

"Home Fires"

By LOUISE OLIVER

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"But, dear, it's the oldest story in history, the tale of a girl who went to New York to seek her fortune and finally had to come home—or didn't come back home—when her money ran out."

"Tom!"

"Well," bitterly, "you know it."

"I've no idea what you're implying, but it doesn't sound pleasant. To have my feelings I think I'd better say good night."

And Laura turned away from the lilac bush under which they had been standing, just inside the gate, and started up the path.

Yes, there was a lilac bush in full, exquisite bloom, and a gate, and a moon almost full, and a little low house with a vine all over it, and all around them, in the misty moonlight, a hundred delicious smells of an old-fashioned garden just bursting into bloom.

Tom caught her hand. "Laura, forgive me." He pressed the hand to his lips. "I'm a brute. But, of course, I'm half mad with love for you. And I can't let you go—I can't—can't—can't, that's all."

"Poor boy!" Laura's voice was con- trite now. "If you'd only look at it the right way it wouldn't be hard at all. It's what I've been wanting all ways, you know. I have a voice, not that I take any credit for it. It's like the lucky penny in the bun. The bun didn't deserve to be praised. But every one says I ought to make the most



"Why Didn't You Come to the Concert?"

of it, and when Uncle Adam died and left me \$2,000, I feel that I ought to invest it in my voice instead of say- ing real estate or stocks."

"But what if you do succeed? What if you are trained into a wonderful singer? You can't go over the coun- try singing and keep house, too, can you?"

"That's further along."

"You mean you admit that you can't?"

"Oh, Tom, don't be unreasonable. I'm not admitting anything. Can't you see that I—? You don't want to understand, that's all."

"Perhaps I don't," he said gently, and turning, walked out of the gate.

"Like most males, Tom had only one point of view, that was his own. He had always pictured for himself a fu- ture that included Laura and some chubby, rollicking children in a neat little shingle bungalow, of which he already had drawn the plans. No one knew not even Laura, that he had plans for the bungalow, because that was all he did have. He intended soon, when the promised raise in sal- ary arrived, to join the building and loan association. That was as near as he had got to possessing a home. He had just about saved enough to buy Laura an engagement ring, when the bomb of Uncle Adam's death had burst suddenly about his ears and shattered all his fond hopes for the future. How much more sensible it would be for Laura to put her heri- tage into property, say a neat little bungalow or something of the sort, instead of in the hot sun of disillu- sion. For, of course, it was only a rainbow vision. He was sure of that. He had never taken any stock in mu- sic.

After the night in the garden, find- ing that he could not dissuade Laura from her purpose, Tom assumed the role of the injured, and disregarded all overtures of peace.

Laura, heavy-hearted, but unde- terred, got her clothes ready, packed, said good-by to her aunt, and depart- ed on the morning express one day in late May, without one word or line of farewell from Tom.

A year passed. Vague rumors had reached the little town of Laura's suc- cess, rumors undoubtedly disquieting to Tom. In his heart he had hoped she would fall—a costly experiment, he acknowledged, but the best thing for them both. He had given her so long to discover the volatility of

same and music, and had even hauled out the old dust-covered plans for the house.

But he had failed to consider that Laura had some foundation to be- gin with, and that two thousand dol- lars will go farther when one is stay- ing with relatives. The rumors were disquieting, but when they were re- peatedly verified and he began to see notices in the papers he gave up com- pletely. He put the plans away again and enlisted before the draft.

Another year passed, a busy year for Tom, a year in which he learned many things. For one, he discovered that the world is a big place, with big people who have big ideals and broad, fair minds. He found that his own point of view didn't count for much in the general scheme of things any more than the fly on the elephant's back could lead the parade; that one lives not for himself but for the good of humanity, and that sacrifice brings the greatest happiness one can know.

His thoughts were full of Laura these days. As spring advanced and the lilacs in the farmers' gardens spread their fragrance through the air and the blossoms in the orchards wafted their sweetness of promise across the fields, a queer sort of rest- lessness seized him. He felt that he would give up anything he possessed or had ever hoped for for a sight of her. He knew not where she was. It was months since he had heard any- thing about her at all. The old aunt had left South Greenwich and no one else seemed to know.

There was a concert that night in the Y. M. C. A. Every one was sing- ing and putting on a clean shirt to go. But Tom wandered across the road from the barracks and sat on a fence watching the moon come up and think- ing of Laura and the night two years before when she told him she had meant to go.

After a while things grew quiet; then across the stillness of the night came a few chords on a piano and a sweet feminine voice sang, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

A lump rose in Tom's throat. There was no one to keep the home fires burning for him. He had wanted Laura to, but—well, there was no use going over it again. After all, per- haps, it was better. If he had mar- ried her he never would have enlisted, and the country called. And he didn't blame her. She had a right to go if she wanted.

The last notes died away and the night was very quiet.

"Tom!"

He was so startled he dropped from the fence. Laura, a vision in white, stood beside him.

"Why didn't you come to the con- cert, Tom? I looked for you," she asked quietly.

"I—I— what did you sing that song for?" he asked suddenly. "You don't believe it?"

"Yes, I do, Tom. I've learned it is the only thing I've given up for the other—there's no glory in that kind of success. I'm going to sing in sol- diers' camps now and marry you, Tom, if you still want me. I'll keep the home fires burning for you till you come back from across the sea."

"Want you?" He folded her in his arms as if he would never let her go. "I'll make any sacrifice they ask of me, dear, but I'll never give you up again. If I thought you were waiting for me here I could fight a thousand Huns. And I'll be back, sure."

NOT WORK OF ARCHITECTS

Colonial Buildings Which Stand as Models Were the Product of the Carpenter's Brain.

It is a remarkable fact that the three buildings in Philadelphia which are regarded as peculiarly characteristic, and which may be said to have set the style for similar structures in this country, were designed by amateur architects. These buildings are the Girard National bank, Christ church and Independence hall, which probably should have been mentioned in re- verse order.

While the colonies developed sev- eral promising painters, the architect's province, until the approach of the last century, seems to have been relegated to the carpenter and builder. Virtu- ally all of the buildings that we most revere as excellent examples of the colonial style are the products of car- penters and not of architects. There was no specializing in those days, and the carpenter studied the refinements of architectural style and such en- gineering as was used also came from the same hand.

At the same time, it must be re- membered that the carpenter in those days did not have to depend upon the mill to make his woodwork, but the moldings, the window frames and such other woodwork as he required he made himself or had made by other carpenters under his direction. This circumstance called for ability in de- signing and skill in cutting wood, and the result is shown in the many exist- ing examples of colonial building.

Of Latin Derivation.

Lieutenant is spelled alike in Eng- lish and French. The Englishman pro- nounces it "lieftenant." The Italian word is lieutenant, and there you have a glimpse of the derivation from the Latin locum tenens, holding or acting in the place, presumably of someone else. The short of this long is that a lieutenant originally was the deputy or representative of his superior officer.

A Plea in Defense.

He—Id like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once. She—When you have only one match for it doesn't it go out?—Boston Evening Transcript.

WORD HAS VARIED MEANING

Term "Garden," as Used Today, Capable of Some of the Most Elastic Definitions.

We speak so freely and often of a "garden," assuming that there is some well-defined common use of that word even among the authorities on garden- ing subjects. But the fact is that it has reached mighty elastic limits in their writings and speech and can be taken to mean anything from the enor- mous private parks and estates to the tin can glories of a back yard.

The word garden is from the old Anglo-Saxon root, "gyrden," meaning an enclosure. At that time, due to the uncertain character of community life, it was either inclosed within fortifica- tions or left unprotected and exposed without. This private inclosed land was the garden of that time. That is the meaning of garden in the Song of Solomon.

Gradually the sense of the word has changed to cover those parts of the land devoted to the cultivation of plants either for pleasure or for use; thus, we have the vegetable or fruit garden, and on the other hand, the wall, water or rose garden, etc.

Liberty Hyde Bailey defines a gar- den as "the personal part of an estate, that area which is most intimately as- sociated with the private life of the home."

Whatever the sense in which it is used, the word "garden" always suc- ceeds in carrying with it an atmos- phere of romance and beauty, which countless ages of use cannot dim.—Philadelphia Record.

HOME BUILT AROUND ICEBOX

Nature Kindly Furnished Cold Storage Facilities for Landowner in Western Montana.

The owner of a plot of ground in western Montana discovered on his property a well which emitted a con- stant current of cold air, which in hot- test summer was about 35 degrees Fahr- enheit, the temperature of scientific- ally regulated refrigerators. With a business eye to economizing in ice he decided to build a house in such a position that the well would be at the side of the kitchen in a built-in addition. In this addition he afterward placed shelves and receptacles for storing perishable goods.

His next step was to build a store nearby, with an underground pipe con- necting the well with a room in the basement of the store. Here he planned to keep perishable merchandise. The pipe led up into the store, also. It was provided with a damper so that it could be opened or shut in order to regulate the temperature of the room. In this way electric current for operating fans in hot weather was saved.

At the opening in the pipe the force of air current is sufficient to sweep a man's hat from his head. No satisfac- tory explanation of the current has been found. In winter the air is warmer than the outside atmosphere and prevents the stored articles from freezing.—Popular Science Monthly.

Bookkeeping.

It comes as a surprise, very often, to find how far back in the centuries some of the ordinary things of every- day life rest their roots. It may not be generally realized that double-en- try bookkeeping, for instance, adopt- ed in most large businesses of the modern world, originated, or if it did not originate, was practiced, among the mercantile communities of Italy in the fifteenth century. An early ex- ponent of the method was a Milanese monk named Luca De Burgo, other- wise Paolioli, who wrote and published a treatise on the subject in Venice in the year 1494, three years before Se- bastian Cabot landed in America. The system survives as Luca De Burgo es- tablished it, with the exception of the few alterations necessitated by four centuries of commercial evolution.

Still Mr. Evans or some one else tells strange stories of bookkeeping by dou- ble entry in the palace accounts of the Knossus, twelve centuries before the Christian era.—Christian Science Moni- tor.

Bought Island Cheap.

There is a good story telling how the captain of a British warship came into possession of a small island near the New Hebrides. The captain was in search of a place to hold the annual prize fring, but the only suitable loca- tion was on a small island in South- west bay. This was tribal property and, as the natives had been taught to fear the power of big guns they insisted that they should be paid for the island, as it would likely be destroyed. The negotiations ended in a chief go- ing off to the ship, and it was agreed that the commander of the warship should become the owner of the island upon the payment of five sticks of to- bacco. A target was then erected and the shooting took place.

Town Has Long History.

Mannheim isn't an old town. The village that preceded it dated back a thousand years, but the real Mann- heim has just entered its fourth cen- tury. It was founded by Protestant refugees from Holland, who gave it a strongly fortified castle and brought no end of trouble on the place. Dur- ing the Thirty Years' war that castle and the town were taken and retaken no less than five times. In 1794 it was in the hands of the French and then an Austrian army bombarded it so severely that scarcely a building was left unharmed. In 1803 a grand duke had the fortifications razed and Mann- heim became an open town.

WHY

It Is Unfair to Say the Slavs Lack Capacity

The Russian people are backward, to be sure, but it would be rash to in- fer therefrom that the Slavs lack ca- pacity. Aside from the Germans, who have their own motives for running down the Russians, I have met with no foreign observers of this people who doubted their gifts of intellect, imagination and heart, writes Edward Atsworth Ross in Asia Magazine. It is true, I know ethnologists who wonder if the quick discouragement and instabil- ity of will so characteristic among the Russians is not a mark of the Slavic race. Queerly enough, however, this was precisely the outstanding trait of the Germans in Roman times. Their fury of onset, furor Teutonius, was a by-word among the legionaries, but the warriors quickly lost heart if the Ro- mans held them at bay a couple of hours. When one contrasts with this the tenacity and stubbornness of the modern German soldiers one sees how national character itself may be in- terly transformed by education and never-say-die-ideals. In the same way it is likely that Russian instability, far from being a race defect, signifies sim- ply that the people have not yet been molded by the tonic character-making forces which have given the French, for instance, a tenacity in resistance which a century ago was supposed to be a monopoly of the "bull-dog" Eng- lish.

DEVICE THAT FOILS GERMS

How Possibility of Contamination From Use of Common Drinking Glass May Be Avoided.

A Baltimore woman, Miss Cornelia Fliske, has devised a simple scheme to prevent the possibility of contami- nation when making use of a common drinking glass. It consists of a square of rather stiff waxed paper, folded through the center, and when destr- ucting a thirst quencher of any kind the paper is placed over the edge of the glass, and the lips then cannot come in contact with the glass, and there- fore there is no exchange of germs. A supply of these papers can be car- ried conveniently in the purse or pocket, or they may be made more substantially of celluloid or some other equally suitable material and one of the lip protectors made to do a prolonged term of duty. Something of this character seems to be demanded at soda fountains, where patrons ex- press a desire for glass drinking ves- sels instead of those of paper. If the little paper protectors could be sup- plied at fountains for the use of pa- trons the purposes of the individual glass could be accomplished without its inconveniences and cost.

Why Bells Were Placed in Tombs.

The man who invented bells failed to perpetuate his name together with his harmonious and useful device. A popu- lar legend credits the invention to Paulinus, bishop of Nola. But this does not take account of the fact that bells were mentioned in history and literature centuries before the title of bishop was known. Cleero refers to bells as part of the equipment of Ro- man baths. They were also used in the houses of patricians to summon slaves and servants and to gather the family for dinner, just as they are used today.

How Crown Prince Got Command.

An interesting story is told of how the crown prince came to command the German armies before Verdun. It comes indirectly from Germany. The Kaiser, having little faith in the crown prince's military ability to lead large armies, opposed the placing of his son before Verdun. He knew—rather felt—that Verdun could not be taken. The Kaiser is known to have numbered among his close friends a certain for- tune teller in Berlin by the name of Frau Braumberg. One day her apart- ments were raided by some army offi- cers, friends of the crown prince. Sev- eral personal letters of the Kaiser were seized. On the threat of exposing the letters the crown prince is declared to have won his father's sanction to the Verdun command. After the raid the fortune teller committed suicide.

Why No Gasless Edict in Britain.

They don't have gasless Sundays in Great Britain. They use the real, sure-enough gas for their cars. Combinations of motorcycle and side-car are now fitted up with coal-gas containers that are no more un- sightly or awkward in their construc- tion than those installed atop motor- cars or buses.

Four upright steel bars support a box-shaped railed canopy that holds a medium-sized bag of sufficient ca- pacity for a ten or 12-mile run, accord- ing to a description in Popular Me- chanics Magazine. Many such outfits are to be seen in the cities and along the smooth highways of rural England, with Papa Suburban astride the motor- cycle, mother and baby in the side- car and the gas bag on top.

And before the gasless edict is lifted, perhaps, we, too, may adopt the Eng- lish method.

WHAT APPEALED TO CHINESE

Consideration Accorded Women by British Authorities Evidently Made Deep Impression on Natives.

"If one were to ask a native of Wei- hai-wei what were the characteristics of British rule that he most appre- ciated, one would perhaps expect him to emphasize the comparative freedom from petty extortion and tyranny, the obvious endeavor (not always success- ful) to dispense even-handed justice, the facilities for trade, the improve- ment of means of communication. It was not an answer of this kind, how- ever, that I received from an intelli- gent and plain-spoken resident, to whom I put this question." R. F. John- ston says in "Lion and Dragon in Northern China."

"What is it we like best in our British rulers? I will tell you," he said. "Our native roads are narrow pathways, and very often there is no room for two persons to pass unless one yields the road to the other. When our last rulers—the Japanese—met our small-footed women . . . along such a path they never stepped aside to let the woman pass by. . . . An Eng- lishman, on the contrary, whether mounted or on foot, always leaves the road to the woman. He will walk de- liberately into a deep snowdrift rather than let a Chinese woman step off the dry path. We have come to under- stand that the men of your honorable country all act in the same way, and this is what we like about English- men."

WHY THEY ARE "DOUGHBOYS"

Origin of Nickname Applied to United States Infantrymen Traced to Mexican War.

The term "doughboy" as a nickname for the American infantryman is a very old one, dating back to the Mexi- can war of 1846. In that year the United States regular soldiers first made acquaintance with the mud-colored, sun-dried bricks that are seen everywhere, even today, in New Mexico, Arizona and the southern part of California.

These bricks are called by the Mex- ican adobes (pronounced "dohbes"), a term also applied to the small, squat, flat-roofed houses built with them.

When the American invaders en- tered what was then Mexican terri- tory, the infantrymen found these dwellings—mostly deserted by their panic-stricken inhabitants—hardly as billeted, and promptly occupied them as such. But the cavalrymen, who had to be near their picketed horses out on the open prairie, were unable to avail themselves of similar accommo- dation.

Partly in envy, and partly in good- natured chaff, these christened their more fortunate comrades "dohbe dodgers," afterwards shortened to "dohbes," a good, round-sounding nickname that was bound to stick, and which in course of time became corrupted into "doughboys."

John Burroughs' Rabbit.

In July the woodchuck was forgot- ten in our interest in a little gray rabbit which we found nearly famished, writes John Burroughs. It was so small that it could sit in the hollow of one's hand. . . . We had to force the milk into its mouth. . . . In a day or two it began to revive, and would lap the milk eagerly. Soon it took to grass and clover, and then to nibbling sweet apples and early pears. It grew rapidly, and was one of the softest and most harmless-looking pets I had ever seen. For a month or more the little rabbit was the only company I had, and it helped beguile the time immensely. In coming in from the field or from my work, I seldom failed to bring it a handful of red clover blossoms, of which it became very fond. One day it fell slyly to licking my hand, and I discovered it wanted salt. I would then moisten my fingers, dip them into the salt, and offer them to the rabbit. How rapidly the delicate little tongue would play upon them, darting out to the right and left of the large front incisors, the slender paws being pressed against my hand as if to detain it.

Tri-Color Not of Equal Proportion.

It is evident from the appearance of the French flag—as a pictorial de- coration that many artists are unaware that the tri-color does not consist of the three colors, blue, white and red, in equal proportion. When the famous flag was adopted in the year that gave the United States its Constitution, 1789, it was complained that due to an optical illusion, the white, in the middle, looked narrower at a distance, than the blue, which is next to the staff, and that the red, on the fly end of the flag, looked narrower than the white. After numerous experiments, the proportions of the colors were or- dered to be, as they are now, "in every 100 parts, blue to be 30, white, 33 and red 37."

Ladies Shave in Japan.

There are many things the Japa- nese do differently from ourselves. For instance, ladies sit with their hands folded palms upward in Japan. They all shave. They never brush their hair, but only comb it. For the Eng- lish "a thimbleful" the Japanese speak of "a sparrow's tail," and instead of talking of putting a thing on the fire to cook, the Japanese speak of putting the fire through it. A man never wishes his wife good morning first—a truly oriental touch. She greets him and he replies. A woman never speaks of her husband as such. She speaks of "the house."

HOW THE UNFORTUN- ATES INSANE WERE REGARDED IN OLD FRANCE.

How insane people used to be cared for in the France of Louis Philippe is described in Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago." The Century says in this new serial the author of "Faute" retells in the first per- son the life story told her by an old French countess of Breton origin. The madhouse in her Breton birthplace was one of the vividest memories of her childhood.

"There was only a dungeon room," she writes, "and the water often rose in it so that the forsaken creatures stood up to their knees in water. Food was thrown to them through the iron bars of the windows, but it was quite insufficient, and my aunt gave me terrible descriptions of the faces she used to see look- ing out, ravenous and implor- ing." She remembered that the bones protruded from the knuckles of one old man as he clutched the bars.

She used to pile leaves of bread in her little boat, row across to the tower and fix the leaves on the end of an oar so that she could pass them up to the window, and she would then see the mad people snatching the bread apart and devouring it. And when the cherries on the great trees were ripe she used to climb up into the branches and bend them against the window so that they might rather the fruit themselves from among the leaves, and she herself would gather all she could reach and throw them in.

"When one of them died, and the body was taken out, and this was all the care they had. Such were the horrors in a town where the beggars across the river quietly ate and slept, and the church bells rang all day."

INFORMED OF OWNER'S DEATH

How Old English Custom of Notifying Bees of Deaths Is Kept Up in Parts of Kentucky.

In "Forty Years in a Moorland Par- ish," the late Rev. J. G. Atkinson tells of a one-time rector of Reamy, near Thirsk, England, who, being called upon to bury one of his parishioners, observed the wife of the oldest son of the deceased man carrying to the graves a tray on which were a variety of eatables and drinkables.

She went straight to the beehives, and, addressing "dohbe dodgers," afterwards shortened to "dohbes," a good, round-sounding nickname that was bound to stick, and which in course of time became corrupted into "doughboys."

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Why American Nurses Are Loved. Much has been heard about the splendid service of American nurses in France. They have worked in dan- gerous territory and under conditions that would appall the average man. They have had the courage to do what they went over there to do and they have made a grateful country their perpetual debtor. There was so much discipline and so much need for help about their work that romance has not had much chance. Military etiq- uette does not provide that a man shall be given with each hot water bot- tle. Yet there is nothing so soothing sometimes and nothing better cal- culated to take a patient's mind away from his aches and pains. Perhaps the future will bring forth the story from France that some of the nurses have been decorated for distinguished services because they knew when it was proper to kiss a patient and when it was needful to give him a dose of medicine.—Indianapolis News.

How "Grain" Effect Was Produced.

Elmer Grey recently designed a home for an orange grower near Pas-adena, where it was desired to obtain the effect of chestnut, but with the graining in gray. There is no chest- nut on the coast, so trim of California redwood was used. It was painted a nut-brown shade, then scratched to represent graining by a tool made of a board with nails driven through. This tool was moved over the painted trim with a short, curving motion, scratching the surface to a depth of approximately one-fourth inch. Then a coat of white paint was applied. Be- fore this was dry it was rubbed in and most of the surface paint was re- moved.

Why "Spraying Circles" Pay.

Farming communities should orga- nize "community spraying circles," the agricultural department recom- mends. A man with a team, under the arrange- ment, makes the circle of all farm- land in the vicinity fighting destructive plant diseases. In one New York state community, the department reports, the average spraying cost per acre, for the entire season, under the plan, was as low as 65 cents, while the cost of one application per acre averaged 12 cents.