

## Cheating Catherine

By IMES MACDONALD

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The last of her line was Catherine Van Wye, who lived with two maiden aunts in the old colonial mansion that had been the home of the Van Wyes for a hundred and forty years. Stiff and proud had been her upbringing and not for a single instant had she been permitted to forget that she was a Van Wye—something finer, something fairer, something so much closer to heaven than any one of the common people.

After a fashion Catherine was pretty, but a little too slim, a little too wan. Her blood may have been blue, but also it was thin. She was delicate, but Catherine had enough of the Van Wye in her to make her feel that she was the incarnation of life as her grandmother had lived—this showed in her shy rather wondering eyes—but she did have one redeeming trait which might save her from a barren life of old maid gentility—and that trait was curiosity.

The only man Catherine knew who was anywhere near her own age was John, the chauffeur. She used to sit prominently behind John in the car and study the back of his well-set head and sturdy shoulders, and wonder about men in general as represented by John. If it had ever occurred to him, John might have encouraged Catherine to think about him in particular. He might have even done this so successfully that she would have eloped with him for John was a good-looking boy, but he had never once given Catherine a thought. A certain little maid in the stone front over in the next block completely filled John's head and heart. Poor Catherine could never have competed with Adele, the little maid, for Adele had blood-red lips and daring eyes—she was all curves and dash and vitality—and John was mid-thing.

However, John's presence always set Catherine's curious mind to wondering about men in general. It wasn't nice of course, for to wonder about men was quite vulgar, she knew that, but her aunts had said so. They had impressed upon Catherine that she was a Van Wye and a sacred thing, and she believed it. The idea of a man's eyes so much as touching her gave her shivers of horror—especially an ordinary man of the people—for the people were terribly common, and Catherine was patrician, very patrician, indeed.

Then one afternoon it so happened that Adele had occupied so much of John's time and thought that he had neglected his job and the car, so much so that that neglected piece of mechanism started right on a busy crossing on the avenue. It was certainly embarrassing for the traffic policeman was as sore as a wounded rhinoceros. He called John a "matt," and would probably have said worse things than that if it hadn't been for Catherine's patrician presence. But the engine would not start and the traffic was piling up behind them while the traffic regulator became more and more angry.

"Here," he roared, "steering her down the middle of the block next the curb!" And as he heaved his massive weight against the back corner of the heavy car the Jim Brand detached himself from the passing throng and joined in pushing the heavy car out of the way. "You ought to be on the force with them shoulders." The policeman grinned his thanks to Jim Brand as they rolled the big car up to the curb. But Jim only laughed and waved his hand in a half salute as the other went back to his job.

"Thank you very much indeed," said Catherine as Jim Brand turned to her with his hat in his hand and her eyes as she sat in the car were almost on a level with his own. His first thought was that she would have been pretty if she had a little more life to her.

"She'll have to go to the garage, miss," offered John meekly. "I'll get you a taxi," smiled John Brand. He did so, and handed her into it, but naturally by taking Jim Brand off his arm. And no young man had ever before taken hold of Catherine's arm. From the taxi she leaned out and thanked him again, smiling just a little excitedly, for this was an adventure. Then, summoning all her courage, she said: "Were you going downtown? Perhaps I could drop you somewhere."

So Jim Brand got in beside her and they rolled down the avenue, at length stopping in front of Catherine's home.

"I was really on my way uptown," confessed Jim Brand, humorously. "But I wanted to ride with you."

Catherine didn't know what to say to that, so she just looked—idly and then looked away, wondering if either of her aunts was observing the tableau as she and the strange young man stood there on the walk.

"You're not offended, are you?" he asked.

"I—I should be," she entered the gate and turned to him for a fleeting instant—"but I'm not!" And with a little laugh she ran up the steps.

The very next Sunday morning quite early Catherine crossed the street to the park opposite the house. The grilles of the square only use the park during the early hours, before the rabble of the city fills the benches, so she sat herself down in the early morning sunlight and wondered about Jim

Brand, who at that very moment came strolling toward her. "I hoped I'd find you—aren't you going to ask me to sit down?" Then he sat down anyway. It was quite startling and very exciting. He questioned her and teased her, treated her just as if she weren't a Van Wye and so on—just as if she were a girl whom he liked.

"Let's walk," he finally said, rising and catching her by the hands to draw her to her feet. He was like that—just sudden and abruptly insistent—it took Catherine's breath completely away. And the color came into her cheeks and lips, and animation to her eyes. She fairly sparkled in response to his vital presence, and she completely forgot herself and her aunts and tradition.

So it went. She met him many times. Apparently by accident, but really by arrangement, although Catherine herself never fully realized this. And suddenly her aunts noticed a change in her. She grew rounder, color became pronounced, her lips were red always and her eyes danced on the slightest pretext. The aunts were perplexed until one evening Catherine was late to dinner. She had been out all afternoon in the car. Jim Brand had given John \$5, and they had left John to his own devices while Jim took the wheel, with Catherine in the seat beside him. Together all afternoon they had breezed along through the country recklessly happy, hence Catherine's interest to dinner.

At the Van Wye table that night there was less conversation than usual. The aunts were uneasy. Catherine's father had been a little wild in his youth and the aunts wondered vaguely until Catherine arose from the table with a little smile. "Aunt Bellinda, were you ever grabbed suddenly by a nice young man and hugged close up to his heart and kissed ever so many times right on the mouth before you realized what was happening?"

"Whatever put such notions into your head, Catherine Van Wye? Certainly not!" said Aunt Bellinda, severely.

"Then I feel very sorry for you, Aunt Bellinda," said Catherine, demurely. "For you have missed something."

"Catherine!" chorused the horrified aunts in despair, but their indignation had faded toward the telephone. And an hour later Jim Brand was playing ping-pong on Catherine's plates while that young woman stood behind him and patted the synchronized time on his broad shoulders, occasionally leaning down to rub her smooth cheek against his, while in the room above those maiden ladies, her aunts, continued in solemn conference.

"And he's just a common country boy who happens to go to college!" said Aunt Melvina.

"I don't see what we can do about it," said Aunt Bellinda helplessly. "He's twenty-one and has the Van Wye willfulness!"

And every now and then Catherine Van Wye unexpectedly launches her agile young body like a catapult upon her surprised husband and hugs his head savagely to her breast, murmuring: "And they would have cheated me out of this! Cheated me out of life and love, and you—you common persons!"

But Jim Brand only grins and gives his present wife a proper kiss, which, vulgar practice, I regret to say, seems to agree with the taste of the patrician Van Wyes.

## WORDSWORTH'S EARLY HOME

House in English Village of Cocker-mouth, Where Poet Was Born, Is Still Standing.

Cockermouth is one of those English villages of the lake region where you feel that you would like to spend your declining years in a cottage with the inevitable English ivy and a garden decorated with borders of periwinkle and other old-fashioned flowers. A river following a twisted course through Cockermouth completes the peaceful, back-to-nature atmosphere of the village.

You might easily spend some time in Cockermouth before you discovered that it was Wordsworth's birthplace. The historic home is still standing, the same stolid, substantial British residence where the poet spent the greater part of his boyhood.

The house is decidedly a home for a student of books and not at all the sort which Wordsworth, the nature devotee, would have chosen in which to grow up. The yard and garden, however, make up for the unpoetic gray stone walls. It is a shady yard, surrounded by a low stone fence.

The Wordsworth house is not a shrine for the literati to respect and write verses of appreciation on the walls, or sign their names in a ledger along with the autographs of famous visitors and tourists. It is a quiet home, as in the poet's day, a home which you would pass a dozen times without suspecting it had been the birthplace of such a famous person. Chicago Daily News.

## Forgotten the Driver.

Mrs. Manager was about to start on a picnic with her family.

"Let me see, here are the wraps, here's the lunch basket, here's the field glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got everything, and yet— Children we haven't forgotten anything, have we?"

"Shall I get in now, my dear?" said her husband, pulling on his driving gloves.

"Why, yes, of course!" beamed Mrs. Manager. "Get in! I knew there was something else!"

## SILENCE ESSENTIAL IN MINING TRENCHES

Elaborate Precautions Taken to Deaden Noise Lest the Enemy Be Warned.

By CAPTAIN TROUNCE, R. E.

When I reached the trenches early in the first week of January, 1916, the British company I was with had succeeded in sinking a number of shafts (not, however, without having several of them destroyed by the enemy during their construction) and had driven a number of galleries well over toward the German lines.

Our trenches here, opposite Fromelles, averaged from 80 to 150 yards apart. On account of shallow water level we averaged a depth of about twenty feet below the surface, and only by constant pumping with hand pumps were we able to keep up the progress in our galleries.

The soil was generally a blue plastic clay. At intervals we would strike running sand, and when this happened we usually found it wise to abandon the drive and start new workings. At the outset many of our tunnels also were destroyed by enemy "blows," but we succeeded in putting in quite an elaborate system in the course of time.

There is a very marked difference between mining in clay and chalk. Later on in the Vimy ridges area we had considerable mining in chalk. In clay it was possible for the Germans and ourselves to tunnel to within a few feet of each other before we could hear any sound of mining, and elaborate precautions were taken to insure silence. In chalk it is possible to hear from much longer distances, especially where the chalk contains any amount of flint.

To insure silent working in the clay we would use grafting rods instead of shovels. No nails were used in the sockets, all sockets being wedged with sand bags. Blasting was being in the end of the galleries to render the noise as we approached nearer to the enemy the men working in advanced tunnels would have to use canvas shoes or work in their socks. No talking was allowed. Every precaution was taken to insure silent work. As the lives of every one in the galleries depended on this, the work was conducted with extreme care.

When we reached within striking distance of the enemy we would build a charge chamber and load it with gunpowder, connecting up leads to detonators and a double set of wires to the charge, and at the right moment fire these charges from the trench above by means of blasting machines.

To fight well men must know not only that they are doing good work, but that they are doing it for a purpose. The sending of small gifts and frequent letters is a personal expression of this approval. Just as the great shipbuilding program and the constant stream of new troops and supplies are the outward expression of the Liberty Bonds have shown themselves to be national expressions of the same thing. Help by buying Liberty Bonds.

## THE FIGHTING HEAD OF OUR SEA FORCES ABROAD



Copyright by Com on Pub Inf. ADMIRAL SIMS.

One of the first real impressions made by the United States Navy on its British cousins was the readiness to fight shown by the American destroyers immediately after their buffeting trip across the Atlantic. Admiral Sims was in command of the fleet of destroyers at that time. The ships are still ready to fight and Liberty Bonds are keeping them on the alert. Are you helping them?

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

They're selling bonds to win the war. I've bought as many as I could. And now my pocket-book is light. But oh, my conscience feels so good.

## Jekyll and Hyde Plant.

It seems strange that the products needed for the feeding and clothing of our bodies can be used also for destroying us and our property. Take cotton for instance. In times of peace this product of the southern farm is woven into clothing, its seeds furnish oil, feed and fertilizer. It is transformed into the moving picture film that entertains and instructs us. But when international disputes arise this same cotton is turned into an explosive that destroys and mutilates all that it comes in contact with.—Indiana Farmer's Guide.

## Emperor and King.

The title emperor is assumed by the ruler of an empire, that is of a nation composed generally of several countries once separate but later brought together by conquest, colonization or confederation. Thus George is king of England, emperor of India. A kingdom may be part of an empire. The kingdom of Prussia, for instance, is part of the German empire; the kingdom of Hungary is part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The title emperor is considered superior in dignity to that of king.

## Place Confidence in Soil.

Confidence in the soil means much for good farming. If you believe your soil will respond to good tillage you are apt to trust it to that. If you believe your soil will pay for extra investment in lime, drainage and fertilizer you are likely to make the greater investment. But after all it is self-confidence for the soil will do just what you let it in the way of production.

## Words Often Misspelled.

The most frequently misspelled words in the newspapers are, according to a sharp, patient watcher: "hated," as in the sentence "hated into court"—it is often spelled "hulled"; "identify," which curiously enough in instance after instance is spelled "identify"; the third is "ecstasy," which is often spelled "ecstasy" or "restacy."

## Everyone Satisfied.

My little daughter, four, loves to treat her playmates. After passing around bread, butter and sugar to all, she came in and took out one peach. Later I said, "June, tell me how you divided one peach." She replied: "Well, mother, Nerty said she just loved skins, and I gave her the stone, then I ate the peach."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

## Palm Sugar Production.

The total palm sugar production of India is stated in an authoritative publication to be about 300,000 tons, of which Bengal produces roughly 100,000 tons, worth \$2,400,000. India's total production of sugar, both from cane and palms, is somewhere about 3,000,000 tons a year.

## Farmers Beat Citizens.

Thomas Jefferson said: "Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vigorous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country, and wedded to its liberty and interests by the most lasting bonds."

## Fearing She Might Be Suspected.

Midge came downstairs with perhaps one-half a bottle of big sister's perfume saturated in her clothing. She got up on a chair beside mother, and looking up into her face she said: "Mother, if you smell anything, it isn't mine."

## Fraudulent Precious Stones.

About ten years ago Antwerp was flooded with spurious white diamonds. Before the fraud was detected the persons who made the transformation had reaped a profit of eight million dollars.

## No Cause for Alarm.

Little John wanted his playmate to play football with him, but feeling it necessary to apologize for the worn appearance of the ball, said: "It's all scabby, but it ain't catching."

## Uncle Eben.

"Every once in a while," said Uncle Eben, "I keeps runnin' across de same man's picture till I begins to wonder what he does to be famous, besides gettin' hisself photographed."

## Cure for Selfishness.

He who thinks he cannot learn to love his neighbor as himself needs to learn to love himself less.—Youth's Companion.

## When Hat is Taboo.

No man can wear a hat in England while ringing a church bell; it is an old custom rigidly adhered to today.

## Necessary for Friendship.

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship; Truth and Tenderness.—Emerson.

## The Best Omen.

Let the best omen be our country's cause.—Homer.

## Daily Thought.

The great theater for virtue is conscience.—Cicero.

## GLORY OF TURKISH CAPITAL

Great Mosque of Santa Sofia a Marvel in Beauty of Architecture and Rich Decoration.

The great mosque of Santa Sofia towers majestically over Constantinople, dominating its surroundings by sheer thick-set ponderousness. Its bulky dome and tacked-on minarets are, however, only the shell which covers a vast cathedral justly famed for beauty of line and rich ornament.

From the outer court you pass through a heavy bronze door and stand within a hall of such cavernous proportions that it seems impossible that ever the exterior, that seemed so massive, could contain it. Above, the dome rises in a sweeping curve. Once mosaic figures of Christian saints adorned these higher regions of the hall, but the vandal Turks long ago covered the walls with plaster through which in certain places they still can be seen smiling dimly but serenely.

The mosque has not always been a Mohammedan temple. The original Santa Sofia, a Christian cathedral erected by Constantine, was destroyed by fire. It was Justinian who rebuilt it in the sixth century, decorating it with such lavish magnificence that he was himself surprised at the result and cried out: "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

In Justinian's day the new temple was a veritable Aladdin's cave. Its walls and columns were of marble brought from foreign quarries and from other temples. Famous shrines of Diana, Apollo and even the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek contributed their statues and jewels, willingly or not, to the glory of Justinian's cathedral.

Into this treasure vault in 1453 burst the conquering Turks, wrecking, plundering and claiming possession. From that time on Santa Sofia, Church of the Divine Wisdom, has been a Turkish mosque, with minarets added and the crescent over all.—Chicago Daily News.

## DEPENDS ON ONE'S THOUGHTS

By No Means Always the Part of Real Wisdom for Persons to Say What They Think.

Whether we are to say what we think, or not, depends entirely on what our thoughts are and how they will affect others. There are some thoughts that are a sin to hide. The people who smother a good thought because they are afraid of being misunderstood or laughed at, take upon themselves a dangerous responsibility. To conceal a kind thought is something for which there is no excuse.

There are other thoughts which it is a pity to allow to get beyond your own brain. It is unfortunate indeed to have them, but at least you can resolve that they shall never get outside of their birthplace. If you think this world is a dreary, dismal place, what is the good of saying so? If morbid, angry thoughts have taken possession of you, stamp them out as you would a breed of snakes.

Be brave enough to speak the thought which should be spoken, no matter whether it is likely to be popular or not. And be strong enough to hold in a leash the thought which, if it should escape, would work harm to others.—Selected.

## Way of a Japanese Woman.

Lafayette Hearns was a very critical man. For instance, when he was doing business with publishers in foreign countries, and because he was so far away, the publisher would take the liberty of deciding the arrangement of such things as book covers and illustrations without consulting Hearns, who was very particular about all details. At such times Hearns was often made furiously angry. When he received a letter from the publishing house he would immediately write back a fierce (sic) answer in anger, and order it to be mailed at once; but I would say, "Yes," and hold it over a mail. Two or three days afterward, when he had become calm, he would regret that he had written too severely, and would say: "Mamma-san, have you mailed that letter? I would answer 'Yes,' and watch to see whether he really regretted it. If so, I would give him the letter. He would be immensely pleased, and say: 'Mamma-san, you are the only one!' and would begin a new letter in a milder tone. Mrs. Hearns in Atlantic.

## First Automobile Patent.

The first application for a patent for an automobile was filed in the United States patent office by George B. Selden, 30 years ago. Selden was a patent lawyer in Rochester, N. Y., when he first began to experiment with the idea of a vehicle propelled by a gasoline engine. Considering that his "road engine" was not yet perfected and that the times were not ripe for it, he secured delay after delay, and the patent was not definitely issued until 1895. From the first doubts were cast on the validity of the Selden patent, but it earned a fortune for the astute inventor-attorney and for a long time dominated the motor industry of the United States.

## Lieutenant Colonels.

Combinations of the word "lieutenant," such as lieutenant colonel, mean an officer subordinate, an assistant to the rank to which lieutenant is prefixed. In European armies the lieutenant-colonel is often the real commander of a regiment, its colonel being some royalty whose duties end with having himself photographed in the uniform.

## Diplomacy Wins.

Frank speakers (or whatever they may form themselves) should remember that certain kinds of frankness bring a lot of uneasiness and often pain to others, and those of us who stop to think at all will admit that it is by far the better part of valor to refrain from telling everyone at all times just what we think. We should study the temperaments of the persons with whom we come in contact, and while before some we may express ourselves freely and without reserve, we must in the presence of others be most careful and guarded in our remarks.

## Women and Housecleaning.

When a woman returns from a month's visit she says, "Oh, how I dread to begin cleaning up this house," but she doesn't. You can tell by the glee with which she seizes the broom and the duster and stirs up a great cloud of dust that she is now realizing that which she has eagerly anticipated all the time she was away. There is nothing a woman enjoys so much as kicking up a dust. For the dust is sure to come down again, and the source of fun is never exhausted.—Kansas City Star.

## Disposing of Jean.

Enoch, of the age of seven, was discussing with his grandfather the exciting details of an imaginary trip of adventure, including all hazards of land and sea and air. They had just summarily dispatched a lion which might spring upon them unawares from the jungle, when grandfather suddenly asked: "Enoch, what about Jean?" (his little playmate). "You can't take her on such a dangerous journey." "Oh," said Enoch, simply: "Jean—I'd kiss her and leave her at home."

## Tact Always Wins.

Of this truth we may rest assured: The sniffler never gets into trouble. She may go anywhere, mingle with all types of people, and then pass onward leaving only a most favorable impression in their minds. Therefore, the truly practical one will gladly put herself out a wee bit in order to retain the good will of others. For this attitude will not only help her immensely, but will certainly make easier and smoother the ways of all with whom she comes in contact.

## Made Quite a Difference.

The meaning of a paragraph depends very much on the punctuation. An editor wrote "When Mrs. Jones lectured on Dress she wore nothing that was remarkable." How the compositor, or the "proof reader," came to the conclusion that this should read: "When Mrs. Jones lectured on Dress she wore nothing. That was remarkable," remains a mystery.

## Wonderful Giant Squid.

The giant squid is the largest animal in point of length that exists or ever did exist. It destroys its prey by swallowing it in its huge snakelike arms, with its black and poisonous water with its inky fluid. It is a relative of the octopus, which is also furnished with arms, but the latter creature is smaller and considerably different in structure.

## Had One Requisite.

Junior was fond of the neckties belonging to his big brother and, bringing me a bright-colored one, asked me to tie it on for him. He was wearing a low collarless middie blouse, so I told him I couldn't tie it on and he yelled out: "Well, I got a neck, haven't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

## Cheering Him Up.

Sergeant Instructor (to Cadet): "Na, you'll no mink an officer. But it's just possible if the war keeps on a while an ye practice hard—verra hard—ye might—might, mind ye—begin to be a glimmer that ye'll never ken the rudiments of the wurk!"—Punch.

## Nature Always Supreme.

If he had slept more and regularly all his life, Napoleon would have been able to stay awake and attend to the battle of Waterloo, instead of falling asleep in spite of himself. Nature conquers all conquerors.

## He's Usually Not Worth It.

The trouble with the man you have to know to like is that usually he is so disagreeable that few people care to make a second attempt to know him.—Detroit Free Press.

## Dimmed Light.

Mrs. Peavish says that before they were married Mr. Peavish used to call her the light of his life, and now he says she can't hold a candle to his sister-in-law.—Dallas Morning News.

## When It Becomes Interesting.

After sober deliberation one becomes convinced that the only time the masculine ankle is interesting is when it is sprained.—Chicago News.

## Fireless Cooker is Norwegian.

The fireless cooker originated in Norway and was brought to public attention for the first time at the Paris exposition in 1887.

## Daily Thought.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—Eterna.