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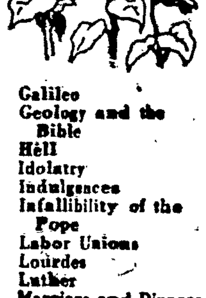

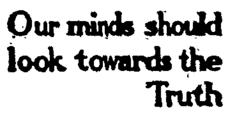

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## BEGINNING AGAIN

By MARY WINIFRED FORD.

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"But Tom, what's the use, she will only start all over again—it's getting unbearable," and Dick Hollister paced the room up and down as if uncertain what to do.

"Dick, she is only a mere child—she does it only to tease you, and you know she doesn't care a might about any of them," Tom added consolingly.

Tom Brewster was Dick's closest friend, and Tom knew only too well Dick's greatest fault, which was his jealousy over any attention shown Fifi Gray, his sweetheart from childhood.

Fifi was home for the holidays from boarding school, and Dick was home also for the holidays from college. The first few days were delightful ones for Dick and Fifi until Bob Merrill arrived. Barbara Merrill had met Fifi at a house party the year previous, and they had become good friends. Bob had been out West for five years and had just returned home—"Handsome Bob," as he was called by his most intimate friends. After securing an introduction to Fifi, Bob fairly monopolized her, and fully three days had gone by now and Dick had not even a glimpse of Fifi. He called at her home and was informed that "Miss Fifi," was out motoring with Mr. Bob, and pulling his cap far over his eyes and with his hands deep in his pockets, Dick would tear around the town looking for Bob and Fifi, and then suddenly would come upon them arm in arm laughing happily. Fifi looked so unconcerned when she saw him and smiled up at him so pleasantly, that Dick could only look at her and pass on without a word. Fifi could not understand for a moment; then remembering the old Dick whom she knew so well before they went away to school, she knew he was jealous of Bob Merrill's attentions, and Fifi decided to cure Dick's jealousy. So the following day when she was with Bob and Dick appeared, she passed him by without any recognition on her part whatever. The more Fifi thought of it, the more she wanted to tease Dick, so when she received a note from Dick asking her permission to act as her escort to Barbara Merrill's reception, to which they were both invited, Fifi declined with thanks, and added that Mr. Merrill was going to call for her.

"Tom, this is going the limit—I just can't stand it any longer; somehow or other I wish the two weeks were up and that I was back at college, plugging away, almost anything rather than watch that fellow take her away from me."

"Dick, don't be foolish and stay away from the reception—why don't you show Fifi that you don't care—why not make her jealous?

"That you, Fifi? Awfully sorry, little girl, but it will be impossible for me to come over in the car for you. I have to meet a friend at the station—not offended are you? Thanks," and Fifi could only stare at the telephone in a dazed sort of fashion.

"Whatever will I do; the idea of him disappointing me at the last moment—why didn't I let Dick call for me," and going to the telephone she called Dick.

"Yes, Dick, dear, I've decided that I don't want to go with Tom; in fact, I want you to call for me—will you?"

"Why—er—yes, if Mr. Merrill is not going to," and to Fifi, Dick's voice sounded very cold.

At the reception that evening poor Fifi had a miserable time of it with four conspirators around. Barbara fairly monopolized Dick and Dick looked like the devoted lover. Bob was all eyes and ears for his little sweetheart Nellie Lowe, and Tom played his part to perfection. Going to Fifi who looked so out of place alone, he said smilingly, "Well, Barbara and Dick certainly are having a wonderful evening—I don't know when I saw Dick so attentive to a young lady before, and look at our 'Handsome Bob'—oh, by the way, do you know they are going to announce the engagement tomorrow?"

At this point of the conversation Tom was called away, and Fifi was left to wonder whose engagement it was, Dick and Barbara's or Bob's, and feeling certain that no one saw her she stole out into the conservatory and sitting behind some palms the brown curly head dropped and the tears fell fast. And before she realized it, she was talking aloud: "To think my little playmate and sweetheart is mine no more," and the tears continued to fall. A heavy step sounded close by, but Fifi did not pay any attention to it, and presently a voice was saying, "No, dear little playmate, I'm still your Dick and what's more—"

"Why, Dick Hollister, the idea of you talking to me like that when Barbara and—oh, let me pass," but Dick stood in her way and taking the little hands in his he told her how Barbara, he, Tom and Bob had conspired in order to cure her of her flirtations and teasing him.

"Why—er—Dick, that's funny, and only a few days ago I decided I wanted to give you a lesson so that you would not be jealous of me any more, but—"

"But what, little girl?" asked Dick tenderly.

"Well, it's—it's kind of nice to have someone care, and I don't care if you are jealous, so there!" and Fifi tried to run away.

The waltz was playing and as the last note died, Dick whispered in Fifi's ear, "Yes, little girl, we'll begin all over again."

### Bees Show Marvelous Exactitude.

Maraldi, a famous mathematician, in the early part of the eighteenth century, found that the bottoms of the cells in a glass hive of his own invention were hexagonal and were formed of three lozenge shaped plates. Measuring the angles of these lozenges he found that the greater angles were 109 degrees 28 minutes and the lesser ones 70 degrees 32 minutes. Reaumur, the naturalist, suspecting that such precision on the part of the bee had relation to the desire for economy in the use of the precious wax, propounded the following problem to Konig, a noted geometrician: "What should be the angles of a hexagonal cell with a pyramidal bottom formed of three similar and equal rhomboid plates, so that the least matter possible might enter into its construction?" Konig, who knew nothing of Maraldi's measurements, employed the infinitesimal calculus and found that the great angles of the rhombs should be 109 degrees 26 minutes and the smaller angles 70 degrees 34 minutes.

### Ice in the Tropics.

In Mexico, when the trains stop at the little stations, the natives frequently come up and offer ice cream for sale. Passengers naturally wonder how they got the ice to make it. The natives appear too poor to buy it, even if there were any there, which there isn't. They learn on inquiry that the makers take the leaf of the cactus plant, which may be a foot and a half or two feet long and hollowed out in form, and fill it with water. These, at night, they suspend well up in the air. In the morning the water has become ice. Then they put the layers together and make a bulk of it. A chemist on one of the trains explained that in the dry atmosphere the rapid evaporation caused the water to freeze, on the same principle that people in hot climates suspend water in jars to cool it.

### History.

The stories of Alexander and Caesar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one whit to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales.—John Locke.

### Always Important Number.

The number Forty has figured much in law. The old law in England gave a widow forty days' undisturbed occupancy of her husband's estate after his death, before any legal action could be taken for other disposition of it. A stranger was entitled to remain forty days in any parish before he could be required to tell who he was, where he came from and whither he was going, or to decide whether he would become a permanent resident. Members of parliament were exempted from arrest for any cause for 40 days before and 40 days after the meeting of parliament. Forty days was the period of quarantine for communicable disease.

### The Tarantula.

The scientific name of that American spider called the tarantula is cteniza Californica, and it is one of the trap-door spiders. It is common in New Mexico, Arizona and California. According to Kingsley this spider digs its hole in a fine soil which when dry is nearly as hard as brick. These spider holes are sometimes nearly an inch in diameter and vary in depth from two to three inches to nearly a foot. The mouth of the hole is enlarged and then closed by a thick cover which fits it tightly. That cover fits into the mouth of the hole very much as a cork does in the neck of a bottle.

### Theophile Gautier.

Gautier was a great genius in his own way, and for 40 years was one of the interesting and conspicuous figures of the literary world. His particular claim to fame lies in his unique gifts as a poet, represented by his masterpiece, "Emaux et Camees," a small collection of poems distinguished by their daintiness. "I am one for whom the visible world exists," is one of Gautier's celebrated sayings, and he treated his soulless images employed with a vocabulary famed for its rich resources, and a style remarkable for its faultlessness. He died October 23, 1872.

### Easy Ethics.

Clerk—"Why is it that I am so exhausted when night comes, do you suppose?" The Boss—"Well, if you would spend just half the energy in correcting your own faults that you spend in trying to invent ways to make others appear responsible for them, you might be much less weary when night came, and so would everybody else."

### A Real Treat.

Mrs. Tunsmith—Miss Filmstar's husband is so devoted. He spends all his time looking at photoplays that she appears in. Her Husband—That's no devotion. Any man would enjoy seeing his wife busy and silent at the same time.

## PANSY BLOSSOM

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It is the pansy blossom," the young Japanese said, "and if you were of Japan, that should be your name—Pansy Blossom; because of the purple of your eyes, and the thoughts you bring."

Vickie smiled. She sat looking down at the water color sketch which the Japanese had placed in her hand.

"You are poetical, Kato," she replied, "and an artist, too. I like your pansy blossom, and I like your pretty way of naming women." Vickie sighed. "Everything here is beautiful enough to inspire one to poetry and art, Kato, can you imagine a lovelier spot? The sea sparkling before us in the sunshine, and the tall background of trees, before the hotel. One ought to be happy here, Kato." The girl moved her pretty hand impatiently.

"One would be if—" she laughed shakingly, "if some one were not always taking the joy out of life."

"Some one?" questioned the Japanese softly, raising his brows. Vickie drew nearer.

"I just have to tell you," she said. "It will be such a comfort to confide, and you are a sphinx, Kato; wild horses couldn't draw a confidence from you."

The youth bowed gravely.

"At your service, Pansy Blossom," he assured her.

"Mother's apparent purpose in bringing me here," said Vickie, "was that I might enjoy the pleasure with her of a seaside resort. The real underlying reason was to break off an attachment which she had discovered between myself and Bruce Masters. Mother has other plans in view for her debutante daughter, than being the wife of honest Bruce Masters. Bruce is not rich, you see, Kato, also he has still his profession to fight for. But he loves me, and I—"

The girl gazed out to sea, a tender smile curving her lips.

"I love Bruce," she ended softly.

"And this Bruce whom you love is worthy?" Kato asked. She nodded vehemently.

"There's a wealthy banker in the offing," she explained, "upon whom mother has set her ambitious heart. She can't make me marry him, Kato, but she can prevent me from seeing Bruce. I'm sure I don't know how it's all going to end. You must see, how—slight I'm growing, Kato—no appetite at all. And if it were not for your wonderful musical performance at the theater each afternoon, I really don't know what I should do. You help me to pass the time, too. You're very interesting, Kato. I'm so glad you are 'the fashion' at the hotel."

"You are sorrowful, disappointed," Kato went on; "may be some way I can help you."

"Dear Kato," Vickie said. "Please try."

He arose, assisting the girl with a courtly air.

Vickie slipped her hand through his proffered arm and the two went strolling together down the beach.

"My dear Mrs. Varden," an imposing looking woman upon the hotel veranda said, to a woman in an adjoining rocking chair, "are you not afraid to allow your charming daughter so much of that fascinating Jap's society? Young people have romantic ideas, you know, and the accomplished musician may be dangerously entertaining."

Vickie Varden's mother turned, suddenly startled; then she laughed.

"My daughter is not so easily fascinated," she replied. But the uncomfortable suggestion rankled.

That evening the mother felt called upon to drop a warning remark.

"Don't you think that you are being too good to that Japanese?" she drawled. "Surely there is nothing about him to so constantly amuse."

To her surprise the girl whirled about in indignation.

"Kato doesn't amuse me," she retorted. "I like him; he is my friend."

Speechless, the mother gazed after her daughter's wrathful departure. Then in anger, she followed swiftly as the girl passed out upon the hotel veranda and deliberately down to a dusky secluded corner. The mother's newly awakened fears were realized. The Japanese was already there, evidently awaiting her daughter's appearance. Mrs. Varden drew back against a jut of the wall, and shamelessly listened.

"Pansy Blossom," greeted the youth, "the hours are long when you are not here."

"I have been thinking," he continued, "that an elopement must be the solution. True love should not be denied. It grieves me to see you suffer, and I—"

Mrs. Varden's patience could stand no more.

"You dare," she burst out, "to plan an elopement with my daughter! You—"

But Vickie interposed.

"Mother," she reproached, "you would not let me marry Bruce."

"Rather a thousand times Bruce," cried Mrs. Varden, "than this presumptuous Oriental."

"Then," agreed Vickie with alacrity, "I will send for Bruce."

In the darkness Kato's hand reached out to touch the girl's.

"Mother needn't know that it was an elopement with Bruce which I suggested," he said. "Me, Pansy [illegible] I'm your friend."

[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
Dicky [illegible]
Carrion-cold [illegible]

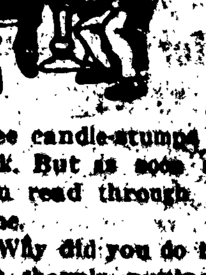
Look at his [illegible]
Surely a hint [illegible]
Now he's finished [illegible]
Doesn't it seem [illegible]
Look from the window [illegible]
Was to be his [illegible]
Forest and [illegible]
And he goes and [illegible]

Chucks it away [illegible]
Somebody saw [illegible]
Part of him mud, [illegible]
The rest of him [illegible]
And yet I'll bet he [illegible]
And he went as the [illegible]
For his hand was clenched [illegible] blade,
And his face was turned [illegible]
And I called him a [illegible] was I!
And the cup of my grief [illegible]
—London [illegible]

## HARD TO BEAT FOR [illegible]

Idea of Young Pennsylvania [illegible] the Record Along [illegible] Real Economy.

When the old miser, whose [illegible] was Skinflint, called upon [illegible]



[illegible] three candle-stumps and a [illegible] wick. But as soon as the [illegible] been read through he blew [illegible] flame.

"Why did you do that?" asked [illegible] flint, sharply, putting one hand [illegible] watch and the other in the [illegible] where he kept his loose change.

"Can't we talk just as well [illegible] dark?" replied his host. "And [illegible] how it saves the candle!"

They talked on. But [illegible] host noticed strange [illegible] from his guest's chair.

"What are you doing there?" [illegible] asked, suspiciously.

"Why," replied the other, [illegible] and nobody can see me, so I [illegible] I'd take off my coat and [illegible] save the wear and tear."

### Electric Carpet Washer.

With a new [illegible] carpet washer, just [illegible] are not taken up [illegible] here, but are [illegible] washed and, it is said, [illegible] use within two hours [illegible] as the rug or carpet [illegible] "sudsy" cleaning compound [illegible] down to the bottom of the [illegible] by, it is claimed, cleaning [illegible] thoroughly and taking out all the [illegible] or grit. Two brushes, made of [illegible] yielding rubber, are oscillated [illegible] electric motor [illegible] thus, the maker declares, [illegible] the scrubbing motion of the [illegible] hand.

### American [illegible]

American headquarters [illegible] tinople is located [illegible] Eleanor Franklin [illegible] Saturday Evening Post. [illegible] embassy at [illegible] And of course everybody [illegible] have become [illegible] for us to [illegible] anywhere that we have [illegible] it a great deal.

It and our old [illegible] dewed firetrap in Tokyo are [illegible] embassies we have [illegible] I know of. In [illegible] British embassy and the [illegible] the German and a good many [illegible] it is a poor thing, but it is [illegible]

### Queer [illegible]

An unusual and curious [illegible] tion of the familiar [illegible] caused by a layer of [illegible] reported from the [illegible] where the Pacific [illegible] tening cement. At [illegible] recent night the [illegible] mobile were seen [illegible] tant hilltop, and [illegible] er pair of lights [illegible] bright, seemed [illegible] more distant [illegible] took the nearer [illegible] them, and an instant [illegible] car passed the [illegible] Mechanics Magazine.

### Cost of [illegible]

Next to the [illegible] principal [illegible] ly that of coal [illegible] able in the [illegible] quality of coal [illegible] land is better [illegible] tion. Before [illegible] to open [illegible] the work was [illegible]

### And Then [illegible]

"I don't [illegible] in the [illegible] Register.

[illegible]

"Of course [illegible]
[illegible]