Henry Enlists

By LOUISE OLIVER

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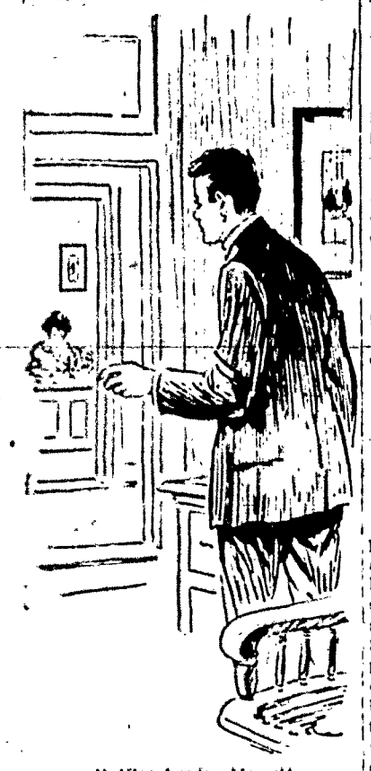
Henry Emerson paced his office thoughtfully, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent. For the first time in a dozen years something had happened which had shaken up the dormant emotions to the point of demonstration.

To be brief, [illegible] morning, clean shaved, [illegible] breakfasted as usual, and read the morning paper over his cup of coffee beyond that his daily progress had received a severe jolt. [illegible] the German drive and how the [illegible] inching toward Amiens and Arras then of the taking of Kemmel [illegible] queer sensation had set [illegible] region of his stomach [illegible] ly and seemed to [illegible] indignation. For the life [illegible] Henry realized that the [illegible] —just possibly need [illegible]

Pushing aside the [illegible] not quite [illegible] and the picture of [illegible] cream that [illegible] Then [illegible] him, Henry put [illegible] pocket, his hat on the back of his head and his way through the hurrying morning crowd to the nearest recruiting office, whence, after a thorough examination, he emerged, a couple of hours later, a full fledged member of Uncle Sam's great army, the wonderful army to which the whole civilized world now looked for succor.

So now, back in his office, high over the roofs and chimneys of most of New York, he had occasion to feel reasonably disturbed by his action, and proud thereof at the same time.

Now emotions are like troubles—they never come singly. And Henry being disturbed to the uttermost parts



It Was Louise Herself.

of his being, discovered several [illegible] offers of latent sensations in his make up that he had thought long dead or that he had not thought of at all, and one of them was Louise Woods.

It was queer how he had got over his disappointment about Louise, or thought he had, for now as he remembered her clear, dark eyes and wonderful hair that had a habit of blowing in little soft wisps about her ears and face, a queer longing seized him to see her again. He must see her and tell her what he had done.

He paused in his pacing and closed his eyes. Then he opened them to the vast dreariness of a world of smoke and gray roofs and shut out sun.

It was typical of his life, of course. He saw it now—emptiness and grayness and ugliness. What was money? Oh, yes, he'd left Louise back home to come to New York and get rich. He wanted her to marry him and come along, but she wouldn't leave her father.

There is no use going over the why and the wherefore—but now Henry was rich, thirty-five, and going to war. And Louise was back home in Greendale, thirty, and probably married by this time, with a family of children.

Suddenly he straightened. What a fool he was! Of course, she'd forgotten about him long ago. What right had he to get sentimental now over a past that had ceased to exist except in his own mind?

He sat down at his own desk and made an attempt at putting his affairs into shape to leave. But the uneasy feeling about Louise had come to stay. Somehow he felt that he wanted her to know he had enlisted and to retrieve himself in her eyes.

It was a warm day in late April, so warm that he had left the door open into the cool marble corridor from which other doors of ground glass like his own opened into other offices and business rooms of various sorts, such as one may find in any metropolitan office building.

Suddenly a little breeze, playing with the papers on his desk, brought to Henry's nostrils a whiff of exquisite fragrance, and he lifted his head, sud- [illegible] Narcissus. He was sure of it. He had seen a Persian [illegible] ball of it that morning and that [illegible] him back to [illegible] There had been [illegible] of the flowers in her garden and the last time he had seen her she had stood beside it, a few of the blossoms in her hand.

Surely all roads today seemed to lead to Louise.

The perfume came again through the open doorway. He would have to see just where those blossoms were.

Across the hall was the Visiting Nurses' association, as he understood by the lettering on the door. He had never been within. Today, however, the door was open and [illegible] expected, there on a [illegible] desk in the center of [illegible] crystal bowl of white [illegible]

But it was not the flowers [illegible] him spellbound but the woman in white quietly writing at the desk upon which they stood. It was Louise herself. Louise of fond memory.

Suddenly she looked up and smiled, not surprised, startled, glad but the confident, welcoming smile of one who has always expected the prodigal to return.

"Henry!" she cried, laying down her pen and rising both hands outstretched.

"You, Louise! I didn't know you were here." He possessed himself of both hands, looking down deep into her eyes. "I thought you were back in Greendale." And I was just getting ready—believe me if you can, Louise—to go back and say good by."

"Good by?"

"Yes. I've enlisted. I'm going away."

"Oh, Henry, I'm so glad! Oh, you don't know how glad! I'm going, too. I mean, you see, I couldn't stay in Greendale after father died. Knowing I was needed here. And now I feel the same way—I can't stay here in New York knowing I am needed over there. So I'm going, Henry. They've accepted me at last. And you're going, too! Oh, it's all too wonderful to believe."

"Yes, Louise. But tell me, did you know I was here?"

"Yes. I discovered it weeks ago. I saw you go out one day."

"And you gave no sign?"

"Did you?"

He was silent a moment. "I suppose I've no right to ask your forgiveness, Louise, but at first I worked for you. Then I believe I thought you didn't care, and I gave it up too easily. I still love you, dear. And when the war's over I'm going to ask you if you'll give me the right to take care of you if there's no one else."

She shook her head, and soft little wisps of hair caressed her forehead. He longed to kiss it.

"Why wait," she whispered. "Why not ask me now? I'd do anything for a soldier."

It was all he needed. So he did kiss the wisp of hair and her eyes and mouth, then and there, without a second invitation.

Hypodermic Syringe in Crime.

Dr. Charlton, who invented the hypodermic syringe, seems to have been a sort of Fagin. He established in Paris a school of crime from which such youngsters as "Charley Bates" and the "Artful Dodger" graduated. Stimulated by an injection of morphine or some other drug they went out to do great deeds in the criminal line. When the "school" was raided the principal escaped, but evidence was found to show his part in [illegible] daring crimes. Physicians attached to the criminal bureau saw the great advantage of the hypodermic syringe and it has ever since been a recognized agency in medical practice.

Unexpected Destinations.

People who dig holes in dykes must not complain if they are swept away in the floods they loose. For they generally are.

When Talleyrand was asked what he did during the reign of terror in the French revolution he replied: "I lived." That for one of the original leaders of the revolution, was no slight achievement. And the French revolution itself, beginning as an earthquake of radicalism and ending with an emperor and imperialistic conquests, remains a classic instance of an historic landslide terminating not at all where its propellers intended.

Winnipeg's Growth.

Prior to 1870 Winnipeg was nothing more than a chief trading post of the Hudson Bay company, whose headquarters were at Fort Garry (erected in 1835), on ground now included in the city. The first house of the hamlet was built in 1860. The city was incorporated in 1873, and its growth since has been marvelous. The area of the city by 1912 was 12,700 acres. The population in 1870 was 300; in 1916 it was 162,099.

Highly Ornamented Knives.

There is an interesting set of table knives, dating from the first decade of the seventeenth century, of which 14 are in the Victoria and Albert museum at London and others in Scotland, which have carved and jeweled ivory handles representing some of the royal sovereigns of England. Those in London come to an end with the somewhat unremarkable visage of James I, and one can imagine that they were, broadly speaking, fairly good likenesses. The handles are so contrived that they would not, one thinks, be uncomfortable to hold and these knives certainly have the advantage of presenting a fine object lesson in English history. The steel blades of these knives are damascened with gold at the neck.

AMAZONAL LEGEND IS GREEK [illegible]

Stories of Wonderful Feats of Warlike Women Had Their Origin in That Country.

When Russian women, following the revolution which deposed the czar, took up arms in behalf of their country it seemed that the ancient Greek myth of the Amazons was close to realization. The legend of the Amazons was a favorite among the Greeks, who loved to weave stories of the wonderful feats of these warlike women.

According to the legend the Amazons, who were irresistible in war, lived on the shores of the Black sea. The first Amazons were women whose husbands had all been killed in war. For, widows, decided that marriage was a condition of servitude, and determined to have no more of it. So they trained themselves in the use of arms and became the terror of their neighbors, according to an article in the Peoples Home Journal.

Three famous queens of the Amazons are [illegible], Hippolyte, who was conquered by Hercules, Penthesilea, who was slain by Achilles while helping the Trojans. Thalestris, who visited Alexander the Great, accompanied by three hundred of her warriors.

The Amazon river was so named because early Spanish explorers who were floating down that great stream believed they saw a race of women warriors on the land bordering the river.

CAN LEARN TO LIKE TASKS

Quality Once Acquired, Many Men Will Find Their Life Take on a Brighter Hue.

It is a remarkable fact that most men are engaged in occupations that they dislike. We know many a doctor who would far rather be an author, and, by the same token, we know some authors whom we would like to be doctors or something else. There are statesmen who always wanted to be blacksmiths, and blacksmiths who wanted to be statesmen. In many instances they could trade and the country would be the gainer.

But that's neither here nor there. The thing to be considered is that we can make life a whole lot easier by learning to like tasks that we now do not like. It can be done, strange as it may seem. Many a man has learned to like to play croquet or to cut greens. There are instances of men who actually fell in love with their wives.

It will not do to merely assume a grin and bear it attitude toward the unpleasant task. Let it up. Go at it as though there were not [illegible] in the world. You will then certainly discover that you were not nearly so badly off as you thought you were.—Los Angeles Times.

King Named Pennsylvania.

It was Charles II who gave the name Pennsylvania to the American colony. The founder would have named it New Wales on account of its rugged and beautiful scenery. A good story is told of how Charles once turned the tables on his Quaker subject when they met in the park. "Why dost thou remove thy hat friend Charles," asked William Penn. "Because wherever I am it is customary for only one person to remain uncovered." Penn was much at home with kings. James II used to go to Quaker meetings to hear him preach. He knew Anne as a little girl and that queen counted him as an old friend but William III was not so cordially disposed. When Peter the Great was occupying Evelyn's residence at Deptford he went to Quaker meetings and knew Penn. Indeed, that destructive tenant and absolute monarch and millstarist said that whoever could live as a Quaker would be happy.

Britain and British.

It was not until their occupation by the Romans that the word Britannia came into use as a name for the British Isles. The name Great Britain was applied to England, Wales and Scotland on the accession of James I in 1603, when the king of Scotland succeeded Queen Elizabeth, and the crowns became united. The expression had been used for some time before that event to distinguish England, Wales and Scotland from Little Britain—Britannia Minor—which was the French province of Bretagne or Brittany, across the channel from England. On January 1, 1801, when the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland took place, the name adopted was the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." It is a mistake to refer to the United Kingdom as England. England is a part of the United Kingdom, as Saskatchewan is a part of the Dominion of Canada.

Color Blindness.

"Many persons have the mistaken idea that color blindness causes a considerable number of the railroad accidents," said a veteran of the line recently. "During the early part of my life, when I was in railroad work, a physician who examined 700 applicants for positions as railroad men found only one who was color blind. Several of the applicants, however, did not know the proper names of the colors. They were able to group and match test samples accurately enough, but were uncertain when asked to pick out certain colors and name them."

Like Nothing Else, a Strain of Music Will Take One Back to Scenes of the Past.

Have you ever realized the power of music to carry the memory back years and years until the illusion is so realistic that when your mind returns to its immediate surroundings you realize with a start it was only a day dream that you were not actually and physically where your thoughts were? A few bars from one of the old songs carries you back to the old home. You see the fields, the river, the "ould kirk" in the hazy distance. You almost feel the evening breeze on your cheek and hear the familiar sounds, the lowing of the kine and the bleating of the sheep. You're living again those dear old days just as vividly as you did long ago.

Or the strains of an old waltz remind you of your first dance years and years ago. You live over again the days before the dance when you were so busy getting everything ready—and then the great night arrived. You remember your entrance into the brilliant ballroom. You saw all those old friends whom you thought you had forgotten until now. Then the excitement and the pleasure and the wonderful dances—the people you met for the first time and the faces you saw for the last time. All this recalled by just a few bars of music.

This is one of the reasons why music has such a great hold on people—and why its charm never wearies—why some music no matter how old, no matter how familiar or oft heard is always new. It is a necessity that there should be such music in every home, and thanks to the ingenuity that made possible the talking machine and the player-piano the musically untrained are not dependent upon their gifted and tutored friends for this blessing.—Exchange.

HAS FAD FOR COLLECTING

Anything Odd or Curious, San Francisco Man Is Eager to Add to His Possessions.

"I met a man in San Francisco who goes in for collecting odd things on a large scale," said a traveler. "He has to begin with several ropes which have been used to hang celebrated criminals. In the same room are a number of menus obtained from hotels in various parts of the world. He places considerable value on several cooks which have been pulled from the bottles of wine used on the tables of well known persons, and a dozen book dealers are considering an important feature of the collection. Some of the autographs in the collection are highly prized because they required the expenditure of not a small amount of money and quite a little time. During his travels in foreign lands the collector picked up the thigh bone of a Syrian goat, a chameleon of Barbary, a great African lizard and a rose which was said to be 100 years old. He even turned his attention to boats, and has ten Chinese boats which are not familiar to the people of this country."

Gather Wisdom From Others.

It is dangerous policy to consider yourself above the other man's message. If you're so superior your fellows will never be content to let you sit in silence. Besides if you don't want to listen to what's going on you have no business there. Noise made by you will interfere with the hearing of those who do want to learn. You owe it to yourself and others to pay attention or at least make it possible for others to listen. Besides there are few people that can't learn from others. Don't be a prig. Remember any child can ask questions that will confound the wise. The ordinary speaker may have ideas that need the polish of a Gladstone. You are always a gainer when you get the other man's best. It may be a help to you some day.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Those Flattering Films.

Next to an untouched photograph the moving picture screen is the greatest flatterer in the world. It doesn't flatter those who appear in the pictures so much as those who sit in front and watch them.

Nobody can attend a moving-picture show without being reasonably confident that he has assimilated everything. It is not like the spoken drama where one learns, on picking up the paper the next morning, that he missed just about half the subtleties in the performance and came near losing the big idea of the whole thing. Everything is right where all of us can get each detail without effort, and in grubbing those details we find great matters for self-congratulation. — Film Fun.

Learn to Be a Listener.

The man with brains in his head is a good listener even if he doesn't know what men are talking about. It's a pleasure to listen when you're interested. The next best thing is to act as though you were. That does not mean that you are to act the hypocrite. It means that you are to put yourself at attention and the chances are that you will become interested. You just must learn to get interested in what concerns the world. Disregard what interests others and thereby you make confession that does not count to your credit. So even if you can't confess the most lively interest, find out what there is about the thing that interests others and the result may be a revelation to you.

The Scrap Book

START NOW.

There's always a way to get back on your feet,
And the way is so sure that it knows no defeat
And it's told in one word with a meaning complete.
Start!

You've all read this bunk on how to succeed
Handed out by the guy who's short on his feed,
It takes something else than this stuff that you read.
Start!

And 90 per cent of the thousands that fail
Can come back again if they wouldn't get stale
It's never too late to bring home the kale,
Start!

The best in a man is oftentimes hid,
And it takes some hard prying to pry off the lid
Why let Father Time butt in with a bid,
Start!

And the time to begin is Now.

JEWS MAKE GOOD FARMERS

The British Army Found Palestine Dotted With Fertile Fields and Prosperous Communities.

When the Anglo-Egyptian army, which invaded the Holy Land under General Allenby, reached the territory lying between Jerusalem and the Mediterranean, it made a discovery which proved both George Bernard Shaw and Israel Zangwill to be in error.

Shaw had stated, in opposing the Zionist scheme that the Jews had, since Old Testament days, been townspeople, merchants and artisans, and could not be made to go back to the fields. Zangwill had placed his hope on a future Zion to be organized and colonized after the war. The soldiers of Allenby found thousands of acres cultivated by immigrant Jews dwelling in a dozen or so communities similar to the townships of New England.

Moreover, these communities, in spite of the drastic measures of the Turkish government elsewhere taken in regard to the requisitioning of produce and taxation, were found to be in a thriving and prosperous condition and far superior, as to scientific cultivation and housing, to the Arab farmers or those of the Turkish crown lands in the plain of Sharon.

To Make Land Fertile.

In the San Luis valley of Colorado there is an area of from [illegible] to 500,000 acres, which has almost completely been deprived of fertility in a seemingly mysterious manner. This condition has been investigated by Dr. W. P. Headden of the Colorado agricultural experiment station, and he attributes this condition to the so-called "black alkali," composed largely of sodium carbohydrate. This carbonate is carried in the waters of the valley including the rivers and the artesian wells, and the practice of sub-irrigation has brought it to the surface by capillarity and evaporation. Doctor Headden suggests that the remedy lies in a conversion of the carbohydrates into sulphates by the use of a liberal amount of gypsum to one pound of black alkali and downward washing by means of surface irrigation with furrows or by flooding.

Horrible Habit.

The meek little man's wife had forced him to make application for life insurance.

"I am not quite sure about your case," said the doctor, shaking his head doubtfully. "Your heart action is not what it should be. Do you use tobacco?"

The meek little man thought and thought and finally brightened perceptibly.

"Oh, yes, doctor, I—er—use an awful lot of it."

"How do you use it?" asked Doc.

"Why, hum—you see, I use it to sprinkle clothes to keep out the moths."

"Can't possibly pass you, then," roared Doc, as he gave the meek little man the wink. And the—h. l. m. took the wink and went on his way rejoicing.

History, Contrariwise.

Eve had just tried to hand Adam the Ben Davis.

"No, my dear," said our first ancestor, "knowing as I do what the verdict of future generations will be to my weakness for apples, I shall have to decline. Save it for Cain and Abel."

So saying, he deftly kicked the serpent straight into the open mouth of the family dinosaurian which had been standing near by waiting for history to happen. Then he shouldered his hoe and started for Eden, which by his wisdom he had saved from being a war garden.

The New Painted Ceilings.

Some of the modern interior decorators are producing the most novel and interesting effects with ceilings. In a certain dining room, where the dark-paneled walls are topped with a softly tinted yellow plaster, there is a ceiling which immediately arouses one's admiration and wonder. It is crossed with dark beams, between which the plaster is painted a deep, serene, restful blue. Who would have thought of a blue ceiling with yellow walls and dark paneling? Yet the effect is charming.

A Wind Warrior.

"What's become of Bliggins?"

"He's laid up, a victim of the war."

"I didn't even know he enlisted."

"He didn't. He sprained his larynx telling how things ought to be done."

SEEK TO SAVE OLD VESSEL

Effort to Be Made for the Preservation of Admiral Farragut's Flagship, the Hartford.

Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford, is lying at Charleston, S. C., and is condemned to an ignoble end unless American patriots rescue her from the scrap heap.

The flagship of the first admiral of the American navy is already a dismantled hulk, the bully old boat that distinguished herself in the battles of New Orleans, Port Hudson, Grand Gulf, Vicksburg and Mobile Bay, and which was the home of that gallant, fighting sailor, Farragut, during the entire Civil war.

The Hartford isn't going to the boneyard if the associated veterans of Farragut's fleet can help it. There isn't a great number of the veterans of those wonderful old days left, but enough of them to stir up American patriotism with the rattling old slogan:

"Don't give up the ship!"

The voice of the late Admiral Dewey was raised on behalf of the historic Hartford, as well as that of every veteran organization in the country. The efforts to save the ship have found approval in the person of the secretary of the navy.

She is only a wooden ship, is the old Hartford and was built in 1858. But she was built on the graceful lines of the clipper and was the apple of Admiral Farragut's eye. It was in her rigging that Farragut lashed himself during the battle of Mobile Bay and shouted his famous command:

"Damn the torpedoes! Four bells ahead, Drayton."

THE REASON

Bunny—Why did you divorce your husband?

Mrs. Crow—Oh—for "cawse."

Brave English Women.

In the British munition factories, women equipped with fireproof gowns and caps, green veils and respirators, the brave "canary girls," their hair and skin turned bright yellow, worked in the dangerous trotyl. Fuse makers there were who had to get their fuses correct to the thousandth of an inch. Women from the universities, specialists in science and mathematics, worked as tool setters, others moved 60-pound shells with ease. Women, again, worked in the tailor shops and canteens connected with the arsenals, or, clad in leggings and mackintosh, did trucking and carrying like strong men. These English women not merely showed industry and spirit and fervor, but they set upon their work the seal of valor. Their lives were in constant danger from the materials in which they worked and also because the factories were chief objectives of air raiders.—Yale Review.

Submarinism.

When history sums up this war it will not be the ferocity of the German submarine campaign that will be remembered so much as its fatuity. National pride cannot live down a reputation of colossal and abject failure. The inability of the submarine to prevent the transportation of an American army to France will be remembered. The German submarine will take its place with the Spanish Armada and Napoleon's retreat from Russia as a symbol of ruthless and humiliating defeat of the pride and folly of imperial power.—The Dial.

Couldn't Get Even.

An Alabama doughboy had troubles galore with a mule.

"Ah just couldn't take any interest in dat mule. The others were all right. Dis one, first crack outa de box, done bit mah finger. Den, while Ah'm 'zaminin' mah finger he ups an' kicks me in de pants. Den dose bush Germans started a gas attack.

"I was s'posed to put gas masks on dem mules an' den on me. I put masks on two of dem.

"Den I led dis ornery one around in dat gas foah two hours, an' dog mah cats, nothin' ever happened to dat mule a tall'"

More Rapid.

"In some respects you are greater than Napoleon," remarked the faithful attendant.

"But," protested the deposed ruler, "I'm down and out."

"Yes. Your finish is very much like Napoleon's, and it took you a very much shorter time to reach it."

Songs of the Soil.

This is the day when every happy young member of the women's land army is singing "If ever I marry in all my life a farmer's bride I'll be," and when the would-be farmerette rises at morn and sings "I dreamed I dwelt in overalls."—Los Angeles Times.