BETTY'S SHIP

By SADIE M. STULL

"Nary a sign o' yer ship today, Miss Betty? Rough sailin' fer any craft, but then it don't allus take a sunny sky ter bring th' most precious cargo into port."

Betty turned to the speaker with a rare smile. "I was not looking for my ship, Cap'n Andy. I was playing the game you chide me so much about—'make-believe.' I was just about to start on a journey of dreams—to the world beyond the harbor—the 'wonderland' that calls to me with the golden voice of opportunity."

Cap'n Andy shook his grizzled head. "Avast, there, little shipmate! Ye must git sich notions outer yer purty head! Mind, I'm not scoldin', dearie," he added in a gentler tone. "Onct I felt th' same es ye do erbout this snug harbor. I was thet crazy ter see yer boasted 'wonderland' I run erway ter N'York an' signed with th' fust ship thet needed a cabin boy." A reminiscent gleam brightened the speaker's faded blue eyes. "She was a clipper, bar none, an' I got my fill o' adventure; but will ye believe me now, Miss Betty, it wusn't er bit like I'd pictured it?" The kindly old voice ended in a chuckle. "Ev'ry bloomin' air castle went up in smoke at th' fust port o' call, an' by th' time th' old ship tacked fer home th' last o' my store o' day dreams hed gone by th' board."

They had been walking along the wind-swept beach. Now they turned into the lane leading to Betty's humble home.

As he opened the creaking gate the cap'n said: "Jist let th' old anchor hold ye a while longer, dearie. Yer ship is due soon—I feel it in my weather bones. No, I won't lay to fer mess, but tell yer gran'dad ter keep the forecas'le light burnin'."

Betty watched the sturdy old figure out of sight ere she entered the weather-beaten cottage. As she passed the living room door she called a cheery greeting to her grandfather. Her steps lagged as she entered the kitchen. Then, recalling the cap'n's parting words, she blithely set about preparing the simple evening meal.

Such was the influence of the genial mariner's optimistic spirit. It had always been so, from the day he told the wide-eyed child, her idolized father would never come back from the "Banks."

The same sad day saw the birth of a series of wonderful sea yarns, more fascinating than any fairy tale. Spun to lighten the child's grief they made an unexpected and lasting impression. Some eight years later, Betty, on the threshold of beautiful womanhood, announced she had decided to become a writer and would specialize in Cap'n Andy's sea stories.

With the payment check for her first story, Betty bought a warm sweater for her ailing grandparent and a "high liner" cargo for Cap'n Andy's pipe. Her own young heart craved roses, but her practical eye selected a hardy geranium.

Betty's glance turned now to that beloved plant—"Meow—meow-ow!" Through the open window shot a small furry object, which like an ebony streak, disappeared cellarward.

"Why, Tommy Black what's the matter!"

What, indeed? The distant rumble which preceded the kitten's hasty entrance, became a roar, with a drumming accompaniment Betty had never heard with thunder.

She approached the window with bated breath. A sharp cry escaped her, as she beheld a huge flying monster cleaving the mist. Even as she looked, the great man-bird dove sideways then down to a shuddering stop in the wet sands.

Heedless of wind and rain, Betty sped from the house.

To the helmeted and begoggled pilot who struggled from the wrecked machine she seemed a veritable water sprite. As he removed his goggles Betty saw a thin stream of crimson oozing from his temple.

"It's nothing," he said with a crooked smile. "Just bumped an upright when the old girl smashed. Now, if there's a telephone station anywhere in this neck of sand—I'd like to call the nearest naval station—"

"Come to the house and Cap'n Andy will send your message from the post office." Her strong young arms guided him across the uneven sands to the welcome ease of her grandfather's sleepy hollow chair. Then, with cool, deft fingers she bandaged the ugly cut. All the while her heart beat with a new rhythmic joy that almost frightened her.

She did not realize what a pretty picture she made in her simple gingham dress—her sole ornament a quaint shell necklace fashioned by Cap'n Andy. The young airman's keen eyes also noted the carefully tended geranium and he secretly vowed to wear that particular flower on his next flight. Would it not prove a sacred talisman if accompanied by the fair donor's prayers?

He was interrupted in his romantic musings by the entrance of Cap'n Andy. The gravity with which the bluff old mariner received his instructions was belied by the twinkle in his eye.

And as he trudged through the mud to the postoffice his thoughts kept pace with his steps. "The little girl's ship hes come in—yes I knowed it would, but——" with an audible chuckle. "I'll be shanghaied if I ever thought it would come by air!"

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CATCH INSECTS BY SUCTION

Method of Snaring Vineyard Pest Is Being Used in State of California.

Some of the worst enemies of the crops are moths. As moths, they are harmless, but the caterpillars hatched from their eggs are wholesale destroyers.

Every housewife is lamentably familiar with the disgusting worm so commonly found in the ears of sweet corn that she buys for her table. Few ears seem to escape its attack, while many are half devoured.

This filthy creature is the offspring of a moth that flies only in the night time, says the Kansas City Star. Often present in countless numbers in the cornfields, it flits about, laying its eggs one here and another there, on the silks of the corn. The caterpillars, as soon as hatched, find their way to the growing ears, creep into them, and begin to devour the grain.

Various schemes have been tried for trapping the moths. Pans of sweetened water poisoned with cyanide of potassium have been scattered about in the field, to attract them. Lamps, to draw them have been hung over receptacles containing kerosene, so that the fumes might suffocate them.

These and other contrivances have captured many moths; but, for some unexplained reason nearly all of them were males. So what was the use?

The "browntail" caterpillar for some years has been causing a great deal of trouble in Massachusetts, chiefly by scattering its poisonous hairs, which float about in the air, get into people's clothing and engender a horrid rash. Persons have been made very sick by them and one man died.

In this case, likewise, the parent moths are night fliers, and efforts have been made to trap them by hanging arc lights over vessels of kerosene. Here again, however, those captured were nearly all males.

The worst enemy of the grape growers in California is a minute insect called the "thunder fly," because it appears in greatest numbers in hot and sultry weather when thunderstorms are frequent. A man out there has invented a suction apparatus, with a ten-horse power blower, that is placed on wheels and driven through the vineyards, harvesting the pests from the vines as it goes along. It is said to work very successfully.

An even more remarkable contrivance is used in Germany to capture wholesale the "nuhnmoths" that devastate the forests. It is provided with two powerful searchlights that draw the moths from miles away (the apparatus being placed on top of a building), and they are further attracted by a pair of arc lamps on either side of a suction ventilator. An electric motor causes the fans of the ventilator to revolve rapidly, thereby producing an intake of air that swallows every moth approaching within a few feet. Through the ventilator they pass into a wire net cage. A single machine of this kind has been known to catch 100 pounds of moths a night.

War Junk Made Useful.

The sale by the war department of more than $236,000,000 worth of surplus material at a price representing about 88 per cent of the original cost shows remarkable public economy. It is easy enough to buy war supplies but a decidedly different matter to dispose of them advantageously under peace conditions. As it is, unused munitions of a certain kind must necessarily represent a total waste, but copper and brass material, chemicals, oil, lumber, commissary supplies, etc., remain merchantable, and mean a substantial reduction of the country's enormous war bill.

The sale of hand grenades for conversion into dime savings banks illustrates the curious uses to which put. The millions of brass cartridge cases may meet some demand as art novelties. The news that a steamship has brought a cargo of German helmets to Wales for fabrication into knives forks and spoons reveals the infinite possibilities of transferring the junk of war into the utensils of peace.

Never before has war provided such opportunities for beating swords into ploughshares. The most destructive of all wars may in fact have the opposite distinction also of furnishing more material than any other for reclamation and conversion into objects of use and sentiment.—New York World.

An Abuse.

Cornelius Vanderbilt said at a dinner party in Newport:

"A number of Fifth avenue firms have ceased to give free samples of dress materials to their lady patrons.

"It appears," Mr. Vanderbilt added, "that certain ultra fashionable lady patrons would secure a free sample of dress material and make an evening gown of it."

Animals Slaughtered.

It is estimated by competent authorities that 30 per cent of the leather furnishing animals of Italy have been slaughtered for food purposes during the war. Some years are necessary to recoup these losses.

Does the Next Best Thing.

"What do you do when you want to pull your husband's hair? He is as bald as an egg."

"He hasn't shed either of his ears yet, has he?"

Explained by Father.

Mother—I wonder why a growing girl is so hard to manage?

Father—Well, naturally, as long as she is a girl her deeds are all miss-doings.

The Scrap Book

ANYWAY, HE HAD EXERCISE

Time Not Altogether Lost if Stout Gentleman Would Look on Matter Philosophically.

Flushed and breathless, the bloom of sport upon his cheek, the panting, bald-pated old gentleman picked up the hat he had been chasing down the street, and then leaned up against a lamp-post to gain breath.

It had been a desperate chase, but, thank goodness, he had his hat at last! Phew!

Another, also breathing heavily, came pounding up, and snatched the headgear out of his hand.

"Much obliged!" gasped the newcomer.

"For what?"

"This is my hat."

"Your hat?" gasped the erstwhile chaser. "Then where is mine?"

"Behind you," replied the other, "at the end of a string."

And then, for the first time, the old gentleman remembered the hat-guard his winsome wife had made him wear.

DINE AMONG THE BRANCHES

Visitors to Paris May Have Novel Experience, if They Care to Pay for It.

Americans seeking for novelties in the restaurant line may well take a hint from the enterprising Frenchmen who have built two tea houses high in the branches of a wide-spreading tree that is the center of the many attractions in a resort half an hour's ride from the city to Paris. The patrons of the resort reach these aerial dining rooms by a set of winding stairs, but the meals are served through the aid of baskets, which are raised from the ground with ropes and pulleys. In order to reassure the merrymakers in the tree-top that they would not suddenly come down to earth with a most decided thud, the proprietors have had the branches reinforced with sturdy props that assure sufficient support. During the war this resort village was deserted, but now it is resuming its former air of gayety, with music and dancing and plenty of merry-go-rounds. Paris also goes to the other extreme in cove restaurants.

PUBLISHER'S PLAINT.

"It was just as well," said the magazine man, "my editor had to stop drinking."

"Did the flagon ever hurt him?"

"Perhaps not, but—"

"Well?"

"When he got to drinking he would accept poetry in large quantities."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strange Condition.

"In scanning our exchanges a peculiar condition of affairs is revealed to us," admitted the able editor of the Grudge Gazette. "It appears that, while in no town where a paper is published are there any profiteers, all the towns from whence other papers emanate are literally crawling with them. Although the merchants in all the neighboring hamlets are gouging and skinning and hogging mercilessly and to the uttermost penny, here at home, wherever it may be, the dealers are merely conservative or progressive business men. In short, in the eyes of the country editor, his own advertisers are never scamps and rascals but always prominent, influential and angelic. And to be perfectly candid about it, that condition obtains here in Grudge. Country editors are not absolutely obliged to live, but they kinda like to while they are at it."—Kansas City Star.

Farms Are Electrified.

An innovation in Mississippi farm life is occurring in Pike county in the way of lighting farm houses and buildings by electricity. Several farmers from other parts of the country have purchased farms and moved to Pike county during the past few weeks.

These people are now contracting with the city of West Point for electricity on a 20-mile circuit running east and north, and after this circuit is erected they will have city advantages. This is truly an innovation for Mississippi, if not for the south, to have an entire farming section electrically lighted and entirely linked with macadam roads.

Freedom for Women.

In no countries have the barriers which have hedged women in been broken down to a larger extent by the war than in Mohammedan countries. The women in Algiers took charge of the estates of their husbands, who had gone to fight, or who, in many cases, had gone to France to work in munition plants and factories for higher wages than those they could command at home. The women seem to have used their new independence well. They subscribed heavily to the government loans.

THE SINFULNESS OF MAN.

We are sifting out the sinfulness that marred our olden creeds,
From the vineyards where we labor we are thinning out the weeds.
We are building for the future to a nobler, better plan,
For the world has caught the vision of the sinfulness of man.
We have put the past behind us, as the sturdy pioneers
Saw within the tangled forest all the glory of the years.
So we face our trials calmly, for beyond them we can see
The greater goals of freedom and the world that is to be.
These are days of self-denial; these are times for sacrifice,
It is freedom we are gaining and each one must pay the price
We are drawing close together with a common end in view,
For the greater joys we dream of we've a common task to do
We are sifting out the sinfulness that marred us in the past,
For the light of truth is shining through the clouds of doubt at last;
We are building for the future to a larger, better plan,
For all eyes have caught the vision of the sinfulness of man.

—Charles Davis, Sing Sing, 63.809

ALMOST AS GOOD AS EYES

Mechanical Device Invented by Seattle Man Truly a Wonderful Boon to the Blind.

When a Seattle young man of twenty-six met with an accident in 1916 which resulted in the loss of his eyesight, he immediately set to work to try to evolve a mechanical device which would be, as nearly as possible a substitute for eyes. After almost two years of patient effort he has perfected an instrument which enables him to get about without the use of a cane, and the device has possibilities for use in navigation on land, on the sea or in the air.

The invention, which is called a direction indicator, is described by Popular Mechanics magazine, as a specially constructed compass, two buzzers, right and left, and two dry cell batteries, and is attached to the belt by clips. The compass has an adjustable cap, which is turned as desired. A notch indicates north. Two pins are suspended from the cap or cover, and this is mounted over the needle of the compass when it is set. If the wearer deviates from his set course, the compass needle comes in contact with the pin on the opposite side, closing a circuit, and the buzzer on that side sounds a warning.

How the Mechanical Eyes Are Worn by a Blind Man.

The compass can be set for any direction and can be changed when desired. Plans to apply the device to boats and aircraft are being developed. In this case, instead of sounding an alarm when the craft veered from its course, the indicator would close a contact which would throw over a rudder, thus automatically steering the vessel in a straight course.

Bismarck Liked City's Noise.

Bismarck would have had little sympathy with the present crusade against the sounding of motor horns when most people are in bed, for he found that noise enhanced the value of a night's rest.

In his old age he confided to an interviewer that he could "never sleep in Berlin at night when it is quiet, but as soon as the noise begins about four o'clock in the morning I can sleep a little and get my [illegible] the day."

Pepys also found comfort in nocturnal noises. "I still remember," he records on September 23, 1661, when staying at Welling, "that of all the nights that I ever slept in my life I never did pass a night with more epicurism for sleep; there being now and then a noise of people that waked me, and then it was a very rainy night, and then I was a little weary, that what between waking and then sleeping again, one after another, I never had so much content in all my life."

Morgan's Gift to England.

The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's beautiful old stained glass, which has been deposited in the Victoria and Albert museum, has been presented by his son to that institution as a national gift. The French glass of the thirteenth century (four panels) is particularly fine, though the remainder, which is of the German and Swiss schools, is all of great value and beauty.

Joy Riding Preferred.

A youth was being scored by his father for his flighty notions, his habit of shirking and general unreliability. "Hard work never killed anybody," the old man added.

"That's just the trouble, dad," returned the youngster. "I want to engage in something that has a spice of danger to it."—Boston Transcript.

WAR TOOK GOLD FROM PUBLIC

And Since 1915 the Production of the Metal Has Been Decreasing Steadily.

The world situation of gold has been the subject of much discussion and speculation. The war has caused the accumulation of gold in state banks and treasuries, and taken it away from private banks and the public. The holdings of state banks and treasuries have increased since 1913 from about 63 per cent of the total stock to about 85 per cent. This has been compensated for by the issuing of paper money, and in some countries the paper issue has been so far in excess of the gold supply that a serious problem has resulted, remarks Scientific American.

In 1914 the United States reported to have had $1,871,611,723 in gold and $753,563,709 in silver, and in 1919 $3,092,037,690 in gold and $552,685,692 in silver, an increase of 65 per cent in gold.

The production of gold has been steadily decreasing since 1915, when the highest point was reached. In that year the world's production of gold was $468,724,918, of which the United States produced $101,035,700, South Africa about $188,000,000, and Australia about $50,000,000. In 1918 the world production was $377,300,000, of which the United States contributed $68,493,500, South Africa $71,600,000 and Australia $26,700,000.

Recently the restriction on gold has been removed by the United States, and a decided movement has taken place. England has not yet raised the embargo on gold, because of the fear of depleting her gold supply, which it is necessary to maintain at all costs. Remedial measures suggested have included raising the bank rate to check exports and increase imports of gold. These measures, it is asserted, would check the production of nonessential commodities and the tendency toward speculation which a low money rate encourages.

Australia has placed the exportation of gold in the hands of a gold producers' association, and they are permitted to sell their gold for three months and thereby may procure a premium over the standard price. This move was apparently a relief measure calculated to offset the increasing price of producing gold.

There is nothing suggestive of a gold embargo in Germany. On the contrary the country has begun to send gold to the United States to pay for foodstuffs and raw material, which latter she is sadly in need of. Germany has cleverly maneuvered her gold resources, which France expected would become part of the indemnity.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Talent is one thing; tact is everything

How eloquent is the silent lady on a silver dollar.

The girl who looks good isn't necessarily good looking.

Once in a while an actress makes good for her press agent.

Some people make a specialty of believing the impossible.

There is always hope for a man until he loses his self-respect.

The age of romance for a woman is anywhere between six and sixty-five.

People who are always behind time should be fed on tomato catchup.

It is easy for a man to manage his wife. All he has to do is to follow her instructions.

Almost every man has the mistaken idea that he is essential to the workings of the universe.

As a strengthening tonic for love that has become weak there is nothing better than a little indifference

It's an easy matter to furnish entertainment for your neighbors; all you have to do is to make a fool of yourself.

The man who borrows may not be able to wear better clothes than the man who lends—but he usually does, just the same.

Perfectly Natural.

A schoolboy listened calmly to a lecture on "Nero." The lecturer recounted all Nero's debaucheries, cruelties and crimes. Then, afterward, he asked the boy:

"Well, boy, what do you think of him?"

The boy squirmed in his seat, but made no reply.

"Come," said the teacher, "Speak up. What do you think of Nero? Was he a good man? Would you care to introduce your sister to such a man? Would you like to know him?"

The boy squirmed again; then he whined:

"Well, Nero never done nothin' to me."

Need Plows.

Asia Minor offers unusual opportunities for the introduction of agricultural implements, as large tracts await the plow. Great Britain already has an agent there.

Distinction.

Parson—I'm surprised, boys, to see you in swimming on Sunday. Didn't you promise you wouldn't?

Jimmy—Yes, sir, but we ain't swimmin', we're only bathin'.

GIGANTIC ARMY ENTERS PROTEST

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES TO WAR ON COMPULSORY HEALTH INSURANCE.

700,000 MEMBERS DEMUR.

President Scott of New York Fraternal Congress Says Davenport-Donohue Bill Can't Stand Light of Knowledge.

To fight compulsory health insurance of the Davenport-Donohue brand representatives of every important fraternal society in the State met at Syracuse three days ago and, not only did they tear the claims of the introducer of this bill to tatters but they pledged a total membership of 656,000 to fight the measure to its defeat at Albany.

Branded by more than a score of speakers as socialistic, un-American, unpatriotic, politically corrupt, enormously expensive, German-made and fundamentally unsound, the so-called Compulsory Health Insurance measure underwent an analysis that revealed its weaknesses to such extent that President George Scott of the New York Fraternal Congress promised the bill's certain defeat.

"You know now why it deserves defeat," he said. "It can't stand the light of understanding. Let in the light and it will die of its own sins. I want every member to get all information and I wish every member would enroll with the New York League for Americanism and aid it in its fight on this measure

aid it in its fight on this measure"

That request immediately raised the New York League from a comparatively small organization to an army of over 650,000, for the societies represented will enroll their memberships, contribute funds, send out literature and enrolling blanks and expose the measure constantly in 73 fraternal magazines and newspapers having a combined circulation of nearly 3,500,000

H. C. Wiggins, general counsel of the Royal Arcanum, read the Davenport bill and pointed out its constitutional and economic weaknesses and branded it as "the most iniquitous piece of legislation that had ever forced an introduction at Albany"

Among the societies represented at the conference were the Royal Arcanum, the Maccabees, St. John the Baptist society in America, Polish National Alliance, Fraternal Mystic Circle, Order of Ben Hur, the Foresters, Empire State Degree of Honor, Unity Insurance society, C. M. B. A., Yeomen, Order of the Golden Seal, and a dozen others.

Some of the points made against the measure excited powerful protests Here are some:

It's passage would destroy every fraternal insurance society in the state because members would be unable to carry a double burden. It's actions bankrupted every fraternal insurance society in Great Britain and the members lost, the millions they had paid in.

It is really the opening wedge to a socialistic plot to introduce invalidity and unemployment insurance and old age pensions.

All reputable doctors, druggists and nurses are against it because it would lower the standards of the medical profession, put the physicians under the orders of political leaders and practically rob workmen of the privilege of being treated by their own family doctor.

It would not decrease sickness nor improve health but it would force the strong and sturdy workers of the up state section to pay for the care of the weak sweatshop and slum section workers of lower New York.

It would exempt from all aid the hardworking, thrifty farmers, but through the enormously increased state taxes it would put upon these farmers a heavy cost—really making them pay largely for insuring city workers

It would create a health board which would be under the orders of the state industrial commission and as the commission is appointed by the Governor this purely political board would have complete control of the entire Compulsory Health Insurance fund and the officials who would administer it.

It would cost from $125,000,000 to $145,000,000 annually to fulfill the provisions of the law and create thousands of new political jobs, thus building up a political machine which in the hands of an adroit and unscrupulous political boss would give greater power than any political boss ever held.

It has been proven by study of conditions in Germany where Bismarck first put compulsory health insurance in vogue that time lost through sickness by workmen has lengthened rather than shortened, that wages have not increased, that more workmen's families live in dark one or two room tenements in Berlin than in any city in the world and that the average pay of the German worker under compulsory health insurance is less than one-fourth that of American workers who, so far, have been able to escape this disguised burden.