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By VINCENT G. PERRY

Malcolm McDougall was officially known as the city editor of the "News," but any title from office boy to managing editor could have been applied to him—not that the "News" was a small one-horse paper, but Malcolm was a 50-horse power-plugger in the true sense of the word. Work? Why, 8 o'clock in the morning to midnight were easy hours for him! Nothing was done right unless he had a hand in it. No matter how well a story was written Malcolm could always find a place that needed attention. No wonder reporters didn't stay long on the "News." Although Malcolm was a nice fellow personally, he absolutely wouldn't allow another man to bring forth his individuality or originality. Of course, with a man like Malcolm at the head of affairs the "News" got along very well with a full staff of cubs and one senior man. Larry Montrose was that senior—a senior on a junior's salary. It must be confessed, just why he put up with Malcolm and refused the offers of other papers was hard to explain, but Larry smiled at the world good-naturedly and wrote columns for Malcolm to retouch every day, even though sometimes the retouched stories were not as good as the original ones. There was one department that Malcolm had not broken into—the woman's page. It had long been the province of the "News" that that would be the next domain he would besiege, but no one had really believed such a thing possible. Sure enough, when Miss Lorené, the editor of the page, was



This Time His Smile Lasted.

taken ill Malcolm threw aside the editorial he was writing for the editor and commenced to whip her page into shape. When Larry came upon him he was in the midst of a pile of "Lonely Wives and Longing Sweethearts" letters. "Ye fishes, man," Larry exclaimed, "what next will you be doing? Why can't Miss Lewis do that?" "Why, Miss Lewis has not had quite a year's experience," came contemptuously from Malcolm. "This page is too popular a feature of the paper to have spoiled by a bungler. You'll have to write your own heads and shoot that copy right down to the composing room. I should go over it, but perhaps it will do." Larry smiled. It was the first time he had been permitted to have his original story set up. As he watched Malcolm writing replies to silly letters he smiled again. This time his smile lasted. Just an hour before the paper was to go to press, two days later, Malcolm remembered the woman's page. There was a whole stack of letters waiting to be replied to and made ready for publication. Again he had to take sheets of Larry's copy without even reading it. With his usual do-good attitude he tackled the letters. About the third one from the top interested him, and he read it again, only to read and re-read it. Every time he read it stronger became his conviction that he knew the writer. As the feeling and pith in her appeal got under his skin he blushed to the roots of his hair. His wife was the writer of that letter and he was the neglectful husband she was writing about. It was just as she said, he had neglected her almost from the time of their marriage, shamefully. Night after night he had gone back to work, leaving her to the companionship of her young sister Betty. How was he to know that she would be lonely just with Betty? Why, of course he should have known. But the last paragraph of the letter was the startling one. "There is an old friend, a gentleman, who, realizing how neglected I am by the man I accepted in preference to him, has tried persistently to make my life happier by his companionship and presents, but I have refused them all through my sense of loyalty to my husband. But as the months go by and he still neglects me, I feel I can no longer endure it, and

must turn to this other friend for the companionship my husband denies me. Dear Luzette, what do you advise?"

For a long time after Malcolm had made sure of the contents of the letter he sat back in his chair and thought it over. There lay the explanation to a lot of mysteries he had been trying to solve in a half-hearted sort of way for a long time. So that was the writing Marian had been doing in secret—letters to Wendell Hughes, and a letter to "Luzette," the name under which Miss Lorené conducted her column. Wendell Hughes had worried his way into her affections after all, he told himself angrily. What was there to do about it? Before he had been working out the problem for five minutes he had decided on half a dozen courses of action—most of them violent ones. Then conscience got in its work. He was to blame for it all, he admitted, finally. It was all his fault for neglecting Marian, the sweetest little wife in the world, as he had done. Of course he had been doing all his hard work for her—her happiness had never been out of his mind for an instant, but he had mistaken what would be happiness to her. His companionship and devoted love meant more to her than all the wealth and prosperity in the world. He could see that from the letter, and somehow the thought thrilled him.

"Take charge, I'm going home," Malcolm called out to Larry as he jumped up from his desk. "There is not much to do, but it's time you were taking some of the responsibility off my shoulders anyway. I've plugged here, too long." He stopped at the door long enough to look back and see Larry, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, digging into work with more vim than he had ever seen him exert before.

That was the first act of a little drama that reached its happy climax two months later. The winding up scene was in the now delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. McDougall. Malcolm had just started in to confess about the great change that Marian could not help seeing. They were sitting in the twilight before the very brightest kind of grate fire, and Malcolm's arm had found a resting place around Marian's slender waist. His other hand was snugly holding her little warm fingers, and as he talked he squeezed them very gently now and then.

"It was all for you, dear," he whispered just so she could hear. All the hard work was for you, and for the happiness I thought it would bring you. I thought you'd understand, dear, but now I am glad you didn't." "But I did understand, dear boy," she answered. In just as low a tone, "and I knew it was all for me—that was why I was content in my loneliness. I knew some day that we would earn the glorious times we are enjoying now. It was not so lonely, though, for I had my big surprise to think of. Look!" She took a magazine from the rack by their side and opened it near the front. "Look," she said again, as she held it to his eyes. There before him was her surprise. A short story by Marian Fethridge—his wife! In one of the leading magazines, too!

"But your letter to Luzette, dear heart?" he asked in wonder when he could grin in his breath. "You said you were lonely and didn't have anything to do?" "It's our turn to confess," Larry and Betty advanced from out of the shadows. "I wrote that letter," Betty confessed meekly. "And I told her to and helped her," came glibly from Larry. "But why?" Malcolm looked from one to another. "We wanted you to give Larry a chance at the office—a chance to do some of the work that would show them he could be of more value down there and get a raise in salary, and he wanted Marian to have happiness, too, because she wasn't really happy. It has got everything we wanted."

"And we wanted to get married," joined in Larry with bated breath. "What does it all mean?" Poor Marian could not make head nor tail of it. "It means that I have been a blind idiot," Malcolm gasped; "but I am the happiest man in the world, anyway." "Don't be too sure of that," Larry's voice came from out of the shadow and was followed closely by a smothered little cry from Betty that no one mistook for a cry of fright. There was not a word of protest from any one—all lips were very much engaged otherwise.

Love of Trees. That one should feel affection for the great trees is natural. In the Minnesota forests I met a lumberman who told me he would wear bitter tears when he got orders to cut down a fine hemlock. Julius Chambers writes in the Brooklyn Eagle. Every stroke of the ax seemed to him to be felt by the sturdy monarch whose life he was taking. When I have revisited the woods in which, as a boy, I gathered nuts, I have fancied the trees I used to climb recognized me. They looked the same. They hadn't aged. The shell-bark hickory trees seemed a trifle more dangerous to climb than of yore, and the lengthened arm had barely kept pace with the expanding bark. I could still encircle their trunks and could have climbed them if necessary, but the rewards of a winter's store of nuts no longer appeal to me. The walnuts and hickory nuts one buys do not taste like those gathered with one's own hands.

No Hog. "You have plenty of money, but you haven't any more than your share of happiness." "I'll try to work along," said the magnate. "I don't want to hog everything."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FAMOUS FLYERS TO AID IN DRIVE

American, French and British Aviators to Cover Country in Loan Campaign.

Announcement has been made by the Treasury Department that spectacular exhibitions by military aviators will feature the Victory Loan campaign, which will open April 21. Three "circuses" or "squads" of flyers will tour the country, giving exhibitions of air fighting, trick flying and the like. In these squads will be American, French and British war veterans.

The flying will be under the direction of the Military Aeronautics Branch of the War Department, with Captain Leon Richardson in charge. Captured German Fokkers and the best American planes, showing the high development reached here under the stimulus of war, will be used.

In each city visited there will be a program intended to show actual war conditions. First, two American planes will rise to "bomb" the city with Victory Loan literature. Four enemy planes—Fokkers—will attack the American scout planes, whereupon four American flyers will pursue the enemy, driving them away. There will follow an exhibition of trick flying, employing all devices taught to flyers. Photographers of the Signal Corps will take air photographs, dropping plates by parachute for reproduction for local use. In each city there will be parades in connection with the flights.

Fourteen Fokker planes, all taken by General Pershing's men, already have been landed in this country. Six British aviators, picked men with fine war records, will soon sail from England to take part in the campaign. Eight French flyers are now on their way to the United States. One of them has to his credit 43 victories, while another made 170 bombing trips over the German lines.

The country will be divided into three sections, the Eastern, Middle Western and the Western. Beginning April 10, eleven days before the opening of the loan, a squadron in whose membership will be American, French and British flyers, will tour each section. The Eastern tour will begin at Mineola, Long Island; the Middle Western at New Orleans, and the Western at San Diego. Each squadron will be carried in a special train of eleven cars. Nine end-door baggage cars will be required for the seventeen planes which each squadron will have. An officer will precede each train to select landing fields and make other necessary arrangements with the local Liberty Loan committees.

OUT OF THE STOCKING INTO A BOND

Women have educated women in the Liberty Loan and W. S. S. campaigns. In the rural districts, where the roads are the worst ever, it is the women workers who have done the missionary work from farm to farm and have explained bonds and sold bonds. The farmer's wife generally has a thorough comprehension of the meaning of a mortgage, and when they learn that these Victory Notes and W. S. S. are first mortgages on their beloved Uncle Sam's resources out come those little boards of butter and egg money from the domestic blinding places. An up-state banker received a visit from a country woman recently who came in with \$400 in gold to be cared for and put into Victory Bonds. He was greatly surprised to see the amount in gold and inquired concerning it. The woman explained: "I have just put it by for years in an old stocking, no way I should let you have it. money, but I guess our Government kin have it. Uncle Sam needs it, and he'll take keer of it. I know, like he takes keer of me. He's givin' me a first mortgage, too, so he's welcome."

PAMPHLET FOR LOAN WORKERS NOW READY

"Selling the Victory Liberty Loan" is the title of a new pamphlet just prepared by Gilbert B. Bogart, Assistant Director of Sales of the Government Loan Organization. It contains valuable information concerning methods to follow in floating the forthcoming Victory Liberty Loan and discusses the merits of the courses pursued in making the previous loans a success. The pamphlet also suggests plans designed to aid in conducting the sales campaign. An interesting comparison is drawn between the amount of money loaned by the British people to their government and the amount the American people loaned during the war. The analysis shows that the American people could lend their Government \$50,000,000,000 additional without equaling the liberality of the peoples of the Allied Governments.

Voluntary subscriptions, house to house canvassing, industrial plant organization, are some of the other things discussed. A copy will be sent upon request by the Liberty Loan Committee of the Government Loan Organization, 120 Broadway, New York City.

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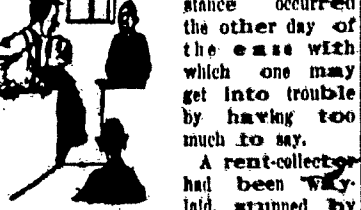
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PROVED HE KNEW TOO MUCH

Probably Youth Now Realizes Truth of the Old Adage That "Silence is Golden."



An amusing instance occurred the other day of the case with which one may get into trouble by having too much to say. A rent-collector had been killed, stunned by a blow on the head, and robbed. Ultimately a young fellow was arrested and charged with the crime. He stoutly maintained his innocence. Despite the efforts of his counsel to keep him quiet, prisoner continually interrupted while the prosecutor was giving evidence. "How much do you say there was in the bag?" prosecutor asked. "I'm not quite sure," was the reply; "but I should say there would be over seventeen pounds." "That's another lie," blurted out the prisoner. "There wasn't sixteen." It is not surprising that the verdict went against him.

Life's Rewards for Youth.

It's all a myth that says we must wait until we are old for the rewards of our youth. You can begin to reap now. Life's harvest grows fast, and life's rewards have no virtue in delay. In these days the world is talking in terms of young men. The reason is that in these days young men have learned the use of the minutes and are the great producing agencies of progress. To their zeal is the speed and quality of modern output. They are eager for rewards and make the system that brings the reward early. It's all part of the great law of giving-for-exchange.

HAIL THE GOB!

Here's to the gob on land or on sea—The sailor who's keeping the world's waists free. Here's to the gob who peddle their sandpaper socks. Are there with the "bright work" and swabbing down decks. They've shown all their foemen the way they'll take hob! They've conquered across an American mob That made the damned Kaiser grow sick of his job. So here's to the gob! Here's to the gob, abroad or at home! He's brought about peace on a turbulent foam. He's served in the trough with the Esp. Black and French. When fighting's the game he is show of the bench. For the sailor's a mixer and never a sneak. He'll fight with a high brow as well as a slick. Especially Germans who murder and rob. So here's to the gob! Here's to the gob—whatever his rate, Apprentice or Brown or seaman or mate; He's given his trife to help win the war, And mightier prizes he'll see's a store, To fill up your goblets—drink toast to the gob. The Knight of the Mob and the Czar of the Swab! The time is for laughter and merriment. So here's to the gob! —Howard Dixie in "Navy Life."

Archbishop Whately's Wit.

Many stories have been told of the wit of Archbishop Whately. On one occasion he asked a candidate for admission to holy orders what was the difference between a form and a communion. The candidate having racked his brain for an answer without success, the archbishop explained. "The difference is this—you sit upon a form, but you stand in communion." Once at a gathering of clerics he met

Sympathy as a Fine Art.

Sympathy is one of the fine arts. It should enrich, not weaken; inspire without it comfort. It is easy enough to say you are sorry. It is easy to grieve with your friend over his trouble and grieve him for his misdeeds. But the sympathy which is a fine art does not encourage him to give way to despair. It stimulates. It puts hope in place of heartache. It points on and up. Do not wrong your friend with the sympathy which will make him feel like pitying himself.

Josephus.

Flavius Josephus, the most celebrated of Jewish historians, was born at Jerusalem in 37. As a mark of gratitude for favors, he assumed the family name, Flavius, of the Roman emperor Vespasian. The date of his death is unknown. His most important works are "History of the Jewish War," "Antiquities of the Jews," two treatises "Against Apion of Alexandria" and "A Discourse on the Martyrdom of the Maccabees," and an account of his own life.

Dream Has Physical Basis.

The "falling from a height" dream, as a physical basis, for scientists have shown that this form of nightmare invariably occurs during the last few minutes after falling asleep. It is suggested by the general muscular relaxation that takes place when we settle down. A change of position, or even a fraction of an inch, or the least stir of the mattress, is sufficient to convey the idea of a fall to the brain.

Birds Not Men's Enemies.

It is a fact that if it were not for the birds life would starve to death. The great natural cause of many any forces that will destroy his crops, insects, every bird is the enemy. Thousands of insects, and agricultural reports will verify the fact that each year millions of dollars' worth of crops are destroyed by insects. The birds are the natural enemies of the insect pest.

Her House a Good One.

Carrie was invited to a party. Her mother cautioned her not to begin eating her goodies until all around the table had been helped. Carrie was honored with the first helping of cream. In a few moments she said "Excuse me but my mother says I should not eat until she has had her share." —Lester K. Lewis.

Optimistic Thought.

Man is a social animal formed to please in society.