MAIDA'S PROPOSAL

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Say you don't mind, Stan! Just this once!" coaxed Stanley Davison's charming fiancee. "It's my last real fling before I settle down forever."

The man gazed smilingly down into the girl's face. Was it impossible that she should settle down? She was ten years younger than himself and he loved her for her very youth and liveliness and yearned for the time when her gay spontaneity should be definitely in his keeping.

"Let's see, Maida, just what is this last mad fling idea?" he asked tenderly, slipping an arm about her slim waist and drawing her close. "You want to go on to the boys' commencement without your ring, keeping it a terribly dark secret that you belong to me. Am I right?"

Maida nodded a fluffy bobbed head. "Precisely, Stan. And, of course, I'll behave myself. Only, well, you can imagine how much fun anybody's fiancee would have at the senior ball and chapter dances without the man she's engaged to. If only you could come!"

"Wish I could, dear, but it's out of the question." Stan spoke decisively. "Now, how about those irresponsible brothers of yours? Won't they let the cat out of the bag?"

"I'll manage them," promised Maida easily. "And you're a dear, Stan. I shall be thinking of you every single moment."

Stanley, if he rather doubted that statement, did not say so.

There had been a little session with Bob and William on the way up from the station regarding Stanley, whose stanch admirers they were.

"Now, Bill," pleaded Maida, "don't mention that. No one's to know I'm engaged, and Stan's perfectly willing."

"Aw, go on, Maida, that isn't fair," protested Bob.

"Let the kid alone," insisted William, and the matter was temporarily dropped.

Alumni day, Baccalaureate, Class day—the hours sped by on wings, exciting, absorbing, colorful. Maida danced from one frolic to another. A dazzling galaxy of youth had constituted themselves her escorts and she radiated smiles and fox trots and tete-a-tetes impartially.

Of them all, Maida felt herself particularly drawn to Bob's roommate, Carter Henley.

"Carter's got one case on the kid," Bob confided gloomily to his brother as they struggled with collars and ties and studs in the latter's room—the night of the Senior ball.

"Not the only one," grinned William. "I'll say she's some little heart-breaker."

"Cold-blooded little creature, like all girls," grumbled Bob. "Listen to me, Bill, and I'll tell you a mighty good way to cure her. Carter would be just the fellow to do it, too. Now, just suppose—"

William listened to the proposed scheme in silence. Then, "Cut it out," he said bluntly. "Don't play with fire. Besides—"

But at that moment the wet, tousled head of Carter himself was poked in at the door. "Hey, fellows, got a towel?"

The Senior ball had gone its gay way for several hours when Carter first found himself alone with Maida on a cool, dimly-lighted balcony.

"I say, Miss Tremaine," "will you marry me?"

Maida's heart really did lose a beat. Where were her thoughts of her fiance as she scanned Carter's handsome face? Then she drew a little half-sobbing breath as one whom emotion overpowers.

"Why—why—Carter? This is sudden, but I—I guess so!"

Maida's glance was cast modestly downward or she might have been startled to see an expression of consternation, almost horror, creep over the face of the man who had just proposed. He swallowed, bit his lip, then rose unsteadily. "This is—is too wonderful. I—I'm at a loss for words. My—my good fortune—"

At that moment two tall figures blocked the balcony entrance. One was Bob. "That you, Maida? Well, here's [illegible]"

[illegible] turned quickly. "Stan! You darling! How did you manage?" She drew him aside in seeming forgetfulness of the others—even of the man she had just practically promised to marry. And there we can safely leave them for a moment while Carter, with face like a thundercloud, dragged Bob out of hearing and pitched into him without mercy.

"A nice mess you've got me into, telling me your sister was engaged and daring me to propose to her! Bang it, she's accepted me."

Bob threw back his head and laughed. "Oh, boy!" he murmured. "Have given something for a sight when she saw it!" Then his [illegible] "Don't worry. It seems old [illegible] a mighty shabby trick to [illegible] her and put her wise to our game, and she, out of sheer [illegible] played up. Thank the Lord, [illegible] patience and came. I'd [illegible] Cook's tour of [illegible] than one engaged girl with [illegible]

[illegible] over, was re[illegible] days with Stan. [illegible] I just wonder [illegible] I'm ready to [illegible] to my last [illegible] proposal."

BIG HELP TO NAVIGATORS

Radio Service on the Great Lakes Has Proved Effective in Saving Time and Money.

More than 2,000 hours of operating time, worth at a conservative estimate $150,000, has been saved to navigating interests on the Great Lakes in a single season by means of the radio advices sent out from one of the smaller weather bureau stations on the lakes. There is no way of ascertaining definitely how large is the total saving effected by the Great Lakes radio weather service, which is one of the many activities of the United States Department of Agriculture. Vessels are not only warned off the lakes because of approaching storms, but they are also advised when it is safe to proceed and what route to take to avoid heavy seas and adverse currents. When boats are idle the overhead expense averages $75 an hour, and may be much higher.

A large fleet of 40 boats anchored near Mackinaw, Mich., for example, would not have left before 8 p. m. had not radio advice assured the leader that it would be safe to proceed at 2 p. m. This difference in time meant a saving of at least $18,000 to the ship-owners. At another time 50 boats sheltered at Detour, Mich., were advised that conditions would permit them to start immediately instead of 10 to 16 hours later. The saving here was estimated at $37,500.

Last September a steamer assisted by a tug was grounded, outside its regular channel. The captain was informed by the local weather bureau that the water would not return to normal till the next morning, and suspended operations, which were completed in a few minutes when conditions were right. Five hundred dollars for tug hire alone was saved.

OWE ICEBOX TO BOSTON MAN

Stage Carpenter Conceived Household Refrigerator Idea More Than Seventy-five Years Ago.

Fifteen years before the Civil war began, Darius Eddy, who was stage carpenter at the old Boston theater, completed the first refrigerator the world had ever seen.

One day John Lodge, father of Henry Cabot Lodge, asked the young carpenter if there was not some way that could be devised so that food products could be kept and used during the hot summer months.

Eddy had an idea that if cold air could be kept inside a container, favorable conditions ought to prevail. He experimented for days and weeks until he conceived the idea of an airtight box which could be cooled with ice and would maintain a steady temperature after it reached a certain degree.

When the airtight box was finished he showed it to Mr. Lodge, and it was put to the practical test. The results were remarkable, and so far ahead of what Mr. Lodge had expected that he got the young carpenter to make similar boxes for his friends. Then Mr Eddy decided he would make refrigerators for everybody.

Parlez Vous Francais?

The scene—the book department of one of Chicago's large stores. The actors—a salesgirl and a woman intent on purchasing literature entertaining but, alas, wicked—there are such women!

"Have you something a little risque?"

"No, ma'am, we have nothing by that author."

"No, no. Don't you understand? I don't mean the author. It's the book. It's risque."

"Just a moment—I'll see." Much searching ensued and a bewildered girl reappeared. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but we haven't a book by that name."

"Stupid. I mean a book that's a little off color."

"Well, why didn't you say that right away?"

"When a Feller Needs a Friend."

Carlin, four years old, is the son of a candidate for a county office on the Democratic ticket. The son, to be sure, is the father's most ardent supporter, and not only of his father, but of all things Democratic. Such is his zeal that several of his mature friends have formed the habit of greeting him, thus:

"Hello, Republican!"

The other day, after the little fellow's silent, defiant look of denial, one asked: "Well, you are a Republican, are you not?"

Carlin, indignant denial revealed in every line of his sturdy little white linen-clad figure, as he walked away, clutched determinedly at his father's hand, as he demanded: "I am a Democrat, ain't I dad?"—Indianapolis News.

The Wild Gentleman.

"I saw a wild man in a side show last summer," stated J. Fuller Gloom. "The gentleman was a most disreputable looking personage. If I had had with me either a bottle of soothing sirup, a club, a book of etiquette, a cake of soap, or a tack, I believe I should have given, or taken, as the case may have been, it or them to him."—Kansas City Star.

Talk of the Town.

My little nephew visited Sunday school. The teacher told the children that sunshine made nice rosy cheeks.

Nephew spoke up frankly: "My aunt don't need sunshine; she paints her cheeks red."

That bit of information spread like wildfire, and the whole town was discussing my complexion.—Exchange.

SKYSCRAPER BUILT ON STILTS

New York Architects Are Putting Up Big Structure With Seemingly Slender Supports.

A great, complicated skyscraper is being built in New York under unusual conditions, directly above the railroad tracks of a busy terminal. The tracks running beneath its walls in some places are double-decked, so that trains pass on two levels through the basement of the building. The entire structure rests upon slender stilts, extending between the tracks down to bedrock. A unique method has been found for isolating these uprights so that the constant rumbling of heavy trains on both levels causes not the slightest vibration in the building above.

This construction, including the digging for the foundation and the erection of the building, is being carried on without affecting the movement of trains beneath. The entire weight of the skyscraper rests upon the supports rising between the tracks, which are spaced in the usual way. Although capable of supporting 20 or more stories, these stilts seem surprisingly slender. Both track levels beneath the building are remarkably free from obstructions, so that engineers have a clear view of other tracks to either side.

It was at first believed that only structures of six or eight stories could be safely supported on such foundations. A series of tests, including the measurements of vibration caused by the passing of trains, proved that buildings could safely be raised to 20 stories on these supports. Excavations for foundations have been carried down until the beams rest upon solid rock. The whole operation has been carried on without upsetting train schedules.

Each column supporting the building is completely isolated. It is not enough to keep it from touching the foundations on which the tracks lie. It also must be protected by vibration mats from the rock on which it rests, so that vibrations from passing trains will not affect it.

ONE THAT HE DIDN'T SHOW

Autograph Faker Probably Carefully Put Away That Particular Copy of Marlowe's Works.

Senator Lodge at a Boston dinner party said, apropos of an autograph collector who had bought a fake autograph of Marlowe, the Elizabethan dramatist:

"That reminds me. There was once a New York man who collected books with autograph dedications. Most of these dedications were to himself. Open his Longfellows, his Kiplings, his Bernard Shaws, or his Maupassants, and there would be his name in a flattering autograph deduction from Ruddy or Guy, from Henry or George.

"Now, this man's friends had noticed, or thought they had noticed, a certain similarity about the handwriting of all these dedications. Probably they were wrong, but anyhow, after he had shown a fine folio volume of Marlowe to a festive gathering one evening, he found inscribed in the ancient book the next morning the following words:

"'To Bill'—his name was William—'From his faithful old friend and schoolmate, Kit Marlowe.'"

Adhering to Custom.

A mouse had the bad luck to fall into a can of beer while on a food hunt.

Presently a gray old cat came prowling along and pricked up its ears at the sight of mousey's struggles.

"Sitha, Tom," gasped the victim of misfortune, "if tha'll get me out o' this ale can tha can eat me."

To which bargain the cat agreed, and speedily effected a rescue. But as soon as he felt himself on firm ground the mouse made a bolt for it and disappeared down a hole.

The cat went to the mouth of the hole and remarked angrily:

"That's noan reet; tha said if Ah got tha aht, I could eit tha."

To which the mouse, keeping well out of danger, replied:

"Ay, Tom. Ah did; but tha knows folk'll say owt when they're in drink!"—London Tit-Bits.

New York's City Directory.

R. L. Polk & Co., publishers of the city directory, released the other day the preparation of a new edition to link the New York city of 8,000,000 persons to the New York city of the day when Alexander Hamilton lived at 57 Wall street and grew flowers in the back yard, says the New York Times. The new edition is to be commemorative in 1923 of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the city and "passing into first rank" of present day New York city.

This city now outranks London in point of population, the directory publishers said, because of the Port of New York district, created through a treaty between New York and New Jersey.

Turn From Business to Army.

Some idea of the wide differences in business connections of those applying for commissions as second lieutenants in the regular army is shown by the fact that 13 salesmen, 11 engineers, 5 each of newspaper men, chemists, accountants and managers; 4 each of civil service employees and machinists, 3 teachers, 2 each of auditors, examiners and students applied. There is also 1 application on file by a news photographer, bookkeeper, translator, secretary, conductor, automobile mechanic, buyer and a wrestling instructor.

SECOND-HAND

By A. W. PEACH

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Her vivacious little friend chattered on as she busied herself with the chafing dish, and with every word she was tumbling the bright castles that Esther Henley had been building through the months.

"And you know," the eager voice went on, "the reason for your transfer, Esther, from the head office was that Raines said you reminded him of a girl he used to know. Lansing, who is Raines' special pal, told me so, you know—said that Raines was ready to marry this girl—even told me where she lived and what her name is; then they quarreled, and Raines never married and she never did. Quite a romance, eh?"

Esther agreed with a serene reply, but there was a tornado within her. She held a responsible position with the great importing firm, and then suddenly she had been moved to Raines' department. Her salary was equal to his, but he was the senior member of the executives in charge of the department work. Then his quiet, strong personality had begun to win her, and she had been conscious more than once that his brown, kindly eyes were following her with pleasure and a bit of longing; and, in spite of herself, she had begun to hope dimly that he cared for her.

Now that hope and that dream went with the careless words of her friend. After all, his interest in her had been for another's sake; when his eyes rested upon her they were seeing another—a vanished love of other years.

She went to her work the next morning with different emotions stirring her heart. His eyes brightened as he saw her with the quick light so welcome in the eyes of those we love and he seemed to make it a point to stop to chat with her. Knowing what she did, she could look at him bravely enough now, and even as she recalled that his regard for her was second-hand in a way she could be just a little aloof. He in turn seemed to sense the distance that was growing between them.

Esther came to her final decision that night, and the decision in many ways was a rash one. First, she went to her little friend's room and using diplomatic tactics managed to get the address of the girl that Raines had loved—a little village in the northern part of the state.

"There is no use in three of us being unhappy—and I might as well try the missionary's scheme as anyone," she argued with herself.

So a letter went out, carefully written, with emphasis upon the responsibility that Raines carried so splendidly; upon the regard that all had for him. Esther built up word by word an eloquent and moving picture of the man she frankly confessed that she loved; and at the end she gave the reason for the letter; he had seen to it that she was kept in his department because of the girl of whom she reminded him.

"It is rash of me and foolish, perhaps, but missionaries sometimes do rash things, I've heard, for sake of a good cause," was her final comment.

Two days went by—days fraught with some anxiety for Esther, for she did not know just what the effect would be upon the absent girl or what the latter might write to Raines.

Destiny, however, takes care of all human hopes and fears in some appointed hour. At the end of the week Esther, going to Raines' office on a business errand, found him chatting with a golden-haired girl, whose blue-gray eyes brightened with recognition, but who said nothing.

"Just a moment, Miss Arnold, I can see you," Raines said, an odd note in his voice; and it suddenly dawned upon Esther that here was the unknown girl who resembled her.

A bit dazed by the shock of the realization, Esther, hesitating, said: "I can wait—"

"No, I must go," the fair-haired girl said; "I have been violating the rule prohibiting visitors, anyway. Good-by!"

With a smile that included both Esther and Raines she departed.

Esther turned—and her heart slowed its rhythmic beat of excitement. He had turned from the door and was looking at her with eyes that seemed a deeper brown than they had ever appeared to her before. Something in them frightened her a bit.

"I really must not linger—" she began.

"Esther, for better or for worse, I am going to tell you something—"

"Please don't scold me. I was foolish in what I did. You see, I have guessed who she is—and I am sorry, but it—it seemed the best way—" she said brokenly.

"Your letter brought her here, but, my dear girl, she is not the one I love; in fact, I used to love her and she's married now, besides. You"—he stepped closer to her until his tall form towered above her—"you are the one I love!"

"But you seemed to be growing a bit colder these days," his tender voice went on.

"I—I thought you liked me because I reminded you of her!" she said with difficulty.

She felt a strong arm draw her close to him. A firm but gentle finger tilted her chin and she looked up into eyes whose glowing depth held her fascinated. Then his lips were upon her—and her dream castles once more stood, fair and bright, in the Land o' the Heart's Desire.

PATRICK H. GALVIN, Democratic candidate for Senator from the Forty-sixth District, is truly one of Monroe County's native sons, and in his forty-one years he has befriended statesmen, journalists, farmers, mechanics and men and women in every walk of life, and though he has been identified with political campaigns since 1906, when he made his first speech in the cause of the Independence League, a branch of the Democratic party, this is his first appeal to voters to elect him to public office.

Mr. Galvin to-day ranks among the foremost of effective Democratic speakers in Western New York, and he has become an orator through persevering in the school of "hard knocks." He fights for information, and it is his boast that he will fight for the people if he is their choice on election day.

Mr. Galvin, as an organizer for the Loyal Order of Moose, became a national figure. Outside of his fraternal efforts, he commanded attention in the state, campaigning in the sale of War Savings Stamps and organizing volunteer harvesters. Mr. Galvin's volunteer harvesters, who left Rochester regularly on Sundays during this war's labor scarcity, were the salvation of many Monroe County farmers.

The Galvin volunteers got the fruit to market, and many Americans had supplies who, but for Mr. Galvin, would have been without.

Another public benefaction promoted by Mr. Galvin was the dinner to the unemployed in the winter of 1920-1921. Mr. Galvin, with the assistance of Thomas A. Jenks, fed thousands.

Patrick H. Galvin was born in Rochester, March 4, 1881. He attended school until he was 12 years old. From then on until he was a voter he was in turn newsboy, farmer's helper, athletic director and newspaper man. In 1906 he attracted public notice by championing the cause of the Independents.

In 1911 Mr. Galvin was appointed special agent for the Department of Labor and Commerce, in charge of census enumeration in the Forty-sixth Senatorial District. In 1912 Mr. Galvin was clerk of the New York State Senate Committee on Village Affairs. In 1913 he was both clerk of the Senate Committee on Public Canals and disbursing clerk for the canal department. He was special investigator for the State Department of Efficiency and Economy, when he resigned in 1916 to become Rochester organizer for the Loyal Order of Moose. So successful was Mr. Galvin as a local organizer that he was advanced to district organizer by James J. Davis, director general. Mr. Davis is now Secretary of Labor under President Harding. Mr. Galvin is in charge of all Moose organizing in New York State west of the Hudson River.

Under Mr. Galvin's supervision, the membership in his district has been increased from 8,000 to 49,000 and the assets swelled from $58,776 to approximately $3,000,000.

Besides being district supervisor of the Association of the Supreme Lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose of the world, Mr. Galvin is a member of the Improved Order of Red Men, B. P. O. Elks, Royal Arcanum, Moosehart Legion of the World and the Liederkranz.

Mr. Galvin is married and resides at 140 Knickerbocker Avenue.

The Forty-sixth Senatorial District Comprises

The Towns of Chili, Clarkson, Gates, Greece, Hamlin, Ogden, Parma, Riga, Sweden and Wheatland; and the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th (1st and 2nd Election Districts), 14th, 15th, 19th, 20th, 23rd and 24th Wards in the city of Rochester.

★

Pull Down Pointer at 10-B It Votes for

PATRICK H. GALVIN

for SENATOR, 46th Senatorial District

HEAT IN EARTH'S INTERIOR

Official of United States Geological Survey Has Come Forward With Some New Facts.

Long-established theories regarding the intense heat in the earth's interior may have to be revised, if the inconclusive evidence adduced by temperature tests in 107 deep wells in this country by Dr. O. E. Van Orstrand of the United States geological survey should be confirmed by further investigation. According to this expert, the steady increase in temperature, so great that a miner could not live at a depth of one mile, appears to be less rapid a little beyond that depth.

Combined with the fact that mathematicians have not yet found the law of distribution of temperature from the surface to the center of the earth, this makes uncertain the estimate of some scientists that the heat at the center is as high as 180,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Observations at a depth of about 7,500 feet have been taken, but Doctor Van Orstrand has not been able to carry his investigations further.

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Those Vandal Tourists.

Indignation has been aroused in certain circles in Switzerland, reports the Geneva correspondent of the London Daily News, by the vandalism of tourists in destroying the flora of the Alps. Some of the flowers are becoming more and more rare, and lovers of the mountains have been pained to find on their excursions whole roots dragged from the soil and lying dead.

This is especially the case with the edelweiss, and the mountaineer writes from Gryon to the Tribune de Geneve, pointing out that on the Aroite d'Argentine, one of the rare spots in that neighborhood where the plant still blooms, many roots were found pulled up. The edelweiss is somewhat difficult to pluck, and those who gather it should cut the stem of the flower with a knife, so that the root may be left to flower again next year for the pleasure of other tourists.