

PATRIOTISM THAT WINS IN THE END

By BELLE K. MANIATES.

"I wonder if I am an expatriot" soliloquized May Hampton, as she looked up from the perusal of a letter from home, remonstrating with her for her prolonged absence.

It was two years now since she had come to this land of sunny skies to study music and Italian for six months. At the end of that time, the people with whom she had come returned home, but May had formed the acquaintance of an English family who had taken up residence in Florence, and they offered to take her in charge. Her parents reluctantly consented to a continuance of her sojourn, and she was now more loath than ever to return. The charm of sunny Italy had worked its spell, and then, too, her voice was developing so marvelously that she began to have visions of grand opera. Memories of home ties were becoming dimmed, and three months ago she had broken her engagement with Tom Rowden. She could never have done this except by letter, for there had been a fascination about Tom, and her resolutions generally weakened in his presence.

The letter twitting her of being expatriated was from her father, who so rarely wrote to her. He had launched into a eulogy over the United States, and her duty to her family.

With a sigh Kate laid down the letter and began to dress for dinner. Her friends, the Gordons, were having some repairs made to their house, and in the meantime they were all staying at a boarding place.

She was roused from her reflections of the stars and stripes by the entrance of Gwendolen Gordon.

"There is a countryman of yours below, May, who has just arrived straight from the states."

"Really?" asked May interestedly. "It's so long since I have seen anyone just over."

"You will doubtless meet him at dinner. He is tall, well-formed, good color, bright eyes, well-tubed. Really he might almost pass for an Englishman."

And May was not yet so "expatriated" as not to experience a tinge of resentment at Gwendolen's inference that his passing for an Englishman was the highest compliment she could pay an American. The description reminded her of Tom, and memories of Tom always brought a vague discomfort. He had merely acknowledged the receipt of the ring she had returned, and had formally regretted her "change of heart."

After the long, friendly letter she had written him explaining her "career" she had certainly looked for more notice than that. She had anticipated opposition, remonstrance or a beseeching letter from him, possibly a visit from him. Maybe he, too, had "changed."

And there had been an unaccountable silence on the part of her family, who adored Tom. Her father, whose views on "honor" and the keeping of a promise were so implacable, had never mentioned or hinted at her action—simply indited an oration on her country.

She went down to dinner with a thrill of anticipation at the thought of meeting a "live man" again, for she had secretly disdained the Italians and the men she had met at the Gordons. She was doomed to disappointment. No stranger appeared, though she prolonged the meal as much as possible.

Later in the evening she was sitting on the balcony of her sitting room when she heard the piano below. There were a few random chords, and then there fell grandly on the air a deep baritone voice rendering the "Star Spangled Banner."

"Oh!" she cried with indrawn breath. By the thrill of ecstasy she knew she was not an alien from her native shores.

She hastened down to the salon which was crowded with American tourists drawn thence by the magic of the home song. At the end of the second verse, May was suffering all the pangs of nostalgia. There was something familiar in the voice, and she worked her way nearer the piano for a glimpse of the musician. She was a little faint when she recognized George Amsden, Tom's particular friend. The sight of him brought vivid recollections of home, home friends and Tom.

She slipped into an adjoining little room to compose and adjust her thoughts before meeting him. In vain she tried to stifle her emotions. She crossed the room which was unoccupied, and stepped out to the balcony.

A man turned, and in the golden-rayed moonlight she saw Tom, eager and flushed.

"May," he cried.

"Tom!" she said with a little sob, "I am homesick!"

"Your father sent me to—bring you home, May. Will you go back with me?"

At the underlying tenderness in his tone, all her footlight aspirations dropped from her.

"Yes, Tom," she said meekly.

Three months later when Gwendolen Gordon read the account of May's wedding, she commented:

"How very American it was to come down the aisle to martial music!"

THEIR INVITED GUESTS AT SUBURBAN HOME

When Perkins, without consulting Mrs. Perkins, invited Hinchett to spend a week end with him and his wife at their suburban home, he made the error of failing to pry into Hinchett's family affairs as a preliminary move. He realized later that he should have put Hinchett through the third degree of the census bureau before extending the invitation.

Thus he would have escaped the confusion that overwhelmed him on the Saturday when Hinchett descended upon the Perkins establishment with one wife, two children and one brindle bulldog.

"I had to bring the dog," explained Hinchett brightly, when Perkins met him at the foot of the steps, "because there is no one in our apartment house that I could trust with him. Good old Bruno! He has to be fed just so or he is unhappy. Mrs. Hinchett," he went on, with a wave of his hand toward his wife, "and the little Hinchetta."

Perkins knew that his wife was watching the reception from behind the living room curtains and that his standing at his domestic hearth depended upon his carrying the matter off with the air of its being quite what he had expected.

"Come right in," exclaimed Perkins, heartily, as the children began pulling the geraniums out of his wife's flower boxes beside the steps. "Glad you brought the dog. He'll be company for our dog. Let me take your suitcases."

"Oh, there's a hammock!" Mrs. Hinchett exclaimed, making a dive for it. "I'm just worn out with the long trip from our place and the railroad driver and then the walk up here in the sun. You won't mind if I lie down a minute, will you?"

"Lillian isn't very strong," Hinchett explained.

"Certainly not!" Perkins told her. "Go right ahead, Mrs. Hinchett, and get rested. That's what we're here for."

She tumbled into the hammock and Hinchett went down into the front yard to encourage Bruno in digging up the pansy bed that Mrs. Perkins had been working over all season. As Perkins walked into the hall with the satchels his wife seized him.

"Why didn't you tell me these people had children?" she hissed into his ear. "I could have gone away or got scarlet fever or something. You know that I've nobody to help me with the housework. And I was planning to make jelly today."

"Hinchett held out on me," murmured Perkins. "He never mentioned the kids. For the love of Pete, go and talk to 'em."

"And that woman in the hammock is the one you said would help me make jelly if I let them come today," his wife said witheringly.

"Maybe she will," countered Perkins. "You haven't asked her yet."

Then Mrs. Perkins coaxed up a welcoming smile for the guests and went out to meet them, murmuring words of sympathy for Mrs. Hinchett, whose fatigue threatened to become permanent. About that time the Perkins fox terrier arrived from an excursion into foreign fields. When the two men had pried the bulldog loose from the fox terrier's neck Perkins took his dog into the basement and chained him to the furnace.

While Mrs. Hinchett, from the depths of the hammock, was explaining to Mrs. Perkins how badly she felt most of the time and how quickly she succumbed before exercise of any kind, Perkins took Hinchett down to show him the village hall, and the other sights of which the residents of the suburb are justly proud. He wanted to get away from the atmosphere of the berries, which his wife had stocked up with to make jelly that day. When they returned an hour or so later they found the Hinchett's lit-boy had set fire to the barn, which had been saved by a remarkable demonstration of energy on the part of his mother, ably assisted by Mrs. Perkins, in pumping water and passing buckets.

Dinner was not exactly a joyous meal, inasmuch as Mrs. Perkins kept thinking of new things to say to her husband after the Hinchetts were gone, and Hinchett whiled a way the hour with a detailed description of his courting days up to the moment when Lillian shyly consented to be his.

Then before the men had finished their cigars after dinner the Hinchetts' girl fell out of a cherry tree and broke her collarbone trying to get the only two cherries on the tree.

"I'm afraid we'll have to go home with her," sighed Mrs. Hinchett.

"Oh, must you go?" Mrs. Perkins asked, while Perkins dashed upstairs for the suitcases.

When the guests had been safely placed upon the train Perkins turned to his wife with both hands held aloft. "Never again!" he said fervently. "That week end thing isn't what it's advertised to be."

His wife smiled grimly. "We'll have to hurry home," she said. "You have a hard day's work ahead of you yet—making jelly."

"But it's late," protested Perkins.

"It will be a great deal later before you get to bed tonight," returned Mrs. Perkins. —Chicago Daily News.

What Makes Snow Warm.

Snow is warm by virtue of its light and woolly texture. But it is also warm on account of its whiteness. Had snow been black, it would have absorbed the heat of the sun and melted quickly. Instead, it reflects heat, and the reflected heat falls upon bodies above the snow, while the warmth of the earth is preserved beneath it.

"BURNS UP ROADS"

Mysterious Pirate Sweeps About Night After Night Robbing of His Fancy Dictates—Valuable or Trifles Appeal to Him Alike.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Grey Ghost," a low-slung racing car, with its goggled, supposed owner at the wheel, and with the exhaust roaring and thundering a protest from its powerful engines, has been sweeping through Glendora and surrounding towns upon a piratical mission that has spread terror in its wake.

Along foothill boulevards, the stretch of well-paved road that leads from Los Angeles through Glendora, the pirate car and its owner have sped night after night upon marauding expeditions. It is only when the car is out on the boulevards, where other cars are "vending their way to and from the little cities near the foothills, that the "Grey Ghost" is let loose with all its speed. Then it flashes by other automobiles, giving the occupants a moving-picture view of a swift-speeding car with a driver huddled behind the wheel, a mere blur of a human being, whizzing on.

Seven times the "auto pirate" and his gray streak of a car have been seen by orange grovers who live along the boulevard. That he is the one who is committing the various depredations which have aroused residents along the mountain road has been made certain by traces that he has left after bold crimes. The men who have seen the driver of the "Grey Ghost" say he handles his car with all the skill of a professional racing driver, and that he evidently knows



Seems to Know Every Crook in the Roads.

every turn of the roads in the surrounding country.

Evidence that the "Grey Ghost's" owner does not care what he takes and is as willing to commit a petty theft as a daring burglary of consequence, is shown by the fact that on one occasion he went so far as to steal a drilling machine belonging to a ranchman, who owns a place at Grand avenue and Foothill boulevard. The tracks of the automobile tires showed plainly where the "auto pirate" had hitched the machine to the back of his car, and then sped away.

One of the strange features in connection with the case is the fact that the "auto pirate" seems to know every crook and turn in the roads leading in and about Glendora, Covina, Duarte, Monrovia, Claremont and other towns. When shooting his car along over the smooth highways he never seems to hesitate at a turn or slow down for a railroad crossing or bridge.

Man and the Rat.

Man and the rat go everywhere and eat everything. They are the two creatures that dwell in houses and travel in ships. Each drives its other rival to the wall, but neither, except locally and for brief periods, has ever been near exterminating the other. The use of cement is greatly facilitating the fight going on against the rats.

It seems singular that any woman should continue to suffer one moment diseases like that from which Mrs. Mary A. Sasser was cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. From High-Lamar Co., Texas, she writes: "For three years I suffered with falling of the womb and ulceration. After using three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' I have found an entire cure. I am able to do my work with ease."

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