

THE TRUE SEER

By MILDRED WHITE.

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Bob Ansley stood looking across the big lighted room to the small dark-haired girl who was surrounded by various men, in attendance on Vera Wells party. Nita was always surrounded.

Nita was leaving in the morning and she must not go away without hearing. His love for her seemed almost a pain, she was so sweetly, humanly dear, so understanding. Nita had no home, Bob had learned. When the years at boarding school could be no more, she lived with one relative or another of her father's, in apartments here or there.

"You know why I wished to be alone with you, Nita," he said. "Because tonight I must ask my question. You realize, do you not, what that question will be?"

The girl's dark eyes caressed him. "Perhaps," she replied. "But first, Bob dear, may I tell you a story?"

"If the story is not too long," he agreed.

"Once upon a time," began Nita, "there was a girl so lovely, so captivating, that men knowing even her falseness, failed to resist her charm; and like the siren song—her charm led only to sorrow. For this girl had no will to love, no heart for ought but money. And one day came an honest lad with his trusting ideal of woman's sincerity. And the lad was kept very busy with his way still to make in the world. But when he had known the fair Helene but a little while he pictured her in that home he would build, and his work and plans were thereafter but for her sake.

Laughing in her soft way she allowed him to dream. And he growing ever more earnest, believed, while she was amused by his emotion, that was all. A bazaar for charity was given one summer evening on the lawn of the old Wells mansion." Nita paused. "This very lawn of Vera Wells' home. And the good young man and his charmer attended. The gypsy fortune-telling tent was an attraction. Lately the two entered, and the fortune-teller, seated half veiled before her crystal ball, read the fair Helene's palm.

"Your lover," the crystal gazer said, "whom you would marry one month from this time, sits writing to you tonight. And he tells you that the possibility of your marriage hangs on a woman's word. Not the word of his mother, for his family have no knowledge of his attachment. All has been kept secret as you desired. He professes his love for you anew, and is confident of your own."

"When the crystal gazer ended her message, Helene's eyes were wide with wonder, for she was positive that no human being either here in her own town, or away in that other strange city where she had met her lover, could have learned of the secret affair, which was to be the culmination of her ambition; for Douglas Moore upon whom she had set her selfish heart, was as rich as even she could desire.

"And the honest young man, who had been won to false charm, leaned all trembling toward the fortune teller.

"That is not true, not a silly word of it," he accused.

"Write," she advised him, "to Mr. Douglas Moore, she scribbled an address. 'Ask him.'"

"And after the two left the tent, Helene came again presently, white and indignant.

"I do not know," she said to the reader of palms, "who you are, or by what means you obtain your information. But tell me this, upon what woman's word do you pretend that my fate hangs?"

"The fortune teller laid aside her veil, and I think that her face must have looked weary.

"Upon the word of a woman to whom your lover is betrothed," she said, "for your Douglas Moore is too honorable to free himself against this woman's wish."

"And then, across the shadowy grass she sped to a bench, where a broken youth sat. The fortune teller's heart went out in pity. And she touched his head."

"There was a hint of tears in Nita's voice, Bob Ansley abruptly took up the tale.

"She touched his head," he went on, "and called him 'Boy dear,' and told him that true love would come some day, and that in comparison this fancy would seem as nothing at all. And the girl's story was true. We learned one month later of the marriage of Helene to her wealthy admirer, but the boy who had learned his lesson in faithfulness, was not sorry. Nita—Bob Ansley stood up, his arms went out to her in longing.

"You were that little fortune teller. And as that other showed me false news—so you have ever meant 'truth' to me. And your comforting words were true. 'When love comes,' you told me, 'this fancy will be as nothing.' Truest—"

Nita's head was on his breast. "Love and truth," Nita said, "are

LAKE OF FIRE NEVER QUIET

Spectacle Furnished by Hawaiian Volcano May Well Be Said to Be Everlasting.

Hawaii's lake of everlasting fire has never been quiet so far as Hilo local records or traditions testify. That is, not quiet for any length of time.

It covers itself with a black sheet of lava which looks like wet rubber at intervals as regular as the breathing of a sleeper. This black covering no sooner completely hides the living, angry red lava than it cracks and splits with startling noises, breaks into cakes which sink into the burning pit, and the molten lava of the lake is again in commotion. The whole strange performance, as I recall, the freezing over, the breaking up, the renewed billowing of fire, takes less than ten minutes.

The lake so called, is an opening a hundred yards or so wide in the floor of the crater, which is eight miles in circumference. It can be compared to a hole in ice; the crater floor, although of black, hardened lava, is in physical character like rough shore ice, the surface of the lake like water kept in commotion by wind, except for the periodic freezing over. The live lava of the lake rolls in waves which break against its shore, sending up spindrift, which, blown from the top of the waves, hardens into hair-like glass. The natives call this glass "Pete's hair," that lady being the Goddess of Fire.

Little wonder that the excellent doucun who had sat on the edge of the lake in wonder and terror plausibly answered one who asked him what the lake was like: "Brother, it's a hole in a hole!"—New York Sun.

DENIES CROW IS ALL BAD

Bird That May Be Said to Have Few Friends Finds a Defender in Eastern Writer.

Volumes have been written about the crow, remarks a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. He is famous—yes, and infamous, to not a few of his biographers. Thus he resembles Napoleon. Further, he resembles Napoleon in his complete self-reliance, his cosmopolitanism, and his many-sidedness. The crow is our composite, or ideal bird. He is typical of the class aves. Frequenting our average or general environment and climate, he has adapted himself to the requirements of that average surrounding in an all-around manner. He is about a mean proportional in size between the hummingbird and ostrich. He can fly enough, walk enough, wade enough. His beak is long enough, strong enough, round enough, curved enough, so that little which is food defies his efforts at utilization. He does not object to hot summers, wet springs, dry autumns, and icy winters. And, in line with this almost Grecian equilibrium of faculties, experts studying his economic status have at length concluded that his virtues about balance his shortcomings in this field also.

Temples Reveal Character.

People with "bony" temples—the cheek and frontal bones almost covering the temple space—are stolid, non-imaginative and slow in thought and action. To set against those defects, the above type of temples is, which is big, white and flanked with small, well-formed ears. That is the statesman's temple, the author's temple, the temple of the "big man." Orators and noted preachers have this temple. The character indicated is justness, generosity, kindness and a great capacity for forgiveness. This, too, is the long-life temple. Those with temples, which, owing to the shape of the skull and the growth of hair, look high and unduly narrow, are geniuses, with great incentive power, but of erratic temperament. This type of temple is not usually a long-life one.

Denying the Creative Impulse.

Well, this at least may be said of the author's business. Though the machine-made product pile up sales—dollars in authorship even as in the cattle trade, it will never make permanent reputation. Neither will the card index mind that consistently denies the real creative impulse. The creative impulse may make money or it may not—it is incalculable and unconquerable. But any writer who lets it fume unsatisfied while the central office of his mind conducts a coldly intellectual business purely for profit is bound to wake some fine day to find the sudden havoc it has made of all his careful diagrams and codifications. And the last state of that man shall be worse—and just possibly better also—than his first!—From the weekly editorial of the Literary Review.

To Garbly.

While modern custom permits the use of the word "garbled" in the sense of selecting the worst and not the best parts of a story, yet the use of the word in this sense is incorrect. The word originally meant to cull out and select the most suitable parts and to reject the worst and least suitable parts. It is therefore incorrect to speak of a "garbled statement" in the sense of a mutilated or dishonest statement, for formerly in London the name "garbler" was applied to officers appointed by law to look after the purity of drugs and spices, and the term "garbled" was applied to such articles only after they had been examined and freed from impurities and improper admixtures.

TRICKING JACK

By MILDRED WHITE.

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I shall never forget the morning of our meeting. I had arisen early, to escape Ursula's vigilance, and had gone down to the sea. I loved Ursula, but her too constant interest in my welfare fretted me, until I felt like an imprisoned bird. Poor soul, she was ever fearful lest the sun be too hot or the breeze too cold, or the walk too tiring down the beach.

So I ran through the early dew morning down to the water's edge, and I wore my bathing suit beneath a long coat. And when I had floated for awhile in the sunlit waters, I came again to the beach and wrapped in the plaid cloak sat drying my hair.

The slight adventure of eluding Ursula had given to me a tinge of adventurous spirit, so that I was not surprised at that early hour to hear a man's voice at my elbow. For the man was but part of my adventure, you see, 'til I turned to look into his face. Then, well, I have heard of such things before, and have scoffed at them, but here was no more care-free adventure for me, but woman's love, came at first sight. He was just my man; the one I had dreamed of unconsciously, and had known in my heart that I should one day meet. So it had been easy to be indifferent to the others who came seeking, in my waiting for him. Now he was here. He had come from a brisk walk, it seemed, down the shining road, and had stopped for a breath of ocean air. At least that is what my man thought, so straight and tall; but his stopping was really to find me. Ursula would have mocked at my romancing, but I knew. I fell into conversation with him easily, and he lingered and dropped half reluctantly to the sands at my side, and I learned that he was studying, through difficulties, to be a civil engineer, and was now taking a short vacation; that a friend had suggested this seaside resort, and I happened to know the friend he named. But I did not tell him so. Neither did I tell my own name, or ought of my affairs, but arose quickly at sound of the seven o'clock whistle and ran on up the sands just waving my hand in farewell. I surmised that my man of the dark, kindly eyes was stopping at the more modestly appointed, "Bon View" near the wood, with the companion whom he had named. And, accidentally, I came upon the two together that afternoon as I almost rounded the bench-tree in the park. They were seated beneath the tree, and when I heard what they said I withdrew without being observed.

"You must stay," Ned Fane, the friend was saying. "Miss Devitt Smith is here. You must meet her, Jack—"

And then it was that I heard myself returned, he would have none of me, this dear, big—Jack. My name was known to him, through the papers. He—well, in his own half-sneering words, he "would not aspire."

So I set out to trick him. Happiness is such a rare and beautiful thing, that one must not let it escape when it brushes by, leaving one's life forever desolate. I bought two little gingham dresses at the village store, just two, no more, a pink and a blue. The rustic stare that they sold me was most becoming. I loved its stiff blue bow and its pink, pink nose. And I was seated in the only seat on the train that could accommodate just one more. The disdainful Jack's person, I learned, was going back to the city that morning. And, more than this, I knew the name of the small town where his own people lived. Mr. Jack Bevors visited often there.

I had left a brief note on Ursula's pillow. I would take good care of myself, I promised her, and he back before the end of the season. And though that was the extent of my information, I felt free and conscience clear as my big man entered the car and came straight to my side. He remembered that early morning meeting, you see, and accepted the fact of my provincial appearance happily. And as we rode chatting together, he professed himself pleased at the discovery that my residence was to be in his own home town.

It was not difficult for me to obtain board in that town, when I offered to help with household tasks, and in my new position I was having a very good time. I sat on the tiny porch at evening, and saw much, very much, of Jack. I called him Mr. Bevor, politely. The disapproval of his family troubled me not at all, nor the uncharitable speculation concerning myself in the village. I wore my pink gingham and my blue gingham, and kept them fresh, and Mr. Jack told me how lovely I would look in silks and lawns—and we were married. Yes, we were, with the country daughter, only, for witness, I cried, at leaving the kind people who had befriended me. My white muslin frock was their gift. And then to Jack, whose love had made him all unquestioning, I confessed to my full name with its hyphen.

"I am Annette Devitt-Smith," I told him, "though I have led you to call me by my home name of just Nan. For if you would love only a humble Nan Smith, and despise a poor girl for her millions—why, what else is there for me to do?"

And then, triumphant, I slipped away to telegraph Ursula to have the town house in readiness for our welcome.

SOLOMON IN SECOND PLACE

Decision Made by King Nomolos Trusts Famous Wise Monarch From His Pedestal.

King Nomolos was the wisest of kings who have ever reigned and every Tuesday from 7 to 9:30 of the evening he would distribute wisdom to the most foolish of his subjects.

One day there came to his court a very foolish man. He had ten women running after him, all demanding that he should marry them, and it was not law in the country that he should take unto himself more than one wife, and the foolish fellow dare not face the wrath of nine even to gain the favor of one.

He was not dreadfully keen on marrying even one.

And he appealed to his king for wisdom, and the women stood by glowing.

"Let me think," said the king, removing his crown, and calling upon his two scribes-in-chief to scratch his head for him. And having thought for the space of three asterisks the great monarch commanded: "Let the ten women step forward and give their ages." Silently, and one by one, the ten women disappeared. There has been none so wise as Nomolos since his day.—Chicago News.

REALLY DESERVING OF PITY

Those Who Allow Themselves to Get Into the Habit of Self-Excuse Are Unfortunate.

The tendency to self-excuse is typical of the concealed. They simply will not see themselves for what they are—persons who have a great deal to learn. And because they will not admit even to themselves that they need self-improvement they remain perpetually in need of it.

Are not persons thus conditioned more deserving of pity than of contempt? Even their monumental self-satisfaction should not make people laugh at them. Poor souls! Life to them is a game of blind man's bluff, in which they are forever "it," forever groping wildly, but never grasping.

No truer words have been penned than Ruskin's, "Conceit may puff a man up, but not prop him up." And how sadly hard it is to convince the conceited that they are conceited, and thus save them from the painful penalties of conceit.—E. Addington Bruce in Chicago Daily News.

Good Manners a Business Asset. The teaching of good manners in the public schools is being agitated in the state of New York by Dr. John H. Finley, state commissioner of education.

"Good manners," he declares, "not only lead to added friendships, social standing and progress in business, not only are one of the keys to the gates of wealth, but practice in manners is the most valuable kind of spiritual discipline."

Doctor Finley goes on to explain that training in good manners has enabled more than one person to retain his self-control in a trying situation.

"And self-control," he says, "is the edge you have on the other fellow."

Not a Complete Stranger. A man who used to tramp ties on a railroad section was summoned as a witness at an inquest. He had been cautioned that he must be very exact in his statements.

"Was the deceased a complete stranger?" asked the coroner. He replied: "He was what I should call a partial stranger."

"Either you knew him or you did not," said the coroner sternly. "There is no such thing as a partial stranger."

"Well," he answered. "I don't know how else to describe him. He was a one-legged man."

The Reason Why. The school teacher was giving an object lesson on sheep to the infants' class, explaining how they are washed, sheared, etc. She then showed the whole class a picture of a sheep and a lamb.

"Now who can tell me why it is that the sheep has a short tail and the lamb a long one?" she asked. Little Joy jumped up immediately, and this was her reply: "Please, teacher, the sheep's tail was shrunk in the wash."—Every Woman's.

Not Partial to Canned Goods. Redd—What have you got in the can? Green—Worms for bait. "Going fishing, are you?" "Sure thing."

"Well, say, I went fishing yesterday and I carried the worms in a can just like you're doing, and I never got a bite all day."

"That's strange."

"Oh, I don't know. I reckon fish don't like canned worms."

More Than One Case. Flatbush—Did you ever put the all-important question to a girl and have her say no? Bensonhurst—Yes; I did today. Flatbush—What are you talking about? Why, you're already married. Bensonhurst—I know it; but I asked our cook to stay another week, and "No" was what she said.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Flying Stunt. Bacon—Did your wife ever fly in an airplane? Egbert—No; she never flies in anything but a passion.

A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

Young Corn Husk Evidently Was Never Intended for High Place in Modern Life.

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a Y. M. C. A. address:

"The successful business man today is one who knows how to choose his managers. A successful modern business is too vast for any one man to handle. So managers are essential, and if these managers are badly chosen, failure follows."

"The unsuccessful business man is apt to depute authority to such creatures as young Corn Husk."

"Young Corn Husk's daddy sent him to the mill one day to try to sell the season's wheat crop.

"Corn got hold of a miller and submitted a handful of wheat to him. The miller examined the wheat carefully. Then he said: "How much more has your father got like this?" "He ain't got no more like it," young Corn answered. "It took him all morning to pick that out."

WORDS MADE NO DIFFERENCE

Hearers Might Have Found It Hard to Understand, but Old Friends Were Satisfied.

Two lifelong residents of an Indiana city meet daily at the noon hour, one going to lunch, and the other returning to work. Their habits have become so regular that they usually meet at the same place on consecutive days. As neither hears well, their brief forms of greeting have become stereotyped, but the other day something slipped and this is what was overheard:

"Mornin', Mr. Jones—nice weather we're having," said the one, oblivious of the fact that it was pouring rain. "No, Mrs. Smith ain't doin' so well lately. Reckon the weather ain't the best in the world nowadays," was the reply.

"Goin' to attend the revival meetings this week, Mr. Jones?" said the first. "Yes, you come and see us one of these days," was the parting answer.

What's in a Name? On a certain public work in progress in Washington there are employed by the government a considerable number of negro laborers, some from Virginia, some from Maryland and some from other parts further south.

To one newcomer a dusky fellow put some questions touching his identity, beginning with "What's yo' name, anyhow?"

"Mah name's Wood," said the new man. "Huh! What's yo' wife's name?" "Mah wife's name? Her name's Wood, of course."

"Huh! Both Wood! Any kindin'?"

Willing Messenger. Come Seven Johnson was relating a tale of wonderful experience in the war while his negro admirers listened pop-eyed.

"Yessuh. Ah looks to do right and here's a big bunch of Bushes comin' toward me, and Ah looks to do left and dere's another big bunch comin' toward me, and Ah looks ahead and dere's de whole 'n' Bush army comin' toward me."

"Yas, yas, and den what did yo do?" "Man, Ah thinks of all de poor 'Mericans back of me waitin' to git pounced on—and Ah spreads de news!"—American Legion Weekly.

Truthful Musician. Laurel is fond of playing on the piano, and her mother, anxious to have her musical, encourages her.

The other day she went to the piano and played a little while, then came over to where her mother was and said: "Mamma, did you like what I played?" "Oh, yes dear, it was fine."

"Did you really, mamma?" "Yes, dear, I did."

"Well, I didn't, mamma, for I think I had had luck with a perfectly good tune."

Playing Safe. "Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way. I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but dey's give de job to Brothah Green, who jest returned from Orah Thailah!"

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose?" "No, sah, I reckon he got dat job in recognition o' his having lost one o' his hands."—Arognaut.

Denied the Charge. Kind Lady—You should brace up, my poor man. Remember what you owe to society. Hobo—I don't owe society nuthin', lady. What do yer 'tink I've been doin'—playin' bridge?—Boston Transcript.

Too Bad. Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it? Friend—Magnificent. What a pity to have made a bust of it. It would have made a lovely washstand.—Pearsall's Weekly.

In Your Skin. Knicker—"The law doesn't allow you to carry a revolver." Bocker—"But you may carry the other fellow's bullet."

NOW DEMAND PIPE POCKETS

Philadelphia Newspaper Declares Up-to-Date Women Insist on Them in Their Garments.

New suits will have to possess a novel feature if up-to-date young women are to be satisfied. The pipe pocket should be considered in creating all feminine garments of the future.

Perhaps it is the effect of gaining the suffrage, so that they feel they must go on to wider, freer conquests, but, anyway, certain it is that the girls are getting tired of cigarettes and are turning to good old-fashioned corncob pipes as a solace for the languors of modernity, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Some time ago several young women in New York decided that cigarettes were too expensive, and that they ought to join the great world movement for financial conservation by substituting pipes for the more delicate joy. But at that time ordinary pipes were not tried, usually small, ladylike ones being selected.

Now, however, substantial corncobs, cheap, picturesque and nonbreakable, are the favorites.

"The corncob pipe is unpretentious, respectable and conservative," one of the corncob devotees explained. "Many of our great-grandmothers smoked corncobs. Especially is this true of those of us who had southern great-grandmothers. There is something like a Bolshevik about a cigarette, but we feel that in smoking corncobs we will be back on the sure foundation of good old-fashioned Americanism. The people who are always lamenting the good old days will be pleased, and will feel that the country is saved."

ANYWAY, PROPELLER IS GONE

Dispute Now Is Whether It Was Torn, Bitten, or Blown Off, But It Is Missing.

What happened to the starboard propeller of the United Fruit liner Calamara, recently arrived at New York from Central American ports and Havana, puzzled her skipper, officers and passengers, who discussed the mystery since the ship threw a fit on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 19, in the placid Caribbean and started wailing, heaving, pitching, tossing, rolling and doing other things that no healthy ship does all at the same time.

Capt. Harry Spencer stopped the liner and the chief engineer examined the starboard propeller. He found that one of the blades had been torn, bitten or blown off. Some surmised that a sea serpent might have nibbled at the propeller and others said outright there was no doubt a steel-eating Caribbean shark had bitten off the blade.

Captain Spencer derided these theories, declaring the blade had been blown off by the force of a subaqueous earthquake, as the Calamara began rocking violently a moment after the mysterious force was first felt. And there the matter rests.

Electric Air Purifier.

How many places there are where the natural air circulation is inadequate? Restaurants, for instance! How often one enters them with a woe bit of appetite, only to have that woe bit reduced to none at all, by the close and stuffy atmosphere of the place. Not only that, but the cooking odors are all too apparent. In other words, the place is so "smelly" that appetite dwindles instead of being whetted, and even though the food is good the appetite is lacking. Is there any remedy for the close and stuffy conditions of so many restaurants?

There is the electric air purifier that costs no more to operate than an electric fan, and it removes air impurities and approximates outdoor conditions, so there is a pleasant, stimulating tang in the atmosphere. It is valuable in kitchens, offices, basements, smoking rooms and theaters—wherever the air conditions are apt to be bad and inadequate.

Bad Omen to Dream of Devils.

To dream of seeing devils is a bad omen for the sick. For the young it denotes grief, melancholy, anger, sickness. Devils with horns, claws, tails, etc., or with pitchfork, torment, despair. To fight with a devil, peril. To talk with one in a familiar manner, danger near at hand, despair, and sometimes loss of life. To be carried off by a devil is a warning of great misfortune. To be possessed by a devil, great favor from one in power, long and happy life. To be pursued and fly from a devil, fear, persecution from a man in power, law troubles. To beat and conquer one, triumph over an enemy, glory.

Kept It Up Too Long.

One day at a community sing we were instructed to sing a round. As this was the first round I had ever sung I had great difficulty in carrying the tune with my set. To make it easier, I put my fingers in my ears so that I wouldn't hear the other divisions singing. Imagine my embarrassment when, taking my fingers from my ears, I discovered I had been singing about a minute after the others had stopped, and that they were all sitting there laughing at me.—Exchange.

Great Expectations.

"Who's the mysterious stranger who has upset Punkville?" "The boys think he's a baseball scout, while the girls hope he's rounding up beauties for a moving picture concern."—Louisville Courier-Journal.