

Her Liberty— Loaned

By HARMONY WELLER

There was more than one reason why Gladys consented to act on the woman's committee of the local Liberty Loan board. She tried conscientiously to make her duty toward her country the first and compelling reason; deep in her heart she realized, however, that there was a rival motive. And that motive was, by name, David Stapleton, chairman of the committee of men.

Gladys Moore was a girl well along in her twenties. She was quiet and pretty, with one of those sweet personalities that attracted old ladies and very young men. She had never gone out much in the village after she had returned home from boarding school. It seemed as if she had outgrown what few of her old companions remained at the home town.

And that was quite natural. Ten years away from home in that important time of development in a girl's



"I Want No Other Sort."

life make a wonderful change in her tastes and habits and choice of friends. Almost the only place she had gone during the four years that she had been at home had been to Red Cross meetings. In this organization she had worked untiringly and now, when the war was calling forth to the limit of her capacity every woman in the village, Gladys was one of the most dependable.

Then came the call for a woman's Liberty Loan committee to supplement the work of the men.

"But I've never done anything of the kind," Gladys demurred, when they asked her to serve.

"Neither have we," said the committee in unison.

And Gladys, having previously noticed the name of David Stapleton, the cashier of the village bank, on the list of men accepted.

David Stapleton was a widower. He had known Gladys as a girl in her teens and had always liked her. Since she had returned home he had seldom seen her. His activities lay along lines that did not include women. He hardly ever saw a woman outside of his own household, where there were a number of aunts and near aunts.

"This is my first experience in this kind," Gladys said to him when they came face to face the first morning that she appeared at headquarters to begin work on the big drive.

"This is our first war, you know," David laughed, as he let her pass through the door.

"And our last—I hope," Gladys remarked.

"At least give it one blue ribbon," David found himself saying as Gladys busied herself arranging tables and chairs as part of her work on the committee on headquarters decorations.

"What for?"

"For giving me the pleasure of seeing you again."

Gladys' pretty white skin warmed perceptibly, and David, unaccounted as he was to observing feminine charms, thought he had never seen anything so lovely as her cheeks.

Every day the two had worked together, and occasionally in the evening Gladys found herself being escorted to or from a Liberty Loan meeting by David Stapleton.

"I've fixed my questionnaire," he said to her one night on the way home.

"Your questionnaire?" she asked.

"Yes—I'm in the draft, you know."

"Oh—" Gladys breathed, "—"

"You thought I was too old—now confess it!"

Gladys said nothing.

"Didn't you?"

"Perhaps I hadn't thought at all about the draft," she added.

"Are you thinking now?" David asked pointedly.

Gladys nodded.

They drove on in silence. Both were thinking in a new vein.

When Gladys stepped out of the cozy little runabout before her own door she seemed to feel ill at ease. She could not explain her more or less shyness with this man whom she had

known always and yet with whom now she seemed to be so strange.

"Don't you want to read an hour away from your desk at headquarters tomorrow and have lunch with me at a farmhouse on the outskirts of the nation woods?" David asked, detaching Gladys by a very gentle touch on her arm.

Gladys caught her breath and was almost afraid he could hear her catch it. What was the matter with her, she wondered? Why did the touch of David Stapleton make her heart leap so wildly, and why did his voice sound so low and tender?

After she reached the house she remembered having promised to go with him on the following day. She could have shaken herself for the thing that like a girl of sixteen instead of like a woman nearly thirty at the mere intimation to have a bit of lunch with a man whom she had known all her life.

On her desk the following morning she found a note. It told her that the president of the bank had had an accident to his eyes, the previous night and would not be in the office that day—the last but three of the loan committee. Therefore that day went on as if David Stapleton would be unable to leave his desk for so much as a full hour.

Gladys did not know whether she was disappointed or relieved. But there was much work to do, the business side of patriotic citizens flowed constantly toward her desk all day, and she had little time in which to think of herself.

Not so with the cashier David Stapleton. His work is done so much in a hurry that part of his evening life that most of his thoughts are on Liberty bonds. On bonds they might have been but—Hello—Mr. Stapleton?

"Yes—Gladys," he said, recognizing her voice at once.

"I've just received my call."

"Call?" exclaimed David.

"Yes, didn't I tell you the other night that you wouldn't be the only one in France before long?"

"No—you did not tell me."

Gladys did not reply. Each held the receiver while no sound came over the wire.

"You didn't, Gladys," repeated David.

"I thought I had told you I should have to report at once for physical examination. Their coming out passports and then sailing. Won't it be wonderful?"

"Yes—oh, yes. It will be quite wonderful," said David, mechanically.

The world around him had gone suddenly into the shadow, the world that had seemed so sunny so well worth living in of late. But—of course he himself would be going if the powers that be would leave him and—

"You don't seem very glad for me," came Gladys' voice across the wire, wistfully.

"Oh, forgive me—of course I'm glad more glad than I can tell you."

"But what?"

"Good-by. I'm coming over to your desk. I want to see you about some bonds," David said, abruptly. Some one had come into his office and he had been forced to speak quite casually.

Gladys understood.

When David approached her her hands were cold. Her cheeks were prettily pink. Her breath came far more quickly than she wanted it to.

"Want to buy a bond?" she asked jokingly. Gladys had a way of jesting when she was playing for time.

"Yes; I want a bond, the maturity of which depends on fate, Gladys," he said, sitting down across the desk and trying to compel her to look at him. There were no others in the room at the moment, but the place was as public as the whole out of doors.

"I wonder if we have that sort," she demurred, looking over her card of instructions.

"I want no other sort," David said, firmly. "Gladys I love you. Do marry me."

Gladys could not speak. She had lost her power to resist him, and she knew not what to say in acquiescence.

Gladys nodded a series of little nods and when she finally looked at him her eyes were full of shiny tears that with difficulty she kept from tumbling foolishly down her cheeks.

Suddenly she brushed them away. She had seen some one coming. Of course, I will," she said. "You know it when you asked, didn't you?"

Naturally They Would.

For the last half hour the teacher had been busy telling his pupils about caverns and cliffs, saying, "Waves when they wash fiercely against rocks or cliffs in time wear them away and so form caverns and openings."

When he had finished the lecture he asked this question of a small boy in the corner who had been very inattentive.

"Tommy, what happens when waves wash fiercely against rocks?"

Tommy looked embarrassed, and at length answered, triumphantly:

"The rocks get very wet, sir."

Ratio of Silver and Gold.

In ancient times from ten to thirty ounces of silver equaled the value of an ounce of gold. By the time Caesar was testing the value of the Gauls silver was more scarce and seven ounces would balance an ounce of gold. Charlemagne fixed the ratio at seven and a half to one. From that time on, silver cheapened.

NEW YORK NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Paragraphs of Interest to Readers of Empire State.

Interesting News of All Kind Gathered From Various Points in the State and So Reduced in Size That It Will Appeal to All Classes of Readers.

There are 50 wounded Tonawanda soldiers home from France.

Small dealers may lower the price of milk in Buffalo.

Eight cent trolley fares are a possibility at Hornell.

Penn Yan thinks the dry move will help grape growers.

Erne County Food Commissioner Stafford has resigned.

Dairy farmers at Angeli are going back to cheese making.

Club business men have formed a club to boost the town.

Albion has a vigilance committee searching for a peeping Tom.

The J. N. Adam Memorial hospital at Perryburg will be enlarged.

New York state retail merchant dealers held a convention in Buffalo.

Hornell has tabled a proposition to quit from the fire department.

Geneva is flooded with the men because war plants are closed down.

D. Garney Spaulding, Niagara county food administrator has resigned.

Oil drilling operations will soon be started in Big Creek near Hornell.

The American can plant in Geneva has quit working. 500 men losing their jobs.

Influencia and apple shipping furnish the main activities at Ransomville just now.

Rochester's trolley company wants a six cent fare for only a short time.

It is said that the New York Central wreck, which occurred at South Byron on Sunday, Jan. 12, will cost the New York Central Railroad company at least \$500,000 to settle.

There were 22 people killed. Most of them were people of means, who were receiving large incomes.

The second district public service commission which has jurisdiction over telephone companies and rates throughout the state will institute a mandamus action against Postmaster General Burton to suspend operation of the new telephone rates which became effective last week.

Although a banking institution may not legally make a gift to the estates of officers or employees who lose their lives in attempting to thwart robbers, it may pay for services the men actually performed by voting sums to their families. Attorney General Newton holds in an opinion just announced.

A state position, carrying a salary of \$4,500, is awaiting some woman. Attorney General Newton stated that he was convinced that a woman was needed as a deputy attorney general and that he was holding open a deputyship in hope of finding one of this newly enfranchised voters qualified to fill the place.

A family of eight, if they are satisfied with a home in one of the poorer sections of New York city with gas light, no heat and no bath tub, can just live on an annual salary of \$3,000, according to testimony offered before the subcommittee of the National war board investigating the recent New York harbor strike.

In the annual report of the Orleans farm bureau, Manager L. J. Steele says the bureau in 1947 had a membership of 765 and ranked fifth in the state. During 1918 the membership increased to 1,939 and for 1919 all indications point to a membership of more than 1,200, or about 30 per cent of the farmers of the county.

Tobacco growers in the Chemung, Concho and Canisteo valleys met in Corning to consider plans for taking joint action through the courts against tobacco buyers who contracted a year ago to take this year's crop at prices ranging from 25 to 40 cents a pound, and are now refusing to accept it at 12 to 22 cents a pound.

Former State Excise Commissioner William W. Farley of Binghamton and Albany, once foe of Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, was unanimously elected chairman of the Democratic state committee at Syracuse to succeed Judge J. Augustus Kellogg of Glens Falls, who resigned after being appointed counsel to Governor Smith. Farley says he intends organizing the upstate Democracy along the lines followed out by Samuel J. Tilden.

The fight against the dog menace in sheep raising counties of Western New York was renewed by Senator Fowler of Chautauqua in the legislature, who put in a bill amending the agricultural law by increasing from \$3 to \$10 the license fee for each female dog and providing that the owner of a dog which injures or kills a domestic animal or fowl shall be liable for treble the damages caused thereby. An action to recover damages may be maintained by the owner of the animal or by the state after an assignment of the owner's claim is made.

The official call for the annual convention of the New York state women's land army in New York city on Jan. 28 and 29, was sent to every county in the state.

The college of agriculture, in cooperation with the United States department of agriculture, will conduct a six-day school for commercial beekeepers the week of Feb. 24.

What was one of the best winter meetings of the Livingston County Historical society held in Avon, when the annual sessions were held in the assembly hall of the Avon high school last week.

Farmers in Florence, 28 miles north of Rome, are tapping trees and making maple syrup. The flow of sap, two months ahead of the usual season, is in the average quantity.

A county wide campaign to secure 100 members for the home economics department of Orleans county, in order to make the organization a permanent affair, is being made this month.

Le Roy fruit growers are apprehensive regarding the unusually mild weather which has prevailed for some time, as buds are rapidly swelling and shrubs are beginning to show green shoots.

A special one-month course in cheese making and ice cream manufacture will open at the state college of agriculture on Feb. 24. The course is open only to those who have had some experience.

J. R. Joslyn, the recent managing editor of the Geneva Daily News, is out of a position and his friends are circulating a petition in his behalf for the position of secretary of the Geneva chamber of commerce.

A five-day extension school dealing with animal husbandry, farm crops and poultry was held in the Cannadagna court house under the direction of the Ontario county farm bureau association and the state college of agriculture.

For the second time within a few days a man tried to make a date with Mrs. Bertha S. Crane Olean's new polo woman. John Garvin 42 years old of Little Valley paid a fine of \$25 in going out after planning to go to the charge.

"Long runs and upstarts" is the way business men of Rochester characterize the announced rise in telephone rates. Several declared that the lower night rates simply distract attention from the big increases in day rates, sort of soothing syrup to the general public.

E. C. Van Loan of the Hudson Register was elected president of the Associated Dairies of New York at the annual conference in Albany. Gardner Kline of the Amsterdam Recorder was elected vice president and Henry M. Hall of the Jamestown Journal, secretary and treasurer.

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The Scrap Book

JUST MADE ANOTHER SEARCH

Old Boatman's Ready Explanation of Dive He Seemed to Take With Some Suddenness.



"Cool as an iceberg" is a certain old boatman, and it is doubtful whether an earthquake would startle him or not.

One day, using his oar as a punt pole, he was just pushing off with a young lady remarking that she hoped there was no danger.

"No, miss," returned the boatman; "there ain't no danger to be feared while I'm aboard. Twenty odd years I've sailed this boat, and never had an accident but once, and that wasn't serious. Ye see, I was just shoving off in this very boat when the oar broke, and I lost it. Five years ago that war, and I've never seen that oar again from that day to—"

At that moment the oar he was using slipped to the bottom, and the boatman fell overboard with a splash. When he scrambled into the boat again he was the oddest individual on board.

"It just struck me," he said, quite calmly, "to have another look for that oar I see nowt on it." London Answers.

Foch Was Nearly Killed.

Although it is not generally known, Foch had a very narrow escape from being killed in May, 1918.

The marshal then commanded the army of the north, and while riding in a motorcar with his son-in-law, Captain Fourrier, the car dashed into a tree between Dammartin and St. Souplet. Foch was severely hurt in the head. His son-in-law was still more seriously injured. Both of them were taken to the American hospital at Jully, and afterward to Meaux, where they remained for several weeks.

The accident took place during the dark days of the second battle of Verdun, and the censor forbade all reference to the matter at that time.

Avoid Artificial Light.

Victory windows are windows wide open to the light. In the early autumn their screens and awnings are removed. When dusk crops along in the afternoons, their shades are drawn to the very top. No heavy curtains hang in them, for these absorb the rays. They are very clean. So much light comes into these windows and it goes so far into the corners and lingers so late, that gas and electricity are not needed within so long as there is a little brightness without. When artificial light is saved the coal is saved with which it is manufactured.

Bad Luck.

His better half, carried away by patriotic zeal, had followed him to France in the Red Cross.

After a short period he made close acquaintance with some shrapnel.

Dear wife was bending over his helpless form.

The man looked, then closed his eyes.

"Isn't that just my rotten luck?" he murmured. "With all these pretty nurses over here looking after the soldiers, I had to draw you!"

Stocked Up for Winter.

A farmer living near Waterville, Me., says that his winter store includes, besides a big supply of winter vegetables and apples, two barrels of last year's flour, milled from his own wheat, of which this year's crop is yet to be thrashed, 100 dozen of eggs, 20 jars of chickens, 150 pint jars of jelly, 500 cans of preserves and six barrels of cider and vinegar. In addition he has 50 hens, beef and pork, and a woodshed full of wood.

How It Was.

"Muh daughter-in-law, dat weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, fell downstairs yest'day, and broke three legs."

"What yo' talkin' 'bout, sah? No lady has got three legs, no difference if she am yo' daughter-in-law!"

"No, sah; but she landed on her skippy husband, mul' son, as it were, and broke two legs for him and one for herself."—Kansas City Star.

No Romeo.

"Why did you reject Mr. Snippers?"

"He's too conservative for a girl of my romantic temperament."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. When I asked him if he would love me always he said he didn't expect to live always."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Thought Currents.

At a recent wedding in Irvington there was a lull in the outpour of congratulations, and these words floated forth in the waves of the American-made nuptial music: "I hope you both did well."—Indianapolis News.

A Family Trait.

"My doctor says I ought to lead an active life."

"Well, marry my wife's sister; she'll keep you on the jump."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Record for Quakes.

Greece holds the earthquake record with 5,197 shocks in a single year.

CERTAINLY NOT WEAK WOMAN

Strapping Female Might More Properly Have Been Classified as a Militant Suffragist.

"Say," said a strapping woman, as she entered a police station the other day, "do you want me to bring a slacker in here?"

"Why, yes," replied the sergeant.

"Well, I am after one who lives in our neighborhood, but I didn't want to arrest him until I had some authority from you. Now I'll grab him!"

"You think you can bring him in?" asked the officer.

"Bring him in?" repeated the woman. "Why, I can bring in four just like him. I'll take him by the collar and if he makes any resistance I'll—fill—"

"Why don't you go as nurse?" asked the admiring sergeant.

"Me as nurse? Me? Nursing is the weak woman's work and I am not a weak woman. If this government wants some one to load barrels of salt on trucks or to lift packages weighing 500 pounds or to stave in the ribs of a mule with one kick let them call on Sarah Ann Potter, which is my name, and I'll be right on hand to do the work. Nursing! Nursing! Why I'd break every bone in a wounded man's body just trying to turn him over in bed!"—London Tit-Bits.

SHAKERS WOULD NOT LAST

Indianapolis Business Man Need Not Have Worried About the Supply He Had on Hand.

Simon Kiser, a Washington street restaurant keeper, was hard put, a few weeks ago, to obtain a stock of salt and pepper shakers. One house after another hoped it would soon have a stock on hand. A bright idea struck Kiser. He ordered six dozen salts and two dozen peppers from each of ten different persons.

The war ended. Goods began to be delivered. Five of the orders were filled before they could be canceled.

But he says he will use the shakers, for they are broken rapidly and, occasionally a customer carries one away—for a souvenir, Kiser hopes.

Not long ago he saw a customer slip a salt shaker into his pocket. As he man paid his check, Kiser handed him a pepper.

"Take this—have a pair," he said. The man looked a bit sheepish, then laughed, put the pepper in his pocket with the salt and walked out.

"So we can use up the surplus supply in a little while," Kiser said.—Indianapolis News.

NEVER SMILED IN PHOTO.

The ex-kaiser was probably the most photographed man in the world, and certainly the hardest to please. A Berlin photographer who obtained many commissions from him has recorded that on each occasion he was commanded to take at least a dozen negatives, which with the resultant prints had to be submitted for the war lord's personal censorship, it is said. Not seldom the whole batch had to be destroyed in his presence, and when a negative passed muster a vast deal of retouching was insisted on. Portraits with the well-known aspect of ferocity pleased him best. Only once did the photographer know him to choose a photograph in which he smiled, and that was for sending to his mother.

BROKE UP THE SERVICE.

Capt. A. C. Smith, army medical corps, writes an interesting letter from France about a local boy overseas who gave the chaplain some extra work. "The chaplain," Captain Smith said, "had been trying to get a boy pardoned who was sent to the guardhouse for 14 days because, when the chaplain was holding Sunday service and spoke the words 'Art thou footsore, art thou weary?' this lad broke up the service by saying: 'Gosh, yes!'"

NOT APPRECIATED.

Mistress of House to the Cook— I am singing at a concert for wounded soldiers tomorrow night, Esther. Here is a ticket, if you'd like to go. Cook—Sorry, ma'am; I can't go tomorrow—it's my night off.

UNHAPPY RICHES.

"Wealth doesn't bring happiness." "That's what I discovered," replied the man with a satchel full of money, "when I got arrested for bootlegging."