

Reconstruction Romance

By DORA H. MOLLAN

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Just three months from the day on which the armistice was signed a mammoth ship, largest of all things in the world, steamed into the harbor of the metropolis of the Western hemisphere. Every person on the west side of that city was made aware of its approach, for a giant siren cleared its throat and let forth a long-drawn-out wailing note that died down to a gurgle, rose and fell again and again.
The siren, located on the roof of a skyscraping building, was fulfilling a mission quite different from that for which it had been designed. It had been installed to give warning of enemies in the air should they come. German air raids? Who remembered, now, that they had ever been feared?
One of thousands who had helped to make of that war a thing to be laughed at and who was now leaning over the rails of the Leviathan, receiving the tumultuous welcome of flag and steam whistle extended by the city, was Sergt. Charles Brenden, typical of all, for though slight of build and of medium height, he was well set up, with clear blue eyes and possessed of that confident air which belongs to a man who has proved himself equal to any emergency.
It might be hours before they docked. The huge craft was surrounded by tiny, puffing tugs, pulling, pushing and coaxing. Like ants as they force an object far larger than themselves to do their will. But they were home—home! And the welcome was all they had dreamed. Eagerly their eyes searched the shores for well-remembered landmarks; gaily they scrambled for the papers, cigarettes and candy thrown on board from the small craft bearing the mayor's committee of welcome.
Charles' thoughts ran on ahead. Of course, after today, things would quiet down. They would entrain for a camp for demobilization. Then to the city—that wonderful city whose jagged skyline he recognized in almost every detail. And right away after that his job in the city office of an out-of-town silk manufactory.
On Saturday morning Brenden was mustered out, and that afternoon he arrived in town along with many of his comrades. The hurry and bustle, the rattle and clatter of the traffic was music to his ears.
The avenue was decorated in his honor. The scene thrilled almost as much as on the day when their ship entered the harbor. Charles crossed to Sixth avenue and took the L—no underground route for him today. To feast his eyes on the life and movement of his native city appealed more than a greater speed.
Alighting at Sixty-sixth street, Charles proceeded straight to his old boarding place. And then the welcome began all over again. For Miss Johnson answered the bell; and she was one of that rare species, a kind-hearted lady. For an elderly spinster her kisses were not a bad imitation of what a mother's might be. Anyway, it seemed like that to Charles, who had no recollections of the genuine thing.
His room was awaiting him, its bed occupant having been unconsciously ousted in his absence. Evidently Mr. Fooks with Miss Johnson to dinner and a show that night. Sunday was spent in looking up some friends.
So altogether this war veteran of twenty-three was in a happy mood Monday morning when he started down town to see the "boss" about getting back on the job pretty soon and to say "hello" to the office force.
It was so early that only old Gruber, the janitor, was on hand; but he started the welcome and it grew as the force gathered for the daily grind. Only two others besides himself had left the office for the service and he was the first one back. So Charles knew most of the staff and soon met the others. They bombarded him with questions and, of course, were thanked again for his Christmas box.
"But who sent that dandy warm sweater?" Brenden asked. "The card read, 'From a girl with brown eyes.' His eyes followed those of two chaps who stood nearby to the edge of the little group—and straight into those of a girl. She was good to look upon—and Charles looked for long seconds before he felt to the fact that the eyes into which he was so rudely staring were brown and beautiful. Just then the door opened and the group precipitately broke up. The girl was gone, with the rest, and Charles was left standing alone, as the manager entered the room.
Mr. Huber greeted the returned soldier in his usual bluff manner: "What, you back, Brenden?" And after shaking hands added: "Come into my office in five minutes."
Promptly the boy stood before the familiar desk and the boss looked up. "Well, Brenden, what can I do for you?" Huber inquired, after asking some rather perfunctory questions about Charles' experiences, the answers to which did not seem to particularly interest him.
"You can give me my job back again, sir. That's what I came for." Charles had learned to address his superior officers briefly and to the point.
"Sit down a minute," the manager replied. The minutes, and several more, were consumed in an attempt on the part of Huber to con-

vince Charles what an impossible thing that was just now. Office expenses had been cut. The mill was not running full time; orders had fallen off—the war, you know—ended too soon; business was not prepared for it," etc.

So Charles, one of those who had kicked all to end the war "too soon," found himself lost by his own petard. Mr. Huber continued, telling him they had filled his place with a girl at \$5 less per week "and she had proved very satisfactory; perhaps, if the returned soldier was willing to accept a reduction—"

Brenden was not a quick-spoken young man and before, in his righteous wrath, he could frame a fitting reply, something happened. She of the brown eyes burst into the room, the eyes full of flashing light, and bending them fixedly on the manager said: "I wish to resign immediately. Mr. Huber. Yes, I heard what you said," she continued, not giving the boss a chance to reply; "and what I think I should hate to say. I live in the home town of this concern and know the owners. I know the lump-sum plan that this office is run on, too, and into whose pocket that five dollars a week that you knocked off my pay goes. I just took this place to do my share during the war and now I'm going home to rest. If you give Mr. Brenden his job back, with a raise," she here she glanced for the first time at the soldier—"I'll keep still. If you don't—well, you know the owners' motto is 'A job for every shiller.'"

Huber, grown first red and then white, tried unsuccessfully to meet the angry eyes of the girl. Then, because he knew she had the goods on him, he turned suddenly back to his desk and flung over his shoulder at Brenden: "Report tomorrow morning."
The girl hurried from the room. Brenden, wasting no more time than was necessary to answer "Yes, sir," in a tone equally curt, took himself out of the office and the building, and on the sidewalk awaited the appearance of the brown-eyed heroine.
Soon she came out of the entrance, and before she saw him he saw there were tears in her eyes. The dinky little overalls she came off, and Charles faced her. The girl sought to escape, but Charles was not to be denied—and he was not to be denied truthful answers to his questions, either.
Over their private, corporal, then Sergeant, Brenden had acquired the quality of mastery.
And when he learned that the statements she had made to the manager were only part way true and that there was neither home, parents nor job awaiting Mary in her home town—and least of all rest—but only the grim reality of a search for another position, he arose to the emergency and made her understand that many couples started in on a salary no greater than that which her courageous interposition had secured for him.
"Isn't it all so terribly sudden!" she protested.
"So was Chateau-Thierry," said Charles.
"Wait," succumbed she of the brown eyes, "you outrank me, Sergeant Brenden—I don't suppose I dare refuse to obey. And, by the way, my name's Mary Henderson."

"Who cares?" said Charles. "It'll be Brenden by twelve o'clock. Forward, march!"

Colloquialisms. The dictionary will tell you that "ain't" is a barbarism and that "ain't" is really a colloquialism for "am not" and "are not" and quite illiterate in its indication of the speaker's status. But the Latin language, which though dead is not yet buried, has the phrase "nonne" which means "is it not?" and the French, which roughly speaking is monkish Latin, had in the days of Francois Villon, the acknowledged founder of modern French literature, the "ce n'est-ce pas?" which is the precise equivalent of "Ain't it?" Now, this delicious snarl-grace of the times of Joan of Arc, in his unique and celebrated "Greatest Testament," characterizes "is-uh-uh" one of his numerous flames, as distinguishable for constantly using this query "Ene?" So all these colloquialisms which the pedagogues and the lexicographers so profoundly reject have fair foundations in usage. It ought to be remembered that Villon's works at the very dawn of printing ran through seven editions, "donyourchmo."

Sounds Reasonable. Hippity—Some of our ladies ought to make great baseball pitchers. Hopp—How's figure that? Hippity—Why they have considerable control of their curves.



CHINA'S MOST HOLY TEMPLE HAS MANY DECORATIONS

Inclasure Within Which is Altar of Heaven for Centuries Consecrated to Use of Emperor. The Temple of Heaven in Peking is a Chinese temple without idols, a temple sacred to the use of Chinese emperors, and finally, a temple that is not one building, but a park several miles in area, with wonderful pagodas and altars scattered among its groves. The Temple of Heaven has been, for centuries as it is now. There is a red tiled wall inclosing a grove, and within a yellow tiled wall inclosing another grove, with blue-roofed temples at unexpected places. In the most secluded spot is the Altar of Heaven, the temple's holy-of-holies. The Altar of Heaven is a series of broad terraces and steps of white marble, leading to a circular platform of marble. On this elevated platform, under the open sky, the emperors of the old Chinese empire knelt twice a year to offer sacrifices to the spirit of heaven. On lower steps of the altar knelt the courtiers, while the emperor went through traditional rites and offered prayers and rolls of costly silks. This Altar of Heaven is said by the Chinese to be the center of the earth. In proof of this the sightseer is today allowed to stand on the top of the altar, the place so long reserved for emperors only, and tap the marble so that he may note the hollowness of the earth below. Since the last living representative of the dragon prayed for prosperity at the Altar of Heaven, the temple has become neglected and moss grown. A president of China offered to sacrifice for the people at the emperor's altar, but the spirit of old China was stronger than he calculated. The Altar of Heaven is still undented.

CITY BELOVED OF TOURISTS



Gen. Leroy Byrum, who recently returned from France, has received the distinguished service cross and medal, the croix de guerre with two palms, and the cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, for distinguished service in the war.

WINE GONE; 931 SOLDIERS PAY

Members of Third Army Assessed \$5-400 for 2,175 Bottles Missing From Train. Coblenz, Germany.—Nine hundred and thirty-one officers and enlisted men of the Third United States Army have been assessed approximately the sum of \$7,000 francs (\$5,400) to reimburse a French railway company for the loss of 2,175 bottles of champagne which disappeared near Toul last December. Findings of an army board, which had the case in hand for several months, were announced recently. The officers and men, all from the army of occupation, were on their way to an army school at Chailion-sur-Seine, traveling by special train and, according to testimony before the board, the champagne disappeared one night soon after the Americans arrived in Toul. While a number of French soldiers were also involved, testimony at the hearing did not bring out just who discovered the freight car loaded with wine nor who were the first individuals to start handling out the bottles. The contention of the railway officials was that the wine had been drunk by the soldiers, and that the Americans had had a hand in the affair, and so the board decided to prorate the cost of the champagne among all the Americans on the train, according to their pay allowances. Three majors, 15 captains, 92 first lieutenants and 174 second lieutenants were involved.

HENRY VII PALACE FOR SALE

Chamber in Ancient Richmond Castle Reputed Scene of Queen Elizabeth's Death. London.—The news that Richmond palace is for sale will make many people wish a feeling for the past of their own country wish that they were millionaires. Very little of the original structure—or rather that built by King Henry VII, which covered ten acres—remains to be disposed of, as by far the greater portion was pulled down by the unknown gentleman who bought it from the parliament in 1649. Had this not been done, there is little doubt that the palace would have easily rivaled Hampton court. Its near neighbor, as a first-class historical monument without any reach of London. That part of the original building which is still standing includes the ancient gateway bearing the Tudor rose in moldering stone, some of the old stables, and several rooms, one of which is certainly that occupied by Anne of Cleves after her divorce from Henry VIII, while another is reputed to be the identical chamber which witnessed the terrible end of mighty Elizabeth.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, FATHER OF THRIFT

Have you a little public monument in your family history? The Franklin family has. A bronze statue stands in Printing House Square, just off Park Row, in New York City. It is a replica of Benjamin Franklin, the Father of Thrift in this country. Observe the face of the statue. It's the same as that on the new War Savings Stamp. Franklin preached thrift and practiced it. His rise was the result of thrift. Just as the War Savings Stamp is the result of acquiring many Thrift Stamps. Begin to practice thrift today. Some day your family may boast a public monument.

Just a Little Late. New York.—"Just heard about the war and I want to enlist," said Stephen Kresney, dashing up to a Marine recruiting office. He was quite shocked when told he was too late, the war being over.

DRESS ACCENTUATES BEAUTY

Buitenzorg, Java, Noted for Its Gayeties and Its Wonderful Display of Horticulture. When a wealthy Dutch planter in Java discovers that he has acquired brain fog by talking business with his overseers and superintendents he orders his servants to make preparations for a trip to Buitenzorg, the capital of the island. Buitenzorg is one of those few fascinating cities where the climate is perfect and business never seems to interfere with pleasure. The governor-general's mansion is the center of Javanese government and frivolity—the scene of occasional weighty conferences and many balls and garden parties. In this tropical court the Dutch belle makes her first bashful bow to society—and noted scientists who come to view the famous botanic gardens of the city are feted.

CHARMING WOMAN



Charming woman, but the dress accentuates her beauty. It is a lovely blue satin, white dotted. The ruffles are blue organdy and the sash blue satin. To go with this frock is shown a soft leghorn with white ruffles of georgette.

Bamboo huts of the Javanese, all too small for the families they hold, snugly within the shadows of modern hotels and shops. All around are gardens overflowing with roses and gay tropical blooms. Flowers are popular in Buitenzorg, but, attractive as the amateur gardens are, their charm is forgotten in the wonderful beauty of the botanic gardens, which lie within the estate of the governor general.

For more than a century horticultural experts have cultivated these famous gardens, the success of their work being proved by the enthusiasm of scientists, to whom this spot is a botanist's paradise. Unscientific visitors revel in the profusion of blossoms, sweet smelling, gorgeous, strange and lovely, but the scientist hastens past these frankly attractive blooms to expend his enthusiasm on some twisted dwarf, which he designates a botanical triumph and labels with an unpronounceable name.

TRACING LOST INDIAN TRIBE

Scientists Interested in Explorations of Abodes of the Long-Gone Ararak Nation. When in 1494, on his second voyage, Columbus discovered the island of Jamaica, it was populated by the Ararak Indians, who, although at first hostile to him, became friendly on his giving them clothing and other articles hitherto unknown to them. When later the Spaniards settled the island they forced the Indians not only to do agricultural work in their own island, but to labor in the gold mines of Hayti. So hard were the Spanish taskmasters that by 1558 the whole Ararak nation was exterminated. During the past eight years efforts have been made, under the auspices of a scientific society, to recover all possible traces of the lost race. To that end explorations have been made in the old kitchen middens, or refuse heaps of the Araraks, in which there have been found, besides shells and pottery and fish, turtle and cony bones, many cells, or rude chisels, grinding stones, stone pendants and axes—1,500 objects in all, which have been given to the American Museum of Natural History in New York city. To the anthropologist the most interesting objects are the cylindrical stone pendants, which were fashioned with sand and stone and endless rubbing. Pendants of exactly the same sort are worn today as insignia of office by chiefs or headmen of tribes in northern South America.

YOU COULD NOT MISTAKE HIM.

Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time, by extending their walk a few yards into Russell street, have noticed a small, spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning, and returned every afternoon as the hands of the clock moved toward certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner and almost clerical in dress; which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short, resolute step citywards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human feature could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterward; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small, half-clerical man was—Charles Lamb.—Barry Cornwall.

COLORS ARE BRIGHT AND GAY

Magenta, Green, Blue, Yellow Among Tints Seen in the New Evening Gowns. The futurist, however crude to many minds, taught us much about highly-brilliant color. It was to this school of brilliancy that the dyers went for their fabrics.

Magenta, that vibrates dually with red and purple; green with a strong note of sulphur yellow or green that suggests a peacock blue; blues that shade to the turquoise matrix; yellows that range from tangerine to citron—these are the colors seen in the new evening gowns. If a dress is to be made of a pastel shade the girdle will be a rainbow of brilliancy, three, four or more lines of color that bring joy with their clash or their contrast. A whole page might be written about girdles. Geranium pink is run alongside of vivid turquoise. A gown of neutral gray is made insistently noticeable by a girdle of old gold, vivid blue and rose that refuses to be inconspicuous.

White Beaded Bags.

Beaded bags are running to lots of white this year. A smart affair is a long pear shape, heavily beaded in white and embroidered in rich mahogany, black and green in the middle. There is a smooth jet clasp and black braid drawstrings.