

A Substitute for Mollie

By ISOLA FORRESTER

Harriet found her crying when she came down at 10:30 Saturday morning. There was mail on the little oak desk by the telephone switchboard, but Mollie paid no attention to it or her other duties as operator and general reception lady for the Oriens apartment on Riverside drive.

"It's me big brother, Danny, Miss Baxter," she explained. "He's just off the transport and they've got him out at one of those hospitals in fixed-over department stores, and it's me one chance to see him after two years in France, and that old villain of a Grumel won't leave me off three hours. Danny says he may be transferred after today, and what if I don't see him, when he's all I've got?"

Harriet was disturbed and indignant. She thought quickly. "There were only two appointments, one at the dressmaker's—that was easy to break—and one at the dentist's. Then the matinee that afternoon with Vera. She could phone her, and this was an extreme case.

"You go right along, Mollie, and forget all about this. I can run this switchboard, and tell everyone about the apartments. Mr. Grumel won't be around, and you'll be back at two, surely, won't you?"

Mollie promised blithely, and departed with her blue eyes happy and the dimples showing in her rosy cheeks. She was only sixteen. Harriet thought placidly, as she took a new book and prepared for a quiet morning. Then



"It's Me Big Brother, Danny."

came a call for herself from Aunt Serena down at the Biltmore.

"Of course, I know you're frightfully busy, dear, but this is urgent and I'm just going out of town so I told him you would be glad to have him up for lunch. Is your father feeling good today? No? So sorry, but Wilfred won't bother him a bit. He is really Sir Wilfred Lorimer, but up in Canada he drops the title. Lives on a huge ranch in Alberta and is fearfully rich. His mother and mine are cousins, so I've been having him up here with me, but he needs more diversion than an old woman can give him. Be nice, dearie, by-by."

Harriet heard her out off with a feeling akin to desperation. That was one of the joys of rich relatives. They called you up and demanded anything at all hours with the idea they were conferring a favor on you by letting you act for them.

At 11:10 came a call from Sir Wilfred himself. Would she kindly give him Miss Baxter's apartment?

"Miss Baxter's out," said Harriet flatly. "Any message?"

"Will she be in for lunch?"

"(He had a very nice voice.)"

"I hardly think so. She left no message."

"But she expects me," he urged. "Will you please leave word I called up—Wilfred Lorimer."

The time dragged until noon. Harriet tried to keep her mind on the messages and answers, but her eyes watched the door, and she knew she expected trouble any minute. He had not spoken like the kind who would take no for an answer. Perhaps she might be able to send up to her father. She called up softly and told Jane to prepare a dainty luncheon for fear of an unexpected guest. He would never know if he were going out West at once.

Then suddenly the outer stonework swung wide and she knew at first glance it was Sir Wilfred. He was very tall and blond, with humorous brown eyes and a smile that counteracted any antagonism.

He was terribly sorry Miss Baxter had not come in yet, but possibly her father expected him. He would go up. Harriet announced him, hoping with all her heart that Jane would be a diplomat, and he passed on upstairs. As long as he was leaving for Canada within a day or two it could not mat-

ter, and, after all, she told herself it was in a splendid cause.

She bent her head low over her book when he passed out of the doorway a little past two. Evidently her father had liked him. She looked up in relief, just in time to catch his last glance back at her.

There surely was a gleam of unusual interest in his eye that sent the color to her face; but Mollie arrived almost immediately after, and her gratitude swept away every other consideration.

Two weeks later Harriet was due at the Biltmore for Mrs. Devereux's Thursday tea, as usual. It was late when she entered, a slim, attractive figure in her gray velvet gown trimmed in dull orange and jade green. She was conscious of someone's scrutiny as she spoke to her aunt at the little tea table, but it was not until his voice sounded behind her that she knew she was discovered.

"You don't mind if I sit here with you, do you?" he asked, happily. "I feel so well acquainted, don't you? You know—as if he had made a remarkable discovery—"I knew your voice the minute I heard it; isn't that odd? You sing contralto, don't you?"

His journey back to Alberta was delayed for weeks, and Mrs. Devereux, as she said later, with a sigh of thankfulness, never worked so hard in her life as she did helping him win Harriet.

But there at last came the day when Jane knelt in the little dressing room the bridesmaids had just vacated, lacing up her mistress's traveling boots, and as she finished she said a little breathlessly:

"You know, Miss Harriet, I feel just as if I was to blame for all this, and so does Sir Wilfred. I suppose I should be calling you Lady Harriet, but it doesn't come natural yet, you know."

"What do you mean, Jane?" asked Harriet, amusedly. It all seemed like some strange dream to her, the hurried courtship, the wedding with her aunt in charge, and now the long journey that lay ahead.

"Why, that day when he came for lunch," Jane flushed guiltily, "he made me tell him who you were. I mean who the young lady with the beautiful voice was at the switchboard, and I told him the truth. He'd have found out, anyhow, the minute he heard that Mollie springing her brogue on him over the wire."

"Oh, Jane," laughed Harriet, "I thought it was fate, and it was just you."

DOG ALWAYS MAN'S FRIEND

Foot is About the Best Compliment That Has Been Paid to the Human Race.

Who can look on the pictures of a good dog without a thrill? What memories of pleasant excursions afield, of purple dawns on upland pastures, the pungent scent of fallen leaves, the golden glow of autumn sunsets and soft, cool winds, a picture by that master of all animal painters, Osthaus, brings to mind. From the dim and shadowy past, when man himself had risen little above the brute creation, the dog was his chosen friend and companion. That is the best compliment that man ever received, or ever will receive. A man that a dog likes is a man that human beings can like, and as a corollary the man that likes a dog is a man worth knowing.

Every dog cannot be a champion. Neither can every man be a president, but he can be just as good a man, and so a dog without championship honors, be he faithful and honest, is as good a friend and as well worth having as the bench or the field winner, says a writer in Forest and Stream. If you are fortunate to hold the affection of a friend like this, you are indeed to be envied, for you have passed a test based on an honest decision.

Selous a Mighty Hunter.

Frederick Courtenay Selous, D. S. O., enticed the mightiest of hunters, was born a London boy with the call of the wild in his blood. Forbidden at school to climb dangerous cliffs for rooks' nests he persuaded his dormitory mates to lower him from the windows and he climbed for his eggs at midnight. On a bitter March day he swam an ice-cold lake for heron's eggs. In the great ice disaster on Regent's Park lake in 1867 he had his first escape from death.

In 1871, when only twenty, he landed in South Africa, vowed for life to the desperate calling of a professional big-game hunter, and had many fights with and halfbreath escapes from lions, buffaloes, elephants and other wild animals.

His physique, as an early portrait shows, was lithe and tough, as that of the lions he hunted. When he was fifty-seven he cycled 100 miles on a soaking day in England. When he was sixty-five he fell fighting in East Africa.

Utah "Right in Line."

Utah has recently put up six modern district school buildings in Uinta county, and one of them will replace a tiny, dilapidated log cabin. It was not so many years ago that the pioneers of that state held school in tents, but school nevertheless was held, and as soon as they could spare time they built the cabins. And now even Old Dix Fork has a \$3,000 structure, with standard classrooms, corridors, of fices, a library and all. A janitor will soon be added. At Old Independence the new school must do duty for five tents used until now. —Indianapolis News.

ADORN' FACE WITH MUSTACHE

Hairy Alnu Would Seem to Have Peculiar Ideas as to What Adds to Feminine Beauty.

The Alnus, the "Celtic" race of Japan, live in the island of Yeddo, although the race has become so reduced that it is estimated there are now not more than 16,000 or 17,000 of them left in the country.

The most noticeable peculiarity about Alnu women is that they have tattooed upon their upper and lower lips what resembles a mustache. The women are not considered attractive and their matrimonial prospects are quite injured, without this decoration.

The mustache is begun when the girl is quite a child, until it extends partly across the cheek, the material used being the soot from burning birch bark. The face is cut and the black rubbed in. Afterward it is washed in a solution of ash bark and liquor to fix the color.

The Alnu women are said to be usually finely formed, straight and well developed, with small hands and feet. Their eyes are a beautiful soft brown, their hair black and most luxuriant and their complexion olive, with often a deep, rich color in their cheeks.

The native cloth—of which their garments are made—is woven from the fiber of the bark of the elm tree. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

GOOD INVESTMENT IN SMILE

Inexpensive, and Nothing One Can Own Will Bring a Greater Return—Should Be a Promise.

A pleasant smile is the most inexpensive investment on earth and it is the greatest one to bring a return. How I wish everyone could realize just what it means to smile. I think we all would smile oftener if we did. So many people have told me how hard it is for them to smile. Here is my recipe—here it is, very simple: When you are about to smile, think first that—in your smile you are to promise something. That is really what a smile is for. It is a promise, and you may make it any kind of a promise you like. Some people hardly move their lips at all in a smile, while others smile entirely with their lips and leave their eyes expressionless.

The best smile of all is the one that promises most. At your mirror you may practice smiling with great success. Just conjure up the person you want to smile at and fit the smile to the vision. It will surprise you to know how many different kinds of promises one happy smile may suggest. It is so like a happy party to have a person around who smiles on general principles and promises nothing at all but gladness for the very joy of living. Cheerfulness such as this is life's finest tonic.—Exchange.

WHERE TREES ARE MILKED.

In British Guiana and the West Indies, particularly on the banks of the River Demerara, there grows a tree known to the natives as the "Hyayna," which yields from its bark and pith a juice slightly richer and thicker than cow's milk. The tree is about forty feet in height and eighteen inches in circumference when full grown, and the natives use its juice as we do milk, it being perfectly harmless and mixing well with water. The "Cingalese," have a tree, they call "Kiringhuma," which yields a fluid in all respects like milk, while in the forests of Para grows a tree called the "Missonodendron," which gives a milk-like juice. It can be kept for an indefinite time and shows no tendency to become sour. On the other hand, certain trees in the valleys of Aragon and in Cannaga yield a similar fluid, which, when exposed to the air, begins to form a kind of cheese which very soon becomes sour. In the Canary Islands there is a tree called "Tabaya Dolce," of which the milk, thickened into a jelly, is considered a delicacy.

Brothers Saluted and Died.

Such possibilities as have been presented to the men of our destroyers have been well met. There are examples of heroism not surpassed by anything in the history of our navy. For instance, there is the case of the two young brothers who were wireless operators on a destroyer which was badly damaged by an explosion. Staggered forward, away from the injured part of the ship, these boys met the captain. Not realizing how badly they were hurt, he ordered them below to get medical attention.

"No, sir," said the elder brother; "give it to some of the poor devils back there who've got a chance. We're done for. Please notify our mother we died on duty." And at that the pair saluted their commander and collapsed. In a few seconds both were dead.—Gregory Mason in the Outlook.

Leather From Various Skins.

In the hunt for new sources of leather strange things are turning up. It has been ascertained that the skins of frogs and toads can be tanned and turned to account for card cases and other fancy articles. The government fisheries bureau says the skin of the codfish furnishes an excellent leather, tough as parchment and very durable. The same is true of salmon skin. Eel skins are employed in Europe for binding books, and in Egypt shoe soles are made from the skins of certain fishes caught in the Red sea. Sturgeon skin affords a handsome ornamental leather, and the hide of the armored garfish is much valued in Europe, being covered with ivory plates that can be polished to an ivorylike finish.

HEIGHT BRINGS NO TERROR

Alman, Max a Feeling of Exhilaration and Healthfulness When "in the Clouds."

Some time ago I was walking in the country with a friend, when suddenly we heard a soft hum high overhead, says a writer in a British information bureau bulletin. It took us some time to find the tiny black speck, which looked no larger than a gnat, far away in the blue.

"How awful it must be," my friend muttered, "to be at that ghastly height." And I smiled, as I remembered having once thought that myself.

As a fact one has no horror at height. The higher one is, the less real does the world beneath seem, the more stable and safe is the machine in which one is comfortably sitting. Height, regarded from a house-top, may be unpleasant. From 10,000 feet it is delightful.

The pure, sweet air at high altitudes stimulates, like wine, and the world beneath stretches away all round to the misty horizon, and looks like a gigantic sunlit map. I expected to feel giddy, if not afraid, when I first went up and was amazed at the feeling of steadiness and stability.

One has no feeling of giddiness, once contact with the ground and stationary objects is broken, but only a sensation of singular health and happiness, and on coming down after a series of smooth spirals there is an amazingly strong feeling of "wanting to go up" again and taste once more the sweet, fresh air and delightful thrills of the new world.

"But what a dreadful noise the engine must make!" I heard someone remark the other day.

Apart from the fact that the ears are covered by a warm leather flying cap there is, on the contrary, something very soothing in the even note of the motor, and after being in the air for some time it is rather apt to make one feel sleepy.

The higher the altitude, the stronger the feeling of exhilaration seems to become, and the world is apt to seem dull and drab when one descends again to slow plodding over the earth.

NO REASON FOR MONOPOLY

If Whales Are to Be Used for Dairy Purposes, Let Whole Country In on It.

An official of the state agricultural department of Oregon recommends the cultivation of the whale for milking purposes, says an article in Thrift Magazine. Enough whales could be raised right in Puget sound, he says, to supply the United States with all the milk she needs. The female whale is a generous creature and gives a barrel of the incense fluid in one milking. This is a timely suggestion, but why keep all the whales in Puget sound? Would not such a plan be selfish, sordid and monopolistic? If we are going to be truly democratic in this country, let's be so in the matter of whales. Let every farmer keep his own whale. What would be more inspiring than to see the happy husbandman arise while the King of Day was still lurking bashfully behind the eastern horizon, grab the family milk barrel and hurry out behind the barn to give old Flossie, the family whale, her morning milks? In the spring when the little whalelets begin to show up, think of the gross annual output of poetry that would be inspired in the breasts of our literati! It would be a rank and infamous injustice to let Puget sound have a monopoly of the national supply of dairy whales.

DECIDED ON VERDICT BY LOT

Hawaiian Jury Couldn't Agree and to Settle the Matter Drew Slips From Hat.

Substituting the goddess of chance for the goddess of justice, a jury in the Honolulu circuit court a few days ago drew lots to decide the fate of 12 Chinese charged with gambling. The incident is without precedent in the annals of the courts of Hawaii, says the Walluku (H. I.) Times. The jurors were discharged by the court and their action branded as "illegal, inexcusable and highly reprehensible."

According to the story told in court, the jury could not agree. Tired of the prolonged and fruitless efforts to reach a verdict, it was suggested that the balloting be abandoned and that they draw lots. Twenty-four slips of paper were prepared, 12 bearing the word "GUILTY" and 12 "NOT GUILTY." The slips were shaken up and drawn from a hat by the jurors, who had agreed that the first 12 slips of one kind drawn should determine the verdict. The "Not guilty" slips won and a verdict of not guilty was consequently returned.

Anthem Many Centuries Old.

The youngest of the nations has the oldest of hymns. Such is substantially the case. For while the independence of the Jewish commonwealth in Palestine was assured by declaration of the British government more than a year ago, that commonwealth is not yet organized to the extent that the Polish and Czech-Slovak states are. Yet its prospective citizens, though still scattered far and wide throughout the earth, cherish as the chief of their anthems one whose weird and haunting melody dates back not merely generations or centuries but thousands of years. It is said to be the identical melody which was sung by Miriam and her companions to celebrate the crossing of the Red sea by the children of Israel and the destruction of Pharaoh's pursuing hosts.

Permanence of the Heroic.

The way that the memory of heroes survives for tens of centuries in popular story and tradition is astonishing. And no hero has left such a great legend as Alexander the Great. The Turks in complimenting the national hero of Albania, surnamed him Iskender (Alexander) Bey, and the following passage from Steel's "India Through the Ages" is evidence of the extraordinary impression made upon the Hindu mind by the exploits of the Macedonian in the Land of the Five Rivers:

"In every little village 'Jullunder' (Alexander) is still a name wherever it conjures, and the village doctor still claims, with pride, to follow the 'Yuan' (Ionian) system of medicine."

Improved Wire Fly Catchers.

Tangle-foot wire instead of paper is used to catch flies in hospitals, convalescent camps and like places. Pieces of hay-baling wire, two feet long, have a hook bent on one end, and by dipping or with a brush are coated with a hot mixture of four pints of castor oil and nine and one-half pounds of crushed resin. The oil is heated and the resin gradually stirred in. When these wires are hung up the flies alight on them and stick fast. When the wires become covered they are burned off and recoted for use again.

HURLS SEEDS LONG DISTANCE

Witch-Hazel Has Record of Forty Feet or More, as Shown by an Experiment.

The curious manner in which the witch-hazel spreads its seeds has been described by Dr. Edward S. Bigelow in his department, "On Nature's Trail," in Boy's Life. He says:

"No other plant can shoot its seeds so far and so violently as this one. How far it can shoot, but in experiments actually made a distance of 30 feet has been reached. The experiment was made in this manner: The fruiting branches were suspended at the end of a room 30 feet long. At the extreme farther end of the room many seeds were found. Some had been shot through an open door, but just how far I do not know. Various other experiments suggest that the seeds may be thrown to a distance of 40 feet or more. The books say that the seed capsule bursts and discharges its contents with great vigor. It certainly does. Experiments with the bursting pods and the flying seeds may be dangerous. I never happened to be hit by the flying missiles, but I should not like to have one strike my eye, especially if the eye were near the capsule. The discharge is accompanied by a snap almost like that of a small pistol. If you repeat this experiment, let me not forget this warning."

WHAT STRIKES DID FOR HIM

At Least One Kansas City Man Will Glad When Street Cars Were Not Running.

We overlook him swinging down the boulevard with his chest out the morning the strike came on.

"Rotten business—this strike," he said.

"Finest thing that ever happened," he said. "Strikes saved my life—made a man of me."

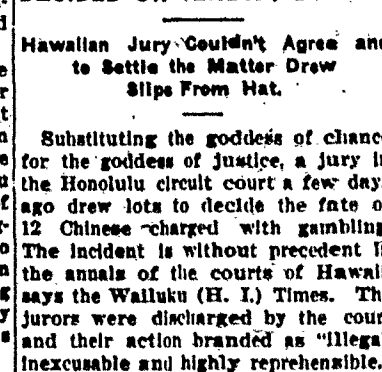
"Union man?" we asked.

"Now, Office slave. Two years ago I was an anemic, dyspeptic, neurathenic, hypochondriac slave of the desk. I had been trying to cut out the heavy mid-day lunches and to start walking down in the morning for two years—couldn't make up my mind to do it. Then there came along that waiters' strike and I cut out the restaurant—brought a couple of sandwiches down and Fletcher-ized them in noon. Then the street car boys struck, and I had to walk. I haven't ridden in a street car since. I've gained 20 pounds, never have been sick a day since, have a clear head for my work, never felt better in my life. There's just one more strike I'd like to see."

"What's that?"

"Pie makers. I'm still a little overfond of pie."—Kansas City Star.

OBEYING ORDERS



Hubby—It's snowing hard, my dear. Wife—Well, let it snow. Hubby—Certainly, Marie, that's really just what I intended to do.

ERI SILK.

Eri silk is obtained from the cocoons of an Indian moth, the caterpillar of which is reared for the production of silk in Assam and in a smaller extent in certain parts of Bengal and northern India. This silk cannot be reeled like that of the mulberry silkworm, as the thread is not continuous, and it therefore has to be spun like ordinary silk waste. Eri silk takes dye well, and when woven into cloth far surpasses cotton in durability.

Recently a sample of Eri silk was received at the Imperial Institute from the East Africa protectorate.

TO PROTECT RUFFED GROUSE.

Owing to the great scarcity of ruffed grouse, now seriously threatened with extinction, efforts are being made in a number of states to close the season on this species for a term of years. Upon petition the game commissioners of Michigan and Pennsylvania have closed the season by regulation, and in New York the season was shortened to one month.

IN CACTUS CENTER.

"I see it's etiquette for a man at court to walk out of a room backward,"

"It may not be etiquette around here," remarked Pizen Pete, "but it's the safest way if you think some galeot is liable to draw a gun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN INFERENCE.

Mrs. Smathers (at the war exposition)—"What's that squeak called, Lester?" Mr. Smathers—"That's a mortar." Mrs. Smathers—"Oh, yes! And it throws bricks, doesn't it?"

UNUSUAL.

"Why do you say that picture acting isn't an art?"

"Because there's so much money in it. The actors and actresses don't starve in silence."—Film Fan.

NEED THEM SOON.

A soldier writing home put at the end of his letter: "Give my love to all, but for God's sake don't come with my mother."