Just Like the Boy in the Story

By MILDRED HONORS

(6, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) Dorothy finished the story and closed

the magazine. It was a good story, the story of a girl who took a great chance and found a great happiness. If life were only as simple as stories! She gave the hammock pillows a discontented little punch.

Through the open pantry window came Aunt Emily's voice, "Is Dorothy going to marry this Tom Waite, or an't she?"

"Why, Emily, they're just friends." That was her mother.

"Humph! Being friends with a man don't get you very far."

"But they were brought up together, Emily; went to school together. Tommy is just like her brother."

"Stuff and nonsense! She's got two brothers now. What's she need of any more. I do hate to see a girl smart as Dorothy wasting her life in this little one-hoss town. I do wish, Ellen, you'd persuade her to go back to Boston with me next week and go into the hospital. It's only three years. What's three years? And trained nurses get \$40 a week. Ain't that worth having? I say 'tis. She'd make a nurse and a good one, too."

"She always was a great hand in sickness," mother agreed.

"And was always tore out to be a nurse. Now she's got the chance, why don't she take it? I don't know what's to hinder her, without it's that Tom Waitte. Now, I don't believe in any girl's getting married just to get a Mrs. on her tombstone, but if she likes him-good feller, ain't he?"

"Tommy's a dear boy. A little slow, perhaps, but steady. He'll make some girl a first-rate husband. They say-' Mother's voice trailed off, lost in the click of dishes, but Aunt Emily's answer had a ring of triumph.

"Well, I been married twice and I tell you, Ellen Patterson, the best man that ever lived needs a little mite o'



They Read It Together.

managing. Now, take Sally Simptonyou remember Sally Simpton? Never dared to say her soul was her own-' Dorothy flopped over. What did she care about Sally Simpton? She had troubles of her own. Idly her finger traced the birl's head on the magazine cover. Presently she slipped out of

"Tommy," in answer to his deep hello, "I don't want to go to the movies tonight. Just run over and talk to me, will you? Right."

telephone in the hall.

the hammock and called Tom on the

"Tom," she began when he arrived, "you know how Aunt Emily wants me to train in that Boston hospital next month. I want to go and yet-oh, I don't know what to do. I wish you'd help me."

"Thought you'd made up your mind

"I had, but this morning Mr. Allen called me into his office, and, Tom, what do you think? He wants to train me for Claire Temple's place. She's going to be married, you know. I was so surprised, I never thought he'd choose

"Don't know why not." "But Im not smart, Tom. Lots of girls are cleverer than I am."

"What other girls can do, you can do," doggedly.

"Oh, Tom, do you think so? Well. anyhow, he wants me."

"More money, of course." "Yes; it's really a sort of private secretary. Doesn't that sound big? But poor Mr. Allen. He wants me to give him my word of honor that I'll stay at least two years. Poor thing. Claire's the third girl he's had since I've worked there. So Im choosing my career tonight. Which shall it be, office or hospital?"

Silence. "Say something, Tom. Don't sit there like a bump on a log!" "Aren't you leaving out the other

career?" "What other career?"

"Marriage."

"Pooh! I'll meet lots of nice sales

men in the office. And in the hospital -why, Aunt Emily says there's so many wealthy young bachelors you just trip over 'em!"

"You can marry me, if you want to, Dot. I'm willing," She swept him a deep curtsey. "No, thank you, Mr. Waitte. I wouldn't dream of bothering you."

"But, I-" Dorothy held up her hand. "Office. hospital, office, hospital," she counted her slim fingers. "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo. Toss up a cent."

Obediently, he dug in his pocket. "Tom! Remember that Columbus day, when Ruth and Stan and you and I all wanted to do something different, and we couldn't agree, so we each wrote on a slip of paper and put them in Stan's hat and drew one?"

"Yup. Worked, too, didn't it? Why don't you try that now? Good a way as any."

"But this is serious." "Well, if you can't decide for yourself, we'll have to decide for you. Come on, now; be a sport. I'll write the

slips." He took three cards from his inside pocket, wrote rapidly on the backs and dropped them into a blue bowl on the

"Come on, now. No cheating, and no changing." He held the bowl high. Dorothy's eyes danced, but her mouth was a straight red line. Slowly she reached up and took out a card. They read it together.

"Marriage!" "Oh, Tom !"

"No changing, now. Play the game fair. Dot."

"But, Tom-" His voice deepened, sobered: "Dot, of course we're going to get married just like we used to say when we were kids. Father's taking me into the business the first of the year, and we'll build a house on that lot up Cedar Hill that Gran left me."

"But you haven't said that you-" "There never was anybody else," he

"They say I'm slow," spoke Tommy Waitte, "but I guess I'm not so blamed slow, after all." And he proceeded to prove it.

Two hours later. Tom went home, for the first time in his memory, by the front door. Dorothy watched him swing down the path and her eyes were tender. Tommy was a good boy-he'd make a first-rate husband.

She shut the door and flew back to the sitting room. From the blue bowl she pulled two cards. Then snatched up the Ladies' Magazine, skipped twice around the table, and collapsed. a laughing, breathless heap, on the

"Forgive me, Tommy," she whispered, "but it worked! It worked! It worked! He wrote 'marriage' on every one, just like the boy in the story."

SNAIL "LIVING INK BOTTLE"

Small Crustacean Found on New England Coast Endowed With Remarkable Properties.

Along the coast of New England there is a common species of sea snail that is a living bottle of indelible ink, very beautiful and quite as durable, when applied to lingerie, as any that one buys. The mollusk in question is found clinging to rocks just below the level of low tide, and the ink is contained in a whitish vein beneath the skin of its back. The fluid is at first yellow in color, but when exposed to the sun it turns green, then blue, then purple, and finally to a brilliant unchangeable crimson. This is one of the two species of whelks from which in ancient time was obtained the famous "Tyrian purple"-a dye considered too splendid for the adornment of any but kings and nobles. Indeed, it was so costly that none but the very rich could afford it, wool dyed with it being worth \$175 a pound. The liquor was procured by crushing the snails in a mortar. Six pounds of it were required to stain pound of wool, the ready-woven fabric being soaked in it and afterward exposed to sunlight. Stuffs thus dyed are said to have had a remarkable color effect, presenting changing hues to the eye, like modern "variable" silks.

Hot Onions and Pneumonia.

Hot onions, according to a French physician, are said to be sure cure for pneumonia. The remedy is as follows: Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine, put in a large pan over a fire, then add the same quantity or rye meal and vinegar to make a thick paste. In the meantime stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer for five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few minutes the patient will be out of danger. This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too-often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient .- London Tit-Bits.

In Praise of Open Fire. Following are some thoughts by the late John Burroughs: "The open fire is a primitive, elemental thing; it bare; it is a dragon of the prince, docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures; what activity; how social: how it keeps up the talk. You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it responds when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supple ments your library as nothing else in the room does or can."

TAKING IT TOO SERIOUSLY

Lardlord Could Not Help but Think Citizens of Petunia Were Overdoing Their "Coue."

"Well, no," admitted the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "The town isn't as lively just now as it might be. You see, at present the Coue craze is raging here, and it seems like our folks can't get up much interest in anything else. No use to attempt to buy, sell or beg, or ask a direction or expect a favor, for the party you speak to is pretty sure to be muttering, 'Every day, in every way, I am growing better and better,' and walling his eyes at vacancy as he does so.

"Tuther evening the I. X. L. store was robbed. Constable Slackputter saw the villains leaving with the goods, but he was just starting to say, 'Every day, in every way-,' and so forth, and by the time he had repeated the formula 20 times the robbers' car was clear out of hearing. A feller started to propose to a girl lately, but she had days." begun to state 20 times that she was better and better. This gave him opportunity to think it over and he got up without committing himself, and left. Any minute I am looking for a building to ketch fire, and the fire company be in the midst of declaring that they are better than ever before and the structure be holocausted before they get to it. There are so many citizens growing better and better that I don't believe the town will amount to anything till they quit it."-Kansas City Star.

WORD MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Controversy at Philadelphia Is a Case in Point, and There Have Been Many Others.

In the case of a Philadelphia woman who served as a stenographer in France during the war, and has since passed away, the government has declined to refund a tax payment of \$56,-394 made by her estate, on the ground that she was not "in" but merely 'with" the military forces in France. Much depends on a single word, and the case is to go before a jury, the

Philadelphia Public Ledger says. There are many historic instances of controversy over a word. Goldwin Smith said the Civil war was fought on a point of grammar-whether it should be "the United States is" or "the United States are." Church councils in the Middle ages were "by schisms rent assunder" over the use of the word "filloque" in the creed, and there are similar divergences over other terms. "In the beginning was the Word"-and that word, the Greek "logos," has itself been the theme of interminable discussion. The speaker who has the malady which in the naw trial was termed logorrnea has no understanding of the art of one who makes every word count for its value and do its work.

Your Telephone Can Sing.

Did you know it is possible to play a tune on an ordinary telephone re-

ceiver? asks London Tit-Bits. The musical telephone works in the same way as the usual speaking instrument. When you talk into a telephone your voice moves a little disk which alters the power of an electric current, thus moving a duplicate disk at the other end of the line. This second disk translates the electric wave

back into human language In the musical telephone, instead of talking into a mouthpiece, various buttons are pressed which alter the electric current in the same way that your voice does. This causes the disk in the receiver to move up and down. In this way various notes are produced, and if the apparatus can be varied sufficiently, whole tunes may be played.

Experiments have shown that electric lights can be played in the same way. A big arc lamp has been made to play "God Save the King."

Galluses.

In addition to being the food producer, political balance wheel, and all the other things the farmer does and is for the country, it looks as if he would have to protect and maintain the great American institution of suspenders.

The cities and towns have passed them up entirely, and pin their faith to the relatively untrustworthy belt. They are even making the jest that a pessimist is a man who wears suspenders as well as his belt.

Let us rally around, or under, or inside of, as the case may be, the American gallus. No other device is so scientific, so reliable, so comforting. No other will stand such punishment and still function smoothly and efficiently, down to the last two buttons of 10-penny nails .- Farm Journal.

For Handling Coil Stock.

The loading and unloading of heavy coils of wire or rod-stock, never a simple proposition, is expeditiously effected by means of a novel conveyor developed by a Wickliffe (O.) concern for use with its electric tramrail system. The coil conveyor is in the form of a steel hook about eight feet long, cheers with more than mere heat; it is and will carry a ton of rod-stock at a a bit of the red heart of nature laid time. In conjunction with electric hoists it makes the loading and unloading of this sort of metal cheap and easy .-Scientific American.

The Too Social Microbe

"They have succeeded in isolating the grip germ."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. They can isolate him once in a while, but there ain't no way to make him keep to himself."

Amid the

Forget-Me-Nots

By CLARA C. HOLMES

(@, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What have ye got there in that basket, Bula?" The girl's face turned crimson; she

did not answer. "Up to some underhanded affair, eh? Where did ye get them weeds?" "They came from Mrs. Doubleday's

garden, father." "I won't have any more weeds from anybody's garden; haven't I got whiteweed an' bouncin' bets an' goldenglow all over the farm already? Ye march that bluegrass straight back. After this-hear me?-after this, I warn ye to keep away from them Double-

The girl obediently retraced her steps to Meadow road. She climbed upon the meadow fence and sat there. "I will not take back these forgetme-nots. Harold gave them to me. What a cruel world this is!" she cried. "I know! I can take the flowers over to the brookside and transplant them under the willows."

She was busy with her plants when she heard her name softly called. She glanced up.

"Oh, it's you, Harold. Father wouldn't let me have the flowers." "I've just seen your father, Bula; he has forbidden me to meet you again. He seems to think my friendship will hurt you. Oh. Bula! I cannot submit to this ignominy! I'm going

away for good." "Father's ideas are not mine, Harold; you are not to blame because your father got in prison for life." "The primary law includes the inno-

cent. I had better go where I can build my own reputation." Her eyes filled with tears. "You can't write the letters, because father would intercept them," she warned.

Taking her hands, he looked earnestly into her trustful eyes.

"I think my mother has good judgment," he began, frankly. "I-I have been talking matters over with her.



"Well, This Is a Delight!"

She thinks if I go, you will forget because you are young, and you have the bright, wide world before you. Some time you may appreciate my not having doomed you to share in my family's disrepute."

"I don't want to forget you, Harold, unless you yourself don't care." "I do care, sweetheart," he cried, grasping her to him. "I do care, and

I'm tearing myself away. Dearest, dearest girl, good-by!" She did not see him disappear into the thicket. Her eyes were blinded

with tears. The next day Annie, Bula's cousin and helper, came rushing home from a neighborhood call.

"Bula, Harold Doubleday's gone! He enlisted in the American marine!" The information was news to Bula, but she answered quietly: "He told me he intended to go away."

"I never, never will forgive Uncle Walter," stormed Annie. "When Harold came here yesterday to say goodby, your father raved at him and ordered him off the premises!"

"Harold is displaying good sense, Annie; he was handicapped living here."

"He should have been helped," retorted Annie. "He is a fine fellow, and his mother is a beautiful woman." Bula despatched the loquacious Annie about her work. Indeed, with the care of the household, the oversight of the vegetable garden, and the ducks and hens, Bula had little time in which to grieve in loneliness. In the short days of winter she was occupied with the family sewing. The following April the great war came. Early in the year following the armistice, Bula's father died.

"What will you do now?" Annie asked, gazing curiously at the mistress of the big Meadowbrook farm.

"I will reserve enough for a vege-

table and flower garden, and dispose

of the rest of the land." Indeed a wild fancy obsessed Bula's mind-a desire to possess the flowers she had been so sternly denied. "Will you stay with me, Annie, and tend store? We can have a flower

shop out on the boulevard." Annie possessed a bookful of ideas;

she waxed eloquent. There was no irresolution in Bula. With the assistance of a carpenter and a gardener the flower shop idea at once became an actuality. A roadside field was ornamented with trellises, arches and mounds; and by summer these were radiant with fa-

miliar as well as rare flowers. One morning Bula wandered through her flower Eden. She was curiously restless. The insect pests disheartened her and Annie's chatter bored. She gave in to the impulse to get away from the garden.

"I'm going to the brookside, Annie, to gather watergrass. It has spread and run yards and yards. I've a wonderful bed of forget-me-nots there." Dew sparkled on the green. Birds

sang joyfully. It was a perfect June "It makes my heart ache to come here," Bula mused. "How cruelly practical he was! I hope I never shall see that heartless man again!"

"Well, this is a delight!" "How do you do, Lieutenant Doubleday," she greeted coldly.

"It's oddly coincidental that I should come here. But I must say I'm glad," he repeated. "I thought you were stationed on the Pacific coast," she ventured.

"I am; I'm on furlough." "Don't you like the West?" "Yes, but it's lonesome out there." "That seems incredible." She

laughed cynically. "Why? I've always been thinking of you, Bula."

"In that dazzling uniform you should not have been lonely." "Here is our seat still-under the willows," he suggested.

"I must go home." "I've come all the way from the coast in order to see you again."

"I've ceased to care now, Lieutenant Doubleday." "You can care again, Bula, can't

"Have you changed your old opin-

ion?" "Yes, since my promotion. Is a man responsible for the spirit of his ancestors?"

"Surely not." He grasped her hands. "Can you forgive me for an unintentional unkindness?"

"I-I'll be friendly." Impulsively he clasped her in his "You said we'd begin again," she de-

murred, struggling to free herself.

"We'll begin, dear, where we left Surrendering to his unvielding arms. she finished the story for him with a tearful smile. "Here amid forget-me-

CHOSE NEW BREEDING PLACE

nots, Harold."

Periodic Migration of Pearl Oysters Caused Alarm Which Proved to Be Unfounded.

Ceylon today is perhaps best known for its tea. But in days gone by it had a more romantic claim to fameit was the home of the most renowned

pearl fisheries in the world. Fifteen years ago the pearl oysters, which were a source of great wealth to the island, made one of their periodic mysterious disappearances.

In 1919 it was discovered that they were returning to their banks on the Gulf of Mannar, the narrow strip of water that divides Ceylon from India. Unfortunately, as it seemed at first. they were depositing themselves on

sand. Past history had shown that the pearl oyster never lived to a fishable age unless it settled on rock, but those responsible for the care of the oyster

banks were not disheartened. They believed that the oysters on | you the best of good evenings and all the sand would breed, and, as there were numerous rocky areas in the vicinity, there was every chance of a fair proportion of the spats, or young oysters, depositing themselves on more

favorable ground. And such has proved to be the case. Today there are countless millions of year. Let's make it two million, or young and thriving pearl oysters on the rocky areas in the Gulf of Mannar.

Noise. Quietest place in the world is a laboratory at University of Utrecht,

that no sound can get in from the outside. In this absolutely noiseless room, important experiments are being carried on by scientists studying the effect of noise on human nerves and

brain. A person, entering this stillness, has a peculiar sensation in the ears, on his arrival to see the children playthen a feeling of terror. Noise, which ing with a young timber wolf. The is making a nervous wreck of civil- owner explained that he had purized man, has become such a part of chased the animal believing it to be us that its total absence strikes fear a German police dog. The wolf is to the heart. Deaf people are not af now incarcerated in a heavy wire cage fected this way, for the vibrations of in the back yard.—Detroit News. sound reach them through their other

Misunderstood Phrase. "I don't care a dam" is a phrase that

was recently the cause of a member being called to order in the house of parliament. A recent writer explains him there was plenty of hickory. that "dam" is an old Indian name for a coin current in the Eighteenth cen- I'll name it Hickory Dickory Dock."tury and worth twopence. There is a passage in "Wellington's Dispatches" which quotes a letter written by Colonel Wellesley (as he was then) who describes a certain officer's opinion as "not worth a twopenny dam."

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED

Goud-Natured Irish Woman Evidently Was Willing to Overlook a Good Deal, but-

The Woman, according to her promise, went to the suburbs to take dinner with friends. She boarded a pay-asyou-enter car and settled down for a long ride. Soon her attention was attracted by the entrance of a big, fat woman with a large market basket and a huge bundle. She sat in the seat nearest the door on the left, set the basket at her feet and then piled the loosely wrapped bundle on top. All went well until a man got in at the next block. Then, as the car gave a lurch, he fell over the basket and knocked off the bundle, which burst open and a turkey rolled on the floor. "I beg your pardon," he stammered, utterly confused, while the woman

picked up her turkey, rewrapped it and put it back in place. "Ah and there's no harm done. It's

all right, God bless ye." The car jolted on and presently stopped again to take on another passenger. A second gentleman dropped in his fare, lurched forward and tripped over the basket. Again the ill-fated turkey tumbled in the dust. The passengers giggled, but not the woman. She rested her elbows on her hips and eyed the man with a pug-

nacious light in her eye. "Sorry, madam, but-" he began. "Ah, it's all right this time. God bless ye. But-I'll give the devil to

the next poor fool who comes in." And the glint in her eye told how much the next passenger would have to be thankful for if he watched his toes and avoided that basket .- New York Sun.

FINALLY SAW GREAT LIGHT

New Distinction Accorded George Washington by Wideawake Little Indiana Youngster.

Because Milburn had been reading about George Washington at school, his mother gave him an illustrated book about Washington, relates the Indianapolis News. The first picture in the volume was that of George Washington on a horse, gazing with a rapt expression at a part of the country of which he was supposed to be the parent. Under the picture was the caption, "George Washington, the

Father of His Country." Milburn opened the book and began to read, "George Washington-George Washington, the father-" but there he halted. Finally, he appealed to

his mother. "Study the picture for a while, and see if you can't make it out," his

mother adivsed. Milburn did study the picture. Suddenly he had an inspiration, and almost bursting with pride, he shouted: "I've got it now. George Washing-

ton, the father of the horse."

Up-to-Date Advertising. As the late party-goer opened the door he saw a man wearing a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe The next moment the man had turned and placed a revolver at the other's head. "Throw up your hands," cried the

intruder. With the meekness of a lamb and the speed of an express train, he

obeyed. "You understand," remarked the man, pleasantly, "that I can, in the present circumstances, loot the premises at my pleasure."

"I do." "You realize that you are at my mercy?"

"I do." "Well, then," cried the masked man. "you will be interested to know that got in through your dining room window without the slightest difficulty. Had it been equipped with Popson's patent safety burglar alarms this could not have happened. Installed complete with battery, \$25. Allow me to hand you a circular and to wish

the pleasures of the season," Vanishing.

Plant a tree and get free honorary membership in American Tree association. It hopes to induce a million of us to set out at least one tree this more.

You appreciate the forestry problem if you recently have had to buy any lumber. Lumber is vanishing, along with the forests. Our national lumber production now is less than 27,000,000. Netherlands. Walls are insulated so | 000 board feet a year, compared with 46,000,000,000 in 1906, though our woodsmen are attacking the forests more vigorously than then. Like

liquor-the cask is getting emptier. He Arrived in Time.

A veterinarian recently called to the home of an East sider was horrified

Naming the Dock.

It was a beautiful little lake. The man who had purchased an estate on it said he must have a dock for his motorboat and asked if there was any thuber in the neighborhood. They told

"Build it of that," he directed, "and

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sure to Regret It. Never make a fool of yourself over a woman. If she marries you, you will never hear the last of it.-Judge.