

Jim's Will

By LOUISE OLIVER

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When Edith got home she didn't know whether to laugh or cry; the day's shopping with Jim had been so different from what she had expected. Jim, let me explain, was the big westerner Edith was going to marry and they had been out buying furniture for their house. The house itself had been a rock upon which their prospects of marital bliss had almost gone to pieces, but Edith had finally given in and allowed Jim to buy the substantial horror of brick and stone that he insisted upon.

"Your little bungalow is pretty dear," he said when she took him to the house she had set her heart on, a low rambling Dutch type of stone and stucco, "but I'd feel like Gulliver in the Land of Lilliput. You may have a toy affair like that somewhere for the summer, if you want, but I'll have to have something solid under my feet dear. I've been accustomed to solid terra firma for so long. I can't live in a shell now."

So Edith had consented to start her married life in the house of Jim's choice.

But she had ideas of her own about furnishing it. What then was her program to discover that Jim had ideas too. He laughed at the spider-legged set she wanted for the dining room. "I'd upset the table the first meal," he said. "Show us something substantial—none of this doll-house stuff," he insisted, and Edith found herself, instead of roving in Queen Anne and Adam sets as she had planned, trying to decide on tables and buffets that

would have grace—or not—state dining rooms of royalty, and as substantial as the sarcophagus of Napoleon.

"Seems to suit the house better, don't you think?" he asked.

And Edith was compelled to acknowledge that it did.

She longed for a living room of wicker and chairs, and a library of carved mahogany. But Jim would have none of it. Heavy, massive leather and tapestry for him.

"You forget I'm big, dearie," he said. "I'd go through that light stuff in no time."

But the worst had been the piano. She abhorred it, but had remained mute when he paid four hundred and fifty dollars for an electric one. The one thing she did insist upon was the choice of a piano. What she wanted was a two-thousand-dollar grand like her own at home.

But when Jim saw it he remarked, "Where do you put the rolls in?"

"The rolls? Oh, this isn't a player piano, dear. I'll play it, you see."

"But when you're away and I want music what shall I do?"

"But I'll not be away, dear, much."

"But can't you play on the other kind, too? I'd like to have one that goes by electricity. They're made aren't they?"

They were, and Jim bought one for four thousand dollars.

Now, Edith was back in her own room looking at her own pretty face in the mirror of her dressing table.

Was she quite sure she was going to be happy with Jim, her big Jim, who had come to New York and taken her heart by storm just when she had about decided to marry Herbert Morrow.

Herbert was an artist and she shivered when she thought of his judgment of her new home. He had such wonderful ideas about furnishing.

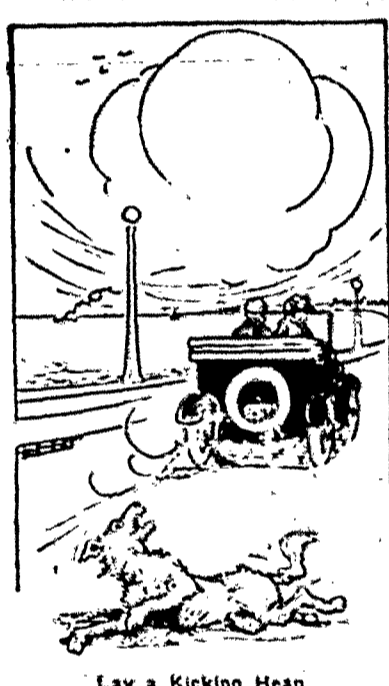
Just then her telephone rang. It was Herbert Morrow himself.

"What do you say to a little spin in my new car, Edith, just for old time's sake. It's a perfect day."

Any other time she would have refused, but some way now she wanted to go. They admired the same views, shadows of a cloud on the water, the film of new green on a branch. She thought it would be refreshing after a trying day.

"All right, I'll go," she said. "A spin in the park would do me good."

A few minutes later they were flying over the broad, smooth driveway, the cool spring wind in their faces,



Lay a Kicking Heap.

bringing a woman's check. "You're beautiful today, Edith. You're always beautiful. I hope Jim Winter appreciates his luck."

"Don't be extravagant, Bert. It's likely to turn my silly head for anyone with your taste to make compliments Jim's a dear, but do you know he doesn't know the Metropolitan museum from a straw stick when it comes to art."

They both laughed gayly at this, and didn't see the dog that had started to cross the road at the turn. There was a yelp, and the poor thing lay a kicking heap behind them.

Edith caught Herbert's arm. "Oh, do turn back. We've run over him and killed him."

"He was only a cur. They're not right here in the park, you know. There's a policeman—well, shoot him if he's not dead. Don't worry, my dear girl, it's done all the time. A few less to feed here would be a good thing anyhow. It would release thousands of pounds of food for the soldiers."

It was an argument she could not deny, and she ceased turning to ascertain the dog's fate, but the afternoon was spoiled now; she asked to go home.

"New Yorkers are funny people," Jim said the next day. "Yesterday at the park I found a hurt dog in the park—some car had run over him and then gone ahead. A policeman was just going to shoot him when I came along riding Prince."

"Didn't you let him? Surely it would have been more merciful."

"Merciful! I said the dog was hurt. I didn't say he couldn't live. I should have to wallop the cop before he put his gun away."

"Oh, Jim, what did you do?"

"Well, I couldn't take him to the hospital on Prince, so I stopped a car. Jim grinned. "It was a big limousine, all lined with pearl gray stuff and two men on the box. Mildly was out for an airing."

"You never did, Jim Winter!"

"Sure I did. And I made the policeman take care of Prince while I lifted the poor thing into the car, and then got in myself and held his head. The old woman jabbered and fussed to beat the band, but it didn't matter. They got us to the hospital, and that did."

"What hospital?"

"Roosevelt."

"That's not a dog hospital."

"I know; that's what they tried to tell me then, but it was the only place I could think of. Well, I lifted doggie out and carried him inside and told them to do what they could for him to set his bones and I'd take him home and nurse him. And sure enough a doctor and two nurses fixed him up all right. I've got him, and he'll live."

Suddenly Edith flung her arms around his neck. "Oh, Jim, Jim, Jim, I'm so glad. And I'm going to confess I've been baby enough to be unhappy about the furniture. But nothing matters now, dear. You're a dear wonderful man and I adore you."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Jim. "I had almost forgotten. I got to thinking about those things and the house, and how you've been such a dear and let me have my own way. I'm afraid I'm a brute the way I have of insisting people around and I'm afraid I'll do it with you. I'm going to exchange the house for the one you wanted, and if you'll put on your hat we'll go and select the furniture all over again. You can have anything you like and I won't say a word."

"Oh, no, Jim," cried Edith then. "I don't want it now. I'm going to learn to like the things you do."

LIVE ON ARTIFICIAL ISLAND

Salt Water Natives Who Wage An Almost Constant War on Solomon Head Hunters.

Built up artificially on reefs of sandy pits, numbers of miniature islands dot the tranquil waters of sheltered coves among the Solomon Islands. Gertrude Emerson writes in *Asia Magazine*. Here live, separate from the head hunters who inhabit the unhealthy mangrove swamps and undulating grasslands of the interior of the lofty spurs running down to the sea, a salt-water people more or less amity with the bushmen. Yet these salt water people are as fond of their fruits and vegetables, for which there is no room on their narrow, crowded islands, as the junglefolk are of their fish. Truce is declared on regular bi-weekly market days and on neutral territory along the coast the women of both peoples meet and do their bargaining. The dwellers on the artificial islands are skillful in all things pertaining to the sea, especially in the building and handling of canoes. For upon this slender thread their existence hangs. The elaborately carved, crescent-shaped canoes may always be seen plying busily among the islands. Frequently they are the only sign of human habitation in a world of otherwise empty sea and rooted palms. When the interminable circle of the horizon softens and disappears and the fever-laden evening mists creep in, when the pale waters reflect as in a mirror the burnt-out sky of day, the canoes, silhouetted against the luminous water, slide swiftly to the methodical beating of paddles, accompanied by the low barbaric chanting of dark-skinned men.

SHORT BUT EVENTFUL LIFE

Marie Pauline Bonaparte Crowded Many Adventures Into Her Few Years of Fortune's Smile.

Marie Pauline Bonaparte was one of the numerous family of brothers and sisters of the great Napoleon. She was quite the most beautiful of the girls and the gayest in nature—two qualities that endeared her to her illustrious brother, but that also brought her more or less into trouble.

Like the rest of them, she was born in Ajaccio and shared the rise of the family fortunes. When she was sixteen she married one of Napoleon's staff officers, General Le Clerc, and went to live at St. Domingo. He died in 1802 and, as a young widow, a mere girl of twenty-two, she came to enjoy the society of Paris. She was exceedingly popular, had her portrait done as Venus reclining on a couch after the artistic fashion of the times, and married the Prince Borghese. She went to Rome with him, but tired of it there and went back to her beloved Paris. Various escapades started gossip about her—especially her rather offhand treatment of Marie Louise, which caused her removal from court. This sobered her a bit, and she accompanied her brother in his first exile to Elba and begged, after his overthrow, to live with him at St. Helena. But this request was denied and she died in her favorite city, Paris, of cancer. She was about forty-five and still young looking and exceedingly beautiful.

SETTLED QUESTION OF VOTE

Decision of English Registrar Almost Worthy to Rank With That Made Famous by Solomon.

Not since the days of Solomon, perhaps, has a more perplexing problem confronted a judge than that recently presented to an election registrar in England. A certain voter possessed a house which stood half in one parish and half in another. The question consequently arose as to in which parish, or whether not, indeed, in both, the householder was entitled to vote. After some discussion a ray of light was vouchsafed to Solomon. In which parish he demanded, was the man's bedroom? Unfortunately, in both. Then was it that Solomon stood fully revealed to the infant of mature years, should he cut in twain. The parish in which the head of the bed stood should have the honor of the vote. Which is all very well, except that there are many voters whose feet take them to the polling booth, but whose heads are no good when they get there. Does not the Italian proverb say, "If a man has not a head he should have feet."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

FROM MINDS' SECRET PLACES

Come the Materials for Dreams Which Sometimes One Finds So Hard to Explain.

You read a book and forget every word of it. Years later a scene from the same book will come into your mind as a dream; you will not recognize it and will marvel where it came from. Or you will see a person casually on the street and be perfectly unconscious of it. But every experience registered in the mind somewhere, and some day you may see that same person in a dream. Perhaps some of the greatest store of impressions hidden away in your unconscious mind will come to the surface in a dream in such a way that you will feel that there is something mysterious about it.

An old lady once told the writer of a dream she had, citing it as a complete justification of her belief in spirits. While on a shopping tour she mistook a valuable umbrella, and for the life of her could not remember what she had done with it. It worried her considerably, and that night she had a dream in which she saw herself go into a restaurant, hang up the umbrella, and after eating her lunch go away, forgetting it.—*New York World*.

King Victim of His Own Jest

Probably the greatest admirer of perfumes among the old Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes the Illustrious, king of Syria, according to Don Martin, who has gone into this perfumery question for the Los Angeles Times. At all Antiochus' feasts, games and processions perfumes held the premier place.

The king was once bathing in the public baths, when some private person attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying: "You are a happy man, O king, you smell in a most costly manner."

Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied: "I will give you as much as you desire of this perfume." The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured on the flatterer's head and a multitude of poor people soon collected around to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement but it made the place so greasy that he slipped and fell on his back in a most undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment.

The Tomato in History.

Edward Albee of the Pan-American Union, in discussing the matter of the tomato, said a number of years ago that the word "tomato" seems to be of Aztec origin, and given as "tomati" by some authorities and as "tixtomati" by others. The word still persists in some of the older Mexican town names, as, for example, "Tomatlan" and "Tomatepec." The weight of opinion among historical botanists is that the plant and culture for edible purposes began in Peru, whence it spread to other parts of tropical America. It is known that it was cultivated for its fruit in the warm climates of America centuries before the coming of Columbus to this continent.

The Mule.

To our mind the one breathing thing in creation that has been the most cruelly maligned is the mule. No more hard-working creature walks the earth; none with a more faithful past record; none now more in demand in the world's service. What would we do in this war without the mule? What can we do without him after the war is over? Still he is despised and kicked around worse than though he were a hound dog. It is a shame. In the readjustment of things, let us right this wrong and, if we have anything to say to the mule, let us say it to his face, which is wiser than saying it to his heels.—*Los Angeles Times*.

A Drawback.

"An automobile has a big advantage over a horse, as it never gets fatigued." "Perhaps not, but its wheels are always tired."

"Lady Anne's Cross"

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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The soldiers called her Nurse Anne, her friends called her Lady Anne, and she called herself merely Anne Gay. Conventionally speaking, she was Lady Anne Margaret Clivedale; her young husband, Major Reginald Clivedale, had been one of the first of his regiment to fall at the front in France and the young widow had gone strenuously into training for a Red Cross nurse.

"Nurses are born, Nurse Anne," said a poor, pale soldier, as he lay propped up on his bed in a base hospital somewhere near Paris.

"We're all born—we all die," Anne answered with a whimsically sweet smile as she moved a pillow under the patient's arm. "That's the one sure statement we dare make, isn't it?"

The pale American nodded. "Can make one more sure bet, Nurse Anne. I shall live long enough to get back and have one more crack at those Hun!"

"I should say you would," Anne laughed. "But I wouldn't be thinking about it yet a while."

"Let me think—it's all I can do on that or any other subject—just think and think and think!"

Nurse Anne turned away from his cot for a moment. "All right," she said gayly, when she faced him again, "and I'll go on my rounds. Perhaps some time I'll bring you a good American penny and buy some of your thoughts with it."

She had fled before he could say more.

Next day, with five other nurses, she was moved to more urgent work

MONARCH'S COSTLY WHIM.

King Alfonso's ruined palace of San Ildefonso at La Granja is one of the breaks and one of the glories of Spain.

It was a Bourbon monarch who invented it—at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Philip V was out hunting one day and rested at a sunny farm called the Granja, occupied by monks. The monks had honored the mountain upon whose slopes the farmhouse was built and had made their beautiful gardens conform to the ways of the giant.

But the king compelled the mountain to obey him. He blasted smooth places on precipitous slopes, carrying away thousands of tons of earth and stones, and from the valley below he brought up miles of fertile earth to form new fields and gardens. By the time he had finished creating a new landscape and filling the new Versailles with the best pictures his taste suggested, Philip was ready to die in debt to the tune of 45,000,000 pesetas. For that is the sum which the monarch spent on San Ildefonso.

Borneo Not Yet Civilized.

Although civilization has made excellent progress in some parts of the East Indies, barbarous practices by the natives on the island of Borneo still continue, according to O. K. Hoey, a merchant of Batavia, Java.

He said that traders who visit isolated sections of Borneo found it necessary to remain constantly alert in order to guard against attacks by Dyaks, who, however, are gradually being driven farther inland.

"On the island of Ball the men still load themselves up with many jewels and heavy chains as ornaments," he declared. "The natives make good use of pearls, but until a short time ago the sight of an automobile caused great amazement."

Waging War on the Rabbit.

Australia has spent millions in fighting a pest of rabbits, for which a man who turned loose three pairs of rabbits in New South Wales, in 1850, is responsible, and which has made necessary a woven-wire fence 1,200 miles long, shutting off the fertile agricultural regions from the central and eastern semi-desert areas, where rabbits most abound. We have a few rabbits in our own country west of the Rockies. According to the biological survey of the department of agriculture, fully 200,000,000 wild rabbits are annually killed in this country, yet men touring across the continent invariably speak of the number of rabbits seen.

GOLDEN TOWER OF SEVILLE

Its Marvelous Beauty, When Seen in the Setting Sun, Graphically Depicted by Writer.

As the sun is descending it is enchanting to glance back from this place in the direction of the city; the prospect is inexpressibly beautiful. Yonder in the distance, high and enormous, stands the Golden tower, now used as a tool house, but the principal bulwark of the city in the time of the Moors. It stands on the shore of the river, like a giant keeping watch, and is the first edifice that attracts the eyes of the voyager as he moves up the stream to Seville. On the other side, opposite the tower, stands the noble Augustine convent, the ornament of the faubourg of Triana, whilst between the two edifices rolls the broad Guadalquivir, bearing on its bosom a flotilla of barks from Catalonia and Valencia. Farther up is seen the bridge of boats which traverse the water. The principal object of this prospect, however, is the Golden tower, where the beams of the setting sun seem to be concentrated as in the focus, so that it appears built of pure gold, and probably from that circumstance received the name it now bears. Cold, cold, must be the heart which can remain insensible to the beauties of this magic scene, to do justice to which the pencil of a Claude himself were barely equal. Often have I shed tears of rapture whilst I beheld it, and listened to the thrush and the nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand orange gardens of Seville:

"Kennst du das Land we die Citronen blühen?"—George Borrow.

The Champen.

Said the near-sinc, "Some people are just naturally stingy, but the champion tightwad is the man who makes his seven-year-old daughter suck her thumb in a street car so the conductor will think she isn't old enough for a fare."



"Yassum, yassum," bowed the Old Man.

Yassum, Yassum.

"Yassum, yassum," bowed the old man, as he showed her into the cool shadowed room at her right.

Presently she heard quick steps on the stairs. They were not the steps of Mrs. Lee, she knew.

"Nurse—Nurse Anne—Nurse Anne!" a voice was saying, while a tall young man held both her hands.

"Your face, but not your name," Anne stammered.

His face fell for a moment. "You've forgotten me?" he asked.

"No—oh, no," Anne hastened to say. "I have a cross of war for Mrs. Lee from her son, Capt. Harold Lee."

"My brother," said the young man promptly. "I'm Bob."

Anne laughed and drew away her hands. "Oh, yes," she said, recalling something sweet from her memory. "I went in search of a penny to buy your thoughts about killing Huns, didn't I?" she asked, naively.

"My thoughts—yes—but they weren't about killing Huns. But has come mother. Oh, this is too, too good of you, Nurse Anne. Come. He took her to meet his mother in the doorway. "Mother, this is Nurse Anne Gay. She brings Harry's cross to you, and, oh, mother, it will take forever for me to tell you what she meant to me when I was in the hospital after my first skirmish."

The three sat down and untraced a part of the skein that fate had wound around them. They shed tears together, they laughed together, and, of course, being Southern, they broke bread together. Anne promised Mrs. Lee that she would return to visit them and tell them all she could remember about the dear brave soldier who had not returned.

"And can you not promise me that I may come to you even before you can get back here to see mother?" asked Bob Lee, as he said farewell to Nurse Anne at the station.

"I'd love to have you. It will mean much to my mother and father to show them a real soldier who believes I'd help him over a rough place. They—they did not want me to stay; they thought I could not stand it after—after—" She stopped; she had been through too much emotional strain already.

Bob patted her hand. "Don't try to say more, Nurse Anne. Wait till I come; and as soon as I dare, for I have so much to say to you. Will you listen?"

"I'm terribly afraid I will," Anne confessed, her voice trembling. "And—and I meant not to do anything like—like this. I carried that cross home to your mother, and—and that was to be all."

"You knew it wasn't all. You knew something dragged you to me, Anne, you know it."

"All right, I know it," she said as she passed through the train shed. "And I'll have a nice new penny for you now."

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