"Sophisticated Billy"

By LOUISE OLIVER

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Billy Crawford was tired and wanted a rest. It had been an intensely busy winter at the plant, with every wheel turning and every man working, and now that the warm, languorous days of spring had come he decided that he needed a vacation.

So he called on Eleanor Gage one evening to bid her good-by and to impart the news that he was going to New York "for a time."

"What do you call a 'time,' Billy?" she asked.

He flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Well," he answered, with a man-of-the-world air, "it means to the sophisticated a round of pleasure. The usual thing, you know—shows, restaurants, roof gardens this time of the year, and so forth. Lots of pretty, well-dressed women, people you get along well with if you're the right sort, and all that. Dickie Merrick and I usually hang out together. Dick knows scads of people: I'm to meet him at the Giltmore."

Eleanor counted her stitches before she answered.

"But just now, Billy, do you think it's the thing?"

He regarded her with tolerant amusement. "I suppose you mean the war. You rather have a sneaky idea I ought to enlist, haven't you, Nellie?"

"Oh, it isn't exactly that. I just think it's not good taste to throw away money foolishly when it's so badly needed elsewhere."

"Well, maybe it looks like fiddling while Rome burns, but I've earned the

"Then, Young Man, Why Don't You?"

right to have a good time. I've worked all winter on war stuff—what more do you want?"

"The boys in the camps have worked all winter, too, Billy. And they're not getting any rest now, or prospect of rest with France ahead."

He threw away his cigarette impatiently, and then he said a mean thing. "That's what it is to live in a small town. You girls are like every one else; you get one idea in your head and you can't get it out. That's what I'm going to New York for—to get away from knitting and Red Cross and Liberty bond fiends and war talk. I'm going where people understand, where they have a broader view and don't think you're a criminal if you have a little fun."

Then Eleanor waxed righteously angry. Forgotten was the sock which fell unheeded along with the ball of yarn at her feet.

"Then, if living in New York means to forget the war and our boys over there for one instant, I'm glad I am a small-town girl. And, although just now you don't seem especially anxious for my answer to a certain question you asked me a week or so ago, I'm going to tell you now that I won't marry you. You're a slacker."

Billy left at that, crestfallen. He really hadn't meant to get into it so deep. Besides, he really did care for Eleanor's opinion, and he cared for her a great deal; but he had to confess that the glamour of his trip ahead softened the sorrow of losing her very considerably. Besides, he thought she might change her mind by the time he got back.

The next day William R. Seymour registered at the big metropolitan hotel and waited for Richard Merrick, who arrived in the course of a few hours, and proceeded to tell his troubles to his friend.

"I say, Bill, has your town gone nuts on the war?"

"Has it?" whistled Billy.

"I'm hanged if I'm not glad to get away," went on Dickie. "A fellow can't buy himself a pack of fags any more without some Jane piping up and saying: 'Wouldn't you rather invest in War Savings stamps?' Or some grandmother poking in with: 'Half that, young man, would keep a Belgian child for one day.' I did buy a bond. Now I wish they'd let me alone."

"Same here," said Billy, gloomily. Then brightening: "But we're wasting time, old man. We're here to forget. Let's call up the girls and get something started."

"The girls" were cousins of Dick's, very fashionable and up to date.

"All right. I'll ring them now. Say Bill, did you ever see so many soldiers in your life?"

"Never did. Nellie says they don't get a rest. She ought to come to New York and find out. I shouldn't mind splurging round in a uniform myself."

But William's remark had been overheard. An old gentleman at the next table leaned forward. "Then, young man, why don't you? You can get one for nothing."

Billy flushed and murmured something about doing war work. But the old man went on. "These soldiers and officers are leaving for overseas duty. Most of them go from the port of New York. The Englishmen and French soldiers are here on war work. Some of them off ships that carry our men over. They're all here for a purpose, young man. And if they appear to splurge, surely they've earned the right. Why shouldn't a man be proud of his uniform?"

Our friends left soon after.

Leona Merrick herself answered their call. "Oh, I'm so glad you boys are here. I'm nearly dead with work and can't get a soul to help, every one is so busy. I've got two tons of stuff to take from our Red Cross unit to headquarters. I'm running a motor truck, you know, and you have saved my life. The boxes are too heavy for me to handle. I'll run the car around to the hotel and pick you up."

The two men looked at each other, but had nothing to say. Leona Merrick was very pretty. Of course they could not refuse.

That night, tenderly nursing the blisters on their hands, they got ready for the theater. Things were looking up a bit. The whole jolly crowd was going, and their jaded spirits revived at the prospect.

The play was Blanche Bates in "Getting Together," a plea for men to join the army, an appeal that was an appeal. There was no after-theater supper as of old.

"Don't you want to hear Abbe Flynn tomorrow?" asked Jane Merrick. "We're all going after surgical dressing class. They say he is wonderful."

Again Billy and Dick exchanged glances and again they accepted.

At the end of a week, after hearing the bishop of York, Major Watt and Anne Morgan, they were ready to go home. They had changed—not their opinion of New York but of their own towns.

When Eleanor opened the door to a very contrite Billy, he was in uniform.

"I came to ask you to forgive me, dear," he said humbly. "I guess I had to have my eye-teeth cut on this war business. Well, I've cut 'em, dear. I see now I've got to go. You were right—I was a slacker."

"No, you're not, Billy, dear," declared Eleanor proudly. "It takes a brave man to acknowledge when he's wrong. I didn't mean what I said about the other, Billy, either. I'll marry you whenever you like."

NEWSPAPER MAN'S HARD LUCK

Surely All Brothers of the Pen Will Feel Sympathetic Over What Befell "Wally."

In the life of a newspaper man many strange things befall. Some are good and some are bad, and some are both, depending on the point of view.

In Butte, Mont., there lived for many years a famous newspaper man. His name was Warren Walsworth, but to more people than any other man in town he was known as "Wally," and that sobriquet was a clear mirror to "Wally's" character.

Then one day it happened. "Wally's customary joviality was sadly modified; instead of his celebrated smile, he wore a look of perplexity. Plainly something deep and profound was weighing on "Wally's" mind.

After much solicitous urging, the secret was revealed.

"Boys," announced "Wally" mournfully, "I've inherited a mansion on the Hudson, and I'm expected to keep it up."

His Growth.

"This war has broadened us all," said the philosophical guest. "Many a man is much bigger because of it than he would otherwise have been."

"That's a fact, Mr. Sollum," agreed the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "There's Amzi Fagg, for instance. A few years ago he didn't feel equal to doing more than telling the rest of us how the town government here should be conducted. But now he considers himself perfectly competent to settle all the peace terms. His wife, by the way, still takes in washing. If you need your shirts and collars done up she'll give you as good a job as a Chinaman could, and just about as cheap."—Kansas City Star.

Perseverance Does It.

"It's the allies' perseverance that won this war," said Senator Lewis.

"The allies suffered defeat after defeat, but from each defeat they learned something.

"It's like the advice which the editor of the Cinnaminson Scimitar gave to an unlucky wooer who had been rejected by seven girls in turn. The editor wrote:

"'Unlucky Wooer.—Go ahead. Don't be discouraged. Never say die. You must have learnt a lot by what you have gone through. Strikes us you must hold something like a record. Well, stick all your experience together and make love to the next girl who comes round and takes your fancy. If she don't reciprocate, try another. Remember you only want one girl to say yes.'"

DAY HONORED BY WELSHMEN

March the First Known the World Over as Anniversary of the Country's Patron Saint.

The first day of March has long been observed as a special day by the people of Wales and is called St. David's day in honor of the good St. David, patron saint of the Welsh, who lived in the sixth century.

St. David was said to have been the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, Wales, and is accredited with the working of many miracles, especially among the poor of the country. It was said that when the saint first went into the fields to preach to his followers the ground on which he was standing began to rise until it assumed a goodly height, and henceforth was his pulpit.

For hundreds of years the Welsh wore sprigs of leek—a plant with broad bluish-green leaves and yellow flower clusters—in their hats as a symbol of recognition of the day. This custom was brought about, some say, from the fact that in a battle of the Welsh against their old enemies, the Saxons, St. David had ordered all Welshmen to go into battle wearing their native leek, not only to distinguish them from their enemies, but to bring them good luck.

Other writers argue that the badge was worn more as a fraternal sign and because leek was grown in every Welsh garden and was the favorite vegetable of a true Welshman.

Writers of the last century depict a typical Welsh garden as a garden of onions, garlic and leek. Homely incidents are told of Welshmen assisting each other in farming and eating their leeks together, a ceremony symbolic of hospitality and good fellowship.

NOT ALWAYS PROPERLY SANE

Scientists Assert Few People Have at All Times Full Command of Their Mental Faculties.

Many people think that the expression "temporary insanity" is merely used by a jury wishing to save relatives pain, but numbers of doctors who have made a study of mental disorders emphatically declare it is no idle term.

One doctor has stated that temporary insanity is a condition of double consciousness, not dissimilar to epilepsy. A person normally quite sane may have attacks of temporary aberration lasting little more than a few minutes, especially after long bouts of hard, continuous mental work, being particularly liable if insomnia supervenes.

Crimes have been committed in the early morning when the perpetrator has not really been properly awake, and has been horrified to find what he has done. This is a true case of temporary insanity, but it is comparatively rare, and a man in normal health would not suffer in this way.

A specialist in mental diseases has stated that he knew a case in which a person was insane during a certain time of each day, and that others have been known when the patient was quite normal at ordinary times, but suffered from a temporary fit of mania regularly once a month.

Forming Artificial Pearls.

Pearls were valuable as gems in China as early as twenty-two centuries before our era, and the Chinese had worked out a plan for the artificial formation of pearls about 700 years ago, which they have carried on extensively. Large numbers of oysters are collected and the shell gently opened to allow the introduction of various foreign substances which are inserted by means of a forked bamboo stick. These pellets are generally made of prepared mud, but may be bone, brass or wood. The oysters are then placed in shallow ponds connected with canals and are nourished by tubs of night soil thrown in from time to time.

Some time later, from several months to two years, depending upon the size of the gem desired, these oysters are taken out of the shell, the pearls removed and the body of the animal eaten as food. Millions of such pearls are sold annually in China. The most valuable are either round or pear shaped.

Few Old People in New Guinea.

The average duration of life is shorter in New Guinea than in any other country, owing to the peculiar diet of the natives, who devour with gusto the larvae of beetles, dug out of decayed tree trunks, and habitually drink seawater when near the coast. "The people die off at about forty," A. E. Pratt says in his "Two Years Among the Cannibals of New Guinea." "We saw one very old man, who may have been about sixty years of age—the only example of longevity that we came across. He was bent almost double, and had a long, white beard. His fellow tribesmen regarded him as a great curiosity, and brought him to see us. Despite the decrepitude of his body, however, there was no trace of senility; his senses were unimpaired, and the poor old creature showed great gratitude for a gift of tobacco."

Hence the Congestion.

"You have plenty of room in America," said the foreign visitor.

"Oh, yes."

"Then why do you build so many sky-scrapers?"

"I guess that's because the average American thinks he can't transact business unless he's within walking distance of the post office."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Ancient Timepieces.

In the days of King Arthur the time-keeping candle, marked off in sections to indicate the hours as it burned, was in common use in England. This sort of candle is doubtless of very ancient origin. Less old, though of considerable antiquity, was the lamp, placed on a standard with glass reservoir of oil above, which indicated the elapsing hours by the falling level of the oil—a numbered scale showing the time. No two candles can be made exactly alike, or will burn at precisely the same rate. The time-lamp was more accurate, yet liable to appreciable error. Even the hourglass—surely one of the cleverest inventions of antiquity, and still in use at the present day—was nearly always a bit "off." Perhaps, however, the ancients did not feel obliged to reckon minutes quite so closely as we moderns do.

Country's Peat Deposits.

Peat is so antiseptic and absorbent that it is used as a dressing for wounds, and is an excellent substitute for medicated cotton. This fact was recognized many years ago in Europe, where sphagnum peat is now extensively used in preparing surgical dressings. According to a scientist who has made a detailed study of peat deposits in the northern United States, there are many square miles of sphagnum bog in the northern counties of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan that would supply material suitable for antiseptic applications. It will not be necessary to incur the expense of deep excavations, for immense quantities of sphagnum can be taken from the upper parts of the deposits. Sphagnum peat is also abundant in Maine, and some is found in New York and Pennsylvania.

When the Swans Migrate.

It is said to be impossible for any one who has seen only the common, mute swans floating about in the artificial lakes of city parks to imagine the grandeur of a flock of the great whistlers in their wild state. One government scientist, attached to the bureau in Washington, says that the sight is one of the most impressive in nature. As the huge birds rise into the air it seems as if an aerial regatta were being sailed overhead, the swans, each with a wing spread of six or seven feet, moving like yachts under full sail. Once the swans are under way, their speed is amazing, nearly 100 miles an hour, and that, too, with no apparent effort, for the slow motion is very deceiving. Their endurance is as surprising as their speed, for they are said to travel 1,000 miles without alighting.

City Within a City.

One of the most unusual and interesting parts of New York is that quaint triangle cut off by Mott street which curves the Bowery in a half moon, commonly known as Chinatown. John K. Winslow in the World Outlook says that Mott street is the great wall of Chinatown. He further says that the first Chinese settled there in 1850 and today there are over 5,000 in the little triangle—and nearly three times as many scattered and lost throughout the rest of the great city. Not only do its balconied houses, its narrow, crooked streets, and its scarlet bulletin boards make it distinct from the American city, but also it has a constitution and government of its own.

Ships of Pumice Stone.

A company has been formed to build ships of pumice stone. This substance, which is the scum or froth of the lava thrown out during volcanic eruptions, would seem to be admirably adapted, in one respect at all events, for the purpose indicated, seeing it is so light that it floats easily on the surface of the sea. It is, however, very porous, so that it soaks up water readily. This, of course, would in the ordinary way render it useless for building ships; but a method has been found of overcoming the difficulty. The hull of the pumice stone vessel, after being completed, is coated all over externally with a kind of black silica called tuga, a glasslike substance.

Little Things.

The most important and vital things of life are thought out in quiet, and it is often the apparently little things that are most vital. Tired, harassed mothers—stop to realize for a moment, that you will not forever be mending, toiling, ministering to your little ones; they soon outgrow the need, and then your hands and hearts are so empty! Do you quietly think enough to understand how fully you are "serving," in the biggest sense of the word, when you are fitting these little ones for life?

Treat the Newcomer Kindly.

Office employees familiar with the daily routine and customs of the business should show special courtesy to new employees. When a new worker appears in an office older employees should introduce themselves and offer to give assistance, if possible. It is kindness and good manners to help them identify names with persons, to inform them of office customs, etc. Don't wait to be asked for help—give it.—Biddy Bye.

Cruel Criticism.

Mrs. Djer—"Mrs. Blather-Skyte read one of her unpublished poems at our club meeting this afternoon." Mr. Djer (smiling)—"Lyric, dramatic didactic or epic?" Mrs. Djer—"Dyspeptic!"—Buffalo Express.

LIVE FOR WORLD TO COME

Inhabitants of Monasteries on Mount Athos Take No Thought of Mundane Things.

The long peninsula tapering southward from the busy city of Saloniki ends in three irregular prongs like a misused trident of Neptune. On the end of the easternmost of these prongs, almost surrounded by the sea, stands the Holy mountain, or Mount Athos. It is given to men whose thoughts and doings are all directed with a sole thought of the world to come, so that the war agony which convulsed this earth hardly caused a ripple in their quiet existence. The slopes of Mount Athos are covered with monasteries, large and small.

It is a little world in itself, this bit of ancient Greece. It lives to a quiet ordered tempo in an atmosphere where noise and strife are almost unknown, where all the little doings of the day move to a thousand-year-old ritual. There are men here who have not wandered a mile from their cloister in twenty years, willing prisoners of their own convictions. It is a place of kindly, dreamy life, free from heartburnings and jealousies, where each man is the equal of his fellow, despite the castes and ranks of the order—equal in a common infinite littleness before the majesty of divine omnipotence and eternity.

No woman is permitted to visit the sacred ground of the mountain, not that the order looks down on woman, but rather in tribute to her power to draw the thoughts of men from the eternal things. Despite the prohibition, however, there are rumors of women disguised who fled to Athos and found sanctuary there in the time of the Greek revolt and the war with the Turks. It is whispered, too, that the daughter of an English admiral accompanied her father on an official visit in the uniform of a midshipman.

DYES FROM MOOR AND HILL

Plants in Scottish Highlands and Ireland Used to Produce Vast Variety of Tints.

We think of the preparation of color tints as having been essentially a German industry, though in reality the first discovery in that line was made by an English scientist, when in 1856 Sir W. H. Perkins introduced a beautiful mauve tint. Further back still English and Irish dyers depended for tones of yellow on the brown or genesta plant, the whin in Scotland, a plant of the gorse family.

Woad, too, was another valuable ally of the dyer. Fermented woad holds about two per cent of indigo and was used to obtain that color. Woad-dyed cloth was dipped into a broom liquor in order to obtain a rich green. So that three colors with a multitude of shades were possible at once. In the Scottish highlands lichens are still collected in order to get purples, reds, brown and yellows so constantly needed in dyeing the clan and national tartans. In this connection Ptolemy tells us that the navigators came from Tyre and Sidon to the sea-cliffs of Ireland in order to obtain certain "mosses," or lichens, for use in compounding the renowned imperial purples and Tyrian reds of their land. Walnut, dyers' green weed, barberry, yellow bedstraw, buckthorn, sea buckthorn, and corn marigold are among the plants of the Irish countryside which have been used as dye-stuffs by past generations.

Mere Incident in Cat's Life.

You're not obliged to believe the following story, nor even strain your imagination over it. The Bath (Maine) Times tell it. About four years ago a Bath man went smelt fishing off a wharf on the riverside and when he returned leaned up his pole on which was his fishing line in a corner of the kitchen. Attached to the hook was a minnow for live bait and this was wriggling on the hook, when the man's pet black coon cat espied the fish and made for it. Before the owner could prevent, the cat had swallowed the fish and the hook. It was impossible for the man to pull out the hook without killing his pet so he cut the line, leaving the bait and the hook and a small portion of the line within the coony. The cat seems to have assimilated the hook, for she never has shown any symptoms of discomfort from her strange meal and is still alive and in apparent good health.

Japanese Wrestlers.

Because of their enormous stature and girth it has often been assumed by foreigners that Japanese wrestlers are a race apart, a strange little group of native giants handed down from antiquity. As a matter of fact the wrestlers, recruited from the fishing, farming and forester classes, have splendid physique to begin with, and become strong and muscular through their long training and the encouragement that is given to their voracious appetites. Friends are very fond of giving them big banquets and are amused to see how much they can eat. One prominent trainer, when invited by his backers to a dinner, took all his students along with him, saying, "All my followers come along with me who can drink a gallon of sake apiece." There is a touch of the Rabelaisian in it, especially when one contrasts it with the usual foreign impression of the dainty tea-sipping, cherry-feting Japanese.

The Only Explanation.

"Your husband tells me he had quit betting on horses!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley's broke again!"

If we are big and [illegible] include the good [illegible] saints, we shall have abundant [illegible] for joy and thankfulness. [illegible] good world it is, where so many [illegible] cious qualities are [illegible] perhaps, but evidently! [illegible] we have to set off some gift of [illegible] ment against some crooked [illegible] of ill-will or immaturity, why [illegible] we vex our souls by too much [illegible] ing on the weakness? There [illegible] sorts of collections in the world [illegible] tures and coins and postage [illegible] and furniture and china. [illegible] least satisfactory collection of all [illegible] any man to make is a cherished [illegible] ering of grudges. And, really [illegible] we ourselves are only half-way [illegible] and have often given occasion [illegible] stumbling in the past to others. [illegible] haps we would be happier if we [illegible] ried our whole collection of these [illegible] venirs of dislike to the furnace, [illegible] they really belong.—Boston [illegible] script.

Truly a Man's Job.

The education of fathers [illegible] when sons go to a boarding [illegible] With one item to a line the [illegible] bill covers: Tuition and board, [illegible] half of year; cash advanced, [illegible] attached; college fee for entrance [illegible] amination, laboratory fee, [illegible] sons, music supplies, dancing [illegible] musing — course, [illegible] bills for this, that and the other [illegible] pressing and repairing clothes, [illegible] scription to the school paper, [illegible] phone and telegrams, freight and [illegible] age, auto, cab or saddle-horse [illegible] drugs and toilet articles, doctor's [illegible] tographs, hangers, jewelry, [illegible] letic goods and medical supplies [illegible] the school dispensary. All of [illegible] indicates that the business of [illegible] is a man's job. [illegible] on educating Walt [illegible] man could make out of that list.

Chipmunks Sleepy Pets.

"Within a few years," writes a [illegible] cago correspondent of the New [illegible] Times, "two chipmunks were held [illegible] tive as pets by my children, [illegible] two or three years. In each case [illegible] animals retreated to the [illegible] part of the squirrel house, [illegible] selves into the nesting, and [illegible] there for several weeks. During [illegible] time each animal was removed [illegible] members of the family, [illegible] hibited to curious visitors, [illegible] turned to its nest, all the time [illegible] and in a completely torpid [illegible] with no evident manifestations [illegible] sciousness or even life. During [illegible] winter each would come out [illegible] stupor a few times, eat, drink [illegible] and be active, and then [illegible] return to its torpid condition."

Habits of Swans.

Whether the swans prepare [illegible] special way for their [illegible] ney is not known; but [illegible] north they indulge in the [illegible] known as "ballasting." [illegible] they eat great quantities of [illegible] what purpose no one knows. [illegible] Arctic ocean lies their breeding [illegible] and it is believed that they mate [illegible] life. As with so many of the [illegible] birds, the swans protect their [illegible] with a covering of down [illegible] from their own breasts, so that [illegible] the birds leave the nest the two [illegible] large yellowish eggs are hidden [illegible] the eyes of possible thieves, and [illegible] tected against any sudden change [illegible] temperature.

Outdoor Sleeping.

It is perfectly safe to sleep out [illegible] through the autumn and even the [illegible] ter months if you are adequately [illegible] tected against the elements. [illegible] who are in the habit of sleeping [illegible] doors, in porches, will find that [illegible] layer of newspapers placed between [illegible] the springs and the mattress of [illegible] outdoor beds will make them [illegible] warmer, as the newspapers [illegible] the wind coming up from [illegible] through the mattress. Woolen or [illegible] ton flannel sheets, too, will be [illegible] much more comfortable, in these [illegible] door sleeping places, than the [illegible] or cotton ones preferred within doors. A steamer rug, if not too heavy, [illegible] excellent covering.

Plaint of the Weak.

Betty Jane had just been operated on for tonsilitis and was still in [illegible] hospital and feeling weak. One [illegible] when the doctor and Betty [illegible] mother were in to see her she [illegible] restless and did not want to be [illegible] so the doctor said: "Now, Betty [illegible] if you lie over on your side [illegible] real quiet you will get well quick [illegible] be able to go outside and play [illegible] other children in just a short [illegible] So with a heavy sigh she turned [illegible] on her side. In just exactly two [illegible] ties she turned over, looked at [illegible] mother, and sighed: "Oh, mother [illegible] it's a lonesome job, being good!"

Canine Weather Prophet.

A weather prophet in the shape of an old collie dog is in the possession of a farmer at Boorowa, New South Wales. The dog is reputed to be the best prophet south of the equator. When rain is approaching he emerges from his kennel, and selecting a spot in the open, reclines on the broad of his back with all four legs in the air, dozing in that position for hours at a time until the rain arrives, which is never longer than [illegible] hours. About 100 [illegible] parts have been issued to [illegible] out one mistake.