

## A Steam Shovelier

By R. RAY BAKER

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"There is no accounting for the tastes of some women when it comes to men," Glenquist observed, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "Maybe it's their intuition," he added, drawing his lungs full of smoke and exhaling through his nose.

The lawyer appeared more than usually loquacious this evening. He had a reputation for being rather taciturn when he was not in court, but with me he always threw off the cloak of reserve and chatted freely.

During our after-dinner chats, which always took place in his office on the seventh floor of the Boltwood building, we had decided the fate of Bolshevism, solved the problem of H. C. L., settled the railroad ownership issue and thoroughly thrashed out theosophy, spiritualism and new thought. Yes, we were congenial souls, were Glenquist and I.

As yet we had never discussed the most perplexing problem of the ages—love. Maybe it was because we were both confirmed bachelors and did not feel in a position to talk authoritatively on the question. However, the carriage of a mutual friend had brought the matter before us this evening, and casually I had inquired why Glenquist had never selected a lifelong companion.

"Suppose you tell your story," he suggested when I broached the subject. "Then I'll burden you with mine."

"I'll burden you with no story," I replied. "There's no story to it. I just naturally didn't take to the fair sex, or rather they didn't take to me. I guess it was mutual. Have you a story?"

For a moment he did not reply, and when he broke the silence it was to utter the words that opened this tale.

"Furthermore," he went on, "it is strange that brains do not appear to be considered much of an asset to a man when he asks a woman to become his wife. At least that is the case with some women, and very good, bright and capable women, too, I mean. Perhaps, as I say, it is their intuition, or their ability to see far ahead."

"In my case, perhaps, I deluded myself into thinking I had brains. Maybe I mistook my education for gray matter. Yes, there is a difference. A man may be fairly well educated and still lack an adequate amount of brains. On the other hand, without being conceded, it seems that I may claim to have at least a normal supply of thinking machinery. I am what you would call a successful criminal lawyer."

"I was terribly fond of Cassie Weldon six years ago. This was my home town, and also hers. We were classmates in high school, and when we were graduated I went to the university and she became a typist in a real estate office. During our last year in high school we had become very closely associated in social work and before we realized it were keeping steady company."

"When I was at college we corresponded regularly, and it seemed to me that she cared almost as much for me as I for her. I pictured her presiding in a nice little home when I got started on the road to success in my chosen profession, and although I did not broach the subject, I felt convinced she would see it that way. Perhaps I was somewhat egotistical, but really I do not believe it was that. To be sure, I was proud of the showing I was making in my studies and very hopeful of the future."

"Whenever I came home she professed to be happy over being with me, and I really believe she was. Our favorite pastime was walks in the woods with a camera, and I must confess that, deep down in a trunk, I still have a number of those snaps. Just for fun, I think I'll dig down and take a squint at them tomorrow."

"Things went on like this for some time, and I am sure that she did not keep company with any other particular fellow, although she occasionally went to dances and other entertainments with some male acquaintance who happened along and needed a partner for some special event. This was only to be expected, seeing that we were not engaged and it not being natural for a young girl to stay at home and spend her evenings reading 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Red Riding Hood.'"

"It finally dawned on me that I had better get busy. I was in the fourth year of my law course, but Cassie was growing more attractive each day, and as I was not home to look after my interests it behooved me to get an option on her hand."

"I had spent that summer working in an attorney's office in Clarksburg, and so had not seen Cassie any more during vacation than during the school term. It was in the fall, and I was home for a few days, when I felt that the opportune time had arrived."

"We were walking down one of the back streets on our way to the woods. A steam shovel was excavating for a skyscraper, and the noise seemed to give me nerve. 'Cassie,' I blurted out, 'don't you think that—er—er—It's about time we got—got—down to business and—well, become engaged?'"

"She was looking intently at the steam shovel. The thing appeared to

fascinate her, with its chuggy-chugging and its snorting as it strained at its base and seemed several times on the point of overturning itself, thrusting the huge shovel against the dirt wall and forcing it upward, gradually filling it, the tremendous, vibrating power of the machine winning against great resistance from the bank of dirt, as well as the law of gravitation.

"She watched the big crane swing the shovel round and dump its contents into a waiting wagon. Then the hoisting apparatus was again set at work on the bank of dirt and the process repeated. A lapse came with a break in the chain of wagons which carried the dirt away. Then Cassie turned to me.

"I knew this was coming—some time," she said, "and I dreaded the moment. Jim, I think a lot of you. You're very clever, but—there's one thing, a tremendous big thing, lacking in you. It's physical power, or the ability to control physical power. You may have a great mind, but you are puny physically. I admire strength, I admire power. If you were only like—like that steam shovel there, tearing away at the earth, crushing all resistance, I could be happy with you. Some day there'll be a mammoth building there where the machine is working."

"I can't help it, Jim, and probably it seems foolish to you; but I must tell you, no matter how it hurts, that if you were the engineer on that steam shovel you would stand a much better chance with me than you would as a lawyer. At least, you would be earning money with your strength, for the man that operates the shovel must be strong."

"I confess that little speech floored me. We started to walk away, but a wagon arrived, and the steam shovel started operations again, and Cassie had to watch it some more. I struggled, gulped and finally managed to say, weakly:

"Yes, and some day I'll have an office in that mammoth building."

"That was the last time I was ever with her. With mingled disgust, bitterness and sadness I went back to college and finished my course. I came home with my diploma and it was not long before I began to win success—success such as it is. I'm making good as a criminal lawyer. I'm winning victories right along in court, but when it comes to finances I admit I'm not overburdened. I have a few thousand in the bank and I'm making more every day, but I'll never be rich. Perhaps I would save more if I had an incentive—like that steam-shovel engineer has."

"You mean—" I broke in, my eyes popping with astonishment.

"Yes, I mean that Cassie somehow got acquainted with the engineer of the steam shovel and married him. She took that man, grimy and ignorant, who worked with his hands, instead of me, clean and educated, who worked with my brain."

Glenquist's cigar had gone out, and he rose and went across the room to a shelf where he kept matches. His cigar stand, at his elbow as he sat and talked, was never known to hold a match, although there was a place for a box of them. He took a few puffs and came back to the chair.

"Well, I made good on my boast that some day I would have an office in the skyscraper that was going up where the shovel was excavating," he observed.

He leaned back and looked dreamily into a nicotine cloud.

"It seems the engineer was rather clever in a way, at that," he continued. "At least he knew how to save coin, and somehow he managed to invest it advantageously."

He rose and went to the window, looking down on the traffic which slowly was being obliterated by gathering darkness.

"Come here," he said, and when I had obeyed, he pointed at a big yellow automobile just coming to a stop at the curb in front of the building.

"It's the owner of the building," he explained. "He usually collects my rent on this day of the month. He's coming at rather a late hour, but he's pretty sure he'll find me here."

We returned to our chairs, and Glenquist partook of a few puffs on his cigar.

"He'll be up here in minute," he said, "and I wish you'd observe him closely. He's the man I've been talking about—Cassie's husband."

**Real Tobacco in Prussia.**

Real tobacco, good tobacco, was once grown in more than one Prussian province, an exchange says. Brandenburg, particularly, so much tobacco was cultivated that Frederick II felt called upon in 1773 to regulate matters. First the quantity was cut down, and later it was allowed to be grown only in districts in which agriculture did not flourish. In one year alone, 1781-2, 168,000 hundredweight was grown. In 1780 Frederick ordered a Berlin chemist, Achard, to experiment with the object of improving the quality of the tobacco. Attempts were made at Lichtenberg, near Berlin, to introduce Virginia tobacco, and Achard was given a handsome pension for life for his "services in improving tobacco cultivation."

**Jade From Burma.**

Practically all the jade now mined comes from Burma, though New Zealand is a producer of some note. China takes practically the entire output. In Burma the privilege of mining it has been held by the same Indian or Shan tribes for many generations. The method employed is the crudest. The Chinese prefer jade which is of a dark green color, free from all mottles, and jade of this grade is worth its weight in gold.

## Call For Blouses

Latest Models for Dress Showing Much Embroidery.

Two Types in the Lighthouse—"Dressy" and "Tailored"—Skirts to Match and Colors.

There are two sorts of blouses for fall: "Dressy" blouses—so-called—and tailored blouses. Wonderful has been the rise and success of the "dressy" blouse, which is almost invariably made of chiffon and elaborately garnished with silk embroidery.

One sees a few beaded blouses, but their day is almost over. It is the handsomely-embroidered blouse that is distinguished this season and the more embroidery the flimsy georgette garment will sustain the smarter the effect. One of the amazing things about feminine dress, to the masculine mind, is the mere nothingness of one of these expensive waists in its tissue-packed delivery box and the extreme gorgeousness of it when a feminine person has put it on.

One buys a skirt to match her blouse—or at least to harmonize with it—or else the skirt is purchased first and then "matched" with a blouse. In this way the desirable whole-costume effect is achieved. And it is difficult to tell the difference these days between a whole frock in one piece and a skirt and blouse combination of superior design, so successfully do the two separate garments blend into each other.

The skirt has a decorative sash or belt that matches the blouse or else the blouse descends and incorporates itself with the skirt. Of this type are the panel blouses which drape over the top of the skirt in front, a belt or sash finishing the waistline at the back. One of these blouses is of mahogany-colored georgette with a front panel that droops nine or ten inches below the waistline. This panel is elaborately embroidered in navy blue silk, the embroidered design in wide, looped bands filled in with triangular motifs and bordered with a heavy rope stitch outlining the lower edge of the drooping panel. There is no other embroidery on the blouse except for a narrow wristband which holds the slashed sleeves in at the wrist.

### SOME BOOT AND SHOE LORE

How to Polish Footgear When Damp; Trees Should Be Used to Relieve the Pinch.

It sometimes happens that one wishes to polish one's shoes when they are damp. It is impossible then to get a good polish and yet you have not the time to wait until they are thoroughly dry. If a few drops of paraffin are placed on a cloth and this is then rubbed over the leather the polish will be no trouble. Apply the polish in the usual way thereafter, and the result will be most satisfactory.

If new shoes do not naturally take to polish simply take half a lemon, rub the leather with it, and then stand aside to dry. After this treatment a nice polish may be secured with little effort.

On the first few occasions of polishing new brown shoes apply the polish very liberally. This will secure a handsomely deep tone that will make the shoes very attractive throughout the rest of their "young lives."

It goes without saying that shoe trees should always be used. It spares these days to use a bit of care in preserving the good looks and good shape of one's shoes. A shoe really never is well taken care of if shoe trees are not used. Tissue paper may be used for the same purpose if stuffed tightly into the shoes.

If a boot or shoe pinches, try this: While the shoe is on the foot or on a tree, take a small piece of cloth wrung out of very hot water and put this over the part that is giving trouble. The pinching will disappear entirely after this treatment.

### SPLENDID GIFT FOR BABY



A little sleeveless coat and a bonnet to match, decked out with crocheted lace and narrow ribbons, make a splendid gift for a baby. They are shown here with a silk-covered hanger finished off with a pretty bow of satin ribbon.

### Dry Cleaning.

In sending the kimono to the dry cleaner or in trusting it to the uncertain care of the laundress, all that is necessary is to rip out a few stitches on the upper side of the hem directly in front, this move to be preceded by the pulling out of the basting thread originally inserted by the maker, and which is hardly to be discerned until looked for.

## WHITE SATIN EVENING GOWN



Elegance and refinement are expressed in every line of this white satin evening gown with its modest neck and ample length. The collar and short overskirt are trimmed with taupe wolf. Crystal and pearl beads are used for trimming. The long shoulder line gives a new touch.

### DRESSES FITTED TO FIGURE

Style Necessitates More Closely Molded Corset; Waistline "Nipped"; Bust Raised.

The silhouette is determined by the figure lines. This being the case it follows that when there is a decided change in the latter there must be a corresponding change in corsets. Sometimes it is the particular differentiation in dress styles that brings about the alteration in corsets, or that makes imperative a new silhouette. The relation between the corset and the outer garment in their combined effect on the silhouette is so exceedingly important one cannot be affected without influencing the other.

This season there appears to be an effort to awaken interest in the silhouette with the old-fashioned waist and the resultant prominence to hip lines. We find dresses fitted to the figure, in the old-time acceptance of the term. There may not be whalebones or their substitutes, but the general effect suggests a more closely molded corset, the waistline "nipped," the bust raised and the hips slightly widened.

Women with "figures," as figures used to be in the days before the advent of the revolutionary straight-front corset, will doubtless be glad to adopt the prototype of the stays of some two decades ago. And the corset designers admit that should such an adoption reach worth-while proportions for the corset trade.

Whatever is conducive to universal change in the world of fashion is beneficial to those engaged in the exploitation of any given article by such change. Business is stimulated, more work is provided for every department and the countless ramifications thereof, and the pulse of prosperity quickened accordingly.

### BECOMING VEILS AND STYLE

Face Coverings Bought by Yard and Worn With Small Hat Super-sede Scroll Designs.

For the sort of veil that is bought by the yard and worn with a small hat, the geometric patterns have superseded the scroll designs which have now outworn their popularity. Some excellent designs are composed of hexagonal figures in heavy and thin threads combined. Shades of brown are very much liked, for the day in which women thought that a veil must be either white or black is long since over.

A very practical veil for a woman who is past her first youth is the sort in which the pattern is concentrated on the lower edge to the depth of about three inches. When the veil is well adjusted the accommodating pattern hides either an inelegant double chin or a neck which is too thin and beginning to grow wrinkled. If a veil in which a figure is scattered over a plain surface is chosen, care must be taken in adjusting it so that the figure is advantageously placed.

To freshen a carpet, rub over with a cloth wrung out in a pail of cold water to which has been added a tablespoonful of vinegar.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

In a sense love is everything. It is the key to life, and its influences are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice and hatred and malice and hatred will come back to you.—Tine.

### MORE GOOD CHEESE DISHES.

The list of cheese dishes in the culinary literature of our country are variations of a comparatively small number of general types.

**Macaroni and Cheese.**—This is a dish which takes the place of meat and when a few hard cooked eggs are added makes a most sustaining dish. Butter a baking dish and add a thick layer of cooked macaroni, sprinkle with rich cheese, cover with a rich white sauce, finish with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven. A bit of onion, fish or chopped vegetables may be added to give variety.

**Cheese Omelet.**—Beat two egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, add two tablespoonfuls of hot water and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the whites until stiff, then add one cupful of grated cheese. Put a tablespoonful of butter into the omelet pan; when smoking hot pour in the egg mixture and cook until well done on the bottom; set in the oven and finish cooking.

**Welsh Rarebit.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well blended add one cupful of hot milk; cook until smooth and creamy. Add one cupful of grated cheese, salt and pepper, stir until the cheese is melted, serve on toast or crackers. Half a cupful of chopped olives may be added if desired.

**Cheese Balls.**—Beat four eggs until light, add one-fourth cupful of milk, one-fourth of a cup of flour, three-fourths cupful of grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls and fry in deep fat.

**Celery and Cheese Salad.**—Select celery stalks with deep grooves in them, wash and wipe dry. Mix a small cream cheese with salt, finely chopped pecans and add a spoonful of cream. Fill the grooves in the celery stalks with cheese and chill. When ready to serve cut stalks in small sized pieces for serving.

**Cheese Soup.**—To a quart of hot milk add a slice of onion and cook fifteen minutes. Remove the onion and add two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter well mixed. Cook for five minutes until smooth, add a cupful of grated rich cheese and serve as soon as it is melted.

A small sized dish mop is the ideal convenience for washing milk bottles.

Die when I will, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.—A. Lincoln.

### SWEETS FROM HONEY.

Honey is becoming more and more popular, and a back yard garden, a hen for each member of the family needs to make the living complete, a hive of bees, to furnish sweets.

**Honey Blanc Mange.**—Moisten six tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with one-fourth cupful of milk, add two cupfuls of boiling milk and cook eight minutes; then add a dash of salt, one-half cupful of honey. Mold in cups and serve sprinkled with chopped nuts and sugar and cream.

**Honey Candy.**—To one quart of honey take six tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and boil until it hardens in cold water. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls of almond and lemon mixed, add a half teaspoonful of soda, pour into buttered pans to cool. Mark off in squares before it gets too hard.

**Butter Scotch.**—Take one cupful of butter, two cupfuls each of sugar and honey, and a teaspoonful of vanilla added before taking off. Boil ten minutes, pour into buttered tins to cool and mark off in squares.

**Cracker Jack.**—Boil together one cupful of brown sugar and one cupful of honey until it hardens when a drop is added to cold water. Remove from the heat, add one-half teaspoonful of soda and all the puffed rice, wheat or popcorn that can be stirred into it.

**Honey Fruit Cake.**—Warm one-half cupful of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of honey, one third of a cupful of apple jelly, remove from the heat; add two well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, all sifted with four cupfuls of flour. The soda is dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Add one-half cupful each of currants, chopped orange peel, and raisins, one-fourth cupful of water and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a moderate oven.

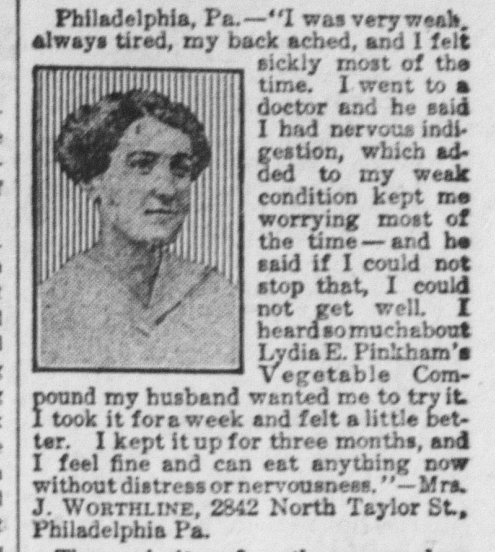
Honey strained and mixed with chopped fruit and whipped cream makes a delicious dessert.

A fine cough medicine is made of one part horse radish root, grated, and two parts of honey.

Nellie Maxwell

## THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not get that, I could not get well. I heard somewhere about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

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