities would require too much space, but if you desire to see these statements in more complete form, write to Father John's Medicine, Lowell, Mass., and we will be glad to give the names of the authorities quoted, with brief excerpts from their public statements.

Father John's Medicine is a pure and wholesome body builder, contains no alcohol or dangerous drugs.

WOUNDS STITCHED BY ANTS AIDS IN PARCHMENT READING

Ingenuous Operation That is a Feature of Surgical Work Among the Arabs Today. Camera Used Successfully in Preserving Old Writing Now Barely Discernible.

The mandibles of ants and of several coleopterous insects, Scarites in particular, have long been employed in Asiatic surgery. This usage is of the most ancient date with the surgeons of India and is perpetuated in our day in Algeria by the Arab operators and to some extent by the Turks in Asia and the Greek barbers of Syria.

According to an English entomological journal, the barber presses upon the edge of the cut with the fingers of the left hand and applies each ant by means of forceps held in the right hand. The mandibles of the ant are widely opened, the ant and being in the defensive attitude, and as the insect is gradually brought near the wound it seizes the projecting surface and immediately forces its mandibles through the flesh, and remains in this attitude, pressing the one mandible against the other with force and consequently holds the edges of the left hand and applies each ant by means of forceps held in the right hand. The mandibles of the ant are widely opened, the ant and being in the defensive attitude, and as the insect is gradually brought near the wound it seizes the projecting surface and immediately forces its mandibles through the flesh, and remains in this attitude, pressing the one mandible against the other with force and consequently holds the edges of the left hand and applies each ant by means of forceps held in the right hand. The mandibles of the ant are widely opened, the ant and being in the defensive attitude, and as the insect is gradually brought near the wound it seizes the projecting surface and immediately forces its mandibles through the flesh, and remains in this attitude, pressing the one mandible against the other with force and consequently holds the edges of the left hand and applies each ant by means of forceps held in the right hand.

ROOM FOR MORE DEMOCRACY

Writer of Opinion That Parents Govern Too Much by Mandate or by Exhortation.

The typical parent is not democratic in the treatment of his children. He likes to govern by mandate or exhortation. He dogmatically asserts his views on every question that arises, and insists that he knows more than his children, and he has no respect for their "notions." One can listen to a parent telling his thirteen-year-old boy what kind of a cap he must wear and how and when he must wear it, though the boy says "the boys will snicker" at him, and he does not want to be "the goat" of the crowd. But the parent will listen to no argument; he says he knows better than the boy what the latter ought to do, and he does not care what the boys think.

Much of the conflict between parents and children is due to the fact that the former do not recognize the right of the latter to express opinions contrary to those of the parent on any question or problem whatsoever. One can hear such a parent say: "I will teach you to obey. When your opinions are wanted, I will ask for them," and so on.

A parent who is a bully never can get an insight into his children's thoughts about conduct and so he can never know what sport is to be a parent.—M. V. O'Shea in The Mother's Magazine.

Just Suppose These Things.

Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. As everyone knows, we are now looking at some stars with lights that left them centuries ago.

Suppose that you could be shot into space at a velocity greater than that of light. And suppose that you were armed with a telescope so powerful that you could see everything that happened on this earth. A time would come when history would unfold itself before your astonished eyes. You would see Napoleon losing the battle of Waterloo; you would see Benjamin Franklin and all the other signers of the Declaration of Independence vowing that they would be hanged rather than endure British oppression any longer; you would see the surrender at Yorktown, the battle of New Orleans and the naval fight off Santiago; you would see the death of Julius Caesar, and then Mark Antony making love to Cleopatra on the Nile. If you like, you could juggle yourself, back and forth so that you could see the same event over and over again and make a special study of it.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Lowly Cinder.

Long despised as a waste product, the humble Cinder is coming into its own. For years cinders were anthracitized because the only purpose they seemed to fill was to get into one's eye, but with the widespread use of cement, cinders came into use as a base for cement sidewalks, cellar bottoms, etc. As a porous material to carry water away from a cellar a few feet of cinders placed around the footings make excellent drainage, while as a fill for holding wooden sleepers in place in concrete, cinders mixed with cement make a light, firm bond. As a base for driveways, cinders, when water-bound, and rolled or tamped, make a firm foundation.

Wireless Improved.

According to an English electrical publication, a valuable improvement has been made in the shape of the addition of metal springs to the aerials on shipboard for the purpose of acting as shock absorbers, thus overcoming to a great degree the tendency of this delicate instrument to be put out of service when the vessel experiences a severe shock either from torpedo or accident. Heretofore it has been necessary to take the aerials down when the vessel is loading because of the movement and vibration in the masts caused by the use of the derricks.

Safety in National Resources.

The Transvaal mines in South Africa are producing about \$100,000,000 in gold each year. The British government controls this supply and gets it for use in its government. This helps as security for government notes issued at home and as braces of British credit in foreign countries. No country makes a mistake in public policy when it adds to its own natural resources. The gold, the mineral ores, the oils, all count for red blood in the national system when a day of trouble arrives.—Hartford Courant.

Champagne for the Trenches.

French army twice a year on the national festival day on July 14 and at Christmas, one bottle to every four men. The brands and vintages are not remarkable, but it unquestionably fizzos. And even at \$1.25 a bottle the bill is a heavy one, so it has occurred to certain taxpayers to direct attention to the enormous stocks of German-owned champagne maturing in the Reims cellars.

It has been suggested to distribute it among the army, which would please the polltax and reduce Hun competition with French brands after the war.

Dehydrating Methods.

Experimental work that will have an important bearing on the problem of feeding troops across the sea will be undertaken by the new department of vital economies of the University of Rochester, New York, working in cooperation with the Mechanics Institute. This work will involve a study of the best processes for drying vegetables, which have been an important part of the army rations, especially in places where supplies of fresh vegetables are unavailable.

Mourning Substituted.

President Woodrow Wilson endorses the idea of those in mourning for deaths of relatives in the service of their country of wearing a black band on the arm with a gilt star for each member of the family lost.

Academic Dress.

In academic dress the bachelor's gown has long, pointed sleeves, the master's has long, closed sleeves with a slit through which the forearm protrudes, and the doctor's velvet bars on long open sleeves and velvet facings down the front. The caps are mortarboards with black silk tassels. Doctors may wear gold tassels. The hoods indicate the degrees by their size and their velvet trimmings, and show the institution granting the degree by the college colors in their exposed linings. The velvet trimmings are two inches wide on bachelors' hoods, 3 1/2 inches wide on masters' hoods and 4 1/2 inches wide on doctors' hoods. The doctors' hoods are also widened by panels edged with cording of the college colors.

Manners Can Be Acquired.

An English critic says that the athletic girl has no manners and has other faults. But after the brilliant showing of a little Baltimore girl in rescuing several children single-handed from a burning house, a rescue made possible by her practice at athletic exercises, the lack of polish more or less can be easily forgotten. Manners can always be acquired, but it demands very quick action and ability to save lives. The mistake of such critics is to lay the blame on athletics when that blame is due to entirely different causes. The old idea that gentleness went with weakness and womanliness with timidity is now exploded.—Baltimore American.