

ARMISTICE DAY.

This is a day we decorate our slain; Gloat with fine words War's gangrenous, dark stain. This is the day flags flutter, drums are rolled— For heroes are immortal, I am told— Well, I have smoothed the pebbles, trimmed the sod, And mumbled my meek, careful prayer to God, And put some asters right above your head, Trying to believe again that you are dead. And I, too, lift my voice in martial song, And hear them say: "He fell to right a wrong." And listen to their praise with solemn pride. (But Oh, you are my lonely boy who died!) They say: "The dead shall not have died in vain." (So many years under the sleet and rain!) They say: "From sacrifice new worlds shall rise." (Your hands, so still, empty of earthly prize!) They raise a flag, a cannon booms salute. (O eyes, deprived of love, O lips so mute!) A prayer is said, the soldiers stand so still. (Do you remember dawn's mist on our hill?) Do you remember how the birches bloom? How the pool sparkles, how nude shadows bloom? How laughter peals, how cool limbs stretch at dawn? How children flash upon the sloping lawn? (Do you remember summer showers at night? And healing tears after a quarrel's blight, Hunger and thirst and then their blissful slake? And the slow dive into the moss-grown lake?) Do you remember strife, and hope, and pain, And fine collision, and success again, And wayward love, and sickening fear, and touch Of velvet hands—Oh, do you miss this much? This is the day we decorate our dead. This is the day sonorous words are said. (And is it well with you, dear? Are you giv'n Life to match this, in your heroic heav'n?)

TAXI FARE

Joanna Talbot sat on a bench under the sparsely leaved trees of the park and considered the money in her purse. Seventy-three cents. No more, no less. But she counted it again to make sure. Six months earlier Joanna had thought that counting money was something you did as a problem in fourth-grade arithmetic; since it had been some time since Joanna had been in the fourth grade, there was a bare possibility that she had made a mistake in her calculations. So painstakingly, coin by coin, she counted it out and sighed. Still 73 cents. A quarter, three dimes, three nickels and three pennies. "Nor all your sighs can make a penny more of it," said a man's voice. Joanna raised startled blue eyes to the dark and laughing ones of a young man who had sat down on the other end of the bench while Joanna was engrossed in her finances. "Look here," he went on, leaning toward her, "do you need an extra nickel or two for taxi fare? Is that what all the big business is about? Because if it is—" he paused, and his hand moved suggestively toward his pocket. Joanna did not answer, but looked him up and down, coolly and appraisingly, taking her time about it. The man was tall and undeniably good-looking, with dark hair and eyes, and very obviously he was of the world to which Joanna herself had belonged so short a time before. She laughed suddenly at the comedy of it. Of course he would think she was pondering over taxi fare. Her dress, her hat, her purse—everything about her bespoke money. Her dress, simple though it might appear, had been especially designed for her, her hat was an original model and all the accessories were in accord, except—and, almost involuntarily, she tucked her feet back under the bench—her stockings. For alas! chiffon hose do not stand the wear and tear of ordinary life as well as hats and shoes—at least not chiffon hose in that sheer weave that cost as much per pair as most stenographers receive per week. And with her stockings hidden how was anybody to know that she had only 73 cents in the world, that she possessed nothing but the clothes she wore and that she had that morning been evicted from her boarding house, leaving behind as security two trunks of awe-compelling proportions, but shockingly empty within? So she laughed. He thought she was worrying about stretching 73 cents out to cover a taxi fare, whereas she was wondering just how long 73 cents would buy food for a healthy girl of 19. He was heartened by her laugh. "Evidently taxi fares mean less than nothing to you," he said. "Exactly," she returned truthfully, and laughed again. She hadn't been into a taxi for four months, nor on a street car for four weeks, for she found walking cheaper than riding. A taxi fare would buy her a mammoth dinner and the nickel street-

car fare would, if spent at the proper place, purchase a so-called cup of coffee and a huge and leathery doughnut. "Couldn't I—help you?" he asked. "Thank you, no," said Joanna Talbot in her coolest voice. If it had been six months earlier, she might possibly—for she was given to impetuous things like that—have accepted his offer, if she had needed money for taxi fare. But needing it for food—that was different. So she refused. Joanna Talbot had been reared to believe that the earth revolved on its axis for her especial benefit. As the motherless daughter of old Jared Talbot, Joanna ruled her little world with spoiled carelessness. She had everything on earth she wanted and a great many things she didn't want. Old Jared—he wasn't really so old, but he had been born with an accumulation of wisdom that made him seem old while he was yet young—made his money playing the stock market. He was one of the men who are pointed out in whispers as a Big Operator, one of the Figures on the Street. He almost wrecked the Chicago Exchange and they kicked him out. Presently he bobbed up in Wall Street and created no end of excitement. He made millions one day, lost them the next and staged a brilliant and successful comeback the following day. There was, he said, something deadening about success and he liked to lose for the sheer exhilaration it gave him. But whether Jared won or lost, there was always money for his red-headed daughter Joanna to have every glittering wish fulfilled. Jared was given to violent tempers, and one morning just before Joanna's 19th birthday he had his last temper. It was at the breakfast table. The combination of burned toast and an insulting editorial was too much for Jared. He fell into a fury and dropped over dead. Very unfortunately for Joanna it was on one of her father's losing days, and the report of his death in no wise helped the stocks he was interested in. In fact, they hit bottom with a thud, and when the smoke cleared away Joanna found herself with \$300, thirty-three trunks of clothes, and not a friend or relative in the world. There was, of course, her father's lawyer, who made sympathetic little sounds in his throat and murmured that Joanna ought to get some kind of a job. That was what Joanna also decided, but there is a vast gulf between deciding to get a job and actually getting one, particularly when one has been educated as Joanna had been, for the sole and simple purpose of being useless. Joanna knew enough not to go to a hotel, and found a boarding house which she thought extremely reasonable, though scarcely what she was accustomed to. Later she decided that a room would be cheaper, and moved. For six months she had been looking for a job unsuccessfully. She had talked to dozens of other girls also looking for jobs, and had learned from them. But she was always struck by her own incompetence. "I never 'slang hash,'" one girl had asked her, and Joanna had admitted that she had never slung anything, meantime wondering what in the world "slang hash" was. But the next time anybody spoke of it, she knew what they meant. Six months had passed and Joanna's money was gone; she had sold all her clothes to second-hand dealers, pawned all her jewelry, and eaten up the money. Now she had 73 cents and the clothes she stood in. She simply had to have a job. She turned her head and faced him. "Cobalt blue," he said. "I thought so." "What?" she asked with a puzzled frown. "Your eyes. The whole effect so dazzled me that I had to sit down while I made out the details. Do you object when people refer to your hair as red?" He was delightfully impudent, Joanna thought, or at least he would have been if she hadn't been worrying about where her ensuing meals were going to come from. "It is red," she stated. "I knew," he said delightedly, "that that's exactly the kind of a girl you were. Admit out-and-out that your hair is red. Most girls with red hair sweat it's a burn or titian or red-chestnut. But I knew you wouldn't be like that." "Facts are facts," said Joanna. "Only color-blind persons ever think my hair is any color but red." She really ought to get up and move on, but she had no place to go until the young man left. Then she meant to search through the park for a want-ad section that had the Female Help Wanted column intact. He went on talking and Joanna responded. She felt that she shouldn't, yet, on the other hand, it was fun talking to some one of her own kind after six months of talking to people who said, "No, they really didn't think they could use Miss Talbot in that job at all." "I say," said the young man after a time. "I feel as though it had been a long time since lunch. It must be tea time. Would you—that is—" For the first time she seemed slightly embarrassed and at a loss for words. "I mean—don't you think it's been a long time since you ate?" "I do," said Joanna with emphasis, before she thought. She was quite truthful, for she had had no lunch at all and breakfast had consisted of one of those miserable cups of coffee and a leathery doughnut which were worth not a cent more than the 5 cents she paid for them. Then, of course, you'll have tea with me," he said. A few minutes later they were facing each other across a table, and an obsequious waiter was hovering near. "Cinnamon toast and orange pekoe," said Joanna. She had felt-

happened to be members of the same house party." There, that should be enough to hold him. "And now," Joanna continued, "I wonder if you'll mind if I run along? It happens that I've an engagement for dinner, and it's getting late. This unconventional tea has been very pleasant, but I really must go." She said it in her best manner, the one that Joanna Talbot of a year ago might have used. Blaine was taken aback, but rather grimly he paid the check and went outside with her. He hailed the first taxi that came along and assisted Joanna to enter. "Where shall I tell him to go?" he asked. Joanna hadn't thought of that. "To the Ritz," she said. It was the first thing that popped into her head. She settled back in the cushions and relaxed. Her mind was going round and round. Ramey! She had seen him again, and definitely shut him out of her life. But what else could she have done? Then she brought herself to with a start and looked at the taximeter. Sixty-five! But even as she leaned forward to speak to the driver the meter rolled up another dime. Seventy-five cents now, and she had only seventy-three in the world, and no prospects. For a moment she debated. Should she tell the driver to stop, tell him candidly that she had only 73 cents, or should she let him drive on and on? Why not the latter? It was warm in the cab, and rather chill outside. She would let him drive her until he grew tired or suspicious, and then tell him she had no money. She would end up in the police station, but she had heard that wasn't so bad. "The police matron isn't awful mean," said one girl to Joanna a few days before. "And they give you a warm place to sleep and enough to eat, and turn you loose in the morning." It failed to occur to Joanna that she might be committing a crime. When the taxi drew up in front of the Ritz Joanna tapped on the glass. "I've changed my mind," she said. "I want to drive around the park." She settled back in the cab and fell asleep. It was the most comfortable bed she had had in weeks. As Blaine turned from putting Joanna in the cab he met Ramey Thorpe, face to face. "Well," said Blaine, "you're a moment too late to speak to the lady." Ramey glared, but did not reply. "By the way, Thorpe, just who is she?" "You had her at tea. You ought to know," returned Ramey. "I picked her up in the park," said Blaine. "You lie," said Ramey Thorpe with sudden vehemence. Blaine stepped back. "No, Ramey, that's the truth, I swear it is." "You lie," Thorpe repeated, coolly and menacingly. "You lie, and I'll make you eat your words." He swung his right to Blaine's jaw. Blaine saw it coming and ducked, but not quickly enough. The blow grazed his head. "If that's what you want," he said, and aimed a left to the pit of Thorpe's stomach. A crowd gathered around, and the two were going right merrily when a couple of bulky policemen interfered. Blaine's nose was bleeding profusely. There was a knot on his forehead and one eye and a sickish feeling in his stomach. "Here, you two, what's all the racket about?" said the larger policeman. "Purely a personal affair," said Blaine hurriedly. "We were endeavoring to show each other a few of the finer points of the good old game of boxing." "Or, yeah? Well, you can tell your story to the sergeant at the desk. This here sidewalk ain't no boxing mat." "But he's Ramey Thorpe—" "I don't care if he's the Prince of Wales, he can't fight on this sidewalk. Get that?" Unceremoniously the two were shoved into the station wagon that came in a few minutes. "Ramey, you had no call to jump on me that way," said Blaine. "I told you the truth about that girl, I don't think I ever saw her before in my life until this afternoon. She was in the park, reading a paper, and I got to talking to her and asking her to tea. There was something awfully familiar about her face, but I couldn't place her. Why did you want to get so heated up because I said I picked her up?" "Is that true?" asked Ramey. "Every word." "I don't apologize for jumping on you. I wish I'd mopped up the earth with you, for the tone you used when you spoke about Joanna Talbot." "Joanna Talbot?" cried Blaine. "Was she Joanna Talbot? The girl whose father—" "Yes, said Ramey morosely. That was Joanna Talbot. I don't suppose you know where she's staying, do you?" "She told me to tell the taxi driver to go to the Ritz." "The Ritz," repeated Ramey, puzzled. "I didn't think she had any money at all." "Probably staying with friends, or made loan or something," said Blaine, as the wagon stopped at the police station. They were both booked and their bail set. Neither had enough cash on hand for the bail and had to telephone. While they were waiting the sergeant ordered them put in cells. "It may be all right to leave you guys out, but I ain't taking no chances, see, till that ball money gets here," said the sergeant when they protested. It was more than an hour before Blaine's bail arrived, brought by a jovial person who laughed merrily at Blaine's predicament. Blaine spoke to Ramey through his cell door. "No hard feelings, Thorpe. I apologize to you for the-

tone I used in speaking of Miss Talbot." "I apologize, too, Blaine," said Ramey. "I was an awful chump." They shook hands through the barred door, and Blaine departed. "You'll soon be out, Thorpe," he said. Ramey Thorpe disconsolately considered everything. For six months he had been searching for Joanna—ever since her father's death and the spectacular collapse of his fortune. Now he had run across her, only to lose her again. He cursed himself for acting as he had when he met her that afternoon. Of course she had acted shy and diffident—ashamed of what she had done. He comforted himself with the thought that she must be at the Ritz, though he could not understand just how he had talked with her lawyer, and he knew just how little Joanna had. He had tried in every way possible to locate her, but all his efforts had been in vain. After her father's death she had simply vanished. He had even gone so far as to insert advertisements in the personal column to J. T., but nothing had come of them. And now he had found her, and acted a fool. He was silently cursing himself when a friend arrived with his bail money. "Well, well, well, Ramey Thorpe," said Judson Browne, the friend. "You're the last man in the world a fellow would expect to find in such a place." "I wouldn't be here," said Ramey, "if that sergeant hadn't been so unreasonable about the amount of my bail. I believe he counted the money I had with me and then doubled it, just to make sure he could keep me in this exquisitely appointed cell." The bail money was paid over, and the two turned to leave. As they turned a strange trio stopped at the desk. A burly policeman, a small girl, and an excited taxi driver. "An' then she says she ain't got no money, an' I says what the devil do you mean making me drive all over town all afternoon, wastin' my time when I might be drivin' payin' customers, an' she says drive her to the station, an' I done so." The taxi driver waved his hands. "What can you do with a dame like that?" "What have you got to say?" demanded the sergeant. "It's quite true," said the girl calmly. "I—" But Ramey had whirled around and was at her side. "Joanna!" he exclaimed. "What's all this?" She stared at him, her eyes a navy blue. "I can't pay my taxi fare," she said. "So I'll have to spend the night at the police station." "How much is the fare?" demanded Ramey. "Four dollars and ninety-five cents," said the taxi driver. Ramey jerked out his wallet and handed the man a \$10 bill. "Never mind the change," he said. "Now, you don't want to press charges, do you?" The driver did not press the charges, and so Joanna Talbot was never booked at the station. Judson Browne had watched events in stupefaction, with his mouth mentally agape. Now he stepped forward. "I'll drive you wherever you two want to go," he said to Ramey, but Ramey waved him aside. "We'll take a taxi," he said. He helped Joanna into the first taxi which came by, and got in beside her. "Where to?" he asked her. She shrugged her shoulders. "I expected to spend the night at the station, but you've wrecked that plan." "Blaine said you were at the Ritz." Joanna laughed. "On 73 cents and no baggage? Scarcely." "But, Joanna—where have you been staying?" "I was thrown out of my room this morning," she said. "How lucky I found you! Joanna, girl, you asked me once if I loved you, and I said I couldn't afford you. I guess you knew that I did, though, in spite of what I said. Do you—still care for me?" "And if I did," said Joanna, "what difference would it make? I'm still just as helpless as I was, just as useless as a poor man's wife, and I'd still be just as big a drag on you." He put his arms around her and drew her close. "Then you do care! Joanna, I told you once that my salary for a month wouldn't keep you in a week's taxi fare." "I don't ride in taxis any more—that is, I haven't for a long time, until today." "You see. You're getting economical. Now tell me that you love me." She pushed him away with a strength that surprised him. "Yes," she said, with her characteristic bluntness. "I love you. I always have, but I won't let you get chivvied and marry me. You said you couldn't afford me once, and I'm the same Joanna. Now, stop this cab, and let me out." He laughed at her. "Never! Joanna, when the market went down I sold short. I made enough money to do anything I want to do. And I can afford you now. Oh, Joanna, dearest!" She looked up at him, and he swept her closer to him. "I don't know, Ramey," she said doubtfully. "Markets are so uncertain. Do you think you could always keep me in taxi fares?" she was teasing now. "Could I? Listen, Joanna, I took a big slice of what I made and invested it in a taxicab company!" Copyright by Public Ledger. "With a single stroke of a brush," said the art teacher, taking his class around the National gallery. "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning one." "So can my mother," said a small boy. —When you find it in the Watchman you know it's true.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

"I never saw a moor, I never saw the sea; Yet now I know how the heather looks, And what a wave must be 'I never spoke with God, Nor visited in heaven; Yet certain am I of the spot As if the chart were given." —Fashion check-up. In one restaurant where the cheapest cup of coffee costs half as much. —Some of the best looking clothes in the country sit down at those tables. Clothes from Paris and clothes from the exclusive dress-makers along Fifty-seventh Street. And two things interested us particularly in this fashion check-up. (1) That sleeves are of paramount importance in new dresses and coats. (2) That with all their money, these women are wearing the same kinds of sleeves we find in costumes in stores whose customers pay 20c for their sandwiches and a dime for coffee. There's a real old-fashioned revival meeting when some of these fashionable sleeves get together. The leg o'mutton of the 1830's and 1890's hobnobbing with the Directoire tab sleeves fashionable even before 1800. And both of them sitting next to a sleeve with an epaulet ruffle that has a little of the look of Napoleon's day and a little of the look of Ed-gie's. Double sleeves, too—the kind fashionable in Queen Victoria's day—are seen everywhere. Double to the elbow with a tight undersleeve. The basic lines of lots of sleeves have changed. Instead of just a set-in sleeve, this year you can have sleeves cut in one with the bodice of the dress or coat, raglan sleeves, sleeves that start below the shoulder joined to an extended yoke section, sleeves with deeper armholes, some of them so deep as to become the old-fashioned dolman. Of course all smart new sleeves aren't revivals of old ones. More are as new and modern as you yourself. Vionnet's muff sleeves with fur applied on like cloth and some sleeves half fur and half cloth. One of the newest dress sleeves is long and tight with small buttons from wrist to elbow. Other long, tight ones have deep, flaring cuffs or shirrings from wrist to elbow. A new afternoon dress sleeve is of fabric from shoulder to elbow with a big puff of lace below. —A new stocking has been advertised which has a tuck at the top to fasten the garter to, and so avoid runs. Eyelet embroidery had reached to shoes, some of which have embroidered vamp with plaid backs. To add color to a costume, add a belt, kerchief, necklace, bag, shoes scarf, collar and cuffs, or hat ribbon, all of the desired color. A dark foundation dress may be made to seem like several dresses, with the change of colored accessories which match one another. High, round necklines are growing in favor. A small scarf collar is a new detail. Wide belts of crushed patent leather appear on the new dresses. The separate skirt of wool tweed is worn with a variety of blouses—contrasting fabric and color. The brown tweed skirt may be worn with a bright red wool jacket, a figured green silk blouse, or a yellow blouse. —When putting your shoes away in the closet or packing them for a journey, slip each into a worn-out stocking. This will protect them from dust and scratches. —An ordinary camp stool makes a fine luggage stand for the guest room. It may be folded out or sight when not in use and quickly opened out when the suitcase is to be opened. —When baking apples, stuff banana into the hole from which you have removed the core, or nut may be used. Cap the opening with marshmallow, which will melt and run down and form a meringue. —Silk handkerchiefs, says the Baltimore Sun, must be washed a carefully as any other silk or the will turn yellow. —When the cooler weather arrives, nuts of all kinds are a welcome addition to the dietary. Every one likes the taste of nuts and study of their composition reveals their worth as a food. —In comparing the food value of meats, eggs, cereals or bear with nuts the findings are interesting. Peanuts, butternuts and almonds contain more protein than any of these food stuffs. Further more, the protein is of high quality. English walnuts contain more protein than eggs or oatmeal but less than beef steak or dried beans. The mineral content of nuts compares favorably with meat and eggs. Nuts are a better source of calcium and phosphorus than either meat or eggs. With the exception of pecans the iron content of nuts is lower than meat or eggs. Pecans which are poorest in protein are phosphorous, are richest in iron. Although nuts are lacking in vitamin C, their A content equates meat, and the B content of walnut and peanuts equals eggs and meat. From these facts the housewife must realize that when she adds nuts to any dish the nourishment and food value, as well as the palatability, are greatly increased. Nut oils are not considered indigestible, but like all fats they take time to digest. Finely chopped or ground nuts and nut butter are more easily digested than nuts in their natural state. Thorough mastication is essential if full value is derived from nuts and unless older children and adults also are willing to do this it is better to use ground products.