

# A Welcome Letter

By GERALD ST. ETINNE

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As Justin Mallory hurried over his route he whistled merrily. "There was a letter in his pack for Anna Emeric, and the knowledge of it pleased him. It was his first week as a letter carrier, but every day of it he had found Anna waiting at her door. Every day she had been disappointed in the mail he had brought. That bulky letter that he had was the one she was waiting for, he felt sure. The route seemed much shorter that morning.

"You have a letter for me," Anna called as she caught sight of him. "I can see it in your face."

"You have good eyesight," he laughed as he pulled forth the letter. "Sure enough, here it is."

As Anna's fingers touched the letter and her eyes caught sight of the envelope a look of disappointment, worse than on other days, crossed her face.



Folks Want Their Mail

That was the look she gave after she had pulled into the house. Justice could say a word.

An whistle came from Justin's lips on the rest of the route. That he had Anna's first letter was a great thing. Of course, it was plain to see that the letter she was waiting for was from the man she loved. When a girl has not written to Anna, Justin wondered who he was. Some day she had met while Justin had been overseas on war service. That was it. The boys who stayed at home had won the affections of all the nice girls leaving none for the returned soldiers. He had thought a lot of Anna before he went away, but he had shattered a lot of his prospects by enlisting before he had completed his college term. The position he had might work into something good at the post office, he thought, and then he would be able to make up to Anna for this other man's ill treatment.

Anna was waiting with the same expectant smile the next day. She had not taken it to heart as much as he had imagined. This time she didn't seem so disappointed when there was no mail for her.

"I was sure it was," she said with a smile, as she held out her hand to greet him, "but I didn't intend to be. I was rather disappointed in the letter you brought. How do you like your new work, Justin?"

He was glad of an opportunity to tell her all about it. They were still talking when a voice from across the street called out in a feminine tone that indicated patience exerted to the last notch.

"Are you going to stand there talking all day, Postie? Don't you think folks want their mail?"

That brought Justin to a realization of the duty he still had to perform. With Anna's cheery smile to encourage him he started on, his mind too full of her conversation to permit him to whistle, however.

It was nearly two weeks later when Justin brought another letter to Anna. It was a thin, insignificant-looking letter, but the minute her eyes lit upon it she gave an exclamation of pleasure and almost snatched it from his fingers. Justin read the joy in her face instantly. Before she had a chance to open it he was on his way, but Anna was too intent on her letter to notice that he had gone. He felt something rise in his throat.

So the fellow had written at last, but she had begun to think that there was some hope for him to win Anna for himself, but now that was out of the question. Of course she would forgive the other man and they would start where they had left off. A letter carrier wasn't good enough for Anna anyway. But would this other man be good to her? If he didn't, he would make him answer for it. No one could be unkind to a girl like Anna. This man had been, though, he had not.

lected her shamefully, and would be likely to do it again. The thought of the unhappiness that this would probably bring to Anna so upset Justin that he found himself a block past the place where he should have delivered the next letter. He pulled himself together and managed to make the deliveries satisfactorily.

He had made an engagement with Anna for that evening but that was before the letter had come, so Justin decided to telephone his regrets. She would not want him to call, he was sure, and would know that he understood. It was not an easy thing to leave the hold clear for his rival, especially for a man who wasn't worthy of her. It was for Anna to make the choice, though, and her joy at receiving the letter showed him plainly enough that she thought more of him than he could ever dare hope she would think of him. He went to the telephone half a dozen times before he could gain courage to lift the receiver and call Anna's number.

"I am sorry I won't be able to come over this evening," he said huskily. "Won't you Justin?" His heart gave a jump as he noted the disappointment in her voice. "I did so want you to come tonight. Couldn't you arrange to have a letter I want to show you?"

"I will try to come, then," he answered. "I may be a trifle late."

As he left the telephone Justin did not know whether he had acted wisely or not. It would really have been better if he didn't see Anna at all. She was going to show him, he felt. The letter would be her explanation of why their friendship would have to cease. It was really the proper thing for her to do, he acknowledged, but it was going to be unpleasant for him.

Anna was waiting when he came. He was more than a trifle late, and she had begun to think he wasn't coming. He was that case is he so down. The letter was going to be a hard one, especially as Anna didn't seem to be a bit sorry for him. She didn't know how much he thought of her, of course, so she would not have acted so pleased to thought.

"Do you know you brought me the greatest happiness in the morning mail," she began, her eyes sparkling happily and her cheeks rosy with pleasure. It was hard for Justin to listen, for he was longing to tell her that her happiness was his misfortune, but he thought too much of her to make such a confession. The letter was from a magazine editor. It was his first check for a story he had written. He had been giving for a long time but this is the first one to be paid. He had been giving for a long time but this is the first one to be paid. He had been giving for a long time but this is the first one to be paid.

Justin told her of the story and she smiled. Before he left, when he was doing he was waiting for him, but the letter she was waiting for was from the man she loved. When a girl has not written to Anna, Justin wondered who he was. Some day she had met while Justin had been overseas on war service. That was it. The boys who stayed at home had won the affections of all the nice girls leaving none for the returned soldiers. He had thought a lot of Anna before he went away, but he had shattered a lot of his prospects by enlisting before he had completed his college term. The position he had might work into something good at the post office, he thought, and then he would be able to make up to Anna for this other man's ill treatment.

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## UNIVERSAL DAY OF BAD LUCK

In All Ages Friday Has Been Considered a Period of General Ill Omen.

The French call Friday "Vendredi"—Venus day.

Scandinavians regard Friday as the luckiest day of the week.

Our ancestors believed that eggs laid on a Friday would cure colic.

"Friday face" still lingers as a term of reproach for a sour-visaged person.

Friday is the United States' lucky day. Columbus discovered land on that day; the Pilgrims landed on a Friday, and Washington was born on a Friday.

The "unluckiness" of Friday owes its origin, of course, to our Lord Jesus Christ's death on Good Friday.

Friday marriages are "for losses," and superstitious couples who are getting married avoid this day.

Shipping returns of all countries show a much lower sailing rate on Friday than on any other day of the week.

The Talmud, the book containing the civil laws of the ancient Jews, says that Adam was created on a Friday, stood on a Friday, and was thrust out of Eden on a Friday.

## VICTORY MATTER OF COURSE

American Advantage in Battle Obvious to the Most Casual Observer of Events.

One of the great assets on the side of the United States in any war is the complete and unbounded confidence of all the people—soldiers and civilians—that we are going to win.

For one for a moment has any doubt about that? Some of us feel that we may have to pay a heavy price, but most of us will feel also that it is going to be worth all that it costs.

It is to be noted that this sense of confidence that this the hearts of the people is not the overconfidence by which great battles are sometimes lost, but rather the consciousness of being in the right and of having the moral and physical forces to uphold that right for our own sakes and for the sake of the world. This calm confidence is unquestionably a great American advantage.

The magnificent showing that has been made and always will be made by the American soldier boys thrills the hearts of all loyal citizens. It is inspiring and it warms the hearts, but it was not unexpected.

## Nature Study

In the study of nature do not try to reach to many conclusions. Nature is the characteristic features, and the study of whatever is under discussion is to be made in the light of the object of the study.

For example, a little plant, called the "leafy stem," is a very common plant. It pushes its leaves up, it grows, and it dies. It is a very common plant, and it is a very common plant.

Nature study need not be dull or difficult. It provides plenty of life and interest. It is mostly our own interest that is dead, or our senses that need quickening.

Grasp a few fundamental principles and nature study in the home, in the kindergarten and in the school will become the children's delight, the teacher's friend and occupation for the nursery to help start the compasses in busy work, a daily delight when walking out.

## Napoleon's Horses Trained.

Extraordinary were the precautions taken that Napoleon should never appear at a disadvantage on horseback.

The emperor was not a first-class horseman, and his horses were always thoroughly broken in. Here is a description of the methods employed:

"They were trained to remain perfectly steady under injuries of every description; to receive blows about the head; drums were beat pistols and crossed before their eyes, drums, packages and sometimes even sheep and pigs were thrown between their legs."

"None of the animals were deemed sufficiently trained till the emperor could, without the least difficulty, pull them up short at full gallop, which was his favorite pace."

## Taking Notes.

"When you take notes let them be brief, sharp, in open order, so a glance will give you a bird's-eye view of your whole scheme. For instance:

"John J. Jones—ex-mayor—38 automobile—9 a. m.—3456 Wabash—ill-health—12—born Springfield, O.—\$100,000—wife, Maria; children, Mary, John, William—Sunday 2 Trinity—Mt. Evergreen." Make your copy fast, devoid of deadwood like "that" and "which." Pick your own shorthand.

For instance, "New in all gd me candid prty," or "sldr, bltin, dvsn, mgie transpdr, Kar, bltshp, arpla."—A. S. Paine in Pep (Cleveland).

## Memorials of the Famous.

Interesting memorials have been sold at Plas Newydd, Llangollen, North Wales. Included amongst the unique contents of the old house were memorials of the Duke of Wellington, Madame de Genlis, Southey, Wordsworth, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and many other famous personages with whom the "Ladies of Llangollen" were contemporaneous.

## ORIGIN OF COUNTRY FAIR

Establishment Can Be Clearly Traced to an Ancient Religious Custom.

The country fair owes its origin to an ancient religious custom. In early days, when Englishmen observed saints' days, a crowd of worshippers and pilgrims would assemble within the precincts of the church or abbey during the festival of a popular saint.

To supply the wants of the throng, tents were pitched, and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard. Peddlers and traders found many customers among the worshippers, and in course of time these pious assemblies became markets of trade, and were known as "fairs."

Many old customs associated with fairs illustrate the social life of other days. The opening of fairs in many towns was announced by hoisting a large globe in a conspicuous place. In the event of a law forbidding the holding of a fair without royal permission, the king would send his glove to the town as a token of his consent.

In Liverpool, a hand was exhibited in front of the town hall ten days before and after each fair day, to signify that no person coming to or going from the fair might be arrested for debt within the town's precincts.

At Paignton fair, Exeter, an immense plum pudding was drawn through the town by four yoke of oxen and afterward distributed for the crowd. Its ingredients were: 300 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of butter, 140 pounds of raisins and 240 eggs. It was boiled in a brewer's copper for three days and nights.

## SUPREME IN INSECT MIMICRY

Really Wonderful Act of Caterpillar Shows Nature's Protection Thrown Around Innocents.

I witnessed a quaint little scene on a blackthorn bush in Epping forest on a day or two ago writes "E. E. T. Manchester (Eng) Guardian."—It is well known that many species of caterpillars, as closely resemble the brown barked stems, white others being green, that they themselves to the new green stems of the current year's growth.

Among the blackthorn twigs I observed one young member of the dark green species sticking out, right and left, in the arched angle of 45 degrees, from apparently a young green shoot. On closer examination I discovered that the young green shoot was itself a caterpillar sticking out at an angle of 45 degrees.

What had happened was obvious. The disguise of the green caterpillar was so perfect that even another caterpillar itself, a master in the art of mimicry, had probably been completely deceived and mistaken the green caterpillar for a twig. Surely this is a triumph of insect mimicry.

## Ideal Friendship.

Insectary may resemble—but it is not lovable. Only honesty and directness of dealing can win a lasting attachment. Artful folk are desperately afraid of the picturesquely unconventional actions that they think will make them ridiculous. They are so stiff and started in their mannerisms that they are hopelessly uninteresting. Sticklers for etiquette and for the observance of all the minor canons of good form, they find so many petty, silly rules to follow that they have no time to give rein to large and generous impulses. A personality that makes itself count ardently and lastingly in other lives and for the world's well being is too high for spite, too noble for mean, small ways, too genuine for intrigue and innuendo, and too faithful to sacrifice a friend.

## History of a Star.

The history of a star begins with dust and ends with dust. It takes its form out of chaotic nebulae, passes through a period of life, grows cool, then dark and dead, and ultimately dashes into another dark cloud of star dust, and is thus turned back into nebula.

We on earth live our lives in such a short moment that evolution among the stars is not at once apparent. It would require a great many centuries to actually see a blue star become white, then yellow, then finally red. While it is not possible to watch any one star living its life, yet by noting the characteristics of a great many, a complete and logical chain of evidence may be found, which includes representative stars of every type in the sky.

## Society of the Cincinnati.

The historic Society of the Cincinnati, oldest of the American patriotic organizations, was founded by officers of the Continental forces and of the French army and fleet which aided us in gaining our independence at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1785 years ago. Washington was its first president general. Hamilton the second, and on its original rolls appear the names of many others who gained fame for their services in the cause of liberty. Its membership, composed of the eldest male descendants of these officers, now numbers about 1800.

## That Evened Things Up.

One day my two little nieces were discussing which had been with her mother the longer.

"I've been with mother longer than you have," said the elder.

After thinking a few moments her younger sister answered, "Yes, but I've been with God longer."—Chicago Tribune.

# Molly Puts It Over

By IMES MACDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It sometimes happens that beauty and brains do not bless the same girl, so when Fred Barton brought his new girl home to dinner one night his mother and sister were much disturbed, for Molly Stanbury was perfectly, instantly lovely.

Fred had had other girls in his youthful career, some of whom were good looking and some of whom were not. All in their turn had been passed upon by Mother Barton and Sister Jane—and found wanting. However, it is doubtful whether this had anything to do with the failure of those romances to develop into matrimony, for Fred had perfect confidence in his own talents as a picker of winners.

This is one of the fallacies of youth, besides passing on those sweet young things, for whom Fred seemed disposed of his own accord to fall, Mother and Jane further added to their bit as Fred's romance arbiters by trotting out at various times several of Jane's "the-dresses-are-in-the-world" friends, who were exposed to the indifferent Fred without result, for that ungrateful young brute loved them not. And now he had picked a brainless beauty, who would "just ruin his life."

"She's a rotten card player," winked Barton Senior that night, when Fred dropped into his father's study for a smoke after having taken her home, "but she is sure a little beauty son."

While at the matrimonial moment Mother Barton sat on the edge of Sister Jane's bed and literally ground her feet for her beloved son's future happiness.

"Men are such fools," she said, "I take a shapely girl with deep hair and eyes, and they fall like an anvil on a cake when you slam the oven door."

"She hasn't a brain in her head," that girl, Molly Stanbury, who was well skinned and just loved to teach school.

But Molly, in her own room, with her shining hair in two pigtail down her back, stood before her mirror and gazed at her, psychodynamically soft through her eyes. Something was the matter with her. They had been

"Molly, make some grand little old fool," said Fred's father fondly.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Molly innocently. "Mother taught me a good many things at home and I took a domestic science course at night school. I learned efficiency and management in my work in the office; besides, I've been planning for this job all my life because I hated office work and I knew I was intended for just this sort of thing. My ambition has always been to be a housewife."

And that night Mother Barton sat on the edge of Sister Jane's bed.

"Fred's a real lucky boy," she said. "That child's a wonder."

"You'd never think it to look at her," concluded Jane. "But she's got brains, Molly says. You know what a time we always had managing Fred, but she's got her coming right out of her head."

"I only hope it lasts," sighed Fred's mother.

So you see that a change of mind is much easier than a change of heart.

## Long Lived Soldiers.

It is certain that some of the American soldiers now battling in Hun will be still living in the year 2000.

What world changes they will have witnessed!

James Barton the historian, says that in 1888 he barked with two Englishmen who fought against General Jackson at New Orleans 73 years before.

There are still living about 500 veterans, according to the pension records, who fought in the Mexican war, which ended 70 years ago.

Eleven survivors of Bunker Hill heard Daniel Webster speak 75 years after that historic battle.

Since 230,000 Union soldiers of our Civil war were only sixteen years of age or younger, it is not surprising that scores of thousands of Grant's "Boys in Blue" still enjoy vigorous health 33 years after Appomattox.

The last soldier of Waterloo lived more than 90 years after the fight.

## May Use Grape Seeds as Fuel.

Calculations that are of special interest in view of the shortage of coal in France have been made in connection with the proposal to utilize as fuel the large amount of seeds that are derived from pressing grapes, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The wine presses of that country produce an average of 1,821,000,000 gallons a year. The by-product in the form of seeds amounts to about a pound and one-half a gallon. After making a proper allowance for the difference in the fuel value of the seeds and coal, it appears that, theoretically, the grape industry of France yields seeds equivalent to some 175,000 tons of coal.

## Not a Genius.

Robert Rendel, an actor who has been doing his bit by entertaining the boys at the various training camps tells one on a recruit being examined by the surgeon.

"Have you any talents, sir?" inquired the examiner.

"No, sir, not a bit," replied the recruit. "I ain't a bit musical!"

## A Sugar Flend.

"Why do you always order two cups of coffee when you never drink both?"

"I've got to order two cups in order to claim sugar enough for one."

"Anybody I know?"

"Molly Stanbury."

The Old Man laughed delightedly and patted the proud Fred on the shoulder.

"Good boy!—But say," he said, "old Gragin will be sore! He's always bragged about Miss Stanbury. Says she's the most level-headed private secretary that ever blessed her boss. Going on a trip?"

Fred nodded.

"Well," he offered, "if you'll go to Cleveland and put over that Claybourne contract, we'll call it a three weeks' job, and you can have your summer vacation too."

And so it came to pass that Molly and Fred, happy though married, climbed aboard the limited for Cleveland, gayly intent on the only real honeymoon that ever happened. For no matter how commonplace other lives might get to be, they looked into each other's eyes and knew that theirs would be different. Strangely enough, when they returned and started house-keeping in their little apartment they were still of the same mind. Then came that most notable of events—the family's first dinner with the Newells.

Well, Fred had instructions to come home from the office early that night if possible, but he was so late that Mother Barton, Sister Jane and Dad were already there when he arrived.

Molly dropped everything at its most critical stage and danced out of the kitchen to fling herself shamelessly into the ready arms of the stalwart Fred, hugging him with a long, eager kiss, as if those who looked on did not exist. Fred's mother would have taken him to task for being late, but Molly leaped to his rescue, explaining that her experiences in an office had made it clear that things were bound to occur at the last moment to make men late for their dinners.

And Molly's dinner was a thing to dream about. The modest appointments of her table were set with exquisite taste. Her salad was perfectly beautiful as well as edible, her meat loaf was a great success, as was the pudding and the cake that accompanied it. The coffee could not have been duplicated by Mother Barton herself, and Dad Barton's heart was entirely captivated by the quality of Molly's cookery and the lure of her blonde youth.

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