

THE MAIL BOY.

By Ann Cobb. Lonesome part of the road I follow, Just at the edge of dark, Little old frogs in a swampy hollow Allus begin to bark.

The Worm Turned

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

Lucinda said spitefully: "If Gorgeous Jones is going, we others had as well save our time, temper and wear and tear by staying at home. Not a man there will pay the least attention to us unless she sulks and won't look at anybody."

"Must be aggravatin'," Lem Lenox bantered. "Running against sixty thousand—and father. It must be like bluffin' when the other fellow holds four aces—and a pair of bowle knives."

"You go to Halifax," Lucinda flung at him. Lem bowed grandly, saying: "With all the pleasure in life—if only I'm told what to go for."

"Heap of things you might try to find—almost anywhere," Lucinda returned acidly. "A civil tongue, for instance, and common decency; and not to make a fool of yourself—same as all the rest."

"Dear me, I'm learning things. Until now I didn't dream Halifax kept school for all that." Lem returned, shaking his head, but meekly: "Say, Cindy," he ran on, "let us plot against the Endowed One. Seven sorts of a fool in spite of her thousand-dollar edjucashun she's forever talkin' about. It should be easy—"

"It isn't—just because she is such a fool," Lucinda interrupted. "Trickin' her into makin' a show of herself would be the same as egg'n on an idiot—"

"Or even a widower-man?" Lem twinkled wickedly over the query. Lucinda flung an apple at his head—because it was the thing handiest. He caught it with both hands, saying loftily: "Ah, ha, young person, I'm getting on your curves. The white-haired one among Eve's daughters—that's what you must be—tempting one thus with apples from the happy paths of folly—"

"Quarrellin' as usual—you two! I wonder you haven't worn the tips of your tongues at that game," Sue Davis Thompson hurried at them through the opening door, following the speech herself in a gale of laughter, and thereby moving Lem to say: "You forget, Sue Davis, rubbin' don't disintegrate in the strongest acid."

"Go to—Guinea," from Sue Davis. Lem bowed gravely, saying: "Delighted, but I'm already under orders for Halifax. Ladies, settle it betwixt you which it shall be."

"I say, you better go home—or to heaven," Aunt Peg called from the dining room, where she was setting down cakes hot and spicy, fresh from the oven. Lem sniffed and sighed, saying: "My nose forbids—and always I follow it. Peggy, darling, can't ye produce the cake of peace? Stop our mouths with—that I smellin'—and I'll murder the next one who dares to speak a cross look."

"Carried? Unan-iously!" Sue Davis shrieked. Aunt Peg came to the door, a glistening white cake held in both hands higher than her head. She shook it and said, smiling and twinking: "Bait for your betters! Think I'll waste it on your rowdy drap-shots? No, sir-ee, Bob! Billy Barlow can eat every crumb of this; he's so cake hungry, with a wife three months buried. I'm a-minn' to cut out Gorgeous Jones with him. Cindy is such a stick-in-the-mud, she won't even try—and I do want that man in the family—his life insurance is so handsome and he's liable to make collection of it easy next time he gets real cussin' mad. Then think of the dignity—Mrs. Judge Barlow! That alone 'll be worth this cake and another—"

"Peg, you mercenary wretch," Lem exploded. Sue Davis couldn't speak for laughing—even Lucinda was giggling nearly as hard as she. It was relief to hear lusty hallos at the lawn gate, even though it meant Lem's ushering in Judge Barlow, red and puffing. Ruddy, massive, quivering when he walked, he smiled at all hands, saying as he sank upon the settee: "Now if I didn't love everybody in this house I'd have ye up for keepin' sech pizen mean dogs—wouldn't let me come nigh the yard gate, ner get back in my buggy. Chased me inside the horse lot and made me climb a wagon and stood there yappin' and snappin' and dancin' like everything—"

"I know, Cindy's trained 'em that way," Lem interrupted gravely. Aunt Peg hissed at him: "Liar!" Sue Davis cried: "Yes, she does, Judge!" Whereat

Lucinda, with the courage of desperation, nodded, saying a little thickly: "I see I must explain. I'm trainin' them, you see, to give to poor, dear Gorgeous. We all know how she is bothered with all sorts and conditions of men. Don't believe I could count her proposals since her old man died, yet I'm pretty good at 'rithmetic over ordinary things. Aunt Peg is right ashy over the way she takes all eyes, and Sue Davis turns like a spitting cat at thought of her. Now, I like her, she's so naive—almost infantile—"

"Don't try to pull any of that book stuff," Lem managed to gasp. The others were too stunned for speech. The worm had turned with a vengeance. Cindy was running on, "No book stuff at all, Lemuel. Real frozen truth. You see, she confides in me, knowing I don't aspire to rival her anywhere, so I'm going to tell the idge. She said to me only yesterday that he was the man she'd like to marry because he had more money than she did, so would be entirely disinterested."

"Did she say that sure enough?" Judge Barlow asked breathlessly. "You go ask her if she didn't," Cindy counseled recklessly. "Quick! I'll keep the dogs off while you get a start, and offer both of you advance congratulations."

The judge beamed. "I could kiss ye for that, Cindy," he said, as they went together outside.

"But he won't," said Cindy over her shoulder in a stage whisper. Next minute she was whistling up the dogs.

"A nice kettle o' fish you're fryin'," Aunt Peg flung at her when she came back, head up, eyes dancing. "Fine—if you happen to like suckers," she said airily. "I've made a fine match—and rid the neighborhood of the incubuses that were spoiling everything—"

"The plural is incubi," Lem broke in loftily.

Cindy made a face at him, then turned sternly upon Sue Davis with: "Unless you marry Lem inside of six months I'll tell the curate how dafty you were about him—until you found out his curls were a wig. Understand—I'm desperate—tired of being put upon, picked on by all of you. I've kept Lem in hand for you, to save him from fool entanglements—now I'm through—he may do whatever he pleases—whether it leads to hanging or matrimony."

"Tell me this," Aunt Peg broke in: "Did Gorgeous really say that about Billy Barlow?"

Cindy giggled. "No—she only thought it—without knowing that she did. You see, I'm a mind-reader—when the words are only of one syllable."

"I'm sure he never really thought of her," Aunt Peg speculated.

"But he will—never you fear," Cindy said, rising.

Lem stayed her retreat. "I meant not to tell you till we were all at the party," he said. "But Lee Deibert is coming to it, a whole thousand miles, to find out if you haven't changed your mind. I've been writing him that you would—if he gave you the right chance. By way of helping him to it, hear this: Gorgeous, poor soul, proposed to him outright—after he'd played round with her a bit, trying to make you jealous. He didn't tell me—she herself did. You told me once if one found the values wrong the picture ought to be changed. Willing to take your own medicine?"

"Yes," said Cindy bravely, with a lovely blush. "But don't you dare tell him so before I have the chance."

FASHIONS RULED BY THE LAW

Even Handkerchiefs at One Time Were Regulated by Statute—High Hats Caused Sensation.

As far back as the reign of Edward I there was a form of jumper in vogue which was known as the cote-hardie.

In Henry IV's time the scalloping of ladies' skirts was not allowed, for in 1463 a law was passed against "the cutting of the edges of sleeves or the borders of gowns into the form of letters, leaves or other devices."

Even handkerchiefs were once regulated by law. There was an edict dated June 2, 1785, and issued by Louis XVI at the request of Marie Antoinette, which decreed that "the length of handkerchiefs shall be equal to their width." Since then they have been square; and it seems likely that they will remain so.

The top hat was first introduced in England by a Strand haberdasher named Hetherington. Such a large crowd was attracted that he was summoned on a charge of breach of the peace and was required to give bonds to the value of £500.

A law was passed in the reign of Henry I which even went so far as to prohibit the wearing of long hair. Such articles as boots did not escape the eagle eye of the lawmakers, as in an edict dated 1465 people were forbidden to wear boots the pykes or points of which exceeded two inches in length. Anyone breaking this law would be cursed by the clergy and fined 20 shillings.

Long trousers appear to have been first worn about 1812, and were at first the subject of much amusement. They were made fairly straight, with a strap fastening them down at the bottom—a fashion that lasted some thirteen years.

Then came the peptop style, roomy at the thighs and tight-fitting round the ankles, which were discarded in 1850 in favor of the bell bottoms. These were much the same as sailors wear today. A little later the peptop again became the fashion, this time without the strap under the boot.

Finally, about 1875, "bags," just straight cut funnels, became the craze. These were the forerunners of the present-day style, the most marked distinction being the "permanent turn-ups."—London Tit-Bits.

No Waste In Cork.

In the factories where bottle corks are made, special machines are made which cut the cork into the size desired. The cork refuse and odd pieces left over from this cutting process are not thrown away, but are carefully ground down with mixed rubber to make floor cloth.

Demonstration of Approval.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery." "In that case," sighed Mr. Meekton, "the only compliment Henrietta has paid me in years was to put on knickerbockers."

Returning Traveler Says Speculation Is the Ruling Passion in the Old World.

A discouraged returning traveler draws a dolorous picture of the Europe he left behind him. Over there, he finds, the ruling passion is the gambling mania. He sees it in the nefarious activities of profiteers, the speculations in "valuta," the "Schieber" and the "Schleichhaendler," who are viewed as such a menace that the German government plans to put the worst offenders to death and mete out hard-labor sentences to the others. He sees it in the crowds rushing to bet on the races and besieging the government lotteries. In the casinos of noted watering places the players for high stakes are deaf to the appeal of less fortunate countrymen with begging-bowls in the bread lines of the refugees, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The feverish atmosphere of greed for gain without production, of sybaritic pleasure-seeking and selfish, careless lotus-eating, this observer holds, is inimical to art and culture. The soul shrivels and dies.

But that is not all the picture. What a tourist sees is largely episodic, accidental. He is in danger always of mistaking part of the whole, a phase for the entire phenomenon. Beneath the superficial the current of the hidden life of every land runs still and deep. The frivolous minority is overbalanced by the great majority not minded to take chances with demagogues who promise much and deliver little. From all over the earth "crime waves" are reported like seismic shocks, but somehow the stable equilibrium of society returns.

"Science stays," said a man of science; and the truth lies on through political vicissitude, economic debacle, the impairment of social morale and all the evils that follow in the wake of the irruptions of militarism. "God would not let us get at the matchbox so often as He does," wrote Lowell to a friend, "did He not know that the frame of His universe is fireproof."

SCIENCE AIDS IN ARMY DRILL

Loud-Speaking Apparatus on Motor Truck Enables All to Hear Orders Easily.

If 250 lusty-lunged sergeants of the regular army should get together and shout "Fall in," in their best drill-ground style, the effect would scarcely equal that of the voice amplifier recently purchased by the signal corps and installed in mobile form on a motortruck. The new equipment can be used to handle large bodies of troops, to make speeches and music audible to assemblies, or to supply entertainment received by radio.

The apparatus is technically known as a public address system. Sounds are picked up by a high-grade transmitter placed a few feet from the speaker, or near the bandmaster's stand, if music is to be handled. The electrical output of this transmitter is increased about one-half million times, using a four-stage vacuum tube amplifier. Then the current goes into a group of six horns, mounted on a folding tripod. Under ordinary quiet conditions, a compact crowd of 750,000 people could hear a man speaking in an ordinary voice, through the use of this system.—Scientific American.

Monument to Fabre.

A committee headed by General de Castelnau, and including leading educators and officials of the French department of Aveyron, is arranging for the erection of a statue to Jean Henri Fabre, who wrote books about insects that were more interesting than romances. The monument, now being executed by the sculptor Malet, will be placed on the central square of Saint-Leons, the village where Fabre spent his childhood. The committee considered this peaceful spot the most appropriate for a statue of the "noblest and purest son of Aveyron."

Deuce of a Question.

A master in a large school called upon Smith, who stutters, to parse the sentence: "The propinquity of the propentia made pot-shooting at the hippopotamus virtually impossible." Smith gave a wild glance around the room and said: "P-p-p-professor, now ain't t-t-t-that a deuce of a question to ask me?"

New Ballot Needed.

When 40 women met recently to form a musical club in W—, and were asked to write on slips of paper the name of their choice for president, the organization of the club had to be abandoned because the nominating committee found on the slips the names of 39 of those present. The fourth slip bore the word "Me."—Musical Courier.

She Was Nurse Walker

By JANE OSBORN

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"And what can I do for you?" asked Dr. Henry Hardwick, lifting rather tired gray eyes to regard the young woman who had just been ushered into his private office. She was a stranger and, as was Doctor Hardwick's custom, he was trying to diagnose her case before she had even mentioned her symptoms. But she looked amazingly well—far too well to pay him a visit. Still she was agitated—so agitated, in fact, that her hand shook and she had to moisten her lips before she could speak.

"Mr. Peters—Samuel Peters—is one of your patients?" she began, and as the doctor nodded an affirmative—"He is my fiance. Our engagement has not been announced, but I tell you in order to make you understand. There is opposition to our engagement. His mother is a widow, you know, and would object to his marrying any one. So, he doesn't want it known. And now he is ill, very ill—"

"Yes, Mr. Peters is very ill," the doctor helped. "But I believe he will live." And to himself he was wondering how Mrs. Peters, as he knew her, could possibly object to so charming a daughter-in-law. "I will be glad to keep you informed of Mr. Peters' condition—"

"No, it isn't that," Abigail went on. "You see, he might need me very much and he would not be able to send for me. He might—might die without seeing me. I must see him. I must be with him, in spite of his mother's objections. I am sure there is no other reason for his not wanting our engagement announced besides his mother. I thought that you could suggest a nurse—an additional nurse if he already has one—and I could be the nurse. I know something of nursing. At boarding school we had lectures and a little practice at the children's clinic. Wouldn't you please let me, doctor? You must see how important it is."

There was pleading in the girl's voice that left but one answer.

"It could possibly be arranged," he said, and then, doubting whether assistance in the girl's plot would be quite compatible with professional dignity, he added: "You see, I had really decided that a nurse would be necessary. Yet all the nurses on my list are engaged. Your offer comes opportunely. I would have no right to do anything but accept. I had better not tell Mr. Peters. You might go on duty this evening at about six. He will perhaps not recognize you—rather high temperature still. You can, I suppose, do the ordinary things?"

"Yes," said Abigail. "Oh, I am so grateful."

It was further arranged that the doctor would call at the Peters home and tell them of his engaging the nurse, whose name for the Peters family should be Miss Walker.

As the doctor imagined, Samuel Peters was not quite rational enough that night to recognize in the little nurse in unbecoming uniform the girl to whom he had pledged his troth. Abigail was full of concern for her patient, but somehow her anxiety over her patient's critical illness was in a measure relieved by the feeling of surprise that her first meeting with Mrs. Peters caused. She was not at all as her son had described her and there were numerous discrepancies in the arrangement of their home life and that existence as Samuel Peters had described it. He always talked glibly about "Rogers," whom Abigail took to be an old family butler. He spoke of "cook" and his mother's personal maid. Abigail was surprised to find that old Maria in the kitchen was the sole domestic in the Peters menage. Abigail found herself wondering, almost forgetting her concern for Samuel Peters, as she sat beside his bed during the long hours of that first night of watchfulness.

He had deceived her about his family's mode of living, but Abigail forgave him. Rather she blamed herself. She had perhaps seemed arrogant and snobbish, and he had thought that she would not have cared for him if she had known that his family lived in moderate circumstances. The fact that she herself had always been used to wealth had been the cause of this deception.

Toward seven o'clock the next morning Samuel Peters was sleeping, and Nurse Walker left, with his kindly old mother taking her place by his side.

"You are a very good nurse," said the mother, laying her gentle hand on Abigail's arm. "And you are very young." And then, looking at her son. "I think he is better now. I can manage through the day. You must not come back until late afternoon."

"I'll be thoroughly rested in five or six hours," said Abigail. "But first I'll take a bite of breakfast," and she left the room wondering how a mother like that could possibly oppose her marriage if it meant her son's happiness.

Doctor Hardwick came as soon as morning office hours were over and discovered his patient for the first time free from the confusion or delirium that had accompanied his fever.

"There was a nurse here last night," said Samuel Peters weakly to the doctor. "Yes, I thought so. She sat there—it seemed a long time. No matter." He closed his eyes for a minute or so and then went on. "There's something

I've been trying to tell you all. I've been sick some time—lying here. I wanted you to take a message. I can tell you, doctor."

"The message can wait," assured Doctor Hardwick. "We'd better talk about that later." But the strength of Samuel Peters, so stalwart and robust in health, was returning rapidly. He insisted on giving the message.

"There is a girl. I've gone about with her a bit—nothing serious with her. Only we've played around a bit, and she might be anxious. Take it down, doctor—the name and address, I mean. Miss Abigail Allen of Allentown—Watson road. You'll find it in the suburban telephone directory. I know her number, but I can't recall it now. Just tell her I'm getting on, will you? But don't let my mother hear. You understand."

"Miss Abigail Allen of Allentown," repeated the doctor. "If she cares a great deal for you, she might want to come. You could see her now."

Samuel Peters smiled, a smile that made the doctor feel like throttling him, sick man though he was. "Perhaps she does care," smirked Samuel. "She's quite young. But it wouldn't do. Assure her that it wouldn't do. You see—I may as well tell you, doctor, if anything happens—though now nothing will happen—you should know—I've a wife in France. War marriage, but we're going to get together again. She's been over here with me once and as soon as she settles her affairs over there she'll be back. She's worth ten of any of these gray-eyed American girls. In the meantime—gray eyes are diverting. I guess you understand, doctor."

"Possibly better than you imagine," said the doctor, and then, "but don't worry about it now. You're a lot better, but not well enough yet to talk so much. I'll see to your message."

When the doctor had returned home for luncheon his housekeeper told him that a young woman was waiting in his reception room. "I told her it wasn't office hours," she said, "but she said it was a personal matter."

It was Abigail Allen. "I'm not at all sure I want to go on with it," she said, to begin with. "He doesn't know I'm here, and I could leave on some pretext without his knowing. You'll think I'm heartless, but I've been thinking things over. I've somehow had my eyes opened and I'm afraid I'm not fond enough of Mr. Peters to think of marrying him, and if I'm not going to marry him of course there is no reason why I should nurse him. I'd go on though—only, of course, if I don't love him it would be wicked to marry him, wouldn't it?"

The doctor, who had been studying Abigail's young face intently, replied with a heartfelt "Yes." Then he thought for a minute.

"It would be better for you not to remain there. Anyway, Mr. Peters is so much better that he won't need you. That can be your excuse, and you can get away without letting him see you. In the meantime—I need you—that is, I'm so short of nurses. There's a fracture case—little girl of ten. I know you never had any intention of nursing, but perhaps it would help you to adjust yourself. I'll see you every day—" Doctor Hardwick hadn't intended giving voice to that last sentence. Embarrassed at hearing himself, he looked up and smiled rather foolishly, and Abigail, without exactly knowing why, blushed quite as foolishly.

"I'd got permission home to go off nursing for a week or so," she said. "Of course I couldn't tell them whom I was nursing. If you think I could manage I should be very glad—if you really need me."

Ten days later when Samuel Peters was well enough to be out again he received a brief note from Abigail Allen.

"I am sure you realized all the time," she wrote, "that our 'engagement' was not serious, so I am not afraid of giving you the slightest disappointment when I tell you that I am soon to become the wife of Dr. Henry Hardwick. With best wishes,

"ABIGAIL ALLEN"

"That's romance for you," mused Samuel Peters. "And it all came out of a telephone message concerning my health."

He Couldn't Hear.

While his mother was entertaining visitors, Johnny Brown found his way into the bathroom and, to amuse himself, turned on the water.

Mrs. Brown, upon hearing the noise, went upstairs, and when she appeared at the room in question found the bathtub overflowing with water. She reprimanded Johnny for his action, saying: "Didn't a little voice inside of you tell you that you were doing wrong?"

"Yes, mother," replied Johnny, "but the water made so much noise I couldn't hear it."

No Escape.

"Many hotels now have no room numbered 13. Some office buildings omit the thirteenth floor."

"Still, we can't leave Friday off the calendar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Over Their Heads.

"She's a very intellectual person." "That so?"

"Yes. She writes papers on Browning and Keats that nobody else in our literary club can understand."

The Personal Touch.

Blackstone—Why did your French maid leave? I thought she was so clever at hooking your dresses?

Mrs. Blackstone—She was—extremely clever. She hooked three before she left.

SUPERSTITION IN RUSSIA

Peasants Employ Formulas of Dark Ages in Their Treatment of Sick Persons.

In the Volga government of soviet Russia the peasants lay people sick with the fever in the snow naked, so that "the cold wind can blow away the heat." Prayers and pious formulae are constantly resorted to.

An exorcism is written upon a card and hung around the patient's neck and he is not permitted to eat or drink anything for three days, in order that he may experience the full healing effect of this charm. If he does not recover, then his family and relatives beat him with clubs, brooms and anything they can lay their hands on, in order to "chase out the devil."

In many cases the sick man is hitched to a plow, and after he has plowed a while he is put in a Russian vapor bath and later massaged with petroleum and tar—usually until he dies. Little children are rolled in dough and put in hot vapor baths, under the impression that this precaution makes it easier for them to stand the heat. A popular preventive of cholera is to bury alive in the yard dogs, hogs or poultry.

Lynch law is constantly practiced, especially in the famine districts. In some cases a victim of village justice is tied behind a wagon and dragged through the streets for hours.

While the soviet government is energetically combating such brutality and superstitions, it simultaneously encourages them by its hostility to religion and studied contempt for the church.—Georg Topoff, in the Frankfurter Zeitung.

LESSON TAUGHT BY ARTISTS

They Have Made Every Phase and Object of the Material World Interesting.

Raphael has made infantile grace obvious to unmaternal eyes; Turner opened to many a preoccupied vision the wonders of atmosphere; Constable guided our perception of the casual phenomena of wind; Landseer, that of the natural language of the brute creation; Lely, of the coiffure; Michelangelo, of physical grandeur; Rolyfe, of fish; Gerard Dow, of cattle; Ouyb, of meadows; Cooper, of cattle; Stanfield, of the sea; and so on through every department of pictorial art. Inensibly these quiet but persuasive teachers have made every phase and object of the material world interesting, environed them with more or less of romance, by such revelations of their latent beauty and meaning; so that, thus instructed, the sunset and the pastoral landscape, the moss-grown arch and the craggy seaside, the twilight grove and the swaying cornfield, an old mill, a peasant, light and shade, form and feature, perspective and anatomy, a smile, a gesture, a cloud, a waterfall, weatherstains, leaves, deer—every object in nature, and every impress of the elements, speaks more effectively to the imagination.—Henry T. Tucker

Yankee Tourists in Switzerland. About 10 per cent of the visitors to the various resorts in Switzerland during the summer of 1922 were from the United States, according to Swiss estimates forwarded to the department of commerce by A. R. McGruder, secretary to the legation at Berne. The estimate places the number of Swiss visitors at about half of the total; England's contribution at 10 per cent; France, 7 per cent. Holland, 5.6 per cent and Germany, 4 per cent. More than 50 per cent of those who visit the first-class hotels are American, Mr. McGruder states, the next in order being the British, with less than 20 per cent.

"Kill Your Cig."

Sweden is campaigning against careless cigarette habits, the cause of so many fires. A lighted cigarette, thrown down by a youth in a sawmill, started a fire which was not extinguished until nearly \$2,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed. Other large fires have been started in the same way. The Fire Prevention society suggested to the Swedish Tobacco monopoly, which controls the output of cigarettes in Sweden, to print the warning, "Kill your cigarette when you have done with it," on every package, and the executives of the company immediately agreed to adopt the suggestion.

An Accomplished Wife.

"His wife is an excellent cook." "Lucky man."

"She makes the children's clothes, her own dresses and hats; designs and makes her lamp shades and window drapes; keeps a garden, does her own canning."

"What a lot of accomplishments; and to think my wife is just good looking!"

That's Easy.

First Lady—So glad I've met you here. I hope you'll forgive the short notice and lunch with me tomorrow.

Second Lady (equal to the occasion)—Thanks; I'm lurching with Lady Essex.

First Lady—Really! Well, if you can go early she might bring you on when she comes to me.—Punch.

Call of Duty.

"Don't you think sitting up till three in the morning at a poker table interferes with your regular duties?"

"Friend," responded Cactus Joe, "when you've lost 17 stacks in the early evening there ain't any duty that seems more urgent than sittin' close up an' tryin' to rescue your perishin' fortunes."