

BETWEEN FLOORS

By SOPHIA B. COHAN.

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"And I don't think there is any virtue in helping all these war funds with money given to me by dad, so I'm going to work, and besides buying more War Savings stamps and contributing to the Red Cross, I'll be releasing some man for the service." Marcia Gray spoke earnestly, at the same time unfolding a small piece of paper, which she proudly displayed to Bob Eaton's astonished eyes.

"An elevator operator's license," he gasped, then smiled. "To think of a woman running an elevator, and of all women you!" And Bob, usually so sympathetic, could control his mirth no longer, and was now shaking with laughter.

Marcia's eyes filled with tears. She had worked so hard to gain that precious bit of paper, and had been so in earnest, and here was Bob ridiculing her! Her chagrin gave way to anger. Folding the license with a snap she ran into the house with a curt, "Well, you'll see, Mr. Robert Eaton, and don't ever speak to me again," and shut the door in his face.

The following day, as Bob stepped into the elevator in his office building, he was amazed to see Marcia at the wheel. Then, regaining his composure, he greeted her cheerfully. Marcia met his smile with a cold, unseeing glance as she closed the door and started the elevator. Bob had ample time until Marcia let him off at the eighth floor to change his mind about her capability. He had to admit she was much more polite and efficient than the boy whose place she had taken—and she looked sweeter than ever in her plain gray uniform! All that day Marcia's face, framed in the black curls which rebelliously refused to stay under her severely serviceable little cap, was hopelessly mixed with Bob's letters and reports, and it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from running to the elevator. At last, at five o'clock, he saw her again, and again she ignored him.

So Bob rode up and down in the elevator, hoping against hope that she would relent. Then, when a month had passed without any result he decided to walk, rather than see her so often and not be able to speak to her.

Perhaps Marcia missed him, for many times as she saw him running swiftly up the stairs, she felt an impulse to call to him. However, she still remembered how he had laughed at her, and restrained herself, happy that in spite of his unbelief, she was succeeding far better than she herself had dared hope.

Then one day, at the end of two months of arduous stair climbing Bob was very late, and to save time, took the elevator. Besides, he was wearing a new, wonderful olive-drab uniform, which he was very anxious for a certain little lady to see. Bob was the only passenger in the elevator. Marcia's heart leaped, but she said nothing. And then a curious thing happened.

She stopped the elevator between the seventh and eighth floors, and, turning around, said warmly, "I congratulate you, Mr. Eaton." She turned swiftly back, the light in her eyes forbidding Bob to say anything.

Marcia's heart sank—the brakes refused to yield! Bob was at her side immediately. She silently accepted his solicitous offer to help, and for fifteen minutes they worked together. Marcia sank to the floor when Bob finally told her it was no use for them to try, and that they would have to wait until they were pulled up.

Half an hour later they were released from the elevator. Marcia's face shone radiantly through the oil from the brakes as she stepped out. And the radiance from her countenance was reflected in Bob's, for hadn't she promised to become Mrs. Eaton, and wait for him until he came back from "Over there?" And Bob, having a true diplomatic instinct, had agreed to let Marcia work for the time being.

Eskimo Names.

Eskimos are not able to trace their ancestors back for more than a generation or two because the Eskimo names do not run from generation to generation, and in every Eskimo family each person has a separate name. This is pointed out by Charles Menadlook, an Eskimo teacher, writing in a recent issue of the *Eskimo*, the only publication issued for the benefit of his race.

Short but Eventful Career.

Timgad, or as it was known in Roman history, Thanagus, was built in 100 A. D. by the order of Trajan. The city had an eventful history during its short career, repeatedly invaded, destroyed and restored. Finally, after the Arabian invasion of 649 A. D. it was left to the mercy of the wind and desert.

Corks of Pine.

Owing to the scarcity of true cork in Sweden, wooden corks are being used in that country, the substitutes being made from quick-growing pine. This wood has wide annual rings, and one of its characteristics is its tendency to swell somewhat after it has been fashioned into stoppers.—*Popular Mechanics Magazine*.

London's Only Street Archway.

St. John's gateway, which spans the north end of St. John's lane, Smithfield, is the only medieval archway remaining over a London street, and was built in 1504.

ALWAYS HUNGRY AT NIGHT

Kansas City Man Beginning to Fear He Is Afflicted With an Unpatriotic Stomach.

A Kansas City man who is trying to be very patriotic is beginning to wonder if he is not cursed with a pro-German stomach. During the daytime, when he is up on his feet, he has no trouble observing the food regulations, but just as soon as he lies down at night to go to sleep, his stomach takes advantage of the fact that he is flat on his back and refuses to give way to Morpheus until he eats again.

"Sometimes I manage to get to sleep without taking on an extra cargo of food," he says. "But when I do I usually wake up in the middle of the night with a mad craving for food, and the only way I can get back to sleep is to get up, go out to the kitchen and cook myself some hot food."

The man says he has tried his best to overcome this hunger habit, but is unable to do so. Several times a week he will go to the kitchen in the middle of the night, put on a skillet and fry a piece of ham, or bacon and eggs, and, after eating an ordinary size meal, will go back to bed and sleep. He says he has tried eating fruits and light food, but his stomach will have none of these and insists upon meats. Often when he is standing over a skillet dressed only in his pajamas in the dead of night he says he feels like a thief stealing food, while others who patriotically observe all of Mr. Hoover's regulations are asleep.

"Maybe you have a tapeworm with Teutonic leanings," a friend suggested. "Maybe I have," the man replied, sadly, "but I think it is an inherited habit that is just getting a grip on me. I remember when my folks lived on a farm near Pomeroy. When I was just a kid my father used to have to get up in the night and eat as I do. But it is only recently that I have become addicted to the habit, and it is only since the food regulations became so strict that I have worried about it."

"Maybe your wife's cooking is not as good as it used to be," was the next logical suggestion.

"Don't you ever think it isn't, young man!" the glutton of the darkness replied indignantly. "My wife, sir, is the best cook in Kansas City! You may accuse me of having German tapeworm or of having an unpatriotic stomach, but you must not reflect upon my wife's culinary art. Good evening, sir!"—*Kansas City Star*.

Eels Are Eels.

John Treadwell Nichols, assistant curator of the department of ichthyology of the American Museum of Natural History, has done his bit for the food supply by an effort to lessen the prejudice against eels.

The chapter of the cookbook devoted to eels should begin: "First catch your eel; then forget how it looks." The trouble with eating eels is at the start. After the first plate of eels the reluctant customer is ready for more.

Mr. Nichols assures us that eels have, in fact, no relationship with snakes. They have developed their form and sinuosity by their habit of poking into cracks and crannies of waterbeds. They are true fishes and should not be victims of the prejudice against snakes.

The classic way to cook eels is to skin them, clean them, cut them into lengths and fry in butter. "Many persons," says Mr. Nichols, "find them delicious." That's no lie.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

Unfortunate Expression.

Although our new war secretary, Lord Milner, cannot exactly be said to shine as a humorist, he can enjoy a good story against himself, as witness the following, which he is fond of relating.

Some years ago, fresh from his South African triumphs, he addressed an audience of undergraduates at his old university.

"We must remember not merely the beauty of the individual colleges, but the beauty of Oxford as a whole. And what a whole it is."

"Hear, hear!" yelled the varsity men. "Yes, what a hole!" they groaned. "What a beastly hole!"

Then it dawned upon Lord Milner that this was a sentiment he would rather have expressed differently.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Poland's Long-Lost Crown.

When the Prussians took possession of Cracow, in 1794, the Polish kingdom ceased to exist. The king of Prussia coveted the traditional diadem of Poland's kings for his own adornment. It had, however, disappeared mysteriously, and the Prussian king was balked of his wish. In January, 1914, seven months before the world war broke out, during a severe storm, lightning struck a stately elm close to the city and brought to light a secret treasure which had lain buried at its roots for 123 years, the long-lost crown of Poland.

Scenery on the Way.

Writing home from France a St. Louis soldier says:

"The first days out I was seasick, later I was homesick, but before the end of the trip I was feeling fine."

"There was a negro battalion in the fore part of the ship and a white one aft. I think I saw every kind of a fish on the way across."

Marselles Peanut Center.

Marselles, France, is the great central market for peanuts, more than 120,000 metric tons of peanuts in the shell and 240,000 tons of shelled nuts being crushed there in a single year.

The Motor Lady

By ROSALIE FAVIER

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Thompson crawled from under the car, his face, hands and clothes streaked with a combination of perspiration, tar, gravel and grease that bespoke doom for the light gray trousers, and a visit to the manicure for the hands. And worst of all, the automobile still refused to budge!

"I give up!" groaned Thompson, sinking despondently on the grass. "The blame thing won't go, and that's all there is to it."

"Never say die," cautioned a voice at his elbow. "Faint heart never won over a stubborn motorcar."

"My dear young lady"—Thompson hurriedly drew his grimy handkerchief over his face, and tried anxiously to find the part in his tousled hair—"just at present I haven't any heart at all, after all I have been through."

"What have you done?"

"Well," he began, "I looked to see if I had any gasoline."

"That was clever of you," smiled the girl. "So many men would knock an engine to pieces first, and discover an empty gasoline can later. Is there water in the radiator?"

"Up!"

"Car well oiled?"

"Certainly."

"How are the spark plugs? A cracked one will cause no end of trouble, you know."

The man gulped. Evidently she did know a little about motors. "No," he said, "the plugs are all right. Besides, if one of them was broken the engine would have given warning; it wouldn't have stopped dead."

"It's your ignition!" Beth squinted her eyes, deep in thought. "There is a wire loose somewhere."

"There is not!" Thompson cried emphatically. "I've followed every blame wire up, and they are all O. K."

"Then I know just what the trouble is. Your timer is dirty."

"Just wipe it over and the car will run with ease," flaunted Beth, her eyes twinkling merrily. "And, so long."

On the way to the village, for he started a few minutes later, Thompson speculated on who the "Motor Lady" might be, and why she had hurried away so quickly. He was thinking of her when he stored the car away in the hotel garage, and engaged his room for the night. He even sat on the veranda to watch all the women that passed, hoping that she would pass, too.

When night came hope fled. He was in town for the one night only, to sell ties to the E. B. Sterns Garage company, and would leave for the next big town directly after breakfast.

He strode up and down the long corridor puffing thoughtfully at his cigar, waiting for the manager of the garage, who had arranged to meet him that evening. At eight o'clock on the minute the call boy motioned to the restless man. "E. B. Sterns is out on the veranda waiting for you, sir."

Thompson threw away his cigar. His mind was wandering and he needed to concentrate, for the Sterns people were customers he wanted to secure. He hurried out. A slender figure rose from a rocker to meet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson."

"Yes," Thompson hesitated. "Sorry I can't stop, but I have a pressing engagement just now."

"I know—with me," laughed the girl. "I am E. B. Sterns. You wish to interest me in a certain make of tire. I have a full stock of shoes on hand just now, so you will have to do some talking to make me buy."

Thompson thought of his afternoon's plight; he noticed the twinkle in Beth's eyes; he made up his mind to win or die! So he talked. Fabric, durability, strength, flexibility, reliability, mileage. Never before had any tire been so lauded to the skies. He talked till his throat was sore, and continued till his voice was husky and he panted for breath; and he did not cease until she lifted her hand in protest. Instead of saying, "I'll take a hundred on trial," she asked: "Mr. Thompson, what is your salary?"

Thompson was too surprised to say anything but the truth—"Thirty per."

"I'll give you forty, if you care to work in my garage."

"You mean that? Why, you don't know me from Adam."

"I know that you are a good salesman, and also a gentleman. There's nobody in town that can help me in the garage, and since my brothers went to war I can't handle the place alone. I need help, and I have liked your manner towards me ever since we met. Will you accept?"

It was some 12 months later when a large touring car came to a halt along the roadside, and an athletic young man turned to the woman beside him. "Now what's the matter? Going to play tricks on us, just as we are starting off on our honeymoon, is it? I call this tough luck."

"So do I for your new suit. What do you think is wrong?"

"I don't know. I paid special attention to every blame part of the car this morning. Honest I did, Beth," he exclaimed, as the girl laughed merrily.

"Except to the oil which you poured everywhere in your excitement. I suppose a man is liable to lose his head on his wedding day. Sweetheart," Beth leaned over and kissed the wrinkled brow. "Cheer up, it's only that your timer is dirty."

LEARN FINE ART OF RESTING

Ability to Do and Work Depends on One's Knowing Just How to Spend Leisure Time.

Rest is a blessing laid up for the tired only, not for the pleasure seeker. It is a relaxation from toil, not a new thrill for the bored. It is not a pickle waiting for a feast of cake, nor is it within reach of the lazy. It is a gift for the sole use and behoof of him who has toiled. No one reaches the door leading to rest without first passing through the workroom.

Most tired folk have wasted much good strength, but this folly does not bar them from entering into the house of rest. If all lived wisely there would be need of few hospitals, and if only those who labored wisely rested there would be no rest for the race this side of the cemetery.

"Stonewall" Jackson, whose army corps was swift of foot, used to say: "I like to see my men lie flat on their backs. A man rests more that way." That is the primitive way of resting. Mother Earth has a broad lap and a restful way of holding her children.

A wise physician, when sending a patient on his summer vacation recently, said: "On your drive don't try to get anywhere. Any place is a good place to stop, if you stop before you are tired. Don't try to cover any prescribed distance in one day. Don't make or keep any engagements. Be criminally lazy. Avoid folks. Fish. When tired of fishing, lie down under a tree and look up. If you fall asleep, sleep. When you wake up, fish some more. Forget that you ever lived before that one day."

The ability of a man to fill his mind full of one day depends on his having trained himself to see things out of doors, to fill himself with the immediate pleasant present without having to draw on the unpleasant past. Happy is that man who can get 14 days of rest out of a two weeks' vacation.

The ability to live well the remainder of the year may lie wholly in knowing how to occupy those two weeks, for if one learns on this summer outing that the art of resting includes the fine art of forgetting, he may practice the same art throughout the year at home in his little rest spells. What a man brings out of the rest room depends largely on whether or not, when going in, he remembered to shut the door behind him.

Why America Succeeds in China.

"Chinese-Japanese friendship has long been on the lips of both Japanese and Chinese, but with little result," says the *Tokyo Nichi-nichi*. "Equally true it is that a feeling of reliance on America is growing apace in China." The editor then explains the situation by mentioning the consideration shown to China by the government of the United States in renouncing the Boxer indemnity, in generous treatment given to Chinese students, and in American educational work carried on in China. The chief reason which is delaying the realization of Chinese-Japanese cordiality, the editor thinks, is that the Chinese do not accurately understand how necessary is political and economic friendship for the good of the two countries. Japan needs raw materials and has money enough to pay for them, while China's resources are inexhaustible, but she has no money to develop them. Then, too, the Russian menace is at China's front door. In conclusion, the editor of the *Nichi-nichi* urges a Chinese-Japanese chamber of commerce.

Getting Ready to Work

My son tells a story of when he was at Camp Logan. He is a stenographer, and part of his duties were to carry daily reports from camp to brigade headquarters, and from his letters at the time, was kept pretty busy. Along his route were civilian mechanics and laborers working, one of whom always seemed to be getting ready to work, usually measuring a piece of pipe or looking at it.

One day the soldier stopped and looked on. The workman noticed him, and after laying the piece of pipe carefully on the edge of the ditch said, "Well, young feller, they keep you humpin', don't they? How do you like the army so far? You don't get much time to loaf, do you?"

The soldier answered, "I like this army all right, but the next army I join I'll tell them I'm a plumber."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Minor Consideration.

"You are mispronouncing the names of places where these battles occurred."

"That's all right. If our boys had stopped to argue about the pronunciation they might not have won the battles so quickly."

Country Board.

"I'm tired of canned beef," complained the summer boarder. "Some fish wouldn't go bad."

"That's easily fixed," responded the genial farmer. "Ezry, open a can of sardines."

The Difference.

"That man is telling of the most wonderful exploits he accomplished when he was on the firing line."

"Was he ever overseas?"

"Well, he might have been half seas over."

Page Mr. Hoover.

First Suburbanite—I understand he was arrested by the government.

Second Suburbanite—What for?

First Suburbanite—He cast his bread upon the waters and later found out it was a wheatless day.

A Slight Misunderstanding

By MARIAN YOUNG

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It is bad enough to have one's wrist broken, but when it is the means of almost ending one's romance it is truly a calamity. Of course it had to be the left wrist; fate never chooses the lesser of two evils.

On Natalie Carfield's left hand was a make-believe engagement ring or, to be more exact, the diamond was genuine and only the engagement was make-believe. Natalie wore the ring on her engagement finger out of pure love of mischief, and it was fun while it lasted. But the end was bound to come, and it brought misunderstanding in its wake. Everybody in Natalie's home town knew that the position of the ring was only a girlish whim; but when she went among strangers it was a different matter. It was while she was attending a house party at Westbanks, the home of her friend, Margery Locke, that the ring began to make trouble.

One of the guests at the house party was Doctor Jack Channing. How he ever fell in love with Natalie without knowing she was engaged is hard to tell.

Fate chose that day to decree that Natalie should break her left wrist; and as Doctor Channing was the only physician who could be summoned, he was obliged to set the broken member. He set his lips fiercely and tried to think she was an ordinary patient, but Natalie's name rang in his ears. "Hurry up with it, Jack, please," Natalie said bravely.

Jack's lips framed a reply, but it was never uttered. For an instant his hands slackened as he gazed at the diamond which sparkled on Natalie's left hand. That was all. He finished his task deftly and swiftly.

"That will not take long to mend," he said when he was done. "And now do you feel well enough to walk a few minutes with me?" He spoke coldly and without expression; on his face scorn, anger and pain were written together.

"I'm as good as new now. Shall we go down to the river?"

"Anywhere."

They walked in silence for a few minutes. Then Jack turned and faced her.

"I did not know you were engaged, Miss Carfield, until I saw your ring a short time ago. I hoped to win your love, but I did not know it was promised to another. Now I ask you, why you led me on? It was not fair to me, nor your fiancé."

Natalie laughed. She had feared that Jack was angry over something really serious.

"Oh, Jack, it is so easy to explain. You see this ring really doesn't mean anything." She pulled it from her finger. "I'm not going to wear it any more. Truly, Jack, it means nothing."

"Then you will not tell me why you led me on? Very well. I won't trouble you any longer."

He walked quickly away from her, but she called him back.

"Can't you be reasonable, Jack? Why, the ring means so little to me that I'd just as soon throw it away. See?" Natalie tossed it in the grass.

"Oh, Jack, you make me so angry! I know you don't believe what I say." She was almost crying, and she didn't want him to know it; so she ran toward the house. Jack picked up the ring she had thrown away and followed her more slowly.

Natalie had gone in search of her friend and hostess, Margery Locke.

"Oh, Margery!" she said when she found her. "I'm in an awful fix, and I want you to help me. Do you think I'm engaged?"

"I've known all the time that you weren't, dear, but I wouldn't let on. You see, I am good at keeping secrets. Don't you remember last summer I went to see you and you weren't at home? It was just after your uncle sent you the ring, and your little brother Billy told me you wore it on your engagement finger for a joke. But you haven't told me about the fix you are in yet."

"You dear old Margery! Will you tell Jack that you know positively that I'm not engaged? He thinks I've been playing with him. Will you, please?" begged Natalie.

"Of course I will—right now, too."

That evening, while Natalie was alone on the porch, she heard a familiar step approaching, and Jack appeared on the step below her.

"I've come to ask you to forgive me, dear, for doubting your word and to accept this." He held out a diamond ring.

Natalie shook her head. "I never want to see that ring again. I forgive you, Jack. I ought not to have been so silly as to wear it on my left hand. I'm too old for such jokes."

"Look at it a little closer before you refuse to accept it."

"Why, it is set higher than mine, and much prettier." Natalie exclaimed, and held out her hand to Jack. "Will you please put it on? I want it very much."

"With all my heart. But what are you going to do with the other? You can't throw it away. I brought it back to you. Here it is," Jack said, presently, after a short interval, during which there was no talking.

"I think the best way to dispose of it would be to sell it and give the money to charity. One diamond is enough for me," said Natalie happily.

Youthful Newlyweds.

"You can always tell the newlyweds when they register," remarked a New York hotel clerk, after a young couple had signed up and were following the bell hop, "because the male member of the firm always writes 'and wife' after his name. Take the married man who has been through the mill, he never registers that way. It is always his wife's name first and his afterward. 'Yes, we have been averaging about 10 bridal couples every day for the past three months, and, do you know, what has struck me is the very youthful appearance of them and the fact that they are undersized. I had thought that the age of marrying had gone up. Outside of New York, this summer, at least, it seems to have gone down. The newlyweds that have been coming here for their honeymoon for the last three months have seemed hardly more than boys and girls."

Ceremonial Bath.

Considerable pomp used to attend the entrance into the water of the Duchess de Berri, who, close on a hundred years ago, first made sea bathing fashionable in France. When the duchess went bathing at Dieppe her arrival on the beach was hailed with a salvo of artillery. The holder of the then newly created post of "inspector des baigns" had to be there to receive her, attired in a resplendent uniform, cocked hat and white gloves. This functionary led her royal highness into the sea until the water reached her knees, when he retired with three profound reverences. The duchess, who was an expert swimmer, then proceeded to enjoy herself.

Good Listener.

A lad who lives in a remote country town accompanied his father to church in the village one Sunday and while there he saw a highly colored picture illustrating the topic for the day, and representing young Samuel talking with the Lord, and holding his ear to the telephone. Like all children who live in remote districts, the "talking machine" is a very interesting article and the lad was much impressed with the lesson. The following Sunday he was taken to a church many miles distant from his home and by a strange coincidence, the picture hung in a conspicuous place on the wall. With a look of intense surprise the boy cried out: "Oh, papa, there's Sam, listening yet!"

Handel Died a Rich Man.

Handel, for whom the kaiser has been expressing his admiration, made more money from his works than any composer before his time. For a "Te Deum" and a "Jubilate," written to celebrate the Treaty of Utrecht, he was awarded a pension of £200 a year. This was doubled by George I, soon after his accession, and confirmed by George II, so that Handel drew the pension until his death, in 1759. Altogether for these two compositions Handel received £18,800. Although he lost thousands of pounds running opera at Covent Garden, Handel died worth £20,000—a sum, allowing for the difference in the value of money, equal to £60,000 nowadays.

Why He Hurried Away.

A supposedly confirmed old bachelor had lately fallen deeply in love and might be seen almost any day passing and re-passing the house of his lady love. One day he picked up a small thimble, which had suddenly rolled down the steps. He stood a while meditating on the beauty of its owner and looking at the thimble lovingly. Then he pressed it to his lips, saying: "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" As he finished, he looked upward, hoping for a glimpse of her, but instead, from the second-story window a big negro woman looked out. "Boss," she said, "please to toss up dat fumble of mine. I wants to go on sewing."

Pop Corn This Way.

The days of long evenings are coming when corn popped over the embers of an open fire will be a tempting dainty. All well and good for those fortunate mortals among us who possess wide chimneys and hearths where we can burn a fire to entertain. For the others of us, there is a convenient electric corn popper. It is in the form of a dome-like wire frame that fits on a plate heated with electricity. The corn is put in the popper, on the plate, and as this heats the corn bobs cheerfully up against the wire frame, and then drops down again in appetizing morsels of fluffy whiteness.

What Women Are Doing.

Woman evidently does not think that her place is only the home. Statistics recently compiled show that there are 239,077 women stenographers, 327,635 teachers and professors; 481,159 women in various trades; 770,755 women engaged in agricultural pursuits; 7,355 women physicians and surgeons; 7,395 women clergy "men"; 2,193 women journalists; 1,037 women architects, designers and draftsmen; 1,010 women lawyers; 429,497 women in various professions.

Giving It Away.

Being called to his feet unexpectedly at the gathering and asked to respond informally to the toast "The Ladies," Mr. Gilfers hemmed and hawed and began: "My friends, all that I am, all that I have in the world, I owe to a woman—my wife." Here he was interrupted by that lady herself, who arose and said: "I told you, when you put the property in my name, you'd give it away first time you opened your mouth."