

### What a Man Did

By WILL T. AMES

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This is a story out of life—out of the life that is lived; that has its tragedy as well as its sunshine; that comes to the happy ending or to the sorrowful one as the case may be, and not as the narrator wills. If it is not just the kind of story you would wish it to be search through ancestries, analyze prenatal influences and place the blame where it belongs. Do not blame me.

June Phillips was the daughter of her mother, and she of her mother; and the mother's mother the daughter of still another like mother. And down that line of motherhood had run a streak of lightsomeness, and the strain of eager willingness.

Easy, smiling, gay was June, beautiful with the beauty of great town eyes, dark lashes and hair with the glint of mellow sunlight in it. She was soft and warm and putting. Endowed at once with the lavish lure of womanhood and with the pink and creamy freshness of her scant seventeen years, she drove John Halliday half mad.

John was twenty-three and might have been ten years more than that by the settled, strong way of him. Instead of school he had chosen to take his education from an architect, after sixteen. Already he was a finished draughtsman and on his way to a place in his profession, under Holly, his watchful employer.

To June fluttering breathlessly on the margin of a never ending millennium of grown-up "good times," the attentions of the responsible, well-groomed young architect combined the virtues of a continual social triumph with limitless opportunity; for John delighted to take the girl about. A year of this and then, because John was insistent and the girl was the daughter of that particular race of mothers and possessed keen instinct for the easy road to easy circumstances, they were married.

Two years later John Halliday, knew, in the lottery that is marriage, what sort of prize he had drawn. What depth of stormy penitence hid beneath the winsome, putting, he could have told; but did not.

What greed for admiration, what impulse to dabble in the shadows along the shores of the sea of passion, what eternal restlessness and hunger for excitement lay behind the tawny eyes had been revealed to him in long months of disillusionment. But he was strong, and as patient as he was strong, and he bore with many things.

Then, coming home after a two weeks' business trip, he found her gone. She had left, the maid said, the day after his departure, only instructing the girl to remain and keep the house going till Mr. Halliday's return.

John maintained the home until his lease expired, then sold the effects to a new tenant and went to live at a hotel. There were no babies. "God, I thank you," said John, "for that."

When John Halliday was thirty-three his professional opportunity came. It took him to a great city and to a profitable partnership. Still young, enjoying reputation and established position, his earnings well in excess of his needs, life held much of promise for him.

Then it was that, walking home for exercise through a sparkling avenue in the orange sunshine of a late October afternoon, he met her—squarely face to face.

A single glance was sufficient to verify the conclusion John Halliday long ago had arrived at concerning his wife. Everything about her—in the character of her clothes, in the manner of her carriage, in the degree in which she had insulted with pigment the God-given splendor of her eyes and skin, in her carriage, in the way she held her head—was the mark of the woman who has traded herself for the thing she calls "life;" and who is satisfied with the transaction and has no regrets.

She was quite unabashed. "Hello, John," she remarked, easily and with her ever ready smile. "Have you come to life enough to visit the city? You're looking so prosperous!"

"So, if I may say so," replied John, "are you."

"Oh, I'm having a perfectly lovely time. There's no place like the big town, you know. You'll like it if you ever come here to live."

"I live here now."

"Really! Well, you might come and see me some time—if you'll telephone ahead. The name is Spencer—Miss Spencer; Selkirk apartments Fifty-first street. Now I must run, along—Good-by!"

With that she was gone; and John Halliday, unshaken, master of his own nerves, proceeded on his way. Unconvincing? Improbable? I think so myself. But, remember, I told you this was a story from real life.

It was a full week after this that John was walking home again, had almost reached his own street, when there was a commotion of fire apparatus and a crowd running toward where the whole front of an apartment house on the cross street was smoking smoke and curious black-red

the main entrance and John saw the name "Selkirk." Something leaped up his throat. Then at a window only a few floors up, John caught a glimpse of a face of the girl to whom, ten years ago, he had given all that a strong man can give—the whole of his heart.

There were ladders, of course, many of them, but there were many, many windows; the firemen were doing yeoman service, battling frantically and skillfully to save life—but there were so very many lives to save. There were ropes and a cordon of police.

Through these John Halliday tore and beat his way; into the burning building he struggled, leaving his coat in the hands of a detaining fireman. Past the useless, motionless elevators, through the blinding, stifling black smoke to the slippery stone stairs; up and up and up and up, gasping, tearing short intakes of air out of the solid smoke with whistling lungs; guessing with an architect's shrewd guess at the right door and hurling himself against it until it ripped from the hinges. John Halliday staggered across the room to where a film of belated daylight, shining wanly through the smudge, showed the window to be.

She was there; choking, gasping, her tawny eyes filled with such horror as only the eyes of such as she can know, the pigments making ghastly caricature of her white face.

It was a bad building, built in the bad days of jerry construction. Its vaulted fireproofing a grisly joke. It was going under them. The floor of the room was burning through. In a matter of seconds the end would come.

"June! June, dear! It is I, John. I have come to be with you June, at the end. You won't have to face it, girl, alone!"

And as he took her in his arms there was a great, awful rending sound—clouds of burning, brands rushed roaring out of the white holes where the windows had been, and out in the street the heart-sick multitude sobbed in the presence of a holocaust.

How could any one know what impulse took John Halliday to his wife's side there in the valley of the shadow? Again I must answer. This is a story of life. And I knew the man.

### CLIPPED LOCKS CALLED FOR

Present Day Emphatically No Time for Anything Approaching Effeminacy in the Male.

A British brigadier general and former Etonian was recently invited to visit his old school and inspect the officers' training camp that Institution maintains. The officer was delighted with the bearing of the 900 and more young officers of the future and praised them till their necks grew pink with suppressed pride, but—in concluding his remarks the general spotted it all by the direct of criticism—"Their hair was too long!"

It was wrong, he said, for a Briton to allow his hair to grow so long that he could not see to fight. General Corke—that was his name—then went into detail and said he had seen a number of the college boxers in sets of the previous evening and many of them appeared in the ring with long locks neatly plastered back from noble brows. After the first round, however, the spectacle was different, since the boys looked out as well as pos. But through a spoke barrage of jabs, stringy locks that cut off their own view but did not in the least hinder the enemy's attack. "Cut 'em short, boys!" was his injunction.

Regardless of peace assurances from the League of Nations, Britain is determined not to sink back into military unpreparedness, and if the general's criticism may be taken in a wider sense the entire island must keep its locks close trimmed and not again be blinded by vanity and self-satisfaction to what is going on in neighboring countries.

Long hair may be esthetic and may prove attractive to the opposite sex through contrast, since the ladies themselves are going in for short hair and self-determination, but the time for luxury and long male locks has not yet come, even if there has been a momentary let-down of masculine morale following the cessation of actual hostilities.

We have seen as yet no symptoms of longhairsdom among our own American youth, and trust we may not do so, especially since, although it is definitely over there, it is by no means done on this side of the Atlantic. The readjustment, unless all signs fall, is going to require quite as clear and close-cropped locks as did the conquest of the Hun.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that longhairsdom is emblematic of anarchy and bolshevism and of those visionaries who out of their fringed locks see society as through a glass, darkly. Therefore it is doubly necessary for our young manhood to give its eyesight free play, safe upon the one side from the sleek tresses of the effete and upon the other from the matted mane of the murder lovers.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Oyster Shell Roads. Two great oyster reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, one at Sabine, Tex., the other at the mouth of the Atchafalaya river on Point au Fer, La., are to be used for surfacing good roads. The reefs are valued at \$65,000,000. A Galveston man has been awarded a contract to remove 1,000,000 cubic feet of shells from the Point au Fer reef for use on the roads in that section of Louisiana.

## 2,000 LEADERS ENDORSE THRIFT

Leading Citizens Throughout New York and New Jersey Join Peace Offensive.

As a result of the eight regional meetings held during the past few weeks under the auspices of the Government Loan Organization more than two thousand prominent men and women in New York and New Jersey have agreed to take an active part in America's Peace Offensive. This intensive effort will put America on a sound economic and financial basis for peace-time enterprise.

The eight regional meetings were held at Albany, Syracuse, Utica, Binghamton, Buffalo, Rochester, Brooklyn and Newark, N. J. Each meeting was attended by the most representative citizens of the surrounding community, including bankers, business men, labor leaders, club women, foreign language group leaders, educators, religious leaders and prominent organization members. At each meeting the "work and save" movement was outlined by Mr. Channing Rudd, Comptroller, Government Loan Organization. An instant response was forthcoming, and resolutions urging thrift as the immediate and practical solution for our national reconstruction problems were unanimously adopted.

In addition to general resolutions, practically every citizen present at the conferences individually agreed to become Thrift Citizens and to practice thrift as a personal duty. As an indication of good faith these new Thrift Citizens immediately purchased Treasury Savings Certificates, the securities issued by the Government in connection with its systematic savings campaign. Treasury Savings Certificates are issued in denominations of \$100 and \$1,000, maturity value, and may be purchased during December for \$94.60 and \$946 respectively. To be a Thrift Citizen one is expected to purchase at least one of these securities. One of the most important things accomplished by the regional meetings was to obtain the co-operation of the banks in selling Certificates. Certificates may now be purchased at practically every bank and at post offices of the first and second class.

America's Peace Offensive is now launched, and the doctrine of "work and save" will be spread more and more broadly.

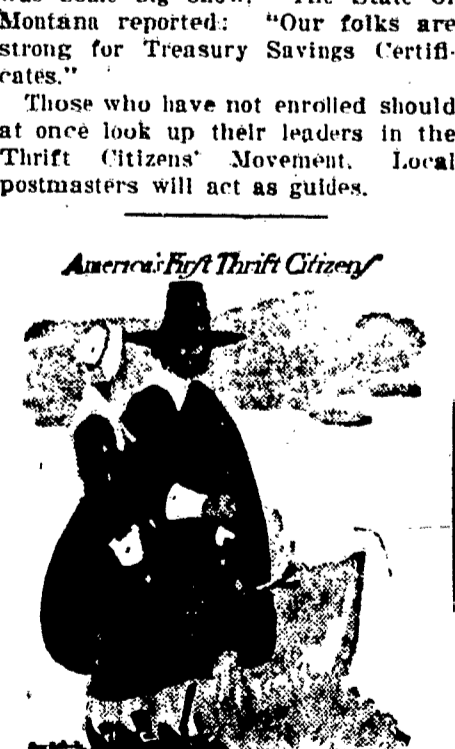
## ENTIRE NATION HEARS CALL FOR THRIFTY

The people of New York State and the twelve northern counties of New Jersey are not the only patriotic residents of the United States who are showing their loyalty this month by the purchase of Treasury Savings Certificates. It may be true that they seem to certain residents of other parts of the country as slow, but they always come in strong in the home stretch, certain of the oldest inhabitants declare.

War Department statistics prove this. And now, that America's Peace Offensive is launched, reports are piling up at the New York City office of the Government Loan Organization showing that intensive efforts by leaders in the Thrift Citizens' Movement are bringing out big enrollments.

Texas reported many days ago: "Nothing succeeds like success, and our round-up of patriotic purchasers was some big show." The State of Montana reported: "Our folks are strong for Treasury Savings Certificates."

Those who have not enrolled should at once look up their leaders in the Thrift Citizens' Movement. Local postmasters will act as guides.



BE A THRIFT CITIZEN - BUY TREASURY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

PHILOSOPHY AND THRIFT GO HAND-IN-HAND. Thrift must be made an integral part of the philosophy of every thinking man who believes in the future of his country, in the future of his children and himself.

## HAIR WIGGLES LIKE SNAKE

Strand From Horse's Tail Can Be Made Real Enough to Suit the Average Small Boy. John Burroughs in one of his "Notes on Nature" stated in substance that a hair from a horse's tail placed in water would not turn to a snake, and that if a snake appeared in the water it had not developed from the horse's hair.

Evidently Mr. Burroughs, when he was young, missed one of the common and interesting experiments of country boys. It's worth trying. A white china washbowl is desirable to make the test with, as the black hair will show plainly against the white background.

Have the one who takes care of a black-tailed horse pull or cut a hair from the tail. Fill the bowl with water. Rainwater it seems, we were told to use, but water from the city pipes may produce the same result.

Place the bowl in an unoccupied room. Put the horse hair in the water. In a few days the hair will wiggle around quite like a snake, but will not increase in size.

What causes the hair to move was a puzzle that was not solved. As the hair seemed lifelike, the experiment was considered a success and was not prolonged, which was well, as the final result probably would have been disappointing.

## OWNER PROUD OF GOLDFISH

Seventeen Years Old Is "Old Black Joe," and Does Almost Everything but Speak.

Old Black Joe is a goldfish. He's never been sick a day in 17 years. He is neither gray nor bald, and he can swim and nibble with the best of them.

This information was supplied by O. Gneiding, an exhibitor at the goldfish show at the Aquarium, New York. Gneiding owns Joe, and no father was ever more proud of his youthful prodigy than Gneiding is of Joe. Joe, according to its owner, does everything but speak, and he does the equivalent of that if you place yourself in sympathetic harmony with him if you know what that means.

But Joe was not the whole show. There were lion-headed fish, comet fish and telescope fish. Long lines of spectators surrounded the tanks. The exhibition was held under the auspices of the Aquarium society of New York to stimulate interest in the breeding of goldfish.

## PLOWMAN'S MONUMENT.

Exercises of an unusual nature were held at a recent picnic of the Cascade county (Mont.) farm bureau. It was the dedication of a monument to commemorate Robert Vaughn, who, in 1868, plowed the first furrow in the county. The monument, which is made of cobblestones and is about six feet high, contains a brass plate inscribed: "The first plowing in Cascade county was done by Robert Vaughn in 1868, in whose memory this monument was erected in 1919 by the Farm Bureau."

## SCRIPTURAL WARRANT.

Grampa—Chile, why you 'fuse ter marry Pompey? Ain' he a good steady boy?

Granddaughter—Ain' yer tell me yersef dat de Good Book say don' hab nuttin' ter do wid Poms an wanities of dis wicked worl'?

Grampa—Lawd, chile, dat wus re-furrin' ter fancy footwear.

IMPROVING. "So you really think your memory is improving under treatment. You remember things now, then?"

"Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember that I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it is."

## THE REVERSE HAPPENED.

"Been burglarized, eh? How about that camera you had set for just such an occasion?"

"Hang it all, instead of the camera taking the burglar the burglar took the camera."—Boston Evening Transcript.

## FAMILIAR WARNING.

"Mind the paint." "Little boys used to hear that frequently," remarked the grocery philosopher. "I wonder if big boys ever hear it now when trying to kiss a girl."

## MEMENTOES OF GREAT WAR

Interesting Collection Presented by Veteran to the Wisconsin State Historical Museum. One of the most interesting war collections presented to the University of Wisconsin library is that of Capt. Leigh P. Jerrard, '08, of the Sixty-seventh F. A. brigade, Rainbow division, and now on exhibition in the State Historical museum. The collection includes a large number of pictures taken from airplanes, valuable German, French and American military maps, a number of German war posters, German newspapers, American official records of artillery fire, French and German propaganda, and sketches of various salients.

Several copies of "America in Europe," a publication printed in English by a German publisher, show in what contempt the Germans held the American army and how they viewed their entrance into the war. One issue called their aid another crusade, and the men, "dollar-craders." One article said the Rainbow division had "melted down to a handful of crippled soldiers" and asserted also that this division had cut the throats of more than 100 German prisoners.

## USE FOR RIBBON DECORATIONS.

News from Vienna has it that the rapid decline and fall of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy has caused a slump on the ribbon market. Manufacturers of ribbons of the various orders of the former dual monarchy found themselves with large stocks left on their hands, until one enterprising merchant hit upon the idea of turning these gaudy bands into men's trouser suspenders.

And so the gilded youth of Vienna are wearing the ribbon of Maria Theresa of the Iron Crown or St. Stephen that way, according to individual fancy.

"Why not?" they say. "In England they have the ribbon of the garter. In our democratic country, we wear the ribbon of the suspender."

## FLYING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

South American republics are realizing the commercial possibilities of the airplane and the value of the types of the United States. Several of those countries are planning aerial service between the large cities, and the governments are considering military and naval aviation. Two American naval officers are already in Brazil as instructors in the science of flying, and the government has appropriated \$500,000 for aviation. The Chilean government has made plans for air lines. In Peru an army aviation school has been started.

## GARBAGE YIELDS PERFUME.

While France has had the highest reputation in cosmetics and perfumes, Germany was cutting deeply into her trade before the war. The skill of the German scientist is exemplified by one illustration given. That is, from the garbage of Berlin alone the German chemists recovered essential oils each year of a value of 5,000,000 marks. These oils were used as the base of many perfumes.

## THE CATBIRD.

I hardly know whether I am more pleased or annoyed by the catbird. Perhaps she is a little too common, and her part in the general chorus a little too conspicuous. If you are listening for the note of another bird, she is sure to be prompted to the most loud and protracted singing, drowning all other sounds; if you sit quietly down to observe a favorite or study a newcomer, her curiosity knows no bounds, and you are scanned and ridiculed from every point of observation. Yet I would not miss her; I would only subordinate her a little, make her less conspicuous.—John Burroughs.

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The world has taken to rolling so rapidly of late that the most interesting things occur and are finished up and forgotten before we have time to observe and remember them. Great events flash by, like country stations seen from the last platform of an express train. Unless we stand ready, as the astronomers do, before an eclipse of the sun, we may find ourselves in a new epoch without having obtained even a kodak snapshot of the Day of Judgment.—John Jay Chapman.

## PEELING THE COST.

Kathryn—"What a lovely engagement ring! Your fiancé must be rich to afford so big a stone." Kitty—"Rather. You see, I was engaged to five men this season and I persuaded them to go in together on a syndicate ring. I hate a lot of little ones."

## FEMINE INTEREST.

What does your wife think of the special articles you are writing? Oh, she's very much interested—always asks me, as soon as I get home, if I have received the check yet.

## PRACTICAL VIEW.

"I know a politician who has a supreme contempt for the feminine ballot."

"He don't know his business. No politician can afford to despise any ballot that's counted."

## FUEL.

"Did you do anything toward assuring a fuel supply?"

"A little. We piled up enough documents to keep some deserving home warm for awhile."

## RARE.

"I collect only rare paintings."

"This one is very rare. First I've done, therefore the only painting from my brush in existence."