

On the Long Way Round

By A. JERROLD TIETJE

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Angry behind the screen of the acacia bushes, Jack Ford slammed down his portmanteau...

To have his arrival at an out-of-the-way station in the Adirondacks delayed by an accident...

Nevertheless, as Ford's keen gray eyes scanned the estate of his mistress...

The long, velvet lawns, edged with geraniums and asters; the tennis courts; the gravelled walks sweeping up to the porte-cochere...

Suddenly Ford's glance, in its rapid survey, lighted upon the veranda. Even then, it seemed, someone was stirring...

He judged her twenty-two; that would be Lucy's age. Ah! if Lucy had kept her word last summer...

"What?" said the girl, looking at the ugly fact of his poverty she had faded away...

"Lucy!" With a sharp jerk, Ford stopped the machine. "No," the girl pushed aside the man's eager arms...

"What?" said the man beside her. "Wait. Let me go on. I pondered over the name. There were reasons why it cut...

"For many weeks we had heard a great deal of a tree whose juice is a nourishing milk...

"I was masquerading, too. My aunt called me a fortune hunter; that drove me away. In real life I'm only the Adair's nursemaid."

"Darling you've been a foolish, foolish little girl!"

"Down, Snip!" she said to the growling dog.

Then turning to the man she went on with an intense calmness: "You are mistaken, I think. My name is Adair—Ellen Adair."

"Lucy! you don't know," he began. "The dog had ceased snarling."

"I assure you," she repeated, "my name is not Lucy; there is no Lucy here. Come, Snip!"

In stupefaction Ford followed the rustle of the white skirts over the gravel. The girl, whoever she was, was brave...

"Mr. Ford, the mistress says Miss Lucy must be sure and make the eight."

Ford was lost in a maze of wonderment. For the face that was turning pale beneath its mesh of lace, even as he aided the girl to her seat...

For a short space the two watched the white ribbon of road unwinding before them.

But the man's chance had come. "So you are Lucy?" he said. "The girl's cheeks went a dull red, but the hazel eyes did not lift from the road."

"Yes, I am Lucy—here at the Adair's. I lied this morning."

"Lucy what? Still Van Sant, as last summer? Or Adair?" into his tones there crept a furtive sneer.

The girl's voice remained even. "Still Lucy Van Sant."

"I should like to tell you something," Ford began finally. "Shall I—?"

"Yes, now," the girl repeated. "Isn't it too late? I asked the test of you, and you—declined."

"The machine swerved erratically. The man's voice was hoarse. "The test?"

"But," the man hurried on, "I don't know what you mean by the test, No—"

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed. "I met you. I loved you. But I fought against it. I had only a little money. You were rich. And at first, even if you came to care, I didn't see—"

"Then, that night by the Needles—I found you cured. I couldn't tell you who I was—there. But in my room I resolved to tell you everything the next morning."

"Open-eyed, the girl's white face had been growing whiter."

"And ask you to marry me—poor as I was. In the morning I hurried to your hotel. They said you had gone. They gave me a note. Here it is."

From his pocket Ford drew a crumpled sheet of paper. Bending forward the girl read the words:

"Jack: I have learned that you are poor. I cannot marry a poor man."

"The girl was striving to speak. But the man was before her. "That—that was all, Lucy."

Before he had finished, the girl's face was turned entrancingly to his.

"Jack, Jack, I didn't mean that. That was the first note I wrote. You see, that night when I returned to the hotel, I found a letter from my aunt. She is very plain spoken. She called me a name—she said I was a fortune hunter."

"Wait," said the man beside her. "Wait. Let me go on. I pondered over the name. There were reasons why it cut. At last I scratched that wretched thing to end it all, and began packing, but, just as I finished just as the train came, I began to hope. I couldn't help it."

"Lucy!" With a sharp jerk, Ford stopped the machine.

"No," the girl pushed aside the man's eager arms. "Wait until I finish—I wrote a second note, telling you the truth—about myself, and asking you, if you still cared, to come to me in New York in January. And I tore up, so I thought, the first sheet. The six months passed. In January you didn't come."

"There was much the chauffeur did not comprehend. But the lover was impatient. Again he opened his arms.

The hazel eyes looked straight into Ford's. They were misty now. "But, Jack, don't you see—"

"What, sweetheart?"

"Who I am. I thought, until just now, you were rich. From Helena and awfully rich; but you aren't—are you, dear?"

"I was masquerading, too. My aunt called me a fortune hunter; that drove me away. In real life I'm only the Adair's nursemaid."

"The empty arms would no longer be denied. The whisper to the down-beat head of brown sounded like: "Darling you've been a foolish, foolish little girl!"

Unconquered Indian Tribe. Of great interest are the people now living on a small island off the coast of the peninsula of Lower California...

The most familiar form of halo is the rainbow. When the sunlight falls on a cloud of water drops on the opposite side of the sky, a portion of it is bent completely back, and in being bent is reduced to its primitive colors.

The arch of the rainbow is due to the roundness of the water drops. Rainbows can occur only when the sun is near the horizon. When the sun is high the refracted light passes overhead and is thereby rendered invisible.

On occasions when the sun shines unusually bright two rainbows may be seen, one above the other.

Perhaps So. "In the name of common sense, how can two women chatter for an hour and a half over the telephone?" asked the grouchy individual.

"I believe it is generally understood," replied the cynic, "that common sense has nothing whatever to do with a case of that kind."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

TIME TO SEEK YOUR TRAIN

Preliminary Windup of Announcer Should Be Signal for Intending Traveler to Get Busy.

A train announcer is a much misunderstood individual. His is indeed a much-abused calling—of stations.

But those uncouth, inarticulate, inarticulate mouthings which are his wont when properly warned up to his work are, if you must know, merely an evidence of your own abysmal ignorance, says Henry H. Craigie in Judge.

What he is really reciting through his megaphone, and which sounds to your uneducated ear like a cross-section of a buzz-saw and an asthmatic phonograph, is probably a poem from the Sanskrit, or some delicate strophe from the Sgra-Chaldai poets.

It goes something like this: "Bipzz-r-pzzz-nowreldytrackfour," but it is not his fault if you need an interpreter to tell you what he is saying.

Paraphrasing the immortal words of a contemporary—I think we may call it the RRR of NG—"Your program is Your 'Flappable,'" and about as useful to you as a menu card a la Francaise is to a deaf mute with an intensive appetite for ham and eggs.

For your timeable is really your key to the cryptic utterances of the train announcer—and nobody is supposed to understand either.

Under the hypnotic spell of his subtle eloquence you do not miss your train—until it has pulled out, and sometimes not then. If you are slightly deaf it adds to your enjoyment of the occasion, or you can make a game of it, as some do, by utilizing an opera glass in an effort at lip reading.

But if you are wise, at the first sound of his preliminary windup you will hunt up that train of yours by main force—and the devil take the hindmost. Delays are dangerous.

TREE EXUDES MILKY FLUID

Said to Be Highly Desirable as Food—Also Converted into Substance Resembling Cheese.

Interesting mention has recently been made of the "cow tree," so named from the milky fluid it produces.

"For many weeks we had heard a great deal of a tree whose juice is a nourishing milk. Incisions, made in the trunk of the tree are followed by a profuse flow of gluey and thickish milk, destitute of acidity and exuding a very agreeable balsamic odor. Though we drank large quantities of it, both at night before going to bed, and again early in the morning, we experienced no uncomfortable effects. The negroes and free people who work in the plantations use it by sucking in it bread made from maize. When exposed to the air, the fluid displays on its surface, probably by the absorption of the atmospheric oxygen, membranes of a highly animal nature, yellowish and thready, like those of cheese. The people give the name of cheese to the curd which thus separates when brought into contact with the air. The milk, kept in a small corked bottle, had deposited a small portion of coagulum, and far from being fetid, continued to exude balsamic scent."

Story of Horror. Doubt was expressed in print recently that many of the present generation had read "Frankenstein." Certainly the knowledge of that book is not too general to forbid a narration of the circumstances under which it was written.

Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley was the wife of the poet. In her seventeenth year she eloped with Shelley to the continent, and he married her after his first wife, Harriet, committed suicide. Byron and Shelley and Mary, in the summer of 1816, were living near the Lake of Geneva.

Being bored during a rainy week, they whiled away the dull hours by reading German ghost stories, and finally agreed to write imitations of them. Byron wrote the "Vampire" and Mary wrote "Frankenstein." It is the story of a man of that name who after many horrible experiments, created a monster eight feet high, who thereafter haunted him, murdered his friend and strangled his bride. Frankenstein pursued his monster to the arctic regions. There he died of cold and remorse. The monster thereupon vanished!

Samoan Politeness Costly. Conceptions of politeness run many freakish gamuts but in the opinion of Lieut. Com. Stanley M. Mathes, a visitor in Honolulu, the palm goes to the Samoans. When a man tendered his Samoan servant a pack of cigarettes from which to extract a smoke, Commander Mathes grinned broadly. "You can't do that with all Samoans," said he. "Their conception of the proper thing to do is to take not one cigarette, but to take five." Frequently when Samoan chiefs visit the naval officers at Pago Pago they demonstrate how polite they can be. For instance, when a box of cigars is placed on a table, the guest takes as many as he can get into one handful. When he is about to depart he goes to the box and takes another handful, a token of politeness. And he it said for the Samoan that when a visitor enters a Samoan home said visitor is expected to be lavish in helping himself.

Simple Tactics. "I suppose you will use a few figures of speech." "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the people haven't much liking for rhetorical figures. What they want now is plain arithmetic."

WHERE FLAPPER IS UNKNOWN

Life in Japan Seems Largely a Matter of Negotiations for Both Girls and Women.

In Japan the "flapper" has not arrived. The majority of Japanese young girls never exchange a word with a man of marriageable age outside their own immediate family. There is no masculine audience for young feminine coquettes and there is no masculine eye to admire the little personal adornments, the choice of which fills such a large part of the frivolous western sister's exciting life.

It would seem indeed that life for the young Japanese girl is mainly a matter of negotiations, observes the New East Magazine. She has no real clothes problem. Her dress has been designed by some mysterious power long before she was born. It has been decreed that at a certain age she shall wear certain colors, which must be changed at certain seasons. Her kimono shall have longer or shorter sleeves on this or that occasion. Her obi shall be so high and of such and such colors. She has not even to think of how she shall arrange her hair, for the same mysterious power has decreed that the hair shall be oiled, stiffened, combed and twisted into a given pattern. As this mysterious power has to be obeyed, a hairdresser has to be employed regularly for the right fixing of this coiffure.

A Japanese girl is scarcely an individual, but is rather part of a plan, and her silhouette must correspond with the plan. A husband having been obtained for her, a dowry provided, her wardrobe filled, she has not even to exercise originality in the furnishing of her home. The same mysterious power has decreed how this home shall look.

Bluff That Father Makes. Siberian Daddy is Supposed to Be in No Hurry to Get Rid of Marriageable Daughter.

Ordinarily fathers of marriageable daughters are very much awake at the approach of a prospective son-in-law, and are not at all given to being asleep when the actual request for the young lady's hand is made.

But in far-off Siberia, among the Samoyed, a people who huddle close about the arctic circle, things are different, and the father is, or pretends to be, more or less asleep when the matchmaker arrives, and has to be awakened.

The girl's father always assumes a passive, taciturn attitude, a sort of feigned, uninterested air, even if the terms offered are entirely to his liking. As one gift after another is proffered, he still preserves his silence, and even nods as though the whole thing made him tired and sleepy. Finally, the matchmaker, apparently at the end of his patience, strikes the uninterested parent with the ceremonial iron staff which he carries.

Then the father, thus rudely awakened to a sense of his obligations, promises to consult his son or other male relative about the matter. This he does, but only as a matter of form, for when the proceedings have reached this stage it is already certain that the marriage will take place.

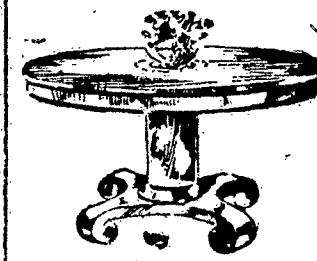
"Grass Widows." The term "Grass Widow" very likely originated from the wording of a Canon law of the eleventh century, which ordained that a widow should remain "under God's protection and grace" for a full year after her husband's death, and then marry if she pleased. Such women were "widows of grace," and in later parish registers they are described as "Grass Widows." In the time of Sir Thomas More the term "grass widow" was applied to unmarried mothers, and in this sense it was used in most of the Teutonic languages. In modern times the term lost that reproach, and has been applied to the wives of men long absent from home. Another explanation of its origin is found here in the United States. During the days of gold rushes it was common for men to board out their wives until they had made enough to start a home in the West, and this, in the picturesque speech of the time, was termed "putting one's widow out to grass."

Waste of Good Timber. Many complaints are heard because Christmas trees were so scarce this season that only a few could buy them. Railroads could not haul them until the eleventh hour, and high prices, as well as the small supply, barred trees from many homes.

Trees adapted to Christmas use have survived the ills and perils of infancy. Barring accidents, they are sure to live, grow and freshen. It is savagery, if one views it rightly, to destroy them. Yet men who would not burn a full-grown tree back down tree-lings without pity or remorse. But if we are to have trees for all time, young trees must be saved.—Milwaukee Journal.

Electroliners From Gas Lamps. An ordinary gas reading lamp can be made over into a satisfactory electric fixture at very moderate expense. The burner and attachment for gas piping are removed and socket and electric light bulbs substituted, the electric wiring being passed up through the standard of the lamp. Tall candlesticks may be also fitted with electric bulbs and such candlesticks, with small lighted bulbs instead of ordinary candle flames, are used at the end of the piano or sideboard.

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