

THE TIMID MAN

By JULIA A. ROBINSON.

Hiram Briggs wanted a wife. He wanted one badly, for he was living alone, and he knew very little about housekeeping, although he was a first-class farmer. He owned one of the best of farms, horses, cattle and a fine house, nicely furnished, and with every modern improvement—everything, in fact, was his except the one thing needful, a worthy helpmeet.

Hiram knew just the girl he wanted to marry. He had long loved her in secret, but was too bashful to pop the question. From his corner pew in the church he watched her as she sang in the choir, her sweet voice rising above the others. Sometimes he found courage to walk home with her, but he always left her at the gate without the decisive word, but with a timid glance of love that Sally did not resent. He would walk past her house evenings, longing for boldness to go up to the door and knock, then would go back to his lonely home, to dream of her.

Sally lived alone, and she was a good housekeeper, bright and witty, and the best of company. There was every reason why these two should join forces, if only Hiram could have made the first move. Sally would have been perfectly willing—if Hiram would ask her.

Sometimes it happens that circumstances favor the faint-hearted, and circumstances helped Hiram at last. He had been to town to buy grain and was returning home just before sunset. It was a pleasant ride, and he let Prince walk up the long hills while he mused, thinking of the wife he would have some day. Yes, he would ask Sally to marry him—he always said that until he came face to face with her, when his tongue refused to speak. Her bright face would make the home cheerful. It was a happy future that he pictured, but he had seen that picture many times with his mind's eye, and had come no nearer to the realization of it.

He had reached the top of the hill where he always stopped for a rest, for from this point Sally's house was visible, a mile away. Sometimes he would see her in the dooryard, and she would wave to him, then he would ride on perfectly happy. Prince stood still of his own accord. But as Hiram looked across the fields he saw something that made him start in fear. Fire! Sally's house was burning! Was she at home? Did she know?

The house stood by itself in a hollow, far away from neighbors. Had anyone seen the fire and come to help her?

Hiram grasped the reins and touched the whip to Prince's back. Never in all his life had the horse traveled so fast as he now flew over that mile of country road.

The house was nearly burned to the ground when Hiram reached it. There was Sally trying to put out the flames and to save a few of her cherished belongings, lugging great buckets of water from the cistern, with only two small boys, who had been attracted by the smoke, to help her.

Jumping from the wagon, Hiram rushed up to her and caught her in

his arms. She was so weaned that she clung to him with a stifled cry, but with a feeling of comfort and protection.

"Cheer up, Sally!" he cried. "Ain't it nice I happened round in the nick of time?" He was feeling strong now, and the feeling of her arms clinging to him took away all his fear.

"Your house is gone and all there is in it. 'Tain't no use trying to save anything, and 'tain't necessary. My house is big enough fur us both. It's been waiting for you a long time, Sally. I always meant it for you."

He carried her to the wagon and seated her by his side, and she had not spoken a word, but he knew by the feeling of her arms clinging to him that she was willing.

He took up the reins. "Go 'lang, Prince!" he called, "and be quick about it." Then he turned to her with the old shy look. "Mebbe 'tain't quite the fair thing to take you so sudden," he blurted. But I've wanted you all the time, Sally, only I ain't darst to ask you."

Sally blushed and the laughter came back into her eyes through her tears, with a rogusish look she answered, as she crept a little closer, "Mebbe you never would have got the courage to ask me, Hiram, if the old house hadn't burned down, so I shall have to count that as one of my blessings."

Her lips were so near, and so smiling that he could not help kissing them.

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New Observatory in Arizona.

In consequence of a gift of \$60,000 from the late Mrs. H. S. Steward, of Tucson, as a memorial to her husband, a new astronomical observatory is about to be erected on the campus of the University of Arizona, at Tucson. The principal telescope, a 37-inch reflector, was ordered some time ago, but work on it has been delayed by the war. The observatory will be under the direction of Prof. A. E. Douglass.—Scientific American.

Change Did Him No Good.

Doctor—What you need most is a change of diet.

Dyspeptic—Come again, Doc! That's what made me what I am today.

Doctor—What do you mean?

Dyspeptic—Five different cooks in as many months.

Hanging Between the Two.

Last summer the Hulman brothers, at Terre Haute, gave the Rose Polytechnic the grounds for the new school. The year before that they gave the land for Calvary cemetery. One of their townsmen recently met Herman, the younger brother, on his way to his farm, which is between the two pieces of ground above mentioned. "Well, Herman, he remarked smilingly, 'I see you've solved that often disputed question of whether we should consider our cemeteries or seminaries of the more importance.'"

Mr. Hulman looked at him, and then his eyes twinkled. "Not exactly solved it," he drawled. "You know where my farm is. Well, you see, I'm still just hanging between the two."—Indianapolis News.

An Advantage.

Another advantage of tortoise shell glasses is that they cover up a good deal of face.—Kansas Industrialist.

SANG REQUIEM OF THE HUN

How the Cannon Roared During the Glorious Offensive of the Forest of Argonne.

It was night in France and the great Argonne offensive was on.

The section chiefs grew hoarse shouting their commands, the gunner corporals manipulated their sights with speed and accuracy and the gun crews eagerly put forth superhuman effort in serving their pieces which were being loaded and fired as quickly as possible. The terrific detonations shook the forest which actually seemed like a live, throbbing, burning monster, who vomited fire and flame, and roared infernally with its terrible voice. Every man in the four gun crews was soon rendered temporarily deaf. Lift up by the ghastly flashes from the fire of their own guns, they looked like veritable devils, their faces gleaming with fiendish joy as they leaped into the pit to shift the gun trail or sprang to the wheels, at which they tugged and pulled with might and main. It was exceedingly tiresome work for the earnest lads. The rate of fire was so rapid that it was necessary for them to pause occasionally in order to permit the intensely heated pieces to cool.

It presented a thrilling scene to see, in the dim light of the early dawn, a stalwart lad, bareheaded, eyes heavy and red from the burning powder gas, his square jaws grimly set and shirt open at the throat, his arms bare to the elbows and black with grease, standing out there, swabbing out the steaming gun with the slender rammer. A lanyard broke from too constant use on one of the guns. Not hesitating a moment to repair it, the "No. 1" man simply used his fingers to draw back the "striker." A lad fell limp and exhausted into the gun pit, but was quickly pulled out of danger, where he lay quite still and was undisturbed by the terrible barrage. Another man quickly took his comrade's place.

So the terrible fight continued. The great iron orchestra played its terrible symphony madly until ten o'clock in the morning, when the tired musicians began one by one, to lay aside their weary instruments, for the score they had been playing had sent the Fritzes scampering over the hills and far away.

Where Foch Is Second.

Madame la Marechale Foch is commander in chief in her own home. She is said to be a French lady of quiet and calm determination where the order and regularity of her household are concerned. She dislikes being late for luncheon, and she dislikes the marshal being late for luncheon. Fortunately, the marshal dislikes it himself. On one occasion, when after the signing of the armistice Foch was engaged in prolonged conversation with allied representatives and the hour for luncheon had gone by, a message came into the conference room to say that Madame la Marechale could wait no longer for lunch. It may have been impatience on the part of Madame la Marechale, or perhaps Foch expected that message, according to a possible little prearranged stratagem between monsieur and madame. Needless to say that in times of great pressure, madame makes no demur when the rules of her household are just simply ignored.

From the Shadow

By RALPH HAMILTON

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"I am afraid you are a schemer, Lettie."

"Because I have asked Norma Dallas to act as my bridesmaid, and because Ernest has chosen Robert Harding as his groomsmen?"

"Well, you must admit that the conjunction is peculiar under the circumstances," submitted Norma's aunt, Mrs. Marston.

"I confess to having purposely brought it about," admitted Lettie Brooks, soon to be Mrs. Ernest Valle. "I have always felt sorrowful over the quarrel, misunderstanding, or whatever it was between Norma, my dearest friend, and Mr. Harding, whom I greatly like."

The wedding was only two days distant. It was to be a very simple affair. One thing only Lettie had insisted on, that they be married in a little church in what had become a poor part of the city.

Lettie's fiancé was to come from Worcester, to the north, the day of the wedding. Robert Harding lived to the south. Norma Dallas was to come from a town twenty miles distant. It was a truly informal affair, for bridesmaid and groomsmen were to go direct to the church. Upon the auspicious evening Harding took the train and arrived in Leesville about six o'clock. The ceremony was to begin an hour later. He had no suspicion that he was to meet, for the first time in a year, the former object of his heart's true devotion. He had never forgotten Norma Dallas. They had become engaged, when abruptly Norma had grown cold and distant toward him. Harding was not afforded opportunity to penetrate the motive of this strange change in demeanor.

Harding called a taxicab and was driven to the church. It was lighted up and about the doors and within gathering groups were evident. At one side was the vestry and Harding approached it, entered at an open doorway and gave a great start as he observed one other occupant of the apartment.

"Norma!" he uttered under his breath and stood spellbound.

"Yes, it was Norma Dallas, and he could not analyze the sentient emotions that stirred his heart at this unexpected meeting. She was looking at a picture on the wall of this, the retiring room of the officiating clergyman. She turned finally, observed the newcomer and a quick pallor came into her face. Harding regained his composure first. He advanced and extended his hand with a pleasant smile.

"Our friends do not seem to have yet arrived," he said. "I had not expected to meet you here, Miss Dallas, although of course I should have remembered that you were a close friend of the bride expectant."

Norma fluttered. She was at a loss what to say, for the unexpected confrontation bewildered her. It gave her mingled pain and pleasure. Her eyes had drooped and her breath came

quickly, before she could find coherent words to reply there was an interruption. The clergyman who was to officiate at the ceremony entered the room.

"I presume you are Mr. Harding," he spoke. "I have received a telephone message from Mrs. Marston. The wedding is postponed. It appears that she has just received a telegram from the city announcing that Mr. Valle has met with an automobile accident. He is not seriously injured, yet sufficiently so to require his detention in the city for a day or two."

Norma reached for her wrap. Harding came nearer to her. "Perhaps we had better go and see Miss Brooks," he suggested. "I am anxious to learn something more of Valle's mishap."

Norma lifted her eyes to his face. "Mr. Harding," she said tremulously. "I want to tell you that what happened a year ago was due to a misconception on my part. You were misrepresented to me, and I—it was all my fault. It took me a long time to find out that I was the victim of a tale bearer and slanderer."

Infinite pathos came into the face of Harding. She had, then, thought enough of him to attempt his vindication.

"I am glad you have told me this," he said tenderly. "I suspect the source that was the start of our separation. I have never ceased to regret it," and just then his glance passing beyond the vestry door that looked into the church a strange suggestion came to his mind.

It seemed as though the entire neighborhood had crowded to the church to witness the marriage ceremony, mostly humble folks, to whom such was a break on the monotony of their dull lives.

"They will be disappointed," spoke Harding. "Miss Dallas—Norma, do you still believe in me?"

She placed both her hands on his, she raised her eyes filled with tears. "I would trust you with my life!" she said brokenly.

"Then cement that confidence by becoming my wife. Those people in the church will be sadly disappointed. Let us prevent that, and at the same time forget the past in a happier future."

And a few moments later the wedding march swelled and thrilled through the building.

Was Great Jap Soldier.

Gen. Baron Fukushima, although one of Japan's most notable military men, received but scant notice in the American press on the occasion of his death in Tokyo. He began life as a drummer boy, and in 1892-93 distinguished himself by a trip he made on horseback from Berlin to Vladivostok, through Russia, Siberia, Mongolia and Manchuria, a distance of 9,000 miles. From 1887 up to the time he started on this famous trip he had been military attaché in Berlin. General Fukushima was in command of the Japanese contingent in the war with China until the fall of Tientsin, and was general staff officer during the Boxer troubles. He was staff officer at headquarters of the Manchurian army in the Russo-Japanese war in 1904-05. At different times he represented his country in China, India, Egypt, Turkey, Persia, Caucasia, Arabia, Turkestan, Burma, Siam and Annam.

WILSON ENDORSES SALVATION ARMY.

President Wilson, burdened as he is, found time to cable his endorsement of the Salvation Army Home Service Fund Campaign, which will be conducted during the week of May 19-23. The cablegram:

Commander Miss E. Booth, Personal, Salvation Army, 120 West Fourteenth street, New York:

I am very much interested to know that the Salvation Army is about to enter into a campaign for a sustaining fund. I feel that the Salvation Army needs no commendation from me. The love and gratitude it has elicited from the troops is a sufficient evidence of the work it has done, and I feel that I should not so much commend it as to congratulate it. Cordially and sincerely yours, WOODROW WILSON.

"OUT OF LOVE" CLUB

UNIQUE ORGANIZATION

Members Are Girls Rescued by Salvation Army.

The "Out of Love" Club is one of the important club organizations maintained by the Salvation Army in this country. In every large city where there is a Salvation Army corps girls who have been helped back into the normal pace of a workaday world are proud of the membership in this club. Disappointed, loveless girls who do not forget kindnesses shown them in their hour of greatest need give out of love to help other girls receive the same friendliness. In a simple, quiet way, this unique idea has been maintained for over 20 years.

In every large city in the country there are girls who have needed the ministrations of the Salvation Army. After they have been helped and sent on their way again they become life members of this club if they so desire. Only girls are admitted who have given a good account of themselves for at least one month in the positions found for them by the Salvation Army after their release from a hospital or home. These girls pledge themselves to keep alive the spirit of friendliness and home which the Salvation Army has spread among them. The girls are expected to dress in a plain, simple way, and avoid in any sense of the word gaudy or tawdry clothing.

Gossiping or tale bearing is tabooed. If members of the club transgress this rule they are liable to suspension for a month or longer. The "Out of Love Club" is one of the many activities that will benefit by the success of the Salvation Army House Service Fund Campaign for \$13,000,000 May 19-23.

REILLY LIVENS THINGS UP FOR THE OLD MAID.



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