

WILSON HAS MADE HIM MAJOR GENERAL



WILLIAM L. SIBERT.

A MATCH FOR SATAN

By MARTHA V. MONROE

One night at a masquerade ball two persons appeared, a man and a woman, who excited considerable interest. The man represented Faust, the woman Marguerite. Presently a third person entered, representing Mephistopheles. The interest was heightened by Mephistopheles and Faust talking together, both at the same time casting glances at Marguerite.

"That girl will lose her heart," said a guest representing Rob Roy to another dressed as Martha Washington. "The fellow got up as Faust is a lady killer."

"And I know the girl," said the other. "If Faust tackles her she'll make him regret it."

"I'll tell you what you do. Tell Marguerite to go for Faust. I'll tell Faust to go for her. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of gloves against a box of cigars that I win."

The bet was made, though it was ex-

pected that it would result in a draw, for it was not likely that a definite result could be obtained. Faust naturally gravitated toward Marguerite, and the two disappeared in an unfrequented part of the house, where occasional passers saw them sitting tete-a-tete, unmasked. They seemed very much absorbed in each other.

Faust left Marguerite to keep an engagement to dance—he had broken two engagements for Marguerite, but the woman with whom he had the third came for him—and Mephistopheles joined her. When Faust finished his dance he came back to continue the tete-a-tete and, finding Mephistopheles in his place, scowled. Mephistopheles scowled back. Marguerite gave the latter a nod, indicating that she preferred the former, and Mephistopheles went away sullen.

Later Marguerite danced with Mephistopheles, while Faust was seen standing apart, evidently in no good humor. Whenever the couple whirled by Faust Mephistopheles gave one of those "ha, ha's" for which the devil is famous. Faust involuntarily fingered the jewel hilted dagger in his belt.

By this time this version of the poem of "Faust" not intended by the author began to attract the attention of a small coterie who were in the secret of the bet.

Those who knew Marguerite best were of the opinion that she would plunge Faust down into the fiery furnace without the slightest injury to herself, and there were those who considered her a match for the devil.

It is astonishing how man, when made mad by woman, will forget that he is an intelligent human being. And there are cases where no time is required to turn his head. By common consent Marguerite was left to her lover of the poem and the party to whom he had sold his soul. To all appearances Faust seemed to be playing his part well, but Mephistopheles was evidently paying more attention to Marguerite than does his prototype in the poem or in Gounod's famous opera. Faust, instead of being under Mephistopheles' influence, seemed to be antagonized by him.

It was shortly before the first glimmer of dawn, when the dancers were at their gayest, that Marguerite went up to one of the men and excitedly whispered something in his ear. The man calling another, the two hurriedly left the ballroom in company with Marguerite. As soon as they were out of sight and hearing of the dancers she said to them hurriedly:

"Those two men are going to kill each other!"

"The devil!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Yes, the devil and Faust—Mr. Burns and Dr. Wells."

"What for?"

"Well, I suppose it's about me. Go quick! Stop them!"

"Which way did they go?"

"They're out on the tennis court."

The two men ran out through a back door. It was just light enough to see two dim figures on the tennis court hacking at each other with the short knives they had worn in their belts during the evening. The two men and the girl ran to where they were, and the combatants, seeing that they had attracted attention, desisted. One of those who had interfered took Faust by the arm, and the other, a large, powerful fellow, took Mephistopheles by the ear and led them back to the house and into the ballroom.

The dancing had ceased, and the dancers were promenading or resting. On seeing Faust and Mephistopheles led in like two naughty schoolboys there was a shout of laughter. Marguerite made for a door, but she was caught and brought back.

Even the absurdity of the situation did not prevent the rivals from scowling at each other, and Mephistopheles was unconsciously playing the part of Satan to perfection.

"Hello, Jim!" said one of his chums.

"When did you come up from below?"

Jim cast a malevolent glance at the speaker, but made no reply.

"Kate," said the lady who had made the hit, "I knew you were a match for any man, but I didn't think you were superior to Satan."

"Come to the supper room!" cried the man who had lost the gloves.

"I've a toast for you all."

The rivals and the girl they had fought for were pushed into the supper room, fresh champagne was opened, and this was the toast given:

"To the only girl that ever lived who has been too much for the devil."

How She Won Him

By RICHARD MARKLEY

When Donald Barker had been graduated at college with high honors and came down to Mayside with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling at his watch chain Evelyn Clarke and I became rivals for his favor. We girls had always considered Evelyn booky, but rather to show off than possessing any depth of knowledge. She, Donald and I were sitting on the porch one morning, I with my crochet work, Donald strumming his mandolin, while Evelyn was holding in her lap a work recently issue on the cave man.

"Mr. Barker," she said, "do you really think that man has lived on the earth hundreds of thousands of years?"

"I don't know," replied Donald, still picking away on his mandolin, "having only been here about twenty years myself."

It was plain to any one that he had no desire to air his knowledge, but Evelyn persisted:

"Here's a picture in this book of a bison painted on the wall of a cave. The animal has been extinct for many thousands of years, and yet the picture must have been painted by a man."

"How about the baseball team of your college this year?" I asked him, with a view to changing the subject.

"The best we've had in many years," he said, brightening up at being able to talk on an ordinary subject. "Our fellows have got a new twirler, who is going to develop into a wonder."

Evelyn was turning the leaves of the book, but I noticed that she was looking at the pictures.

"Here's a man," she said, referring to a picture of a primitive man that somebody had built of plaster on a jawbone found in a cave, "who lived not less than 25,000 years ago."

Donald frowned. It was evident that he wanted to get away from heavy subjects and feed on light ones. I, having failed to turn Evelyn from what was going on many thousands of years ago by introducing modern baseball, concluded to try another tack. I didn't know much myself, but I resolved to utilize what I did know.

"Don't you think, Mr. Barker," I said, "that the spectroscope is a wonderful invention?"

He cast a quick glance at me and caught on at once.

"You mean," he said, "that spectral analysis is a remarkably scientific development?"

Evelyn looked blank. She knew no more about a spectroscope than I did and was evidently uneasy lest she should be compelled to display her ignorance.

"What do they do with a spectroscope, anyway, Ev?" I asked.

"What do they do?" she repeated in a patronizing tone, as though she was going to enlighten my ignorance. "Why, they break up a ray of light and in that way find out what the substance that gives out the ray is made of."

"How do they do that?" I asked.

"Why, just as I have said, by breaking up a ray of light."

"But how can they do it that way?" I asked.

She was stumped. I started in to talk of something else, but in a few minutes she interrupted me to say:

"Oh, I remember now. They do it through certain lines that appear on the rainbow of colors from the break-

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ing of the ray."

"How do these lines show it?" I asked. I had been obliged to learn a short statement of what I was asking her. I didn't understand it, so I was obliged to commit it to memory and repeat it in recitation like a parrot. So I was ready for Evelyn in case she was flunked. She was flunked, and owned up with a very bad grace.

"Isn't it something like this?" I asked. "A glowing gas gives out rays of the same refrangibility as it absorbs when light passes through it."

By this time Ev saw that I had crushed her. Donald's hitherto frowning face broke into an uncontrolled smile. I looked demure as a freshman in college sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. Ev colored, then darting a hateful glance at me got up and flounced into the house.

"I don't think she'll try to teach you physics again," said Donald. "That was a pretty compact statement of yours. If Ev had been putting it up me I might possibly have shuffled through to an answer, but I couldn't have made one like that."

"And if you should ask me to illustrate it I would answer, 'Not prepared.'"

My victory over Evelyn was complete. She had tried to attract Donald by a display of knowledge she did not possess. As for me, I was only trying to head her off from subjects that we didn't care to talk upon. But I never could persuade Donald that I was not a very bright girl. If he so chose to think of me it was his affair, not mine. I told him the plain truth, saying that my definition was all Greek to me, but he said where there was so much smoke there must be fire.

At any rate, either what he considered my smartness or what he believed

to be my modesty quite won him. Since then he has been devoted to me. I confess, however, I am always on the anxious seat for fear that he will discover how shallow I am. But so long as he thinks that my keeping my knowledge to myself arises from a dislike to appear to be showing off I am in no great danger. After our marriage, if he learns the truth, it won't matter.

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