

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 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, Thamugas, 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.

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 following 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.

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.

LONG HARASSED BY WITCH

New England Man Finally Gets Relief by Using Silver Bullet in Time-Honored Way.

Your description of the many tribulations of William Morse and family of Newbury in 1781 brings to my mind some singular occurrences about the year 1780, S. P. Ridley writes to Boston Herald. This is the story told me about 1840:

My grandfather was captain of a schooner that went to Grand Banks fishing. They had a man aboard that was tormented, so they say, by a witch. He would lie in his berth hours at a time insensible. When he recovered he told them the witch had turned him into a horse and rode him around on the Sable Island. His arms were black and blue where she had kicked him when he attempted to bite her. When he was told to pump a pail of water from the cask, it would be salt and rough. The next one pumped by another crew would be all right. While stirring up dough in the galley a twin would appear in the handle. He was annoyed so much that his health failed and he was sent to the galley to do what he could.

It has been said that you could only shoot a witch with silver, so my grandfather took his silver sleeve buttons and loaded the gun and told the man to shoot the witch when she appeared again. One day they heard the report of the gun and rushed to the cabin to find out the cause. The man lay insensible on the floor, and there was a spot of warm blood on the shins. He was never troubled after that.

He was asked the reason of his being troubled, but he did not know. He said he lived on Cape Cod, and one day he was traveling along the road and called at a house. There was no one in, but a goat was lying on the hearth. There was a pan of doughnuts in a pan. He took a few and passed on. He said when she took him and rode him around Sable Island she twitted him of stealing the doughnuts. That was as near as he could see about it.

From about 1800 for a long time my grandfather was pilot in Boston harbor and a man of intelligence, and although I was small I fully believed that he believed the story he told me. He gave me the gun that the witch was shot with. His name and address of his office is in Boston directory of 1806.

Queer Food Facts.

One of the revolutionary discoveries of the last few years is the presence in our food of certain substances that in minute quantity are essential to life and health. Men, pigs, fowls and rats develop beri-beri on an exclusive diet of rice that has been polished, but are cured by a very small amount of watery or alcoholic extract of the rice-polishers. In a paper to Liverpool chemists, Prof. W. Raneseu lately mentioned that this "anti-beri-beri vitamin" is now proven to be neither protein, fat, carbohydrate, nor other previously known constituent of plants or animals. It exists in sufficient proportion in most foodstuffs, but is absent from white flour, polished rice and arrowroot, and probably

also from corn-flour, sago and tapioca. The absence of another vitamin, which may be also indispensable to man, has been shown by other researches to be a cause of sore eyes and arrested growth in rats and mice. It exists in quantity in yolk of egg, cod-liver oil, most animal fats, milk, cheese, green leaves, soya beans, millet and flaxseed, but is absent from lard, and all vegetable oils. A third vitamin is indicated, its lack being chiefly responsible for scurvy. It is present in all fresh vegetables, fruit and meat, but lacking in dried vegetables and dried seeds.

Mail That Is Put Ahead.

It was not expected, probably, when the United States parcel post system was established, that it would be possible, in a few years, to stick a stamp on a day-old chick, or on a honey bee, and have it delivered by Uncle Sam. This is not, of course, exactly a literal possibility even yet, for chickens and bees must be properly boxed and the stamp affixed to the container; but the opening of the mails to these living commodities has proved a great convenience and has facilitated the work of beekeepers and poultrymen alike. Few people realize how large is the number of bees shipped each spring from the southern to the northern states, and even to Canada. The mail clerks always put these shipments through with great promptness—perhaps for reasons of their own.

Soldiers' Effects Unclaimed.

Scores of tons of material, the effects of American soldiers who died in France, are stored in Hoboken awaiting claimants. The property includes jewelry, hundreds of wrist watches, souvenirs, and many other articles, some of considerable value. An officer of the effects bureau says that everything possible is done to get the effects of the men to their relatives, but that many letters of notification are returned, and others are unanswered.

Both True.

"I think Smith will realize a fortune from his dreams."
"Why, you told me his plans were all in the air."
"So they are. He's invented an improvement for airplane steering."

Quit It.

"You don't read the newspaper aloud any more."
"No. Got tired of having the children correct my pronunciation."

How He Found War.

Willis—This morning you told me you had just returned from the war, and this afternoon I heard you admit that you had never smelled powder.
Gillis—That's right. I fought the Germans. All we ever smelled was chlorine gas, fluorine fumes and poison spray.—Town Topics.

Get Out!

A red signal, to be locked into position on an automobile when its owner is not using it, has been patented by a New York man to call attention to the fact that it is being used by an unauthorized person.

Test of Woolens.

One test is to cut off a bit of the selvage and touch a match to it. If it shrivels up, but does not burn, it is wool, but if the fabric burns with a flame it is cotton. Another way is to put a bit of the cloth in a test tube or other glass receptacle with a solution of caustic soda. The soda will eat up the wool, leaving that which is not wool.

Time Is Money.

In Korea, both among prosperous Christians and among those to whom money is a hasty and infrequent visitor, a favorite subscription blank is one which says: "I promise to give — days to church work this year." The days thus given are devoted to evangelistic services or to the building of churches and schools.—World Outlook.

No Person Has Seen the Sun.

Astronomers aver that no one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we apparently know nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shell is about 5,000 miles thick, and is called the "chromosphere."

Opium.

Opium is the dried juice of the white poppy, a flower that grows in many parts of Asia. A few days after the flowers have fallen off the plants men go through the fields in the afternoon and make little cuts in the poppy head. Out of these cuts a milky juice oozes, which dries into a brown, sticky paste. Every morning the men go through the fields again and scrape off this paste, which they put into jars. Later on it is made into half-pound balls and then packed for shipment.

Just a Little One, Maybe.

While to be sure we believe George Washington never told a lie we always will wonder how he got around it if Mrs. Washington ever asked him if he didn't think her new way of serving parsnips made them perfectly delicious.—Macon Telegraph.

How Could He!

"I'm terribly worried," I wrote Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me.—Life.

The Lee Family.

The Lee family of which Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate army during the Civil war, was a member, was of English origin. One of his ancestors emigrated to Virginia in the reign of Charles I, and the family was prominent then, during and after the Revolutionary war.—Columbus Dispatch.

Not as Interesting.

To know thyself is better than try to find out all about the neighbors.—Toledo Blade.

YES, CARRIE'S SWEETHEART MADE A HIT WITH THE BABY

