

The Service Guest

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"And I would like to suggest right now, while we are assembled here to honor our brave boys just returned from the front..."

Katherine heard, but made no sign of acquiescence. She had been on the Citizens' league committee of welcome and had worked for two weeks on the program for entertainment...

In the days that followed the full lesson of war came home to Katherine as it had never before. Clad in white, she took her place as his nurse, and fought to bring him back to the normal...

"I suppose it didn't mean anything to you, Miss Fenway, that night," he was telling her; "you just did your duty by a strange soldier..."

She was pouring his coffee, and met his eyes for one swift second as their hands touched in passing cups...

And to old-time residents Katherine seemed a part of the garden, somehow; so many seasons had found her there, working here and there over the annuals and perennials...

"It will be very lonely without you," she said, softly. "You've made me feel as if I had been given the opportunity to realize a little of what service meant in having you here..."

"And nothing more," he urged. "Would you just as soon have taken in one of the others instead of me? I've liked to think that right from the first time we looked at each other you meant to ask me..."

His hands had closed over hers and Katherine felt a relaxing of all the old prejudices as she looked at him laughingly.

"Oh, dear Bob, I've grown accus-tomed to you here, and I don't know whether I want you to go away or not. It's just like taking the camel in your tent, isn't it? Marie said the first day she saw your pipe on the mantel, you'd stay right along and now I miss it terribly..."

Bob took out his record card which the doctor had filled out daily. He pointed to one line on it, "Quartered indefinitely," it said.

"Can I stay?" he asked. Marie's singing came nearer along the hall, and Katherine merely laid her finger on her lips and nodded assent.

Triumphs of Youth. History is full of what youth can do. David was a mere stripling with rosy cheeks when he slew the great giant, Alexander was scarcely more than a boy when he crossed the Hellespont and fought his way to almost universal empire...

But Katherine went serenely on through her twenties without apparently regretting her position as the prize maiden lady of the little Maine town. She had plenty of money, an assured position, and all the old doctor left her. Life had run in serene channels until the war came...

He was a stranger to her, a tall, deeply tanned western type of man, with service bars on his sleeve. Later, as the meeting broke up, she noticed he walked with a limp, and appeared to know nobody there.

"I'll send your silk flags home tomorrow, Katherine," Mrs. Hampton called as she went out, but under the folds Katherine knew there was the censure. All she had done was to flourish silk flags and money for the decorations. She turned with a sudden impulse to the stranger and invited him home to dinner with her.

She was pouring his coffee, and met his eyes for one swift second as their hands touched in passing cups, but the undercurrent of appeal in his words sent the color to her face delicately. Maria was singing gospel hymns out in the buttry and "Cheer Up, the canary overhead" was trying wildly to keep up with her.

Early Formal Gardening. In the sixteenth century, formal gardening was carried to a very high pitch. In England many fine new country houses were being built on a scale unknown before, and gardens fit to act as their setting, were being laid out round them.

He was in the hall tonight, dressed and handsome, with one of the Halsey girls beside him. Even the prettiest one, Katherine heard some one say they were engaged, and suddenly she realized that all of the girls and friends of her own girlhood had some special soldier to welcome and cling to. Her straight, dark brows drew together slightly, and she drew her fur cloak closer around her. It was chilly in the back of the hall. She heard a window close two seats behind her, and glanced back to see who had noticed her discomfort.

History of Skating. The art of skating was invented by the Dutch, and was popular in Holland centuries before it spread to England and France. The first blade-skates used in England were introduced from Holland about 1690, and are first mentioned in a diary bearing this date, January 20, 1691.

Military Stuff. "Ha, ha," remarked Old Brain, preparing to hibernate for the soft-coal season. "I'm looking for some nice delectable underbrush to put over the door of my den."

Best Markets for Frogs. St. Paul and Minneapolis are the largest frog markets in the world. The frog catchers of Minnesota bring about 100,000 dozen to the market yearly. Frogs legs are purchased all through the state by shippers from the two cities, and this occupation gives employment to more than 100 families, who make a good living the year round.

Forecast That Went Wrong. The following cutting from the Kolnische Zeitung, published during September, 1914, supplied by a correspondent, makes interesting reading just now: "There will be no such country as Great Britain at the end of the war in existence. In its place we shall have Little Britain, a narrow strip of island territory, peopled by loutish football-kickers, living on crumbs that Germany will begin to throw to them."

Earthquakes in 1918. The official report of the Georgetown university, seismological station Washington, D. C. shows that during the year 1918 there were recorded on the cosmographic 98 earthquakes. From dispatches reported the location of 37 quakes of importance was ascertained. Of these, three were disastrous, the first occurring in Guatemala, the second in China and the third in Porto Rico.

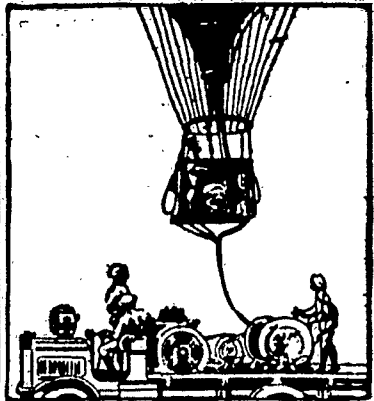
Old Myth in New Clothes. The mother was putting her little child to bed. "If you will be real quiet," she said, "I will tell you the story about the prince who killed a dragon and rescued a beautiful princess."

The Scrap Book

IMPROVED HOT-AIR BALLOON

Latest Thing in Aeronautics a Good Deal Like Return to Ways of Our Forefathers.

This is a matter of returning to the ways of our forefathers. The first balloon that ever hobbled with the clouds was of the hot-air variety. But of late this type of craft has been in prominence chiefly as a diminutive toy.



Hot air certainly can take a balloon up, but the trouble always has been that some sort of combustion was involved, with a consequent risk of fire.

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There is, thus, a restriction of balloon freedom, but captive balloons serve important military purposes.

Hops in India. India has always been famous for her annual hop crop, which the war has made of supreme importance.

Some interesting figures about the rat population of Kansas have been compiled for the federal food administrator of that state.

A fair estimate would be 3,000,000 rats for Kansas, each requiring \$2 worth of food a year, a \$6,000,000 loss.

Practically all the rats in Kansas, however, would have to work one year to effect the destruction represented by the careless handling of eggs in that state.

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THE HOME COMING

When the blast is over-blown, And the flags shall flutter free, And in the street Is the sound of feet— They also shall return.

When the brass bands shall play, And the silver trumpets blow, And the soldiers come To the tuck of drum— They shall be there also.

When that which was lost is found, When each shall have claimed his kin, Fear not that shall miss— Mother's clasp, maiden's kiss— For no strange soil might hold them in.

When the drums seek the skies, When the organ shakes the dome, A dead man shall stand At each live man's hand— For they also have come home —Corporal Joseph Lee of the Black Watch

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DRIVE YOUTH TO SARCASM

Foolish Question, Number Eleven Thousand, Too Much to Endure Under the Circumstances.

The young cyclist was fighting hard against a strong head wind, and wondering what unhappy thought had prompted him to venture so far away from the school.

getting darker every minute, and to crown his misery, rain began to fall. Soon the rain came down in its best style, and the poor fellow got wet to the skin.

Presently there approached from the opposite direction a benevolent old gentleman. Gazing at the up-turned bicycle, the perspiring youth, and the repairing outfit which he had dropped in the mud, he inquired:

"Had a puncture, my friend?" The boy looked up, and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp.

"No, sir," he replied, with a magnificent effort at sarcasm, "I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot's worn out, you know."

The boy looked up, and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp. "No, sir," he replied, with a magnificent effort at sarcasm, "I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot's worn out, you know."

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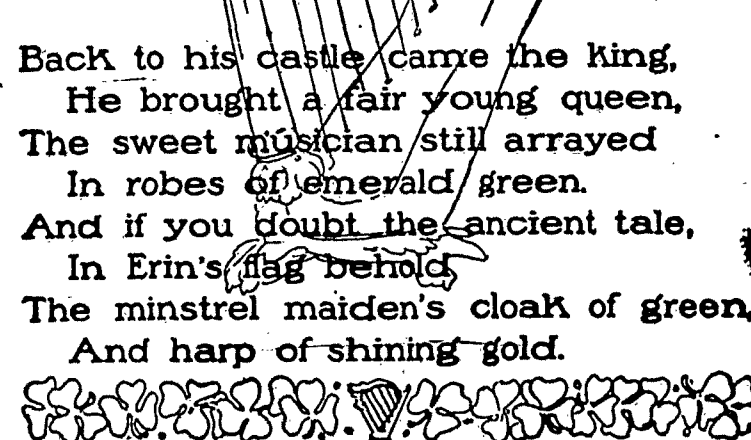
The HARP of GOLD

When Erin's sons to battle went Their king was grieved to find The gray-haired minstrel and his pipes

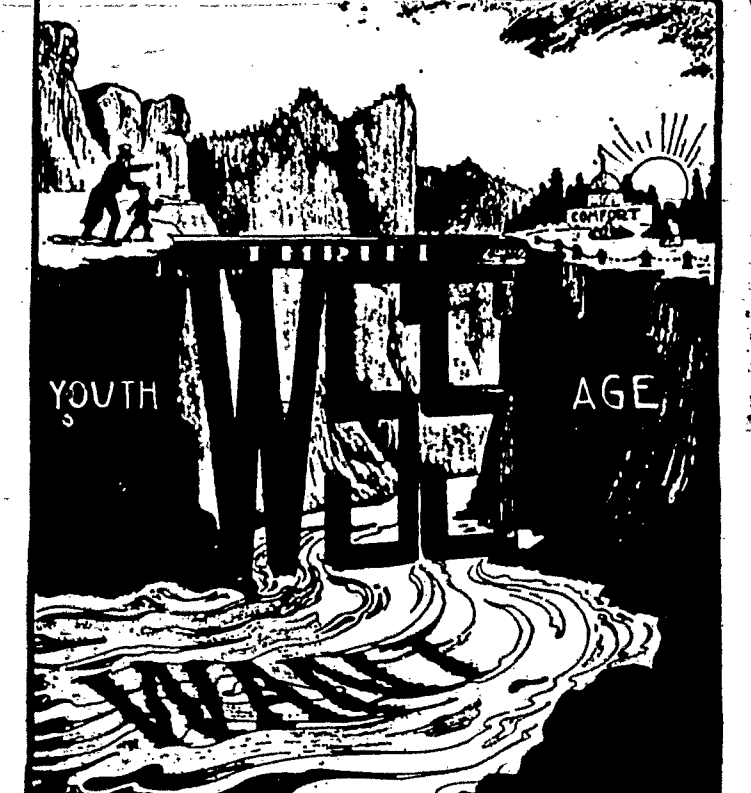
Alas! were left behind. Then from a dark and rocky glen Before his warriors bold, Appeared a maiden robed in green, Who bore a harp of gold.

On every long and weary march O'er bog and mountainside And every field where rose and fell The battle's crimson tide, Still ever fluttered in the van Her mantle's emerald fold, As leading on to victory, She played the harp of gold.

Back to his castle came the king, He brought a fair young queen, The sweet musician still arrayed In robes of emerald green. And if you doubt the ancient tale, In Erin's flag behold The minstrel maiden's cloak of green, And harp of shining gold.



START HIM RIGHT!



MENOHER BACKS VICTORY LOAN

Duty of People at Home Not Done Until Fighting Men Are Back, Says Commander of Rainbow Division.

Resolved. That peace will find us backing Uncle Sam as strongly as we backed him in war.

Resolved. That we will exert our every effort to stop trafficking in bonds of the first four loans, and will keep our War Savings Stamps.

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