

Rummage! Rummage!

By ROBERT JAY

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Sinclair Knox was spending the day in a small village on the north shore of Long Island. The business he had come to transact had taken him only a few moments of his time and he had learned, on going to the ferry landing, that he would have to wait till five o'clock in the afternoon for another boat. It was late in the sea-

The town did not promise to offer much excitement, but the stranger took a turn along the shore and then returned to the village square. Immediately he was attracted to a crowd that stood about the entrance to the chapel of a good sized church on the main street. He crossed the road and stood opposite the gathering of inhabitants, and presently a very handsome young woman appeared with a cloth sign, which she tucked to the door. Then she opened the door and the crowd rushed in.

Sinclair Knox then stepped across the street to read the sign. "Rummage—Friday and Saturday under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society" was what he read. He had heard of rummages, but he had never come in contact with one.

Trying to decide whether or not to go in and broaden his knowledge of the ways and means of workers in village churches, he strolled up the street. As he retraced his steps he took courage when he saw a man enter the chapel.

"It can't do me any harm," he decided, "and I can't find anything more exciting around these haunts."



Looked at Sinclair as He Entered.

And then in the back of his mind lurked the image of that young woman who had tucked up the sign and thrown open the door. She must be a part of the Ladies Aid Society. He never could be classed with the rummage sale solicitors as the new class to the edifice.

The sound of a deep vibrant voice entreating someone to step up to the table and look at the wonderful bargains entirely settled Sinclair's mind. He would go in.

A long tablet of wearing apparel stood on one side of the room. Other tables held hats and boots, and in a corner stood furniture, ranging in design from Jacobean to modern mission. There were ruffled silk skirts, and there were infants' booties. There were plush albums and embroidered frames; and the patrons of the rummage sale rummaged methodically among the goods.

The girl behind the table of wearing apparel looked at Sinclair and smiled as he entered. She knew at once that curiosity must have brought him thither. She watched him with an amused smile as he eyed with interest the persons who were attending the sale.

After a while other members of the church society came to assist the young woman, and each one stood behind a table and tried to sell her wares. It was a most unique sight to Sinclair Knox.

He wanted to linger and the only excuse he could find was to pretend to be looking for something. Nothing that he could be expected to want came to his mind. At last a thought flashed into his head. He stepped to the young woman who had first been in charge.

"Do you have such a thing as a— an antique picture frame with a well, with a French print, perhaps?" he inquired, with hesitation.

"I'll see," the girl said in a most charming manner. "We have almost everything, I think." And she led the way to another table.

"Corn, have you seen any old French prints anywhere?" she asked, smiling meaningly at another young woman.

"Don't go to too much trouble," admonished young Knox at her side. "Oh, that's what we're here for," said the young woman behind the

table. "It's no trouble—if we have it!"

Both girls searched every available spot for something possessing the young man's specifications. But the only thing that could be found was an old hand-wrought copper picture frame that had been stripped of its picture.

"Sinclair took it. 'It's hardly a French print, is it?' he laughed. 'Hardly,' both girls echoed, with a shrug.

"But it's not bad," Knox admitted. "Not with the right 2018 picture in it," the young woman behind the table suggested.

Sinclair looked at the other girl for a moment and then, his eyes on the frame in his hand, said: "I'll buy it at your own price if I may have a few minutes of your time."

"Yours, Gerry, yours," cried Florie Moore, catching her friend by another hand. "It was late in the sea-son and the ferry ran very much according to the whim of the captain."

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PRINCESS IS NURSE



This picture of Her Royal Highness, Princess Mary, only daughter of their majesties, King George and Queen Mary, shows her in the garb of a Red Cross nurse.

Her Royal Highness has commenced her duties as a Red Cross nurse and is serving as a probationer at the Hospital for Sick Children, London.

DIES AS FOE FLEES

British Aviator Killed in Triangular Fight.

Salvation Army Truck Driver Figures in Tragic Air Battle at the Front.

Paris.—Dying in the arms of a Salvation Army supply truck driver at the front in France, a British aviator who had just been crashed to earth in a desperate triangular battle in the sky had the satisfaction of witnessing the defeat of his German antagonist by a French plane just before he drew his last breath.

The struggle, according to a report reaching here, occurred recently just behind the allied lines in France, and was witnessed by Ransom Gifford, eighteen-year-old son of Col. Adnan Gifford, head of the Salvation Army for New England, and residing in Boston. Young Gifford was leading supplies to front-line units along the line, when suddenly three big planes circled immediately over his head and opened up a terrific fight.

In a short time one plane shot downward in flames and crashed to earth less than 100 feet from Gifford's truck. The young Salvationist ran to the wreckage, and after desperate efforts extracted the broken and bleeding aviator who was still alive. Two French soldiers, who had been concealed near by and not noting the condition of the aviator, raced off in different directions for a doctor and ambulance. Young Gifford held the dying aviator in his arms, coaching him to lie back and with fast closing eyes gave at the center still staring frantically over their heads. The French plane, the German, then upon whom the English fighter with a smile relaxed and expired in the arms of the Salvationist.

HOW THEY HELP TO WIN WAR

Country's Youngsters More Than "Doing Their Bit" for the Country—We All Love.

More than 2,400,000 boys and girls were reached through club work last year, according to a compilation recently made by the United States department of agriculture, which supervises this work in co-operation with the State Agricultural colleges. Of this number approximately 350,000 made complete reports, which show that they produced and conserved products amounting to \$10,000,000. In the 33 Northern and Western states \$40,000 boys and girls were enrolled. Of this number 160,025 had reported products valued at \$3,700,000. In the South there were 115,745 boys enrolled in the regular work, who produced products valued at \$4,500,000, and 74,306 girls who produced and conserved products valued at \$1,500,000. In the emergency club work in the South the club leaders reached over 400,000 boys and approximately 1,000,000 girls who produced and conserved products valued at more than \$4,000,000.

HERE'S GREAT CHANCE FOR WAR PROFITEERS

Manchester, Conn.—James Veich has a hen which lays fresh eggs once a week. They are usually of large size. The latest one a double-egg, measured 8 1/2 inches in circumference and 7 1/2 inches around the center. In the center of the larger egg was a smaller one, the shell of which was harder than the one outside.

The Washington Mirror

By LOUISE OLIVER

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For several days Mrs. Tilford had been ill.

Mr. Tilford had noticed with uneasiness that she scarcely touched her meals, read listlessly as though her thoughts were a thousand miles away, started if spoken to, and acted generally as though life on this particular bit of terrain were not worth the effort.

"What's the matter, Elsie; don't you feel well?" he asked. "You look tired out."

"Oh, no, I'm all right," she answered in surprise. "Why?"

"You just don't seem to act right, that's all."

"I'm perfectly well," she repeated, and pretended to go on with her reading.

But after another day of "acting like a well woman," Mrs. Tilford unaccountably and unexpectantly put it to herself, he decided that something was wrong. Why else would she sit looking straight through him at something just behind his head, and convey by every motion the idea that all her friends were dead and she was about to follow?

"Aren't you happy, Elsie?" Mr. Tilford asked the next day. "Are you worried about something?"

"Worried? No. Why should I be worried? I'm perfectly happy, perfectly!" And she sighed again.

Mr. Tilford scratched his head in perplexity as he resumed his paper. Women were queer creatures. He had been married fifteen years and every year had added to the conviction. Not that he didn't love Elsie—quite the other way. Her very unreasonableness seemed to endure her to him more every year. That was one thing about Elsie, she had no chance to get monotonous with her. She kept things interesting.

But this new and entirely unsuspected side of her was baffling. He had never known her to worry, actually fret, you might say, before. He had



Mrs. Tilford Was Visibly Drooping.

always felt that she didn't take things seriously enough, particularly where money was concerned. She was fond of pretty things for herself and for the house, and sometimes, as in the past winter, Mr. Tilford had been compelled to remonstrate.

"You see, my dear, we can't have things in war times," he had explained. "I know you'd love to have those furs and that new mirror, and a chow dog, but, dearie, don't you think it would be better to let the government use the money?" And after an argument that consumed more words than this whole story, Mr. Tilford won out—one third of the way; that is, Mrs. Tilford got the furs and Ching, a Chinese Chow. She agreed to do without the mirror for the hall.

By Wednesday evening Mr. Tilford was in despair. Mrs. Tilford was visibly drooping, and still no sign of the madly making itself known. "It has been a hard winter on her, poor girl. We have given up all the little extras she's been accustomed to—theaters, expensive dinners and all that. I suppose now that it's coming spring, it's sort of a reaction. There's no doubt that this war's hard on the women. My income tax would have bought her lots of pretty things. Perhaps I have been a bit hard on her, preaching economy the way I have."

Just then his eye fell on a card on the "dresses" table. Mrs. Bing asks Mr. Bing as he departs for work if he remembers what day it is. Mr. B. assuring her that he does, spends the day trying to figure out whether it's her birthday, their wedding anniversary or the date of her mother's death, and sends home candy, flowers and a wrist watch, an occurrence not unprecedented

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Nothing Ever Lost by Effort to Take Sting Out of Request That Must Be Refused.

Do you know how to take the sting out of anything unpleasant you have to do? It is a good plan to learn how to do this.

"She said she couldn't do it, but you know how Elsie would say such a thing. She tries so hard to make everybody feel pleasant. Now, when I say no, people understand that I mean no."

Marcia looked as well pleased with herself as if she had announced a more admirable characteristic. "She was a girl with a peculiarly blunt and uncompromising manner. If she refused a request, her refusal was as downright as a blow. It was never softened by any little phrase suggesting regret. And Marcia was so well satisfied with herself that she felt something like contempt for the way Elsie took the sting out of saying no, and made the people to whom she refused a favor as grateful as if she had granted it."

The girl who starts to go through life with her elbows out is going to find the road hard to travel. If she prides herself on being blunt and outspoken, she may never use that as consolation for her sore heart many a time. It pays to take out the sting whenever possible, and drop in the honey. One who starts out as Marcia did, priding herself on being blunt, and contentions of the little courtesies, is likely to come to old age friendless and embittered. Learn to be pleasant and take out the sting.—Exchange.

"Well, think it over, my dear. If you change your mind let me know and we'll see what we can do."

Then Mr. Tilford had an inspiration. He thought of the mirror.

"Of course, that's what it is," he thought delightedly. "Elsie's been cleaning house and doing over the hall and she wants that Washington mirror she's talked about all winter. I'll have to look it up."

For two days Mr. Tilford looked at antique mirrors. He went to every store, art shop and antique bazaar in town, and he had seen enough mirrors to build the Crystal Palace. By that time he was so confused he didn't know what he wanted, so he determined to let price make the choice. If Elsie wanted a mirror she should have a good one, and so he decided on one at Gormley's for two hundred dollars, which they assured him was a genuine antique.

On the night of the fourteenth Mr. Tilford, carrying a box of roses, arrived home in high spirits. The mirror by this time had no doubt arrived and the cloud which had hovered over Mrs. Tilford for a week would be gone. How lucky he had thought of getting it!

What then was his surprise on entering to find Mrs. Tilford in the hall in a towering rage, and before her on the floor two Washington mirrors, identical from the eagle on top to the gold feet on the sides and bottom.

"They told me it was genuine antique, and then sent me two. Are they to be had like mouse traps, six for a nickel that they're so common? I only bought one!"

"One? You bought one?" said Mr. Tilford faintly.

"Yes, Henry. I bought myself a mirror for an anniversary present and it's been pleasing my conscience ever since. I was afraid you wouldn't approve of it, and it's been worrying me dreadfully. I have countermanded the order but I couldn't think of any excuse. Now I've got a good one and back they'll both go. Antique—lump!" But he was glad they made the mistake.

"Dearie, it wasn't my mistake. I sent you two for an anniversary present and it's been pleasing my conscience ever since. I was afraid you wouldn't approve of it, and it's been worrying me dreadfully. I have countermanded the order but I couldn't think of any excuse. Now I've got a good one and back they'll both go. Antique—lump!" But he was glad they made the mistake.

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