

ARMS AND THE GIRL.

(By Forbes Dwight.)

Edward Frisby, sadly perturbed, mounted the steps of the Stanwoods' house and rang the bell. Of the maid, who opened the door for him, he asked so sharply if Miss Stanwood were in that the girl involuntarily stepped away from him. Presently Helen was standing there before him.

"Why at this unseemly hour of the day, Ned?" she was asking.

"I came to set my mind at rest," said he. "I want you to tell me it isn't true—that you're going to ride at the head of the procession as Joan of Arc tomorrow?"

She tried to smile nonchalantly, blushed a little, and turned away her eyes.

"Yes, it's true," said she. "I wasn't originally cast for that role, you understand. It was Alice Marr. But she's ill. So they've asked me and I'm—"

"Good heavens! Of course you can't!" said he.

She made a wry little face. Also her right hand went out in a little impatient gesture.

"Neddy, don't be horrid," she urged.

"I'm not," said he. "Why, goodness gracious, child, it would be— You'd have to be in armor, of course?" he broke off suddenly.

"Of course," she admitted with the faintest of added color.

"Well, don't," said he.

"For what specific reason?" she demanded.

"Because I ask it."

"That isn't enough."

He frowned.

"Isn't it?" said he. "Then let me say, because, if you do persist—if you don't think any more for me than that, I don't think I'd better come here any more."

She looked at him wide-eyed for a moment. Then quietly she slipped off the ring on the third finger of her left hand and passed it to him.

"As you like," said she. "I shall be Jeanne d'Arc tomorrow."

Before he could remonstrate she was gone. She stepped past him and he heard her going very firmly up the stairs. He started to call after her, but instead he squared his shoulders and went out, and he did not close the front door quite as softly as was his wont.

He went to the club that night and to forget his troubles he plunged into a game of bridge with Norton and Babcock and old Colonel Haskins. He played later than he had meant to; also he played very badly. In consequence he overslept next morning, and he had an important appointment with a client at his office at 9:30 o'clock. It was after ten o'clock when he rushed downtown.

Martial music gave him pause. Hand-clappings and cheers also greeted his ears. Of course, the parade. He started on, but at that moment the head of the parade came abreast him. Behind the band was a huge banner with the legend:

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."

And just back of that was a wonderful vision, a girl in flashing armor, trim and lithe and straight on a snow-white horse. The shimmering helmet she carried in her hands, leaving her hair like spun gold gleaming in the morning sun.

Frisby stood quite still while the rest of the procession passed. At the end was a handful of men, marching sturdily and looking very sheepish under the gibes that were hurled at them from their watching brothers on the curb.

Frisby had quite forgotten that client at his office. All he thought of was that wonderful girl at the head of the procession on the snow-white horse.

He pushed through the crowd. In another moment he had joined those shame-faced, marching men at the end of the procession. Then he marched grimly, unmindful apparently that he was being invited to go home and wash the dishes and that he was being told in many falsetto voices how perfectly sweet he looked.

There was a reviewing stand in front of the Women's clubhouse. On the stand were various notables, men and women, and before it while the procession passed, the matchless Joan of Arc sat her white charger in her glittering armor.

As the tail of the procession came along she caught sight of the standard-bearer. She gasped in surprise. She said, "Edward!" very softly, but quite distinctly. Then, as the banner was dipped to her in salute, she bent her head and unloosed upon him the most dazzling smile imaginable.

She had just reached home and run inside, and old William, their gardener, was holding the horse, when Frisby burst in. In his excitement he had even forgotten to ring. She started with an embarrassed little laugh to run upstairs (she was still in the armor), but he caught her in his arms.

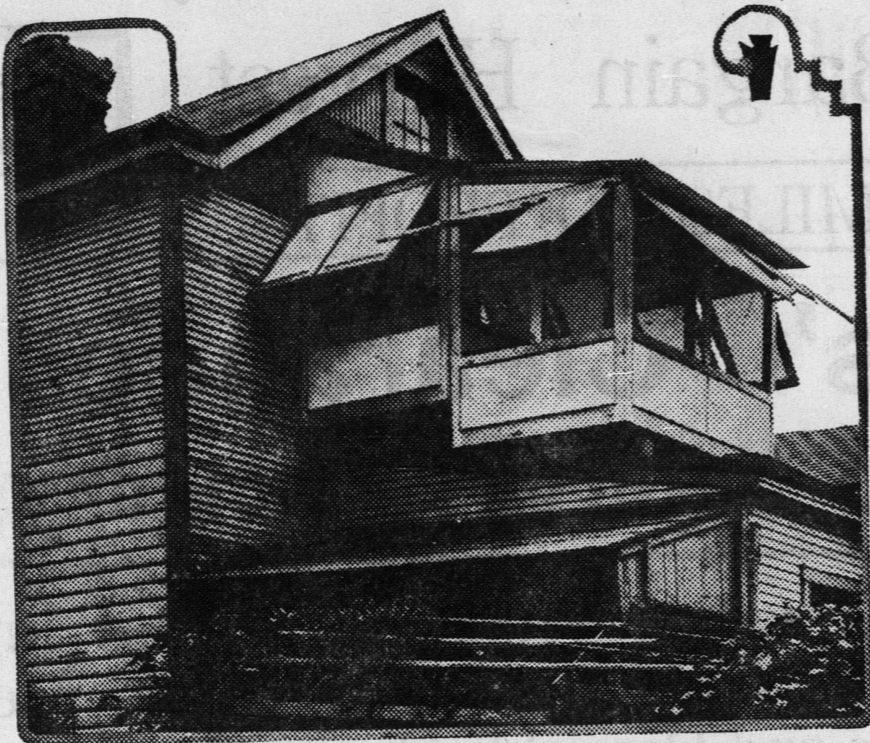
"Dearie," he cried contritely, as he fished in his pocket, "take off that tin can of a gauntlet and let me slip this back again, please. I was wrong—all wrong, as usual. Please let me put it back."

"Oh, Neddy," she laughed, "do look out. This armor is all covered over with sharp points. Be careful!"

"It's well worth being cut to pieces for," he said with conviction, drawing her yet closer to him.

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OUTDOOR SLEEPING POPULAR



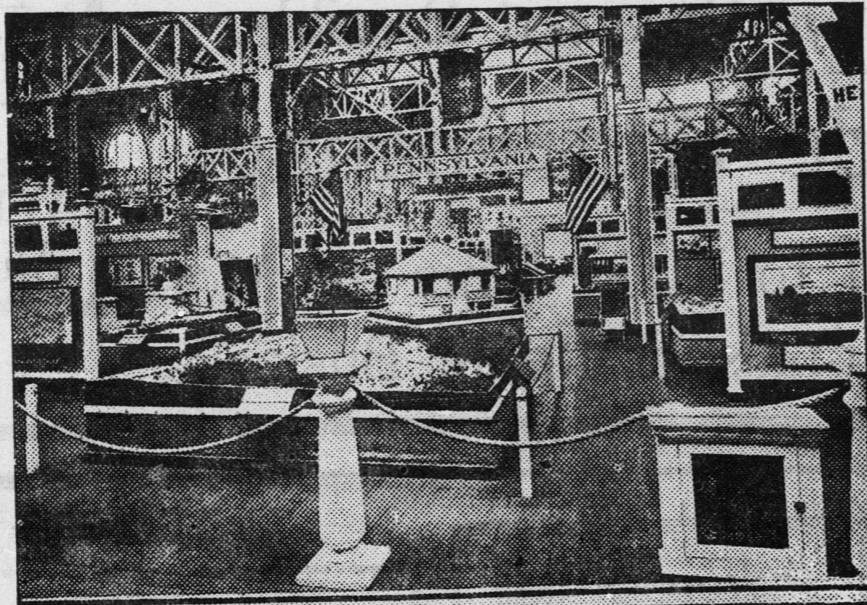
Sleeping porches have come to be considered a necessary adjunct to the modern home. Architects are making provision for them in their plans for the most expensive residences.

Less than ten years ago when Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, commissioner of health, began his state-wide crusade against tuberculosis, there were practically no open-air sleepers. The tuberculosis patients who first tried sleeping out of doors advocated it so ardently that others soon began to make the experiment, and once begun could never be induced to shut themselves in at night. The crusade for fresh air has now multiplied by the thousands those who find increased bodily vigor, immunity from colds and bronchial troubles from sleeping out of doors.

As fresh air is a vital factor in the cure of tuberculosis, it is of equal value as a preventative of this disease.

While sleeping porches in connection with modern residences are often of expensive construction and carefully designed to harmonize with the general plan of the house, an equally effective and comfortable porch can be built on more modest dwellings at a comparatively trifling cost. The one shown on the picture above, for example, costs less than fifty dollars.

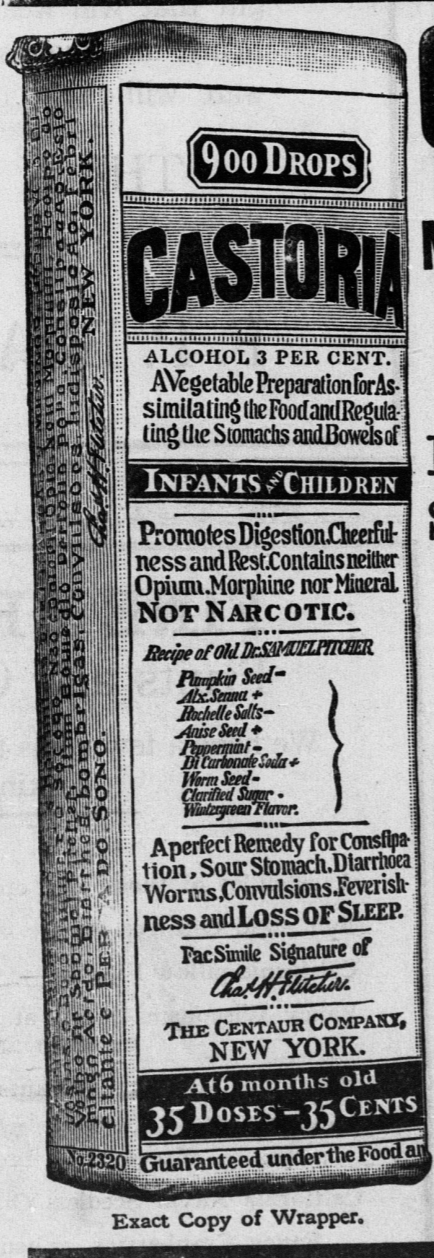
MILLION SAW STATE'S PRIZE EXHIBIT



This is a bird's-eye view of the exhibit of the Pennsylvania Department of Health which was awarded a grand prize at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, commissioner of health, who planned it, has been requested by Governor Drumhough to bring this exhibit back to Pennsylvania and set it up in its entirety in several of the larger cities of the state. More than a million people visited this exhibit during the time that it was shown in San Francisco, among whom were many of the foremost public health workers of this and foreign countries.

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