

You Never Can Tell

By IMES McDONALD

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The roving eye of youth is ever eager for adventure. Romance lurks just around the next corner and the man or girl of dreams is ever a potential possibility, for in the eyes of youth no dream, no matter how improbable it may seem, is entirely impossible. "You never can tell" is the slogan of youth.

"You never can tell," thought Summer Lane as she tripped lightly along toward her job at the library. "Something might happen today—you never can tell." And she hummed a snatch of song as she started on her regular routine. But her lunch hour came and nothing had happened. At five o'clock she started home and nothing had happened. She entered her little apartment and found Alice Martin, a pretty schoolteacher with whom she lived, already there—and still nothing had happened—and then the telephone rang and indifferently Summer leaned toward it from where she sat on the couch.

"Is this Miss Lane, Miss Summer Lane?" asked a man's strange but very nice voice.

"Yes," said Summer, "this is Summer Lane," and her eyes opened very wide.

"I am Lawrence Gardner, from Chicago, an old friend of Elsie Turner's who was a school friend of yours, I believe. She told me to be sure to look you up while I was in town and so I am doing it."

Summer swallowed three distinct but very rapid sputtered sobs before she could reply. "And now that you've phoned—are you coming up to see me?" she invited.

"I'd love to," he said gently, "but what about the theater or somewhere tonight. Is there any particular show you'd like to see? They're all new to me, you know."

"I've been wanting to go to 'The Eyes of Youth,'" said Summer breathlessly.

"The Eyes of Youth? It is then," he laughed, "and if I call about 7:30 will that be all right?"

"Splendid—and I'll be ready," sang Summer joyously, "and I'm just so glad you called. Mr. Gardner, you don't know how glad it was to hear from Elsie to send you."

It happened to be Alice's night for doing the dishes, and when she came into their bedroom after her task was done she gasped in astonishment.

"My goodness, Summer! You're all dressed up like a queen. I never saw you look so ravishing and so so reckless, you bright-eyed thing! Who is this Gardner person, anyway?"

But Summer only laughed gaily and twirled about on her toes. Just then the bell rang and she danced toward the electric button to let the ringer in and then skipped to the door to admit Lawrence Gardner.

For a long moment adventure clasped the hand of romance, and each looked deep into the eyes of the other. Romance so shyly and minutely lovely—and adventure so well grounded and stalwart, with smiling, quizzical eyes and genial, friendly manner.

And a few moments later they descended the stairs and were whirled away in a taxi, and when they had returned after the show he left her at the door regretfully.

"It has been a perfectly wonderful evening," said Summer, "and it was very dear of Elsie to tell you about me."

"Shall I see you again tomorrow?" he asked eagerly.

"You—you never can tell," she answered demurely and vanished within. A short time later she related to Alice the events of the evening. "And he is so attentive and thoughtful and jolly in a quiet sort of way. I just had a beautiful time," she chattered, Alice eyed Summer suspiciously.

"Summer Lane, are you going to fall in love with that Gardner person?" she demanded sternly.

With brilliant eyes and flushing cheeks Summer reached up to turn out the light, then turned and groped to her bed, and as she pulled the covers up to her chin she chuckled a little in the darkness there. "You never can tell, Alice, old dear—you never can tell."

A week passed—two weeks—and each day Lawrence Gardner either made it a point to see Summer Lane or to telephone her—usually he saw her. Three weeks passed—and a month—and still he lingered in New York. Until one morning at his hotel he received a night letter from his father that made him grin just a bit, but as usual that afternoon he happened to meet Summer at the library and strolled home with her.

"Let's have a nice little home party with Alice tonight," suggested Summer. And so they did. He helped set the table and ran out at the last minute to get ice cream for the dessert. And after the dishes were done he and Summer sat side by side on the couch while Gardner smoked his pipe in contented silence.

"Summer," he said, after a long interval, "I've got a confession to make. He reached over and drew the telephone book toward him, opening it at the "Lanes." She sat on one foot and leaned close to him watching curiously as his finger slid down the column of

names. Finally he pointed out the name of a firm—Lane, Summers & Griggs, Importers. "You see," he explained, "the day I called you up I had occasion to call up these people. The name just above theirs is—and he pointed out her own—Lane, Miss Summer, librarian. Now, he went on, "that name of yours interested me so that I got curious to hear your voice, and when I had heard your voice I was determined to see you. Of course I didn't know any such person as Elsie Turner in Chicago, but I soon realized that by some strange coincidence you did—because you're always ringing her into the conversation and making it uncomfortable for me. I just didn't want to go on any longer under false colors, so to speak, so I had to tell you."

Summer pulled the telephone book out of his hand and hugged it up to her breast, at the same time rolling him an accusing look out of the corner of her dancing eye. Then she blushed up her shoulders and laughed merrily.

"Silly," she giggled. "Don't you suppose I knew you didn't know me from Adam, nor any Elsie Turner person, either? Why, I never even heard of her myself!"

"What?" Lawrence Gardner's pipe fell out of his mouth and he sat up eagerly. "You were pretending, too?" But Summer would not look at him and only nodded with downcast eyes. So Gardner drew from his pocket the telegram he had received from his father that morning and she read it with flushing cheeks.

"What in Sam Hill's keeping you so long in New York? You ought to have finished there ten days ago. I'm bored to my eyes in work here, so far heavy one's snake marry the girl—and come home."

"Yours," DAD.

The telegram fluttered to the floor and Summer started to rise, but Gardner reached up and dragged her down beside him.

"Dad's a wise old boy," he said, with his cheek against hers; "will you marry me, Summer?"

And Summer snuggled a bit, as she murmured, "You never can tell, Larry, dear. Something like that's liable to happen most any day, now."

ALL HAD IDEAS ABOUT FIRE

Members of Family Differed Considerably Concerning Its Proper Arrangement.—Says Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The fact is that there is no little book of domestic life which gives snug harbor to so much self-will and self-righteousness as the family hearth; and this is particularly the case with wood fires, because, from the miscellaneous nature of the material, and the sprightly activity of the combination, there is a constant occasion for tearing and alteration and so a vast field for individual opinion.

First came an enormous bark log, rolled in with the strength of two men, on the top of which was piled another smaller log; and then a forest of a size which would entitle it to be called a log in our times, went to make the front foundation of the fire. The rearing of the ample pile thereupon was a matter of no small architectural skill, and all the ruling members of our family circle had their own opinions about its erection, and these they maintained with the zeal and pertinacity which become earnest people. My grandfather, with his grave smile, insisted that he was the only reasonable fire-builder in the establishment; but when he had arranged his sticks in the most methodical order, my grandmother would be sure to rush out with a thump here and a twitch there, and divers incoherent exclamations tending to imply that men never knew how to build a fire. Frequently her intense zeal for immediate effect would end in a general rout and roll of the sticks in all directions, with puffs of smoke down the chimney, requiring the settling open of the outside door; and then Aunt Lois would come in, and, with a face severe with determination, tear down the whole structure and rebuild from the foundation with exactest precision, but with an air that cast volumes of contempt on all that had gone before.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Music in Prisons. In a paper read before a convention of music teachers, the musical director of a well-known prison said that the band and orchestra maintained in the institution with which he was connected was so important a part of the prison life as any of the industries which contributed to make the prison self-supporting.

The mayor of an important middle-western city said not long ago: "Music operates to destroy anarchistic tendencies; to foster, preserve and operate constructive citizenship. It is unnecessary to defend the usefulness of music as a practical agent in life. It has been demonstrated as such. We need the spirit of music now, if ever, in a world of strife, confusion and violence. As an influence in the direction of affection and kindness it has a place."

Fortune Tellers. It is asserted that there is not one case on record of a man who profited by the wizardry of a fortune teller who afterward repaid the card reader or crystal gazer, or whatever it was by so much as even a small cash tip.

This fact shows that either patrons of fortune tellers are an exceedingly ungrateful lot, or that there isn't one of them who ever had the slightest reason for being grateful. In other words, can a fortune teller really tell fortunes?

New Telephone Toll Rates

Effective January 21, 1919

In accordance with the order of the Postmaster General, dated December 13, 1918, new schedules of rates for telephone toll calls (to points outside the local service area) under which all toll calls throughout the United States are placed on a uniform basis, become effective 12:01 a. m., January 21, 1919.

Under these new schedules the "station to station" rate is the base rate upon which all rates for the various classes of service offered, are computed. This rate is determined by the air line distance between toll points and is computed, for the initial period, on the basis of 5c. for each 6 miles up to 24 miles and 5c. for each 8 miles beyond that distance.

For toll calls where the calling party does not specify a particular person to be reached at the called telephone, the "station to station" rate is charged. This method provides the cheapest and quickest form of telephone toll service.

"Station to station" calls must be made as far as possible by giving the telephone number of the called telephone. Where the number is not known and telephone directory information is not available, the number should be obtained from "Information," or if the called telephone is at a distant point, the name and address of the called subscriber should be given to the toll operator.

For toll calls where the calling party specifies a particular person to be reached at the called telephone and the connection is established and conversation held with that person, the "person to person" rate is charged. As this service requires a greater amount of operating effort, the rate for such calls is about one-fourth greater than the "station to station" rate. (Minimum "person to person" rate 20c.)

For toll calls on a "person to person" basis, where the calling party, in placing the call, designates a definite time at which he will talk and the conversation is held, the "appointment" rate is charged. As this service involves the making of the appointment in addition to the operating effort necessary for a "person to person" call, the "appointment" rate is about one-half greater than the "station to station" rate. (Minimum "appointment" rate 25c.)

For toll calls made on a "person to person" basis where messenger service is required to secure attendance of the designated person at the called telephone, the "messenger call" rate applies. This rate is the same as the "appointment" rate, plus any necessary charge for messenger service. (Minimum "messenger call" rate 25c.)

In connection with all toll calls other than those made on a "station to station" basis where the connection is established but the conversation is not held, because of any reason beyond the control of the telephone company a "report charge" is made equivalent to about one-fourth of the "station to station" rate. (Minimum "report charge" 10c., maximum \$2.00.)

Reduced rates, applying only to calls made on a "station to station" basis are quoted for toll service between the hours of 8:30 p. m. and 4:30 a. m. The rate between 8:30 p. m. and 12 midnight is about one-half the "station to station" day rate, and between 12 midnight and 4:30 a. m. about one-fourth the "station to station" day rate. The minimum night rate is 25c. Where the "station to station" day rate is 25c. or less no reduction is made for night service.

For the purpose of applying reduced rates, for evening and night "station to station" service, the time of day at the calling point is used.

Day rates apply on all calls other than those made on a "station to station" basis, whether they are made during the day, evening, or night.

This does not change the rates for, or the handling of, calls within the local service area.

NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

ELSEW

Iron Duke Was Good Musician. Most of you have heard of the Iron Duke, the duke of Wellington, who was one of the great commanders of England, winning glorious victories for her. But none of you, perhaps, know that this Iron Duke, notwithstanding that he was a famous warrior, was also something of a musician. At one time, observes a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, he directed a concert in England, after he had become famous as a commander. Not every soldier could do that, and turn so easily from one kind of work to another.

Homes Help Community. A wealthy Englishman once said that a good home was an institution for civilizing a community, and instead of surrounding his own home by a high hedge, like many in the vicinity, he built about it an open fence, so that whoever passed, rich or poor, might enjoy the beauty of house and lawn and garden. It is a good thing for the girls of today who are to be the home makers of tomorrow, to grow up with the idea that the home owes something to the community.

Persia's Favorite Beverage. The great beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied, and of which there are many varieties— from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it. Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used; in all other cases sherbet is served in china bowls and drunk from deep

wooden spoons carved in peatwood.

Relic of a Lost Race. At Casa Grande, near Florence, Italy, is the ruin, with walls still standing, of what probably was the last communal house erected on the southern plains by a race of pueblo builders that probably had departed elsewhere or had been merged with wilder tribes even before the passing to the westward of the Aztec south-bound pilgrimage about the year 1300.

Not Adapted for Pet. The average-sized Alaska walrus is as big as an ox and often weighs more than a ton. A walrus was recently killed by some whalers near Point Barrow whose head weighed 80 pounds, and skin, including flippers, 500 pounds. The animal had a girth of 14 feet. The skin was from half an inch to three inches in thickness, and the blubber weighed 500 pounds.

Reason for Term "Royal." Naturally there is a good reason for calling golf a royal game, inasmuch as it was the favorite sport of the kings and queens of Scotland and England, as well as the dukes and earls in ancient times. King Charles, King James I. II. VI, Queen Mary of Scots and others were pre-eminent among the lovers of the recreation.

Famous Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. The Kaiser Wilhelm canal was officially opened June 21, 1895. It is a little more than 61 miles in length, and for the easterly part of its course fol-

lows the line of the old Eiger canal. It is 197 feet wide at the water surface and 72 feet feet at the bottom, with a depth of 29 feet 6 inches. The total cost of the canal was \$39,000,000.

Friendship and Freedom. There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air and will not be penned up in strait and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely and act so, too; and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, 'twill easily forgive, and forget, too, upon small acknowledgments.—Penn.

Venetian Gondolas. It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the Venetian gondola assumed its present simplicity and somberness of color. A vain attempt has been made to introduce it in other countries, but it has apparently resisted all efforts at acclimatization.

Narrow Escape. One morning the youngest pupils were obliged to sit upon a movable bench to recite; soon there was a commotion in the midst of which Edith waved her hand excitedly and said: "Teacher, Johnnie tipped the seat and I almost fell off the claps!"

Good Stain Mixture. Take an ounce of sal-ammoniac and salt of tartar, mix and pour over them a pint of soft water. Dip into it those parts of a white article stained with wine, fruit or mildew. After the stains

have thus been removed, wash in the usual manner.

Marriage Customs. For women to take their husbands' names on the marriage day was a Roman custom. For example, we have Octavia of Cicero, meaning Octavia, wife of Cicero. Now we omit the "of."

Slipper Styles. In the east, as a general rule, Turks wear yellow slippers, Armenians red and Jews blue.

Optimistic Thought. It is a bad cause that cannot be talked over in public.

Satisfied With Little Food. In the Edinburgh (Scotland) zone there is a crocodile that is content with a rat or a piece of horseflesh every fortnight. There is an anaconda which arrived more than a year ago and has since steadily refused to take food of any kind, an example of abstinence surpassed, however, by an Indian python which during its 13 months' stay has not voluntarily taken food.

Your Own Way. Many have an idea that it would be pleasant always to have their own way. It is sometimes pleasant, but the results are not gratifying. It is the road that leads to temptation and bondage of sin.