

ONE THRILL OF WAR

By MARY LYLE WARNER

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IN THE most critical situation of her young life, Alma Waite gazed longingly at the engagement ring upon her finger and wondered if she would ever see its giver again.

"Where is he, and what is to become of me?" was the constant burden of her thoughts.

A knight errant brave and true, Adrian Bond would have been speedily coming to the rescue of his lady love in distress, but that grim-visaged war had presented its ugly menace and rude clamors shook the commonwealth.

Her father and mother were at Paris. There, too, were the Bonds, making the European trip with their closest friends. It was a strange circumstance that had taken Alma away from them. It appeared that a half-brother of Mrs. Waite lived in a little town in Belgium, near the German border. He had invited the family to pay him a visit, but their plans would not admit it. Then he expressed a wish to see Alma, who had been named after his dead wife. He was fervent in his appeal and half-minded to give up his business and return to America, he said. The result was that Alma took a quick trip from Paris and found herself an honored guest in the splendid but lonely home of her half-uncle.

Zephern Dacre was a diamond merchant, conducting his business by traveling from country to country. Alma was enchanted with the kindly way in which he treated her. She was to have remained with her relative only three days, but Mr. Dacre made up his mind to close up his business, accompany her to Paris and return with the family to America and take up a permanent residence there.

Directly upon the heels of this came a declaration of war. Mr. Dacre hastened his preparations to get out of the country. He urged Alma to remain indoors, for the community surrounding them was in a wild state of excitement.

The evening before the day set for their departure Mr. Dacre discharged all the servants. Just about dusk he came hurrying into the house in a great state of excitement.

"Why, what is the matter?" questioned Alma anxiously, as she noted his colorless face and trembling frame.

"Listen, my dear," said Mr. Dacre hurriedly. "You must leave here at once if a certain thing happens, and it may happen quickly. The war spirit is abroad. They are suspicious of me because of my business connections with other countries. I was just secretly advised that I am listed as one of the proscribed."

"Oh, uncle, they will do you no harm, surely?"

"They will hamper, perhaps arrest me. I was all ready to leave here in the morning. I fear they will not allow me to do so."

"But why not?"

"Officially, and in some cases corrupt persons will try to prevent me from taking my fortune out of the country. See, Alma," and Dacre drew a little chain of keys from a secret pocket, "the diamonds in this represent the bulk of my fortune. Take it, secrete it. If I am arrested fly at once—not into Germany, as we proposed, for that course is blocked, but straight for Paris."

"But, uncle—"

"Quick! They are here already, as I feared," cried Mr. Dacre.

His worst apprehensions were confirmed. There was a loud summons from the end of a musket at the street door.

"Do not lose your nerve, dear child," spoke Dacre. "They dare not harm me and I will soon join you in Paris. Hurry away through the rear garden, take the first train for the border. At all hazards protect the fortune with which I have entrusted you."

Then he was gone to answer the imperious summons at the street door. Alma lingered only long enough to learn that he was really taken in charge as a suspect. Then she filled her handbag, secured the jewels in a safe pocket and hurried away through the garden apparently unobserved.

Alma reached the train. She tried not to think that she was cowardly in deserting a relative in trouble. She felt relieved when the train started. Then she stared in wonder and even suspicion at the other occupant of the carriage. There sat a person who until the day previous had been a servant, a sort of major domo in the service of her uncle. He lifted his cap with a servile smile on his face Alma did not at all like.

"The master is in trouble," he remarked. "I have heard of it. I, too, may be proscribed and I am bound for another country. If mademoiselle will allow, I will do what I can to see her safely across the border."

Alma murmured her thanks. She did not like the man. She was suspicious of his ready presence. She fancied her uncle had said something about his being untrustworthy. An unprotected young girl, however, she reflected that because of his former employer Boyard might strive to really save her.

There was no stoppage to the train during the long night. Alma did not sleep. She felt uncomfortably conscious somehow of the constant glance Boyard kept upon her. Was it possible that he knew of the rich treasure she carried?

Just at daybreak the train was halted at a little town in the mountains.

A body of soldiers ordered all to alight; Boyard was carrying the little satchel belonging to Alma. Suddenly he disappeared. He did not return. Then Alma was persuaded that he had made away with it, believing its contents valuable. Her passport was gone. She was ordered to remain in the country.

What a fate for the delicate young girl, when that evening, distraught, footsore, affrighted, she neared the light of a lonely hut in the mountains. She dared not remain in the town where the prejudice against an alien would pursue her. She feared being imprisoned, searched, and the jewels taken from her, so she had wandered away from human habitations, blindly hoping some chance might put her across the border.

Once she believed she was pursued, and in the distance fancied she noted the lurking Boyard. Now, hungry, athirst, exhausted, she hastened to ward the light. As she neared it a cry of acute pain came from the hut. A wild figure of a man dashed by her. The cry from the hut was repeated. Alma entered to find a peasant woman lying in bed in a spasm of pain.

Then she aroused to minister to the sufferer. It was her keen womanly sympathy that helped her successfully. The man, who had hastened for a neighbor and found no one at home, came back frantic. When he learned, however, of the timely aid of Alma he overwhelmed her with his sincere gratitude.

That night there was a dread alarm at the lonely hut. Half a dozen armed men appeared outside and demanded that Alma be handed over to them as a prisoner. When Alma recognized Boyard as their leader she knew that he was after the diamonds.

She had learned during the evening that her host was a smuggler of furs over the border of France, yet in her dire extremity Alma felt that she must trust in him. She told him her story while the group outside were clamoring vociferously for admission. The smuggler's eyes brightened.

"Ah," he said, "you wish to save your jewels from that horde? Then I can help you and show my gratitude for your kindness to my wife. Tell me the Paris address of your friends. The diamonds shall be there within two days."

And then the speaker whistled for a keen-eyed little dog Alma had noticed about the place. He secured the chamois bag about his neck, scrawled a few lines, and inclosed the satchel inside of a padded coat he fitted to the dog, and, going to the window, opened it, dropped the intelligent animal in the dewy grass and away it sped.

Boyard soon learned that he had been baffled. Three days later the smuggler managed to get Alma across the border. There was a great reunion when Mr. Dacre arrived to find the gems safe and sound, for the smuggler's dog had carried the treasure safely over the border to trusty friends of his master, who had sent it on to Paris.

Barnum Left Record of Sermon Preached

P. T. Barnum, the circus king, once preached a sermon. On a Sunday morning in the late summer of 1890, the great showman appeared before the congregation of the Rocky Mount Falls Primitive Baptist church located at the falls of the Tar river, just beyond the village of Rocky Mount Mills, N. C. The sermon is authenticated by Barnum in his autobiography. There are two versions of the Barnum sermon. One is that the regular minister failed to appear and Barnum, in camp near the church, took the pulpit rather than see the crowd disappointed. The other version indicates that Barnum preached after the regular pastor had concluded his sermon. Barnum leaves one quotation from his sermon in his autobiography. It says:

"We cannot violate the laws of God with impunity, and He will not keep back the wages of well-doing. Diamonds may glitter on a vicious breast, but the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy is virtue's prize."—Raleigh News and Observer.

The Outcast

It came to the notice of a traveling man who had happened into a country store in northern Maine that the crackerbox loafers around the stove seemed to be decidedly cool toward one old man who appeared to be of their clique.

"You don't seem to care much for that fellow's society," remarked the traveling man to one of the loafers.

"Nope," was the reply, "we don't. He's always aboastin' about how he ain't done nothin' but loaf ever since 1890."

"Too much of a braggart, eh?"

"Nope, 'tain't that, but," he added confidentially, "we jes can't stand a feller that's forever talkin' shop."—Forbes Magazine.

Seeing

I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eye of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. . . . Some scarce see nature at all. . . . You certainly mistake, when you say that the visions of fancy are not to be found in this world. To me this world is all one continued vision.—William Blake.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE FIRST SNOW MAN

"You may all be as pleased as you like with this thing or with that," said the first Snow Man, "but I am as delighted as a creature could be.

"Here I am the first Snow Man around these parts. In a way I feel like an early settler, or a discoverer, or a pioneer, or something grand that way."

"Yes, I heard all about those people, pioneers, and settlers and discoverers, and all.

"You see, I am outside a school window, and you have no idea the education that comes right out of the window to me."

"It is considered very healthy these days, and it is very healthy to have windows open, so they open the school window a bit and the education comes right out to me."

"I don't have to go to school and melt with the effect inside learning would have on me."

"I stay here and keep cool and learn just the same."

"You see, there are those discoverers who go off and see countries for the first time, or they discover wonders no one has discovered before."

"Then there are pioneers who are the first to break through a new country and brave the hard conditions to push ahead."

"And there are the early settlers who come forth with their wives and their families and settle themselves in a new country and develop it and make it produce."

"Now, that is the way I feel. Not perhaps as much as the really real pioneers and settlers and discoverers felt, but in a slighter and lesser degree."

"I am the first snow man of the season. There has not been enough snow to make many snow men. They have had to watch out for me as it has really not been very cold."

"But they have done their best for me and here I am, ready to withstand a few warm days for the sake of being the first snow man."

"I let them try to freeze me at night, for I am the first snow man, and I want to be strong and stand here by the school house and become wise."

"I have an old pall upon my head. It is not a wonderful pall, but it gives me a fine appearance."

"I look like something out of the ordinary, and the way a first snow man should look."

"Later, when there is lots of snow there are lots of snow men and snow forts and snow houses, and there are all sorts of things made out of snow."

"But you have a certain amount of importance when you are the first snow man."

"Good," said King Snow. "I am glad I was able to give you the honor—with the aid of the children in the school."

So the first Snow Man stood outside the school, with a pall upon his head, feeling very fine and very superior, and quite, quite intelligent.

And as the days dashed along, before the real, real winter came, little Mahalia, who always had so much to do, and enjoyed everything that she did so much, sighed and said:

"Oh dear, the days used to walk along. But now they just run away from me. Here it is almost winter, and just the other day it was summer, it seemed."

And the first Snow Man laughed to himself to think of the days really running away.

He knew better than that, even though he was only a snow man and received his education through the open window.

Name for Baby

Little Charlie Wood, five, was present when his parents were wondering what his father's brother would name their new baby boy. Charlie was interested, and looked up, with a twinkle in his eye, exclaiming:

"I think a good name would be Kindling."

Learning How

Boss—I'll teach you to take out screws with a chisel!

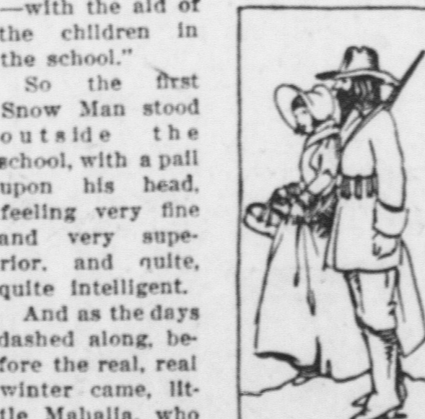
Store Boy—I wish you would, sir. I couldn't make 'em turn, myself.—Good Hardware.

Appetizing

Little Girl—Oh, mummy! That's a funny-looking fish. What kind is it? Mother—That's a jelly-fish, dear. Little Girl—Jelly! What flavor? The Progressive Grocer.



The First Snow Man.



The Early Settler.

Outdoor Fashions Demand Attention

Outfits for Ranch, Mountain and Hunts Are Especially Attractive.

Details in dress for ranch, mountain and hunts are especially attractive this year, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. Women arrange their neckwear in imitation of the fashions for men. Shirts are strictly masculine, with the same sort of buttons, links and pin a man wears. The four-in-hand, Ascot and stock are equally good, the stock being especially liked because of the sporty pins—hunting crop or dog and horse heads in enamel and glass—that are so chic and so decorative. The style of riding hat depends upon the time and place. For occasions at the fashionable clubs the silk hat is worn. For cross-country informal wear a felt hat or derby is best, the newest model having a cork lining to help safeguard against injury in case of a "spill."

Footwear for sports dress, for roughing it on the ranch, mountain climbing or country club is most attractive and mostly of the common-sense sort. Stout walking shoes on a manly last in black, tan, pigskin or buckskin are a necessity, with puttees sometimes for the underbrush. Women who are "training down" ankles enlarged by wearing sandals and other easy shoes are hiking in high laced boots. Silk stockings for any sports costume are, of course, taboo, and in their stead are to be had the lightweight woolen, wool and silk, and lisle in colors to match the frock. Plain colors and two-tone or two-color combinations in the striped, checked and figured stockings are fashionable.

A lot of pretty designs are shown in riding crops, which come in natural woods, lacquered or ebontized sticks, and some lovely handles of ivory, gold, silver or fancy patterns. Wrist watches and fobs, which are again being worn in leather and metal, are shown in specially decorated designs for the sports suit, and even handkerchiefs are shown in bright colors, monogrammed or patterned with a sports motif.

The neckerchief, which has been used appropriately or otherwise with any sort of costume, is a chic accessory in the outfit suit. Gay, lovely squares that first were introduced as Deauville scarfs are now shown in shot silk of the surah type, some with brightly colored stripes in the borders. They are very decorative, worn with the plain cloth sports clothes, and are useful as a protection against a sunburned neck.

Novelty in Ranch Dress.

Ranch dress is a novelty of this season's styles. Women have for years gone to the Western ranches, have spent their holidays and have lived on them, and any sort of costume, so it answered a practical purpose, and was more or less comfortable, was not otherwise a matter of consequence. But the "dude" ranch which lures sportswomen and many who enjoy spending part of the sum-



Flattering Two-Piece Frock for the Mountains or Open Country.

mer in the open a long way from more conventional resorts, has inspired a definite type of costume and a complete wardrobe.

The first conception of the proper thing to wear "ranching" has been from year to year a sort of Buffalo Bill-Annie Oakley get-up, things of buckskin and fur with the inevitable sombrero, grandmother to the present-moment vagabond hat. With no one to help them in designing a proper mode of dress, women have followed tradition and romance, with a result sometimes picturesque, sometimes grotesque, usually frumpy. But the swaggar patronage at the ranches of the Far West has now established a regular standard of dress and brought out a lot of snappy things of the

sports type which are very attractive.

Preparation for a ranch outing is quite different from the usual wardrobe. There are no frills on anything and every suit and frock is for the trail and the activities of the open spaces, with something that will answer as a uniform between excursions. This is likely to be a soft shirt, with a skirt minus the coat, or a sweater and stockings instead of leggings. The first investment includes a traveling suit, something light enough yet stout enough for both ease and utility.

There must be a change of costume, an assortment of dresses, wraps and accessories for the woman who sets out to reach the country of great distances and high altitudes, for there are long stretches of roads and many varieties of weather to pass through with as little discomfort as possible. Odds and ends of the equipment will fill many gaps and help through to the destination. Then there is need of a regulation dress as well defined among smart sportswomen to fit the occasion as the more elaborate wardrobe assembled for a season at a fashionable watering place.

The Smart Sports Dress.

Wanderlust that keeps the people of the world of society moving is



Ranch or Mountain Frock With Divided Skirt of Diagonal Tweed.

calling now to the mountains, and soon their number at fashionable seaside resorts will be greatly depleted. Clothes for the mountain season are not so very different from the ranch outfit, only more "polite." The smart sports dress, designed for strenuous climbing and hiking, is much the same as that for golf and tennis in the mountains—not the same that one sees at the watering places in mid-summer. They are of far more rugged type, yet correctly tailored and the last word in chic. For these the rougher Scotch and English stuffs are used, and for games, riding, motoring and general wear the finer grain fabrics are in demand.

An indispensable detail in the outfit of the lady of the ranch is the sweater, and she needs several; for there are few times when a sweater may not be worn and found to be the answer for this and that occasion. Whether or not it is acknowledged, the cowboy picture influences the most successful designs in dress for the ranch, because it is the most appropriate form of the ranch dress and American designers have the field almost to themselves.

A New York maker of sports clothes has shown this season some models in togs that are particularly suited to the visitor at a "dude ranch." One might be taken as a standard of style, good taste and good sense. It consists of a cotton covert sleeveless jacket, moleskin trousers and a man's colored shirt; heavy calfskin, laced high boots, a felt vagabond hat with soft, rippling brim and heavy buckskin gloves. This is the style of dress that is chic, but not too polished for life on the ranch.

Breeches or Knickers.

Breeches or knickers are considered far more modish than skirts, and some women provide several pairs with sweaters, shirts and jackets, with and without sleeves, of which they build the costume in which to ride, to drive, to tramp or to shoot. Every one, of course, rides astride, and the usual habit consists of breeches of doeskin, corduroy or cloth with a soft shirt having an attached collar, coat of cotton or wool covert, corduroy or chevlot. As a matter of fact, the best looking and most popular riding outfit of the up-to-date woman, outing on a ranch, has the essentials of that worn by the oldest plainsman.

Motor clothes are essential. For, however one carries on beyond the railroad terminus, a sports suit and a motor coat will be needed, as the air of the western plateaus is rare and cool. These are the real occasions for tweeds and chevlots, and the lightweight, protecting, durable suits, frocks and coats of this sort will be more in service than any other on a ranch holiday. They may be worn all day, every day.

Community Building

Certain Magic Found in Ownership of Home

There is a magic in the ownership of property, especially when that property consists of a home. A man will lay down his life without question or thought when the integrity of his home is at stake. On the other hand, if the same amount of money were placed in stocks or bonds, or even a factory, it is extremely problematical whether he would even risk his life if they were threatened with destruction. The magic lies in the fact that a home stands for more than mere intrinsic value; it represents more than mere dollars.

It carries around it all the background of the family life and the search of that family for better living. It may have the scars of the struggle written all over its walls, but it is near and dear in spite of it. Little do we dream the real magic we are conjuring up for those dependent upon us when we grid up our belts, reach for the pen and ink and sign the pledge on the contract that commits us and our savings to a program of home-ownership. It is the most important thing a man and woman can do, because no one has yet been able to think of a single thing that will take its place.

Prepare Teachers for Their Important Work

Courses in rural education are provided in more than two-thirds of the state normal schools and teachers colleges in the United States, and in a number of colleges and universities. To assist in meeting the need for trained teachers in rural schools, normal training courses are given in selected high schools in some states. These courses, however, are apparently temporary expedients, and according to Rural School Circular No. 15 of the Interior department, bureau of education, there has been a decrease since 1922 in the number of schools offering this work. In 5 of the 26 states where normal courses were formerly available they have been discontinued, and in only 21 high schools or fewer in each of 6 states may such courses be obtained. Standards gradually are being raised in schools that continue the work, and in five states—Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, and Vermont—the course is maintained on a high school postgraduate basis.

Keep Up Property Value

The average rate per year which must be charged off for depreciation of house property has been found to be 1 1/2 per cent for frame and 1 1/4 per cent for brick. It was brought out by many of the authorities consulted, however, that this difference is almost entirely eliminated if proper care is taken of the home. A stitch in time saves many, and minor repairs here and there will often prevent extensive deterioration of the structure which would occur if such repairs were neglected. The painting of parts exposed to the weather and the prompt renewal of decaying sections are important factors in the longevity of the house. In other words, keep its face clean and its heart in good condition.

Use of Winter Months

Very often some civic body or other organization, with a great deal of community spirit, will be the start of a home beautiful campaign, or a committee of individuals from a given street or section will start the ball rolling. In beginning such a campaign, it is a wise plan to start the work during the winter, that people might have a chance to think and talk over the plans of the coming campaign, and the committee has plenty of time to get their well-arranged plans in proper shape. The plan will then have time to reap the benefits of the news feature of the local papers, and by word-of-mouth advertising.

Keep Tree Wounds Clean

When filling a tree wound with cement, take care not to pour over decaying wood.

Clean out all signs of rotting. Insects in various stages spend their winters in the spongy section. Scrape it clean down to the growing tissue, called the cambium.

Paint it with shellac, and then with a coat of one-third creosote and two-thirds coal tar. Recoat it with tar if the first one cracks. Pure white lead or linseed oil also will serve.

Then fill the cavity with cement. The nicest care should be exercised in cleaning the wound. Use sharp tools.

Benefit in Ownership

A family that owns a home built exactly as they want it, with the utmost in convenience and comfort, takes pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it and has a more wholesome, healthful and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children.

Ideal Community

An aspiring people who desire to secure for the city and its people the very best in the realm of liberal culture are the foundation of the ideal community.