

## HOMESICK

By HILDA MORRIS.

Christine had come to Stillville from the city to be a substitute teacher in the township high school. She had been there only a month, but already the country air had begun to work wonders with her pale cheeks and hollow eyes.

"If only it weren't so lonesome!" she thought, as she walked a country road one bright, windy Saturday afternoon. But just then she heard some one calling.

"Hi there!" a man's voice shouted. "Hi there, Miss Gray!"

It was Richard Harding, greeting her in the local fashion. Christine stood and waited as he came striding toward her, a fine, strapping young man, clad in farmer's overalls and a flannel shirt.

"Are you taking a walk?" he asked as he caught up with her. His voice had the easy modulations of an educated man. He was a graduate of an eastern college.

"Yes, I'm going through your cemetery. It's so quaint! I'm only used to crowded city cemeteries that reach for blocks and blocks. Tell me, are all the people in this town related?"

Richard laughed. "Very nearly. The Bullits are related to the Emmets and the Emmets to the Hardings and the Hardings to the Bullits again. We're all kin somehow."

"All but me," said the girl, laughing a little wistfully. "It must seem queer to have so many relations."

Richard did not appear to have heard her remark. He was looking ahead at the big square red brick farmhouse where he lived with his mother and sister. His mother, a sun-bonnet on her head, was cutting tulips from the rows, that bordered the garden walk. She straightened up as they approached, and came to the gate.

"Howdy!" she said cordially. "It's right cool for an April day, isn't it? Have you been walking, Miss Gray? Well, do come in and have a cup of tea. I made some cinnamon cakes this morning that must be eaten."

Christine hesitated. "It isn't five o'clock yet," said Mrs. Harding, royally sweeping aside the girl's unspoken objections. Richard was holding the gate open, so almost before she knew it Christine found herself in the big square sitting-room of the Harding homestead.

She had not been in a private home of this size for years and years, not since her childhood days and before long arid years of furnished rooms. The house gave her rather an awesome impression of vastness and elegance. It had been solidly built for posterity by a forebear from New England. Its furniture was mid-Victorian.

"Have you always lived in the city?" Miss Lottie Harding asked in her timid voice. Miss Lottie was an "old maid" who spent her years in making endless yards of tatting.

"Since I was two," said Christine. "Are your parents living?" pursued Miss Lottie, to whom family was one's most interesting attribute.

"No," answered Christine. This put a somber period on the conversation, broken only when Mrs. Harding brought in the tea.

In spite of herself the girl presently began to feel the homelike warmth of the place. When she left, stepping out into the damp spring dusk, it seemed as though the chill wind struck her with redoubled force. She shivered, and hurried back to her dingy room in the village hotel.

The next day Christine met Richard Harding on the corner by the post office.

"Can't you take a drive?" he called eagerly. "My team's just over yonder."

The girl perked her pretty head as though considering.

"Why, perhaps," she conceded, "for a little while."

Presently they were riding off down a winding road bordered with dogwood and the picturesque flowering Judas tree.

"I'm going home next week," she announced, as calmly as though her heart were not beating furiously. "Home?" he queried.

"Back to the city, where it isn't so lonesome. I only came to substitute for a month, anyway, and I'm not used to the country. It's too quiet for me."

"I suppose it is," Richard assented, letting the reins drop loosely. "I suppose you couldn't stand it here. But I've something to ask you, Christine. If I should be willing to come to the city and live your way—give up this quiet country life—would you marry me, Christine?"

"Leave here!" cried the girl incredulous. "Why, Richard, I—I like you best here. You belong here. Oh, Richard!" she breathed. "I was so homesick! I was going to leave because I could not stand it to see homes and fireplaces and mothers all about me."

"Well," he answered joyously, "you needn't ever be homesick again. You have me, all right!"

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**D'Annunzio's Real Name.**  
"D'Annunzio" of Italy was once denounced as a decadent scribbler of flowery and fragrant phrases. The war, however, made him a verile and statesmanlike patriot. During the latest fighting on Carso plateau he has fought hand to hand with his country's enemies. By the way, "Gabriele d'Annunzio" is a pen name. The author's real name is Gaetano Bapagnotta.

## THE GALLY FEUD

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Bruce Farraday had been away from home for so long that he had actually underestimated the manners and customs of Halsey Gap.

He had been home from Rudemehr college about four days. The family had given him to understand that they expected all things of him, and especially that he should run for representative the next autumn. There had been a Farraday in the state legislature from the Gap section ever since West Virginia had walked her own path to statehood. Since the death of Bruce's father fifteen years before, the Gally family had controlled the seat. Bart Gally had gone up for two terms and Wallace had followed in his footsteps.

He rode down the mountain road to the little village after mail, loving every foot of the way. It had been years since he had walked that road to school. When he came to the old familiar crossroads, with its cairn of rock supporting an old sign post, he drew rein. Many a time he had loitered there waiting for Nance Gally to come along on her way to school. What had they cared for feuds in those days! She was six, he barely ten. Resting now in his saddle, while the Captain cropped the sweet clover and sorrel by the roadside, he remembered the day of their great quarrel. He had called her redhead on the way home from school, because she had walked with her cousin Wallace instead of him. There had been a fight and Wallace, a strapping, black-browed youth of fifteen, had beaten him before her eyes.

The sound of horses' hoofs cantering along the old timber road roused him from reverie. It was Nance. She rode her sorrel mare like a boy, her short curls flying in the morning breeze. As she rode, she was singing Dixie at the top of her lungs, until she caught sight of the silent horseman, and stopped short.

Bruce raised his cap in neighborly greeting, noting approvingly the vivid beauty of her young face and sparkling eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Nance," he said. "It seems like old times to be waiting here for you. You're looking mighty well."

She tossed her head in quick resentment.

"I reckon you can keep your compliments to home, Bruce Farraday. We ain't askin' anythin' from any of you in the complimentary line."

She rode on, never looking behind. It was that afternoon that he gave Matt Crawford, local boss of the Democratic caucus, permission to use his name for nomination at the coming elections.

"You've got to step lively and look both ways at once," said Sister Belle, when the campaign was in full swing. The next day there was a conference between Bruce and Matt Crawford. Briefly Bruce outlined his plan of action. On the Farraday property there was a large old mica mine, unworked since the death of his father. Ever since his arrival he had secretly been probing its possibilities, and felt fairly sure of his ground.

"Matt," he said, "I know a chap with capital, who went to Rudemehr with me. He'll back the old mica mines when I say so. Let's open them now and hire all the available men. Get them on one-year contracts, with option of renewal."

Matt grinned appreciatively. "I think I'm looking at your next representative," he said.

The mine was a success. Boys and men from all districts through the valley and mountains flocked to work instead of remaining idle through the summer and autumn, waiting for the Gally mills to open.

Election day told the story. When the votes were counted in the little room back of the post office old Judge Pinkus stroked his Vandyke happily. "I reckon you're beaten, Wally," he remarked through his little glass grating at the stamp window. Nance heard the words, too, as she stood by the window. With a muttered oath her cousin rushed past her out into the little square where men were cheering for a Farraday. Blind with fury, he shot out his fist at Bruce, but fell as Bruce caught him with a counter blow on the point of the chin.

Bruce led to the old oak stump. "Fellow-citizens of the Gap, this is the end of the Gally feud. Right here Wallace and I have settled old scores, and I want to tell you it's time the Gap joined the march of progress and buried the feud forever. You shake hands with me, Gally; if you don't I'll beat you up until you do, for we're going to be friends from this day on."

Wonderingly the Gap beheld the two shake hands as Bruce left the stump. A minute more, and he was beside Nance, where she stood apart from the others.

"Can I help you on your horse?" he asked. "I'm going to see you home."

Nance lifted her tear-wet face to his, capitulation in her eyes.

"I'm mighty glad you won, Bruce," was all she said.

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**A Real Hardship.**  
"Son, I refuse to pay any more of your poker debts."  
"That's rather tough, dad," said the glided youth.  
"My decision is final."  
"But, do you realize, dad, that there are practically no facilities in this town for any other games of chance?"

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BILLY BEAVER.

"Billy Beaver," said Daddy, "wanted to build a new home for Mrs. Beaver. 'You know, my dear,' Billy Beaver had said, 'we want to be in the fashion and move. It's the time of moving—everyone moves nowadays. To stay in the same home for a long, long time is not considered fashionable.'"

"Dear me, what a smart, up-to-date beaver you are," said Mrs. Beaver proudly.

"Thank you," replied Billy Beaver. "But it's really only in the big cities where they move so much," said Mrs. Beaver. "I've heard some of the men talking who were trying to catch the beaver cousins."

"Yes," said Billy, "it is in the big city, or in any big city I should say, that folks move all the time. In the country they have the same dear old homes for many years."

"Well, maybe," said Mrs. Beaver, "they have new dear homes in the cities."

"Maybe," said Billy. "But you know how many of the same people we hear about us all the time? That is because they don't move."

"But still you think you would like to?" asked Mrs. Beaver.

"Yes," said Billy Beaver, "I do believe I would."

"So Billy Beaver and Mrs. Beaver had a nice meal of food-wood before they set to work on their new home."

"Billy Beaver is one of the hardest working animals there is. An<sup>o</sup> be set right to his job."

"First he made use of some nice country land and a brook. He used the sticks which were left after he had eaten the bark of the wood, and he began to make a dam."

"You know the beavers are famous for building dams, canals and all things built with water, land and sticks."

"Billy made the dam out of some good mud and he carried it himself to the spot where he was building, carrying it always between his paws and holding it close to him so as not to lose it as he swam along."

"Then he worked over the mud, making it just the height and width he wanted, and using the sticks too. And then he made a fine deep brooklet, which he used as a private driveway to his new home."

"He made a handsome home and Mrs. Beaver thought it was beautiful. He swam around, using his tail to help him go, and asking Mrs. Beaver if she liked it."

"Of course she had to say over and over again that she thought it was a beautiful home and Billy was finally quite sure she liked it."

"I always build the entrance to any home I make," said Billy, "under the water. It seems so stupid to enter one's home on dry land."

"That is the way it has always seemed to me," said Mrs. Beaver. "I don't believe I could enter my home in any other manner."

"I heard such a strange thing the other day," said Billy.

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Beaver, as she took a bite of food-wood.

"I heard of a beaver in the zoo who wouldn't work when he was watched. And they tell me that all our cousins who live in the zoo are just the same way. They simply will not work when they are being watched. They don't like it. It quite annoys them, and so they do nothing while visitors are around."

"Do they have many visitors?" asked Mrs. Beaver.

"Yes," said Billy, "they have guests all the time who come to call on them and who make remarks about them. The visitors know the beavers are hard workers and they stand waiting to see the beavers work."

"But the beavers will not work while people do nothing and just watch them! They think that is very wrong. They do not think folks should be watching them work—they think that folks should be home working."

"Well, that is a good joke," said Mrs. Beaver. "So that is the way our cousins in the zoo behave?"

"Yes," said Billy, "and they do all their work at night when no one is watching."

"Dear, dear me," said Mrs. Beaver, who was very much interested. "And the last one I heard of," said Billy, "had pulled down a big tree in the zoo, by just working at night!"

**Hold Up Your Head.**  
Hold up your head and look the world in the eye. A hanging head and a shifty glance speak of self-distrust, and the world has no confidence in the one who doubts himself.

**Woman Doctor Rules 4,000.**  
The woman officer of highest rank in the British army is Mrs. A. M. Chalmers, Watson, M. D., who has just been appointed chief controller of the women's army auxiliary corps, which has over 4,000 members on duty behind the lines in France. Mrs. Watson is a sister of Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the admiralty. She was the first woman physician graduated from Edinburgh university.

**Every Woman Needed.**  
If you have any doubt about the help of every woman being needed now consider these facts:  
One million men in Pennsylvania alone have been holding themselves subject to a call to the colors since Registration day, June 5, last. One hundred thousand recruits—the pick of the state's manhood—have already been taken from productive employment for army and navy service. Additional thousands are being drafted with machine-like precision. Still more thousands have been drafted from ordinary into war employments. Every man called leaves another gap in the army of production. Every man drawn means, also, that four new workers must be found to produce the things that will give him fighting efficiency. With industry losing its workmen and, on the other hand, being required to produce a greater output than ever it is apparent that new labor sources must be tapped or disaster may result.

**Cause of Trouble.**  
"What makes some of de trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is dat a man's liable to git mo' neighborly applause for winnin' six bits in a crap game dan for earnin' two dollars by workin' de same amount o' time."

**Musical Note.**  
A London electrician has invented a safe that is unlocked by a tuning fork, the vibrations of which cause a wire within the safe to vibrate in harmony with them and operate the mechanism electrically.

**Fine Workmanship.**  
There is in a museum at Salem, Mass., a cherry stone which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of ordinary size, but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be detected by the microscope. On another cherry stone, the present whereabouts of which is not given, are said to have been carved 124 heads, so distinct that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns.

## PRINCE MAKES CALL

By LOUISE OLIVER.

After two years or so of vainly trying to make Anne think seriously of their cause, the phalanx of suitors of her hand had reluctantly dwindled to two, and the reason of the plural was that Anne herself did not know which one she liked the best.

She liked them both as each appealed to a different side of her with equal force. There were two sides to Anne as there are to most American girls—the dreamy, aesthetic, poetical side which is every woman's by nature, the mystic, highly imaginative strain that inclines to the superstitious and explains their love of cats; and the wholesome, hearty, frank, sunny side, independent and reliant, contemptuous of the covert, fond of athletics, and—bulldozers.

It was impossible for her to make up her mind which of the two men she cared for most, they were so utterly unlike. Gerson de Palma, dark and Spanish looking, although he boasted of ancestors in every American war, was the last word in culture.

Jerry Tilford was the name of the other. He appealed to Anne's independent side—the side that liked athletics and bulldozers. Moreover Jerry had a bulldog—a snub-nosed brindle named Prince—which Jerry referred to him as "who" looked villainous but wept real tears, sat on a chair at the table, and scared the life out of the park babies by kissing them dog-fashion whenever he got a chance.

Jerry was rather thickly set up—his tailor wept over the way his coats hiked up his back. His fingers were stubby and short and his eyes were gray and about as languorous as two electric headlights. He smoked black cigars, affected tan shoes, loved soft hats, and Prince—and Anne.

One day Anne had a headache, a bad one, the kind where you're afraid you won't die—the kind where not only your head aches but every other organ too is crying out against existence. Anne's mother answered two telephone calls with the news of Anne's indisposition, which immediately brought two notes by special messengers. Gerson wrote: "How I long to soothe your poor tormented brow." Jerry's envelope was bulkier, having an enclosure: "You've been eating too much candy, Annie girl, and it's all my fault. I'm sending you two grains of calomel—take it in eight doses and then tell your mother to give you a tablespoonful of castor oil. I know what sick headache is, you poor child."

Anne was angry—then took the medicine and got better. She answered Jerry's note instead of Gerson's.

But Gerson got in his innuendo when he gave her the cat. It was a beautiful creature with long silky fur, a tail like a fox's brush, and deep blue eyes. Jerry hated it and Prince hated it—and Prince had to stay at home now on girl nights.

But Jerry had to go away and leave his fences unguarded—all wells near Tulsa claimed him for two weeks, and he went with trepidation. He stocked up his lady-love with more flowers and candy, extracted a promise that she would answer his letters and departed, leaving Prince to Sansuki, his Jap, to be aired, fared and cared for generally.

Sansuki was busy all day so he and Prince walked at night—and one night they went past Anne's.

Now Prince was not accustomed to passing that lawn without turning in, so in spite of the Jap's whistling he persisted in making a friendly call and trotted up the steps. Then stopping suddenly he drew back and growled in ferocious resentment, for there on his particular straw mat lay the hated cat.

He let out a wild, indignant bark and plunged madly at his enemy, which flew, a silver-gray streak, out into the darkness and up a poplar tree on the lawn.

"Prince—oh, Prince come here!" called Anne. "Bad doggie. Prince, here Prince."

The bulldog still barked at his invisible enemy, but was now a paean of victory. The undesirable one had fled, and that was all he wanted.

"Prince, come here."

This time he harkened. And remembering the mat, now his for the taking, he catapulted back to the porch, up the steps and vaulting right into Anne's lap, a full 60 pounds of canininity.

Anne screamed with surprise, and Prince dropped to the floor. Then De Palma kicked poor Prince with stinging force straight between the eyes.

That decided for Anne in an instant what had worried her for a year. And this is the letter Jerry got in Tulsa:

"Dear Jerry: Prince has been sick, but is convalescing nicely at my house. I've given the cat away. I like dogs better. When are you coming home? It seems years since you went away. I've something to tell you."

And whatever it was, Jerry took the next train.

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Women of Pennsylvania, have you seen it?—the shadow that dims the sun.

Listen! The air seems vibrant as if stirred by distant thunder.

A tempest is upon us—a storm worse than any America has known, and its danger signals are far-fung. The storm has crept in from Transatlantic shores. The air, too, was surcharged there—made vibrant by the gun-peals of human hate. Take heed! There is a warning for you in these far-fung signals. If you have not read it, read now.

War—merciless war—has been unleashed to wreak its fury upon you and yours.

The extent to which that fury will ravage America depends very largely upon the part the women of America decide to take in the war.

If you and every other woman capable of giving some useful service will promptly give that service so that America may strike with crushing effect, then the dread of what the war will bring need not be all upon this side of the Atlantic.

Therefore, it remains for you—the women of Pennsylvania and of the nation—to make a momentous decision.

Will you stand back now, supinely claiming exemption from unusual effort upon the plea of sex?

Or will you come forward to work in some useful capacity that will give the fighting men of your country the support they need to win the war?

That is what is being asked of you and of every other woman of working age in Pennsylvania. Your decision will mean much to your state and to your country. It may mean even more to you.

Remember: The worst trials that defeat brings to a conquered people invariably are the horrors experienced by its women. Keep stricken Belgium and outraged France before you—then decide that you will do your utmost to make defeat impossible for America.

Every Woman Needed.

If you have any doubt about the help of every woman being needed now consider these facts:

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With industry losing its workmen and, on the other hand, being required to produce a greater output than ever it is apparent that new labor sources must be tapped or disaster may result.

**Signing-Up is Easy.**

Registration, too, has been made easy. Every organized group of women in the State is taking names. County Committees of Public Safety, Federated Clubs, Suffrage Associations and Women's Christian Temperance Unions anywhere will sign you up.

And now that you have learned of the dire need of women's service in this world crisis, it is for you—the women of the state—to make your registration a roll of honor for Pennsylvania.

With the future of all civilization, with human liberty itself in imminent peril the call from the "Front" is for "workers, more workers, and still more workers."

Work will win the war. Let the women of Pennsylvania by their actions say, "WE WILL NOT SHIRK."

**To Remove Grease Spots.**

To remove grease spots from carpets, mix fuller's earth and magnesia together in equal proportions by scraping and pounding. Form this into a paste with hot water and spread on the spots. The next day brush it off and, if necessary, repeat the process.

**Asphalt.**

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago, in Switzerland, natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained.

**The First Requisite.**

"When in their marriage to be solemnized." "As soon as it has been financed."—Boston Transcript.

**The Roman "Penny."**

The "denarius," translated "penny," in each of the four gospels was the principal silver coin of the Roman commonwealth. From the parable of the laborers in the vineyard it would seem that a denarius was the ordinary pay for a day's labor (Math. 20:2-13).