

STEPHEN AND STORIES.

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Sally gazed contemplatively at the little set of chintz-covered drawers that she had indulged in by way of celebrating the occasion of having sold another story. It was Sally's treat to herself to purchase something for the equipment of her writing table upon each glorious arrival of a check.

"I can write from morning until sundown now," she told herself happily. "I must sell another story before I can get the waste basket to match." She pondered for a moment. "I think I will rewrite 'The Test.' That ought to sell—it's a good plot."

Sally looked high and she looked low for "The Test." She took out every drawer, looked through her file and her scrap books, but the manuscript remained in its hiding place. Suddenly she remembered that she had sold an old file case.

The next morning she dressed herself with her habitual care and went forth in search of the lost story.

She gazed open eyed at the clerk who told her that a certain set of drawers had been sold.

"Is there any chance of my finding out to whom they went? It is most important," Sally said, with her friendly smile.

Another ten minutes passed and Sally went forth. The address given was down in the lower Twenties and Sally found herself ringing the bell of a small flat.

A most delightful girl answered the ring and opened the door wide that Sally might enter.

"Yes, we found the story," the girl was saying, as Sally followed her into a room that was homelike and cozy, and in which a good-looking young fellow lolled comfortably while he scanned the pages of Sally's own manuscript. Sally's eyes opened wide and a flush darted into her cheeks.

"Davie," Midge Cartwright said, "this is Sally Seward. Miss Seward, my brother, David Cartwright. Miss Seward has come in search of her story," Midge added, and offered Sally a chair.

"Now for the story," he said with his boyish laugh that Sally was beginning to wait for. There had not been so much of laughter in Sally's struggles that she could afford to let slip one golden hour. She rejoiced that her manuscript had wedged itself into the chintz drawers, and that she was sitting beside David Cartwright while he outlined the plot of an exceedingly good story.

"I will write it," Sally told him while Midge's voice came from the direction of the kitchen humming a little snatch of song, "and if it brings a big check, you must promise that we three will have a dinner together." Midge had entered with a fragrant tray of tea and hot crumpets. "Did you hear that, Miss Cartwright?" Sally questioned.

"If the story brings a big check," she said, I will agree to anything, but it would be so comfy to have dinner here—you may get a chicken and fixings if you like, but couldn't we cook it here? It is so much nicer than restaurants." She glanced eagerly at Sally and Sally smiled back at her. Friendship linked the eyes of the two girls, and Davie looked on with a peculiarly introspective expression.

"And I will get seats for the theater," he added. "Is it a go?"

Sally looked from Midge to Davie, and if there was a throb in her throat no one was the wiser. She put a hand into each of theirs and clasped them warmly. The hand that Davie held trembled and his own closed about it. "We will be the best of friends, I know," Midge said, quickly.

"We are going to be more than friends," Davie said—but he did not say it aloud.

Midge knew as she went homeward that she would become a great writer, that her table had grown doubly dear to her, and that the little chest of chintz drawers would always be fragrant with love and happiness and all that goes to make life a wonderful thing. Perhaps she kissed the things that had given her happiness, or perhaps she only ran slim fingers caressingly over them. But Sally smiled.

Three of a Kind.

It was company field training. The captain saw a young soldier trying to cook his breakfast with a badly made fire. Going to him he showed him how to make a quick cooking fire, saying:

"Look at the time you are wasting. When I was on the coast I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under the half hour." Then he unwisely added: "Of course, you have heard of the west coast?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young soldier, "and also of Ananias and Baron Munchausen."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Likes Sunday Dinners.

Robert had always visited his aunt on Sunday. One week day she asked him to stay for dinner. She prepared just what she had—no dessert. When the meal was finished the aunt noticed Robert was expecting something.

Soon he looked up and said: "Aunt Emmy, you have lots better dinners than this, don't you? Guess I'll come on Sunday next time."—Indianapolis News.

POWER FROM THE DESERT

Inventor Sanguine of the Success of His Project for Utilizing the World's Waste Places.

The inventor of a sun-power engine now working in Egypt claims that 20,000 square miles of the Sahara desert can be made to deliver as much power as is obtained from all the coal now mined in the world.

The claim is a little startling at first. Population has followed mechanical power for many years, and doubtless will continue to do so. If the sun engine is made truly practical, visions arise of the densely peopled areas of the North being deserted for the sun-baked plains of Africa, Arizona and Mexico. What then?

Nothing then. That emigration never will take place. Nature has so ordered it that lands of perpetual sunshine produce very little that mankind needs. Man, of recent years, has arranged things so that power can be shipped long distances over a wire, with comparatively little loss. If the sun-power engine does as much as this inventor hopes, the world's deserts may become great generating stations, and that is about all.

Even this is problematical. It is doubtful if sun power ever can be generated as cheaply as water power, in certain favored regions, and it will be many a long year before the new development cuts down the consumption of coal.—Chicago Journal.

COMFORTS ON FIRING LINE

Everything Possible Is Done for the Men on Duty in the Trenches in Europe.

We are constantly learning more of the economy of trench life, and from time to time we are given a glimpse at what may be called its luxuries. The telephone is, of course, a necessity, but now there is the hyperperiscope, by which you may see your enemy without giving his snipers a chance at a pot shot. One letter from the front the other day mentioned that the question of electric lighting is being considered seriously, and the latest refinement is that of the electrophone, by which men in reserve may provide concerts for their comrades in the firing line.

War has often been luxurious before, but only for the men at the top. In the seventeenth century a due de Luxembourg, a Vendome or a Richelieu took with him a complete town's equipment, and his wines, his musicians and his silverware were all in camp. Wellington, though he was frugal enough himself, kept hounds for his officers in Portugal.—London Mail.

Red Cloud's Granddaughter.

The biggest thing in the way of an Indian wedding ever held among the Sioux Indians was celebrated at Chadron, Neb., a short time back, when James Galigo, a white ranch owner, and Miss Josephine Richards, granddaughter of the late Red Cloud, big chief of all the Sioux tribes, were married.

The best man was James Roam Eagle, and the bridesmaid was Miss Angeline Kills Above. Miss Kills Above is also a granddaughter of Red Cloud. Half a hundred Indians accompanied the party from the Pine Ridge agency to Chadron for the ceremony, which was performed by County Judge Slatter.

Judge Slatter's fee from the bridegroom was \$50 and a fine saddle horse. The bride's dowry was a herd of 1,500 Hereford cattle and 500 horses, the total value being probably \$150,000. As soon as the snow melts Mr. and Mrs. Galigo intend making a long tour in their automobile.

Activities of Women.

The Frankfort arsenal in Philadelphia employs over four hundred women whose duties are those of making cartridges for the government.

The state minimum wage commission of Washington has established \$10 as a minimum wage for women and girls employed in clerical positions.

Although she is one hundred and one years old, Mrs. Abigail F. Miller of Philadelphia says her one ambition is to ride in an aeroplane.

California will have woman judges for the juvenile courts if the bill now before the legislature becomes a law. Paris women are changing their gait, and instead of wriggling they are now back to their old habit of tripping along.

Aeroplane in Jerusalem.

During the last few months the aeroplane has made its appearance in many strange places, not the least among these being the ancient city of Jerusalem. It was during his flight from Constantinople to Cairo that M. Bonnier, the French airman, passed over the Holy City in his monoplane, descending on the historic plain of Ephraim, a short distance south of Jerusalem. It was on this plain that King David met and defeated the Philistines. Never, in modern times, was the city so excited. It poured out en masse to see the airman and his machine—Christians, Jews and Moslems.

Alarm Shouts at Burglar.

Axel Stahl of Chicago has just received a patent on a burglar alarm that has as its essential a talking machine. This may be loaded with a record bearing such remarks as its owner would like to have made to a burglar who enters by door or window. So, the thief will be greeted with words that will at least tend to startle him.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE.

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"The word, sir?"

"Ha—hum! I declare!"

The challenge, sharp and suspicious, came through a tiny slot in a door that seemed to guard a lodge room, or some like secret place of convocation. The embarrassed response was from Prof. Achilles Dabney, savant and student of antiquity.

"I—how awkward! You see—dear me! how could I forget so readily? I have lost the word."

Snap! went the jealously guarded slot cover, but the professor beat him, and, to him, the evil eye again appeared at the orifice.

"I have come nearly five hundred miles," fluttered the professor excitedly and with eagerness. "I am Professor Achilles Dabney. Surely, you have heard of me? I am deeply interested in the discovery of the great connecting link your illustrious society has on exhibition."

"Sorry, sir, but only to members of the Anthropological Assembly, or those accredited by some officer of the same, is admission granted, provided they have the password."

Professor Dabney groaned audibly as he left the place. All his thoughts were bent upon devising some way of getting in among the scientists. He racked his brain for a suggestion of some method of encompassing the great desire of his heart. In his abstraction, crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he jumped two feet up into the air at the sharply yelled words:

"Hi, there—out of the way!"

"Mercy me!" gasped the professor, as the teamster's horses nearly bore him down.

"Look out!" came a second startling injunction, and the professor faced the new dilemma of a speeding automobile coming from the other direction.

Directly in front of him was a little girl about nine years of age. She was directly in the course of the oncoming machine. The professor was not only a scientist but a true humanitarian. He made a dash for the child. Just in time he pushed her out of the way of the crushing wheels of the auto, was knocked aside himself by the edge of the machine, and reached the curb, where a policeman was trying to soothe the crying, frightened child.

"You are a good, grand man!" lisped the child, seizing and fondling his hand. "Sister will never forget you, any more than I will. Oh, you must come with me and let her thank you! She would never forgive me if I let you go!"

So, in his meek, accommodating fashion the professor allowed the little one to lead him along the street, followed by the approving and admiring smiles of the crowd. She finally paused at a small flat building, went up to its top story and pushed open a door, with the excited words:

"Oh, sister, dear! I've had such a time, and only for this gentleman you would never have seen me again!"

A lovely young girl arose from some fancywork in which she was engaged, paling at the hurried story of the little one, and then beaming her gratitude and interest upon the bashful and confused visitor.

The tired scientist glanced about the bright, cheery room. His gracious reception had warmed his heart. All his wealth and prestige, his lonely, selfish life faded into nothingness before the intensely human and inspiring influences of this neat little home nest. The little one insisted on his staying to lunch.

He arose to go, after the happiest hour of his life, and he thrilled as the hand of Miss Weston rested in his own at parting.

"Oh, Sister Rhoda! make him promise he will come to see us again!" began little Idaline, and then she paused, dismayed, for the professor had made an extraordinary demonstration.

"The lost word!" he fairly shouted, quivered all over with excitement, and, seizing his hat, fairly rushed from the place.

It was just at dusk when there came a knock at the door of the little flat. Rhoda Weston looked glad and pleased as she welcomed the professor. He seemed supremely happy.

"I had to come back to apologize for my rude departure," he exclaimed, "but you see that name, your name, Rhoda, by a strange coincidence, happened to be the password at that scientific assembly I told you about."

"Why, I am very glad to know that your great desire was met," said Rhoda.

"Tell me some more about those cunning little red ants," pleaded Idaline, climbing into his lap.

Why Professor Dabney lingered in the city, now that his mission was accomplished, he could not himself exactly analyze. But he did stay, and every evening he visited the little flat.

"I am going home tomorrow," he told Rhoda one evening. "Perhaps I had better say what I was going to write," he continued.

"Then why not do so?" she smiled encouragingly.

"One word, a lost word, discovered through you, did me great service," said the professor, "and you have enabled me also to find and understand another word."

"And that?" interrogated Rhoda, still smiling, but trembling all over.

"Love!"

Constituent Shows How Excess Crew Men Displace Others.

Philadelphia, March 24.

John McClintock, a Representative from Philadelphia, in reply to a constituent who asked him to vote for repeal of the Pull Crew Law, wrote as follows:

"I desire to ask if you think it is right to legislate out of employment men who are now in the employ of the railroads, whose wages aggregate \$2,000,000, especially at this time, when there is so much idleness?"

This question brought a rejoinder as follows:

"Replying to your letter of March 19, my answer would be, first, that there was no reason nor right in legislating into jobs some 2400 excess trainmen now employed on railroads in Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

"Second, it is axiomatic that employment to be of the largest economic advantage and for the greatest good of all, must be productive or useful in character. These excess trainmen get some \$2,000,000 a year, but do nothing which adds either to the safety or efficiency of train operation."

"Obligated by law to employ these men, the railroads virtually are compelled to squander \$2,000,000 which they would otherwise have to expend for useful purposes. So expended, it would provide productive work for now unemployed men and women in other lines. They would get the money for services of value."

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Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, in use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"Dastardly" Youth.

A child-loving teacher tells this story as illustrating the curious association of ideas often entertained by children. "I do love Bruce," one of her small pupils exclaimed in ecstasy. "He's so awfully dastardly. There's nothing under heaven that he doesn't dast do!"

Many laxative medicines do nothing more than remove the immediate obstruction or discomfort. The use of such medicines makes constipated people more constipated. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets remove the causes of constipation, and so relieve biliousness, sick headache, and other ailments resulting from constipated habits.

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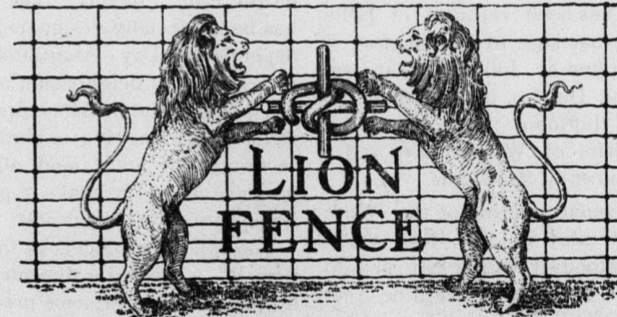
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