



The End and the Means

By MYRA C. LANE

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At forty a great fear began to come to Arline Terriss. She and Lee had been married 12 years; Lee was five years her senior, but women age faster than men, and she knew that she was growing old.

It was the common fear of women who are in love with their husbands. From the day when she had seen the first crow's foot about her eyes that fear had gone on increasing. Now it was something that woke her suddenly in the night; and, looking at Lee sleeping, she would wonder how long she would remain attractive to him. They had cared for each other more than most husbands and wives do. But love was not the same, and had not been the same for years past. Gradually it was wanting that splendid thing that had once possessed them.

He was so kind, and she knew that he would never let her know by word or deed; but instinct is sure, and Arline knew that Lee had ceased to care. Not that there was any other woman yet. But Lee showed an interest in pretty faces that had not once been his. And the fear grew. It had become a monster that was devouring all that was her, all that was the best of her.

Arline never dreamed how much she had lost. Lee concealed his weariness with consummate tact. But he was a man essentially attracted by beauty, and there was a woman—well, nothing wrong about that, except that they cared for each other, and for that reason had resolved never to meet again. But at home, sitting at the table and looking at his wife on the other side, a sense of ineffable weariness would come over him.

Was this the woman whom Lee had loved, whom he had vowed to love forever? The sense of bondage was becoming terrible. And as long as they lived—as long as they both lived—her face was becoming lined, her hair was streaked with gray; Lee was a young man still.

It was impossible to bear it. He must leave her, and go where he could be free—not with the other woman—perhaps—but he must at least get away for a while to think things over, to recover his own soul.

He snatched at the opportunity of a business trip which would take him to Chicago for a month. He was a little surprised that Arline did not demand, for it was the first time in their married life that they had been separated more than a day or two.

"I think a little change will do you good, dear," said Arline, as she kissed him good-bye.

Lee went toward the station with the sense of having escaped from an intolerable bondage.

He had hoped that the month's absence would clarify things, would renew his love for Arline, but it passed wretchedly, and he was still torn between two feelings—his recognition that Arline had come to mean nothing to him and the remembrance of their lives together. All the little incidents of those years seemed suddenly to have assumed a phenomenal importance.

And, instead of coming to some irrevocable decision, when the month had passed he was filled with the same uncertainty, the same longing to be free, the same indecision as ever.

Arline had written that she was going to spend a week with her sister, and Lee seized the opportunity to return to the empty apartment a day or two before her return.

And as he looked about the rooms, at the well-remembered things about him, a new horror of life with Arline came over him. It seemed unbearable. Why could she not at least have kept her beauty? Was it not his right?

He determined to leave her forever—and yet, as that decision was made, his mind flew back to a thousand common trifles, intimacies, caresses.

He must leave her. He would soon forget, and then Arline cared nothing for him.

A ring at the bell. He opened the door. Arline stood on the threshold—Arline, and yet—who?

Who was this woman with the powdered face and rouged lips, the hair newly dyed golden? This "woman of forty" vamped up like a flapper of eighteen? It made him sick to look at her—sick with surprise as well.

"Do you like me better, dear? I went to a beauty specialist. . . one has to look smart. . ." She was smiling in a timid, forced way.

And the pity of it gripped his heart. He saw through the paint and the dye into the lonely heart of the woman; he understood with instant intuition. And he could never leave her now.

"In every way, dear," he answered, pressing his lips to her vermilion ones.

NO CHANGE IN GULF STREAM

Government Experts Correct an Impression Which Has Become More or Less General.

It is hard to be steady, consistent and unwavering in spite of contrary forces, and still to gain the reputation of an erratic wanderer. Yet this is just what has happened to the gulf stream. Indeed, its character was getting so maligned that the United States government itself found it necessary to vindicate this current of the ocean. Much has been said of late years in regard to the changing route of the stream. The government experts declare there is no change in the course, nor has there been for many years. No other physical feature of the ocean is subject to more persistent misinterpretation than is the Gulf stream. It is a pet theory of many that the temperature of Europe is greatly affected by it, but this effect is not as extensive as is commonly thought. Practically starting at the Florida straits, where its volume is made up by the union of currents, it ceases to be a true current by the time not long after it reaches the Grand banks, where it becomes surface drift, governed by the winds.—Christian Science Monitor.

Ant Families.

One of the most peculiar examples of nature protection found in the world is that afforded by the sugar ant of Australia. The sugar ant is one of the smaller of the field ants of that country. The meat ant, on the other hand, is a very pugnacious creature, so that there are few enemies of its size which dare approach its nest. The sugar ant realizes this, so it seeks protection for its own home by building it at the base of the mound of the meat ant. Then it covers the nest entrance with leaves, so that they are hidden from sight. The meat ant works only during the day; as soon as the sun sets, it goes into its nest and is not easily disturbed, while darkness prevails. On the other hand, the sugar ant comes out at night and feeds upon the honey of flowers or the sap of small plants. In this way the two species of ant do not come in contact with each other, and the meat ant provides plenty of protection for the sugar ant, while the latter is having its day-time sleep. All of which reminds one of the popular old fable of "Box and Cox."—Christian Science Monitor.

Experience, the Great Teacher. Observation more than books, experience rather than persons, are the prime educators. Books aid as one has wit to use them to advantage persons most who seem not to serve us. Experience converts us to ourselves when books fail us, and this oftentimes against our knowledge and consent. And it remains questionable how far our attainments further or hinder nature's intentions, the art of education being still so complicated and incalculable a matter that not a few of the most striking characters have been formed, untrammeled by our books, under the more direct and potent influence of life and things, operating under the pressure of necessity and seeming accident.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Bible vs. Newspaper. The following statements as to the relative value of the Bible and the Sunday paper, were made by a Kansas city clergyman: The great appeal in all good newspapers is in their style of makeup. Their stories are brief and well told. But no literature can be compared with the Bible. There are no stories so well or briefly told as those in the Bible. The Bible tells the true facts. It is impartial. And it will be used as an example of true literature as long as we have a civilization, while some newspapers are inclined to color their news and try to mold public sentiment into their way of thinking.

Get It Straight.

Israel Zangwill occasionally likes to slip among the crowd so that he can find out what they are thinking about his work, and he has never forgotten an occasion on a certain evening when he did so.

It was on the first night of one of his earlier plays. Filled with all a young author's anxiety, he ventured into the gallery in the hope of hearing some compliments. But there was "nothing doing," so he asked one man straight out what he thought of the production.

"Well, guv'nor," replied the man, "the leading actor ain't bad."

"Ah, yes."
"And the leading lady, she'll do."
"Yes, yes."
"But, guv'nor, what a play!"

Valuable Snakes.

A nest of snakes, 15 in number, has been given an asylum on a doctor's estate in Woodbury, N. J. The doctor has found that all kinds of crop-destroying insects are eaten by the reptiles. The snakes are about early in the morning, hide at midday and are astray again in the evening. They are of a harmless species, brown in color and are difficult to distinguish unless seen on the move. The snakes prefer to loiter around tomato and cucumber plants, where many grub worms are to be found. Plants over which the snakes have assumed a protectorate are standing unscathed by worms. The snakes have grown several inches since first seen.—Exchange.

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Artist Works With Wood. In the Vosges mountains there lives an artist named Spindler, who produces the most entrancing compositions not in paint but in wood alone. First he makes the sketch, and then with infinite care and care he cuts the wood and glues it to a backing and then works it into a piece. Since Mr. Spindler never uses anything except wood in his work, he has to have a great deal about trees. In his workshop he has pieces of every kind of wood found in Europe and many pieces from other countries. He pictures clouds, rain, and every thing that an artist can picture with paints. Some of his work takes him hours of study and fitting and some of it is as fine as a hair. Mr. Spindler has wood of every shade of yellow, red, brown, black and white. He has almost all the shades of green also, but he finds the blues hard to get.—Columbus Dispatch.

Colleges Take "Washer Boys." The large laundries are beginning to revise their prices in keeping with the return to "normalcy," says the New York Sun, but this doesn't apply to Mr. John Chapman's laundry. He admits he is getting cheaper soap and cheaper starch, but he insists China boys to do the work are scarcer and higher than ever. Many of the Chinese youths are going to universities and absorbing some of the finer occidental arts, and turn up their noses at pushing a gas iron in a laundry. It's only the old Chinese that will wash clothes, and they work slowly.

Japanese Cut Exports of Silk. Tokyo.—In order to prevent a slump in the market, manufacturers and exporters of raw silk have decided to hold 30 per cent of their output at Yokohama. The silk has been accumulating at Yokohama owing to stagnation of export trade and decline in domestic demand.

Landlady Will Be Boarder \$2,068. New York.—Catherine Charles, for thirty years a boarding-house proprietor, rewarded the kindness and thoughtfulness of Frank J. Hurley, a boarder, by leaving him her entire fortune of \$2,068. She died June 28. Hurley is an acrobat, known on the stage as Frank Ross.

Crime and Cocaine. William J. Burns, the famous detective, was displeased with the work of one of his squad last month, and, accordingly, as a kind of hint, presented the man with a copy of "Sherlock Holmes."

"I guess this means, Mr. Burns," the man sneered—"I guess this means I'd make a great detective if I took enough 'cokes."
Mr. Burns shook his head sadly. "George," he said, "there ain't that much cokes."

SOHO MAY BE SWEEPED AWAY

Picturesque Part of London Scheduled to Yield to the Demand of Commerce. Two picturesque slices of old London, known to tens of thousands of Americans, may soon be scooped away to satisfy the demands of commerce. Soho and the parish of St. Giles—or Seven Dials, as it is better known—are about to begin their passage into history and be converted into the most modern business district of the metropolis, possibly a second city of London.

Soho, which probably derived its name from the duke of Monmouth's famous battle-cry "Soho" at Sedgemoor, has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune. In the olden days regarded as one of the fashionable quarters of London, it gradually became the home of bohemianism and the haunt of Sam Pepys and Goldsmith.

Today its dingy and uninviting streets are lined with French, Italian and Swiss restaurants, where Londoners and visitors may learn what the much-praised foreign cooking really is. The whole district is now almost entirely inhabited by foreigners and is the favorite meeting place of the anarchists of the "tame" variety. For long it was looked upon as the equivalent of the Montmartre, but never at any time has it attained the attractiveness or liveliness of the gay Parisian quarter.

JAKE WAS SEVEN CENTS OUT

Satisfied If It Was All Right, But the Situation Did Not Exactly Please Him.

The neighbors said that Jake Newton was strictly honest but "pretty snug."

One morning as he was having his sheep sheared he found that one of them was missing. "It must have jumped the fence and gone into Leslie's lot," he said to himself and immediately walked over to Leslie French's pasture, picked out a sheep that resembled him own and, after a tussle, got it home and had it sheared.

A few days later Jake discovered his missing sheep dead in his pasture. He lost no time in seeking his neighbor. With profuse apologies he returned the sheep and the fleece and explained the whole affair.

"Oh, that's all right, Jake," Leslie replied. "Don't let it trouble you a bit."
"You're sure it's all right?" Jake asked anxiously.
"Sure, sure, Jake. Anyone is likely to make a mistake."
Jake drew himself up. "Well, it ought to be all right. I had to pay seven cents to have that sheep sheared."—Youth's Companion.

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