HER MISTAKE

By IRENE E. HAYES.

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Alicia and Caroline were quarreling about a man. It was ever thus when there were newcomers—male ones—in Silverwaters. As for the men, well, it depended on whom they saw first. It seemed as though Alicia were to be victor this time, since, as she maliciously told Caroline, Mr. Barton was to spend the coming week-end with her folks.

Alicia Grant was a statuesque blonde. She gave one the impression of being ever cool and unrumpled. Caroline was of the tawny type—red golden hair, Carmen complexion, temper and all. Betty Murray was their go-between in quarrels, besides an effective foil for their respective charms. From childhood it had been so. Betty's home, appropriately enough, separated those of her two friends, and like theirs, the lawn sloped to the river from which the town derived its name.

"I do wish I weren't so plain!" Betty wanted to compete in this particular affair. She had seen Mr. Keene Barton's picture, and for one solid week had listened to his praise as sung by Alicia. Heretofore the victims had never appealed to her as being real, worthwhile men. But now—why, Mr. Barton had just the right kind of wavy black hair, the ideal chin and nose!

Still there were possibilities. It was a dear little heart-shaped, rosy flushed face peeping at her from the mirror. The velvet blue eyes could look almost satanic and the nose was saucily tilted, the mouth deceitfully demure.

"There are no homely women in the world, only those who do not know how." That quotation inspired her. "I'm going to the city."

Having no family to say her no, only a grandparent who always said yes—she did go. If I should enumerate the things she bought you might get the impression that she was going to partake in some theatricals.

No sooner had she returned than Alicia phoned. For a moment her plans seemed all for naught.

"News, Bets, dear. Dad has sent word that Mr. Barton will arrive tonight instead of tomorrow! His things are here now."

"May I come over and size him up by his trunks?" Betty's voice sounded gay over the wire."

And another inspiration came to her during the examination of the stranger's luggage.

"Oh, Liccy dear, lend me your new bag; mine is too shabby to take with me when I go to cousin Sue's." The bag was brought and Alicia thanked.

"And now I'll be going. I hope Mr. Barton will prove the man his trunk indicates." With this enigmatic remark she was gone.

Living alone with only a grandparent has its compensations, especially when one wants to be alone.

"Grampie, dear, let me fix you a nice something and tuck you up for a sleep." "Grampie" fell into the trap neatly.

You'd think she was expecting some intimate caller to see her preen when once alone in her room. She donned the flimsiest of negligees—the kind they wear only in the movies—all ribbons and lace and rosettes. Moreover, she used one of her recent purchases—an eyebrow pencil.

It was perhaps 10 o'clock when the door bell rang. Betty received the unexpected caller, who, when he could, apologized.

"I'm awfully sorry to intrude—but—" It transpired then that Betty had taken his bag by mistake.

"What a lot of trouble I've caused you." She was blushing most charmingly. He was watching a little curl try to kiss a dimple near the moist red lips. Ah! the attempt had been successful. Betty brushed the audacious thing away.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your beauty sleep."

"Oh, beauty sleep! Early morning dips in the river are so much more beneficial. Don't you think so?" The dimples winked.

Keen Barton evidently thought so. At any rate, he was "Johnny-on-the-spot" next morning.

"Yes, I enjoyed my swim." In answer to Alicia's query at breakfast later.

"Fibber," he hadn't been in the water any longer than it took to swim to the Murray landing place. Alicia became uneasy—he wasn't responding to her smiles.

The reception that evening was a very brilliant occasion. Alicia wore an artistic black gown. Caroline—well, Caroline was a Cleopatra for gorgeousness.

"I wonder why Betty came in her grandfather's old barouche when the machine—Oh, look, Liccy, who's that with Mr. Barton?"

Could this pansy-eyed imp be Betty? This pink-clouded butterfly with the tantalizing dimples? Betty herself reassured them.

"Mr. Barton and I have met before." They exchanged smiles.

Wise little Betty to prefer the slow carriage to the more modern car. "The longest way round is ever the shortest way—"

"You see"—Betty finished her confession to Barton while he held the hand adorned by his ring—"I had to take a chance on your coming for the bag yourself."

"Not so much of a chance"—he kissed the flirtatious dimple—"I had seen a group picture of your two friends—and you."

LONG LOST ROMAN CARVING

Story of the Rediscovery of a Lost Treasure, Now in British Museum.

A remarkably beautiful specimen of Roman sepulchral carving has just been added to the British museum through the generosity of Ernest Dixon. The story of the rediscovery of this treasure is romantic. Mr. Dixon acquired it from a contractor in London, in whose yard it had been lying for some fifty years. He placed his purchase so as to form the central feature of a rock garden in Putney, but afterward struck by its unusual beauty, brought it to the notice of the British museum authorities, who identified it as a genuine and long lost antique, says the Boston Transcript. The sculpture is a marble relief, over five feet long by nearly two feet wide. It shows three draped busts set in a deeply recessed panel. It was a monument to Lucius Ampudius Philomusus, and the busts depict himself, his wife and his daughter. The relief is not a part of a sarcophagus, but is a slab built originally into the wall of a tomb. Its date is probably between B. C. 25 and A. D. 25.

The sculpture is first mentioned by Bianchini of Verona, who was copying Roman inscriptions between 1706 and 1715. It had been excavated probably about 1700, near the Porta Capena and was taken to the Villa Casali. Seen and noted on more than one occasion during the eighteenth century, the last copyist to mention it was George Zoëga, who was established at Rome between 1784 and 1809. After this the relief became lost to the world. It was perhaps shipped home by some traveling Englishman, who placed it in his house or garden in the St. John's wood region, and thence it found its way to the contractor's yard from which it has now been rescued.

FAVORED CLASS IN RUSSIA

Only Actresses Are Permitted by Government to Wear Shoes and Finery.

There is only one favored class in Russia today, according to a Paris correspondent. Strangely enough, this class is composed entirely of women. They are the theatrical stars and beauties. They alone are permitted the wearing of rich garments and the possession of jewels. The Russians have always been passionate lovers of the theater, and, even under the present regime they treat their stage favorites as so many reigning queens.

Incidentally, the actresses are the only women in Russia today who are permitted to wear shoes during warm weather. The peasant women of Russia always went barefoot during the summer months. Hence Russians regard bare feet as the distinguishing mark of the woman of the people. Any woman who affects to wear shoes in Russia nowadays, unless she be a favorite of the footlights, is regarded as a daughter of the despised "bourgeoisie." She is considered a fair target for insult and persecution. Even the wives of soviet dignitaries, such as Trotzky and Lenin, have been obliged to bow to popular sentiment. They may be seen any day in Moscow tripping through the streets barefoot.

The Firefly's Light.

Fame and fortune await the scientist who discovers the secret of the familiar firefly or lightning bug. No one has been able to tell how the little insect produces the flashes of light we see twinkling about on dark nights. Careful scientific tests have proven, however, that this light is produced with about one four-hundredths part of the energy which is expended in the flame of a candle. Considering the strength or rather feebleness of the firefly this light is believed to be the most efficient form of illumination today. If this method could be understood and put to work it is calculated that the energy exerted by a boy in driving a bicycle would be sufficient to run a powerful dynamo or light miles of street lamps. The light of the firefly is practically heatless and it is believed among scientists that the future of the lighting industry of the world depends upon the discovery of heatless light.—Boys' Life.

A la Carte.

After a trip from Gary to Michigan City over the roughest road I have ever seen, I felt the need of a good dinner.

I didn't see any place to eat, and so called out to a newsboy who stood near on the curbing, "Hey, there, do you know where I can get some good food?"

"Sure," he said, "follow me."

So saying, he hopped on to his bicycle and we followed. Where? To a hot dog wagon!

Fitting Revenge.

Wood—I understand some one stole your automobile?

Park—You are right.

"That's pretty low down, isn't it?"

"Yes. There's just one thing I wish."

"What's that?"

"I hope the thief keeps it as long as I did and he'll go flat broke."—Youngstown Telegram.

Love or Money.

"I intend to marry for love," said the girl with the dreamy eyes.

"You are wise, my dear," replied her dearest friend. "Men with money are often so hard to please."—London Answers.

THE DOLPHINS.

By CLARA C. HOLMES.

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"Oh, Mr. Campbell, see!" exclaimed Janet Ashmont, rising in her seat in the motorboat.

"Those monsters are called 'blackfish,'" he replied. "There is a big school and some of them are 10 feet long. I'm going ashore."

"Please, don't go—the fishermen aren't minding," remonstrated the fearless young woman.

"But the creatures are chasing us, Janet. See, one just leaped right out of the water! Suppose one jumps at us!"

Campbell put on speed and soon reached the boat moorings, some distance from the rock-bound shore.

Janet sat silent; she was disappointed, for she had been enjoying her boat ride.

Frank stopped and gazed up and around the sky. A black cloudbank hovered on the eastern horizon. Frank knotted the ropes securely and then adjusted a canvas covering. He was very methodical.

"My boat is dancing where I tied her myself before I was ill; I haven't a cover, either," ejaculated Janet, spitefuly.

"That is only a matter of judgment," Frank responded, assisting the girl into his rowboat. He was gentle, but not loverlike; but she was cross with him.

On the shore, delaying to push off his dory, Atwell Reynolds awaited them.

"Engine trouble, Campbell," he asked.

"No, black fish," frankly admitted Frank.

"Oh, ho!" scoffed Atwell. "Dolphins avoid motorboats."

"They are strange creatures to me, so I took no chances," retorted Frank.

"Miss Ashmont," smiled the suave Reynolds, "may I ask you to accompany me? The dolphins are sportful, and like to race at a safe distance."

"I'll go with you; the water is rough."

Frank sauntered toward an old fisherman repairing traps. He began to chat, but he was jealously watching the couple rowing away.

Since she had met Reynolds, three weeks before at this Cape Cod resort, Miss Ashmont had encouraged the new friend's advances, and had seemed annoyed because Frank was so unyielding.

"So ye're afeerd of black fish?" asked the old lobsterman, quizzically.

"I did not want to chance the lady's safety," explained Frank.

"Ye're safe in a motorboat; them fish ain't got no use for propellers."

The old man was a true weather prophet. Suddenly the wind turned northeast and rain fell. Frank hurried out and refastened Janet's motorboat. Atwell landed his passenger; but she was frightened and drenched.

All day the storm raged, and all night. Several in-bound boats came ashore. Atwell's launch was dashed to pieces upon the rocks. Mud-black waves rolled in, and, curling, spent their fury in a seething, angry foam.

Among the on-lookers upon the bank Janet stood worrying about her boat.

At length, when the wind abated, two hardy fishermen launched a rowboat.

"The fishermen will look after their property, and wisely leave us to do likewise," sagely suggested Frank Campbell. "Come, Reynolds," he continued deliberately, "you are the best boatman and swimmer here; it is up to you to assist me in saving our friends sinking boats."

"All the boats in this bay aren't worth two human lives," refused Reynolds.

Then a U. S. marine volunteered to accompany Frank.

With hearts beating anxiously, the people gathering saw the young men battling with the breakers. They watched them struggle from craft to craft and bail each one light. They cheered when the brave boatmen, drenched and chilled, reached the shore.

The next day Frank Campbell made a business trip to town. He was so deeply engrossed in business affairs for a week, indeed, that Janet hesitated to approach him. At last she met him alone in a grove path. His manner was formal, but she slipped her arm into his.

"I told father about the dolphins," she ventured, "and he admires your discretion. I got a scolding for going out with Mr. Reynolds."

"I'm sorry, Janet, you were scolded; I dare say I bored you enough with my logic."

"Your logic!" she repeated.

"Yes; in this I am a disciple of Colton: 'Deliberate with caution but act with decision.'"

After a pause she resumed, sweetly: "The girl you choose for your wife will be honored."

For the moment he lost his head; his arm tightened around her as he asked tensely:

"Do you sincerely think so, Janet?"

"Yes."

To her surprise he smiled and changed the subject.

She was constant afterward. Several times she tried to infatuate him again, but he was adamant until near the close of his vacation; then he declared his intention to secure a license and wished her to marry him the very next week. In her surprise she said nothing.

Later, when she conferred with her mother, she advised:

"It's no use trying to change his dear, stubborn head."

THIS IS SOME DICTIONARY

Arabic Affair Used by Scholars is in 20 Volumes and Weighs About 100 Pounds.

The ponderous dictionaries of Europe, even the famous many-volumed etymological index of Larousse, which is the monumental work of all modern tongues, are more than surpassed, says the New York Sun, by the Arabic dictionaries of 500 years ago, which are still the great authority for students in that language.

The Arabic dictionary most used by scholars who are familiar with no other language is in 20 quarto volumes and weighs close to 100 pounds. There is a 50-pound ten-volume abridgment of it, presumably for use at home. This and virtually all the Arabic dictionaries were made in the time of the Harun-al-Rashid.

The Islamic empire is credited by Moslems with two great eras. The first was that of conquest, when the only history was written with the sword. Then came centuries of Mohammedan domination, when the Moslems peacefully held the empires they had conquered in Asia and in the Iberian peninsula. During these art and literature flourished and the Arabic dictionary was born. In Arabia the flower of this period was in the golden time of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid.

Each of the words that have been familiar in the daily life of the nomad Arabs for centuries has an enormous number of synonyms. The lion, for example, was feared by villagers and hunted not only for sport but as a matter of necessity. Therefore in the Arabic dictionary the lion has more than a hundred different names. The camel was the sole means of transportation across the thirsty deserts and is characterized in 122 different ways.

But above all, the horse and the sword were the two great stand-bys of the Arab. There are more than 200 words that convey ideas of "horse" and "sword." All other familiar words, such as tent, flock, herds, water, woman, sun and air, have long lists of synonyms that are interchangeable and in constant use. This affords some slight explanation why Arabic dictionaries are of so large size.

Arabic, so the Arabs say, was the language of the Babylonians, and it is also contended by them that it was the tongue which Abraham spoke.

REVERE'S BELL PRESERVED

Still Hangs in King's Chapel in Boston —Was Man of Many Accomplishments.

In the belfry of King's Chapel, built when Boston was in its infancy, still hangs a bell which was cast by Paul Revere. It was his 161st bell. Besides being a bell caster, Revere was also an engraver, a goldsmith and a dentist. Rising above the modest houses in the Italian district on Hull street is the old North church, from which Revere received his signal previous to his famous midnight ride.

Christ church, the Second Episcopal church of Boston, is situated in the north end, and is an offshoot of King's Chapel. Its spire, designed and built in 1723, has served as a landmark to guide ships into the harbor.

In 1804 this spire was blown down by a great gale, and was shortened by sixteen feet. The chime of bells, now silent, which hangs in the tower, was made in 1774, in the foundry of Abel Ruddall, of Gloucester, England. Each bell has engraved upon it an inscription denoting its history. The bells were supposed to possess the power to dispel evil spirits.—Detroit News.

Never Stuck.

My neighbor boasted proudly that his car was superior to any in the country. According to him, it was always in good working order and never got stuck.

One day in early spring we passed him stuck in a mud hole not far from town.

We could not resist the temptation to call out and say, "Hey, there, are you stuck?"

Still he would not own up to it and answered: "Nope, just having a little trouble getting enough power to get out of here."

The Family Tree.

Seven-year-old Mary Jane has an aunt, who is a schoolteacher and who is also very self willed. At Mary Jane's home whenever the little girl displays any evidence of stubbornness, her parents straightway call her Aunt Mary.

One day she was over to auntie's and with her was discussing her future occupation. "You'll probably be a schoolteacher like me," auntie said.

"Oh, I suppose I had better be one," the youngster agreed. "If I wasn't one whom would they say my little nieces take after when they get stubborn and want their own way?"

Discovers a Paint Mine.

Prospectors who had been digging vainly for gold on Mullet Island in the Salton sea of Southern California have just discovered that the highly colored mud around the island consists of valuable mineral pigments, from which paints of many colors can be made.

Her Pleasure Spoiled.

"Is your wife's mother enjoying her trip to the mountains?"

"I'm afraid not. She's found something at last that she can't walk over."—Boston Transcript.

BATCH OF SMILES

Summer Love.

"Beautiful girl, I love you."

"But you barely know me."

"Perhaps that is why I love you."

Catty.

"What a high color Grace has."

"Of course it's high. She won't use any of the cheap kinds."

Cruel Intimation.

"We had our rent raised three times."

"Indeed! Who did it for you?"

The Reason.

"Why do the lawyers try so much hot air on witnesses?"

"Because they want to pump them."

Peripatetic.

Knicker—How will cooks register?

Bocker—Under the new law as traveling salesmen, I suppose.

Conditions.

Knicker—The modern child goes to a part time school.

Bocker—And has a part time home.

The Color of It.

"The sentry you see is a green recruit." "I suppose that is why he looks so blue."

Or Strike!

Hick—Time is money.

Wick—No wonder, then, people buy on tick.—Cartoons Magazine.

The Result.

"I hear Jack is spoons on Mildred."

"Yes, it has made quite a stir."—Baltimore American.

Trouble.

"What is that?"

"The trouble wagon."

"Are they delivering it these days?"

The Crop Moving.

"How's the garden coming along?"

"Oh, it's crawling!"—Buffalo Express.

Heavy.

"Hear the music floating across the water." "Wagnerian stuff." "Yes, I'm surprised it floats."

A Catdown.

Nell—Billy proposed to me so beautifully.

Belle—That's what all the girls say.

One Exception.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

"But how often do you see raven locks with crow's feet?"

Status Doubtful.

"There goes a fellow whose head is always in the clouds."

"Dreamer or aviator?"

In Addition.

"Old Grabit holds his own, doesn't he?" "Yes, and as much of anybody else's as he can get."

The Right Way.

"What did they do when the speakeasy caught fire?"

"They sent in a still alarm."

The Inference.

"Has that man a well furnished mind?" "I should not judge so by his vacant expression."

The Reason.

"Why does a dog chase his tail?"

"I suppose for economical reasons—to make both ends meet."

No More Snuggling.

"The honeymoon must be over."

"Why do you say that?"

"They now carry individual umbrellas."

These Days.

Knicker—Was his death from natural causes?

Bocker—Yes, an automobile ran over him.

Progress.

"Has Gladys Twobble abandoned her plans to enter the movies?"

"Oh, yes, Gladys is now passing through the second stage of soul development."

"Ah!"

"She's thinking seriously of being a slum worker or a missionary. In another year she'll be about ready to marry some likely young fellow who is earning a decent living and settle down to a normal existence in a bungalow."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Locations.

"A great many campaigns have been successfully conducted from front porches."

"Perhaps," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "But many poems have been written in attics. I don't regard a front porch as any more essential to a politician than an attic is to a poet."

Her Break.

Mrs. Kawler—We generally dine al fresco during the summer months. My husband enjoys it; does yours?

Mrs. Newrich—No; John doesn't care much for putting on style in hot weather; he prefers to eat out on the lawn.—Boston Transcript.

Overworked.

Mrs. Knicker—Have you had a busy week?

Mrs. Bocker—Rather; I've had two husbands, three landlords and four cooks.—Sun and New York Herald.

True.

"God gives us our relatives."

"Yep. But we're partly responsible for the wife's relations we get."

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