

COMMON CLAY

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

"The same old Warren Boyd!" "Hasn't changed one particle!" Two married sisters of the Elston family stood peering from behind a window curtain at Warren Boyd. He had just arrived, the guest of their brother Harley. It had been over six years since they had been playmates, great changes had transpired since then but the worldly wise wedded sisters speculatively viewed the young man whom they believed only one influence would ever bring to Walden, and that was Nalda. She had been his bright star of hope in boyhood days; he had managed to meet her at least once or twice during a year. "A sneaking fondness I can't get rid of for a divinity," he told Harley significantly, who declared sturdily that Nalda was true blue and was waiting for him to grow up, and no one else. And now he had shown up, not one particle changed, and as calculating, shrewd witted Mrs. May Tolson turned over this young man in her mind as a possible desirable party for Nalda, her admiration of any fine points Warren might have faded away. "He won't do," she told herself. "He is just the same big overgrown country boy, awkward, self-conscious, clumsy. Why, he lets the little ones play with him as if he was some great good natured dog." From another window Nalda peered also, but the sweet serenity of her face was almost anguished as she read in this great accommodating guest an innate love for children, and saw him enter heart and soul into their innocent pleasures. She had not seen him for a year. Yes, he was the same. Some of the crude lines of face and form had toned down, but there was not a trace of artifice, not the remotest attempt to act other than what he was. The little ones pined upon him as a good natured big brother. He amazed and delighted them with the various marvelous little parcels of sweetmeats he produced from strange hidden pockets, and when Mrs. Tolson and Mrs. Mary sat down into the garden in all their royal array of dignity and purpose in view, he brushed back his hair as would some embarrassed school boy and sat unsteadily on the chair between them, feeling somehow that he was in the presence of unfriendly censors, yet knew not why. Nalda stole a last distant glance at him. She fancied she liked a certain forced repose and guardedness that came into his face as he confronted her officious sisters. "We learn great news, Mr. Boyd," spoke Mrs. Tolson sweetly. "Your uncle has made permanent provision for your cousin and yourself, we understand?" "The grand old trump!" cried Warren. "He's cared for us orphans, he's educated us and now he's started us out in life—a man to love, truly." "Has he—has he quite settled his business affairs?" delicately Mrs. Mary inquired. "Oh, quite," answered Warren bluntly. "You see, there's the town property and the bank. That was the bulk. He wanted to divide it between Arthur and I. 'No sir!' I said 'Arthur is a cripple, an invalid. He needs a sure income. Give him the sure end of the estate so he'll have no worry.' Dear brave Arthur! gentle as a girl, patient amid all his great sufferings." "Why—why—" overpowered the astounded and indignant Mrs. Tolson, "what was left for you?" "The old brick works down the river. You see, that was a losing investment for Uncle Carr, who never understood the business, and neglected it. I went down there last week and looked it over. I saw all those neat little cottages gone to neglect and ruin. I saw the workmen half employed, half paid, half hearted. 'Oh, Uncle!' I said, 'give me these men, these women, these children. Give me Mud Creek, sunk in the slovenliness of indifference, give me this business to raise to something worth while, these souls to place upon the higher ground of a new existence.' Thank God! he did it, and I have found my life work." Nalda Elston had come down into the garden. Twenty feet away, she stood fairly entranced by the sudden inspiration that had flashed from the soul of a man who to all had been a mere lump of common clay. Her soul took fire in turn. His face was irradiated, he was at once transformed. "The blind, perverted idiot!" muttered Mrs. Tolson, under her breath. "When he could have grabbed ease, luxury, wealth!" echoed Mrs. Marcy. "Oh, indeed? this plodder, this being who whittled away his chances would not do for Nalda at all!" "If you could suggest some one willing to help me shoulder the burden, and lead the benighted out from the shadow into the glorious sunlight of a new and beautiful life." "A little sister of the poor, just as you are the friend, the brother, the guide and the leader? Oh, Warren!" and how that dear, sweet face yearned into his rapt, eager one—"make me worthy of this, the proudest duty and privilege that ever fell to the lot of woman!"

WHY Sun Does Not Always Rise at Same Point

The sun does not climb straight up in the sky, but obliquely. What is more, his rising point is not the same on two succeeding days. As spring merges into summer the rising point shifts to the north. After June 21, he shifts south, so that on each day he begins his climbing a little more to the south. By December 22 he has reached his southern limit and turns back again. Since there is a defined region on the eastern horizon along which the sun's rising point shifts in regular order and beyond which it never strays, the daily paths of the sun through the sky in the year form an unshifting, unchanging band of even width—the same band from year to year. As you go north the sun's path slopes more and more. The band remains the same; it merely swerves up or down in the sky. Hence in the arctic regions the sun during spring and summer months appears above the horizon and stays there, traveling around in a circle, and becomes the "midnight sun."—Popular Science Monthly.

RED MEN AND RED CROSS

Why Indians Broke Their Traditions in Giving Weird Ceremonial Dance in City of Southwest.

That war and rumors of war should reach even our most retired Indian tribes is natural enough, but the fact that the mission and the meaning of the American Red Cross have penetrated to them is unexpected. Not only the letter of the word, but also the spirit of it has been grasped and accepted. Wentworth G. Field, in "The Red Men's Red Cross," in the Red Cross Magazine, says: "There appeared in Santa Fe some of the few surviving Cochiti chiefs bringing with them their war bonnets, dancing moccasins, their paints, their ceremonial blankets and, strangest of all, their katchinas, the grotesque highly painted doll images that play a most important mystic part in ceremonial dances. They said: 'We have come to dance for you here in your palace of the governors. We do not want money for it. We want you to make much money and give it to the Red Cross!'" "Next night, with the moonlight flooding the courtyard, they gave their weird, beautiful Cochiti ceremonial dance. Out of love for the Red Cross they had broken their traditions and traveled weary miles to add their mite to the cause."

How Cigarettes Fooled Austrians. Lieut. Roberto de Violini of the Sixth Alpine corps, one of Italy's famous fighting forces, has recently come to the United States on a special mission for his government.

The lieutenant is a forceful and eloquent speaker and thoroughly familiar with the fighting front. He speaks perfect English and tells many amusing, as well as thrilling incidents of the war in the Alps. A strategy that was resorted to in the capture of an Austrian post was thus described by Lieutenant Violini, according to the Italian-American News Bureau: "The men lit cigarettes and stuck them on the barbed wire in front of the Austrian trenches. Then they dropped down and made their way to the flank of the Austrian division. They found almost no one there, and practically everybody was in the front firing at the cigarettes. We took 300 prisoners and machine guns and other war material whose use we did not even know, so inferior were we in the matter of equipment."

How Fear Betrays. It was the custom in some parts of India at one time to compel persons suspected of crimes to chew dry rice in the presence of the officers of the law. The influence of fear on the salivary glands was such it was believed that if the suspects were actually guilty there would be no secretion of saliva in the mouth and it would be impossible for them to chew. A consciousness of innocence, however, it was held, permitted a proper flow of fluid for softening the rice.

An illustration of how fear acts through the imagination was brought out in the case of a farmer who, after he had detected depreations in his corn bin, summoned his men and made them mix up a quantity of feathers in a sieve, assuring them that the feathers would stick to the head of the thief. One of the men betrayed himself after a short time by repeatedly raising his hand to his head.

Why Barbary Should Be Killed. Death to the barbary plant, which for many years has held favor in city and country as a decorative shrub, is sounded by an editorial in the American Lumberman, which says: "The specific and unforgivable crime of the barbary is that it is the agency through which is perpetuated the black stem rust in wheat, a fungous disease that attacks the wheat kernels. The damage to the wheat crop of the United States in 1916 due to rust is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. There is imminent danger of another outbreak of rust this year that would wipe out more wheat than the entire country could save in a year of the most stringent Hooverizing."

"The only way to prevent this calamity is to dig up and burn every barbary bush, except the so-called Japanese variety, which alone has been declared innocuous."

THE SOLUTION

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Kathleen's observant gaze fell upon the pocketbook as soon as she had seated herself in the car. It was lying clasped by a rubber band, close at her side. She held up the purse, looking questioningly toward those about, but it was evident that the lost pocketbook was neither the property of the fat gentleman upon the opposite cross seat, or the woman near by. "A soldier got out of that seat just before you came in," the woman whispered, "probably he left it there." Before placing the purse in the hands of the conductor, Kathleen decided to examine its interior for clue of ownership. Besides a small roll of bills, she noticed in a separate compartment several folded papers. These contained no desired information; but as she opened the last sheet of smooth, unwritten paper, Kathleen gasped in surprise, for looking out at her from its protection was a very lifelike picture—of herself. And the remarkable thing about this picture was that she had had but one copy made from a large photograph which was her own—in order to send it to a far-away aunt.

To enter Kathleen's sitting room, divided by doors from the city boarding house parlor, was like entering a beautiful flower-garden at the end of a dreary road. In Kathleen's room all was soft rose colored light, and inviting comfort. "After all," she told herself, "one lives upon the inside, and not the outside." So, this evening of the finding of the pocketbook, Nora, the housemaid, met her in the hall. And because her excited spirit must have a confidant, into Nora's ears Kathleen poured her tale of adventure. "I shall advertise the purse tomorrow, Nora," she said. But the following evening it was Nora, who burst excitedly into Kathleen's room. "Violently she slapped a newspaper down on the table.

"Read that," she demanded, pointing to the "Lost" column. And there unmistakably was a plea for the return of the purse Kathleen had found. "Suitable reward to finder," the advertisement ended. Kathleen spent much time in the wording of her response. It was necessary that the owner must call to identify his property; also necessary that he describe contents before claiming. And how was she to stand there before a stranger, man, while he described to her the appearance of her own photograph and his strange wish for its possession? "I'll tell you," suggested Nora, "just leave the whole thing to me. I'll open the door when he calls; then I'll tell him the picture was of a friend of mine, and find out about it before I give him the purse. You won't have to see him at all."

"Very well," Kathleen assented doubtfully. When, therefore, Nora went one evening to answer the summons of the door bell, palpitatingly Kathleen lingered behind the closed door of her sitting room. Distinctly she heard a man's tread following Nora's shuffling off into the stiff parlor. His voice had a pleasing sound. "So you found the purse?" he said, and proceeded in detail to describe its contents. Shamelessly Kathleen listened. "And—" he said abruptly, "the photograph of a young woman, now?" "What sort of lookin' young woman, now?" asked Nora. "The sort of a face," he mused, "which would make a man believe in all the good of the world. True, steady eyes."

"The queer part of it," said Nora, "is that the girl's a friend of mine. An' we've been wonderin' how you come by her picture." "A friend of yours?" repeated the man. Astonishment spoke in every word. "I owe your friend an apology then," he went on. "I'm afraid my act and my motive both will be hard to explain. You see, I was down at the photographer's here one day, having my picture taken before starting overseas, and—I wasn't feeling very happy at the time. Then all at once this girl's face looked up at me from a counter full of photographs, the very eyes seemed speaking of courage and smiling bravely. "Who is it?" I asked of my friend the photographer. But he evaded the question.

"That picture was copied from a large one which I made for the sitter," he said. "It was not satisfactory to me, so I kept it and gave her a better one." "That picture is my mascot," I said decidedly. "I'm going to carry it through the wars," he laughed, making no objection. The soldier paused. Then a sigh came quivering from the girl behind the closed doors. "And it went with me," he continued, even through that last, awful time. I'm home now recovering from the wound. But it's going to be slow. You will tell your friend all this, please, and tell her, too, that her face never ceased to be my inspiration. When it was hard—those eyes of hers seemed to understand."

Then Kathleen threw wide the door, the understanding eyes were bright with tears, and the wounded man stared unbelieving. "The original of the picture is glad to have helped," she said, "will you come in and tell me about it all?" Eagerly the soldier obeyed. And it them both the little room became as a garden of flowers at the end of a dreary road.

HOW COURTESY HELPS IN BUILDING OF EVERY KIND OF BUSINESS.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Never forget to be affable. Every human being is entitled to courtesy. When one is abrupt in speech or inattentive, such conduct frequently promotes anger and resentment in others, leaves an unfavorable impression, and frequently interferes with one's business success. In business matters listen to the opinion of your colleagues. It is not well to go into consultation with your own opinion positively fixed—no man is infallible in his judgment, and a sound judgment depends largely on knowledge. It is advisable when acting with others to secure their opinion, sometimes before you express your own. The most successful business men are those who, while having confidence in themselves, are able to appreciate the judgment of other intelligent men. A wise man will be influenced by the wisdom of someone else, as well as by his own reasoning.

DEITY HURRIED OVER WORK

Why West Coast of Japanese Island is Rough and Dangerous Explained by Legend.

It is said in the Ainu folklore that the island of Yezo, in Japan, was made by two deities, a male and a female, who were the deputies of the Creator. The female had the west coast allotted to her as her portion of the work and to the male deity were assigned the south and eastern parts. They vied with each other in their tasks to see which should get through first. But as the goddess was proceeding with her work she happened to meet the sister of Ojima and instead of attending to her duties, stopped to have a chat with her, as is the general custom among women when they meet.

While they were thus talking the time sped until the male deity, continuing to work away, nearly finished his portion. Looking up and seeing this, the female became very much surprised and frightened, and in order to hasten matters did her work hurriedly and in a slovenly manner. Hence it is that the west coast of Yezo is so rough and dangerous, says an exchange.

How Japan Will Help France.

The officers of the Japan Kindergarten union received two messages from the International Kindergarten Union of America. One is signed by the president of the union and their international committee on conservation and protection of children during the war, and another by the director of the American unit in France, Miss Fanniebell Curtis of New York. These messages, printed in Japan, give the purpose and scope of the kindergarten unit. The plan was presented to the Japan Kindergarten union at its twelfth annual meeting held in Kanizawa, and it was unanimously voted to ask the director of each kindergarten in the union to present to her children this scheme for helping needy children "overseas," before, or by Thanksgiving day, of this year. The sum thus collected will be sent to the kindergarten unit of the Red Cross.

Why U-Boats Are Not Sunk.

It is only when the naval airman catches a glimpse of a submarine, or even only that of a periscope, that he experiences a thrill which dispels the monotonous drudgery of the daily routine, says R. W. Neeser, in Scribner's Magazine. But the disappointments are apt to be frequent, for it is one thing to sight a submarine and quite another to reach a position directly overhead before her crew have noticed the warning hum of the seaplane's motor and have warily concealed their frail craft beneath the protecting ocean waves. A seaplane may make daily flights over the Mediterranean, in the Adriatic, across the Channel, or along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, for months and months at a time without ever sighting a single periscope.

How Barrel Hoops Aid Soldiers.

The latest barbed wire fence which the French have designed to check the advance of the enemy, employs a series of immense-barrel hoops, on which barbed wire is strung. The hoops are securely fastened to a wooden fence so that it is possible for each entanglement section to roll over and over like a string of lopsided pushballs joined together to form a solid unit.

When the sections are to be set up, they are dragged out under cover of darkness and so arranged that the natural land formations of the vicinity conceals them from advancing troops.

How Veldt Sores Were Healed.

Septic sores, or veldt sores as they were called during the South African disturbance, are as prevalent in Palestine as they were in Sinal. Only one doctor there can cure them in quick time. He is a Coptic in Upper Egypt, and his treatment consisted in cutting the sore clean out of the affected part, after which he used an ointment of his own manufacture. The worst sores generally healed within two weeks.

IN THE ROUGH

By JACK LAWTON.

The great stone house back from the beach had long been known as a select Lakeside boarding place. Its mistress, daughter of the man who had in fortunate circumstances built the imposing residence for his summer home, was to be rolled upon as bringing together only congenial people. Many fashionable as well as staidly respectable city folk felt free to send their daughters unattended to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's for the summer. Very exacting were Mrs. Van Rensselaer's summer people in their unspoken rules of social convention; and one evening when the women in their exquisite organdies, and the men in the proper attire of the hour, were gathered upon the veranda, the stranger who scorned both rule and convention arrived.

In the full light of the setting sun, his coarseness of face and features were plainly visible. "Roughly creature," was what Dolly Flanders called him, and she was not far from right. Without waiting to change his stained tweed suit, the stranger seated himself in apparent brazen confidence opposite Dolly Flanders and her mother. That acknowledged social leader observing in disgraced silence the man's detached absorption to his meal, arose and went forth presently to interview Mrs. Van Rensselaer at the office.

With her usual dignity and more than her usual reserve, the mistress of Stone House, refused to discuss her new guest. Moreover, indignation protest had no effect. "Mr. Carson would be there for the rest of the season," she announced, "he had come with her full permission."

When later, the stranger settled himself in an isolated corner of the veranda to smoke his pipe, general indignation grew.

It had to be admitted that the man knew his place. Though he continued to pass coolly among them clad in stained, loose-collared woollen, neither by word or look did he seek companionship or favor.

Once when Dolly Flanders' saddle horse reared and became unmanageable at the mount, the scarred stranger went quietly to her assistance, but at her grudging "Thank you," he failed to raise his hat.

"Might be a burglar, judging by appearance," she said to her escort. Each morning the stranger left the hotel to go to work; returning at noon from the direction of the factories across the bridge, dirtier, more stained than ever.

Mrs. Flanders was disgusted anew at the condition of the man's hands. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had been unaccountably in not placing a separate table. Then one evening when the favored few were indulging in a corn roast on the beach, Mrs. Van Rensselaer added to the chagrin by a new announcement.

"Mrs. Carson is coming to join her husband tomorrow," she said, and smiling serenely passed out from the presence of her guests before they could voice their outraged feelings.

"Was not the man impossible enough," they complained, "without forcing among them the sort of creature his wife was sure to be? What had happened to Mrs. Van Rensselaer?"

And in the sunshine of the morning came the beautiful young woman of charming personality.

"Who is she?" the women whispered wonderingly.

Agathe, Mrs. Van Rensselaer smiled. "That," she replied, "is Mr. Carson's wife."

"It could not be possible," the guests said among themselves, but down the path at noon the beautiful one went to meet the red faced man, coming back with him, smiling happily into his lined face. At table she sat, dressed irreproachably and in most becoming fashion; before the meal was ended, Mrs. Flanders found herself conversing not only with the newcomer, but with her hitherto silent husband as well.

"The woman is—charming," she confided later. And it was only when she had won her way into all hearts, that the objectionable stranger's wife sat one evening among a bevy of girls. Her lovely eyes gazed tenderly down the way her husband was wont to come. They had been speaking jestingly and seriously of love and its ways.

Little Mrs. Carson smiled. "Love is—strange," she said. "When I first saw my husband, he lay ill in a hospital bed, his face hideously burned by some chemical. I had left my own home with an exalted purpose to be a nurse and thus aid suffering humanity. Pleasing suitors had come and gone in my father's home; there in the hospital looking down into a patient's scarred and swollen face, I lost my heart completely; and I have never regretted the losing. His own heart is as fine as his face is rough, his mind a continual unfolding joy. My husband's accident was the result of heroism, the testing of a dangerous chemical which others feared to try. Having given years of study to the subject, he offered his own services for the test. That same knowledge is now at the disposal of his government; upon this commission is one of Mr. Carson's son's greatest, it absorbs him to the exclusion of his own stained clothing and, for some days, the chemicals just ruin his clothes! But," the experimenter's wife laughed, "he dropped him upon the grass. As she started down the path to meet someone did Hayward and himself follow him—'Oh, my diamond is in the rough,'" she said.

Man Who Has Only One Egg for Breakfast Aims His Troubles on Back Platform.

By JACK LAWTON.

He worked in an office of a public utilities corporation. His principal recreation between home and office in reading philosophy to the other fellows on the back platform. This morning it was one egg for breakfast. "I've been reading a lot lately," he said, according to the Indianapolis News, "about women making the home a business institution. They're bringing lecturers to town who preach business in housekeeping. It's some fancy philosophy, that stuff."

"This morning I had one egg for breakfast. My wife said she forgot to get anything else. We had a nice dinner last night, but she didn't think we'd want anything for breakfast, I guess. Of course, eggs are, luxurious, I'll admit, but one egg wouldn't fill my cavity."

"The question is, why didn't she think about breakfast just as we did? That would be businesslike. No real business man would run his establishment without giving some thought to keeping up his stock. Breakfast is a meal just as much as dinner. I'd like with only one egg for dinner. And yet she expected me to work all morning on one lone shot of hop fruit. No, she isn't stingy. She just forgot to prepare for breakfast, that's all. Most women make breakfast a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can affair. I'm against it. It should be one of the real meals of the day, the one on which a fellow goes to work."

"But women can't be businesslike in home management. Since they don't have to clean chimneys or start fires or sweep, they're become idlers. Want to be downtown all the time, basketball, cards, gymnasium stuff and things like that constitute the best time they're engaged in. That's why they only think of one egg for breakfast. Home is an institution far removed from their thoughts."

As Mr. One-Egg-for-Breakfast stumbled sturdily from the car a fat little man in the corner chirped:

"I'll bet that guy gets two eggs tomorrow."

REAL PEACEMAKER, THIS DOG

Human Feels Completely Cured of All Desire to Fight With Any Kind of Living Thing.

Three men—in Brooklyn, neighbors and friends, were sent to St. Catherine's hospital recently suffering with dog bites, and were attended by the surgeons. The men were sitting in the back yard of the residence of one of them and got into an argument which turned into a free-for-all fight. The dog of one of the men, who was lying asleep, said to himself: "Is not this a pretty picture? Men have no right to make brutes of themselves; much less friends who have no reason for a difference. But since they really want to fight so badly I will teach them how to do the trick."

And so he rushed in and began to bite them terribly, not sparing his master. Strung with the pain, they turned from knocking each other to fight the dog; but he was too much for them, and cleaned out the crowd. Completely vanquished, the men made a break for a high fence and climbed upon that, but the dog chewed the calves of their legs till they pained themselves up out of his reach atop the fence. The dog then went back to his corner as though saying to himself: "Now I guess they are cured. It will be a good while before they will disturb the peace of this neighborhood again, or disgrace my back yard." And they were cured, sure enough. All the fight was shaved out of them. They did not want to fight each other, and from considerations of penitence and prudence they did not even want to fight the dog.

Sarah Orne Jewett to a Friend.

I had one most beautiful time when was after your own heart. It began to be light, and after spending some time half out of the window hearing one bird time up after another, I half-dressed myself and went out and stayed until it was bright daylight. I went up the street and out into the garden, where I had a beautiful time, and was neighborly with the hop-toads and with a joyful robin who was sitting on a corner of the barn, and I became very intimate with a big jockey which had made every arrangement to bloom as soon as the sun came up. There was a bright little waning moon over the hill, where I had a great time to go, but there seemed to be difficulties, as I might be missed, or somebody might break into the house where I had broken out.—From "A Little Book of Friends" by Harriet F. Spofford.

Shrewd Fox.

Mr. Morgan in his book on the heaven given the following instance as fine as his face is rough, his mind a continual unfolding joy. My husband's accident was the result of heroism, the testing of a dangerous chemical which others feared to try. Having given years of study to the subject, he offered his own services for the test. That same knowledge is now at the disposal of his government; upon this commission is one of Mr. Carson's son's greatest, it absorbs him to the exclusion of his own stained clothing and, for some days, the chemicals just ruin his clothes! But," the experimenter's wife laughed, "he dropped him upon the grass. As she started down the path to meet someone did Hayward and himself follow him—'Oh, my diamond is in the rough,'" she said.