

MY SON, WHEN YOU MARRY, DON'T CHOOSE A WIFE OF THE SORT THAT THAT MAN EVIDENTLY HAS—THOSE BRUISES ARE THE RESULT OF A FALLING OUT HE HAD WITH HIS WIFE YESTERDAY!



BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



H 163

### The Game of Living

By S. B. HACKLEY

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Robert Bickley paused in his leisurely walk down Bradlaw street and seated himself on one of the imposing stone steps of the church on the corner.

"I've got to rest a minute," he said half aloud, fanning himself slowly with his straw hat. "It doesn't take much exertion to use a fellow up when he's only three days out of the hospital—but it's glorious to be out again! John says it's pretty quiet on my beat—me for duty in a couple or so days now!"

A pretty young girl came out of the church and paused a half moment uncertainly on the upper step. The young man, in his swift, involuntary glance, felt his heart leap. He rose hastily and stepped aside. She stared down the steps, but her eyes were misty from crying; she stumbled, missing a step. Bickley caught her full in his arms as she fell.

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" she faltered as she stood erect. "I was very awkward!"

She passed on down the street, but he had seen despair in the eyes she raised to him. He looked after her

with a strange constriction of the heart.

"That was my girl!" he said to himself as he walked slowly back the other way, "and I don't even know her name or where she is going! And oh, good Lord, she looked like she wanted to die!"

A month before, the old insurance man for whom Hester Moran worked had died—the city was overcrowded with workers—the girl had not found another job. On this Sunday she had shrunk from going to the little church she regularly attended, and so had gone to a big strange one; but in this great church it seemed to the little stenographer every one was "rich in lands and money;" there were but two ponies left in her purse, and after Tuesday night, her rent would be up. No money, no work, and nowhere to go!

With despairing bitterness in her soul, Hester had risen and slipped out of the church.

"I'll try again tomorrow and Tuesday," she said to herself—"perhaps Wednesday—then—"

Monday and Tuesday were one continuous tramp. She had asked for work at everything she could do, only to be turned down everywhere. In the dusk of Wednesday she stood in the lobby of a great office building, resolved to make one last try. "Stenographer wanted," the slip of paper she held in her hand read, "Room 609."

The stylish, elderly man into whose office she was admitted gave one look at the newcomer, and turned to the six girls waiting to talk with him about the job.

"No use waiting," he flung at them,

"I can see none of you will do!"

With a gallant air he set a chair for Hester in his inner office and drew his own big chair close up beside it.

"You'll suit me to a T, duckie," he remarked. "I've been looking for something slick like you, and I can see with one eye you're a live wire."

Sickened, Hester edged her chair away.

"How much does the place pay?" she asked.

"Five dollars at first!"

"But I—a girl can't live on that!"

"Who expects you to, sweetness? A looker like you doesn't have to live on \$5. Why, you might get as much as twenty a week if we hit it off together. That's what my last stenographer got."

He reached over and squeezed her hand. Hester rose, her cheeks aflame with helpless wrath.

"That's the last insult I'll ever receive," she assured herself when she was in the street again, "the very last."

The smell of the bakery's fresh rolls sickened her hungry stomach, empty since her breakfast of crackers. At the foot of the stairs that led to her room she paused tempted to borrow a slice of bread from her landlady, but she clinched her hands and climbed the steps.

"I won't be hungry very long," she thought.

It was close on midnight when she crept out to the park, where the strong tide beat against the sea wall. The night was warm and sultry, but the girl shivered as she crouched on a park bench.

"I've got nobody," she defended herself to conscience; "nobody to care."

But as she spoke, there floated before her excited brain the face of the young man who had saved her from falling at the church steps.

"He'd never hurt a woman," she thought; "he looked good; I could have loved him! I wish I had known him and he had wanted me!"

A clock not far from the park struck twelve. The young fellow in a policeman's uniform, standing on the sea wall, heard a light step behind him. Then a small white figure slipped past him like a bird and flung itself into the water. He let himself swiftly into the washing tide and struck out for the sinking white figure. In a little time he was back at the base of the wall, and John Tweedle, another officer, whom his cries had brought, was

Lithuanian Exports.

Lithuania is shaking off the grip of German economic control. First of its products to be freed will be its lumber, which Germany controlled to her own great profit.

Lithuania exported about 300,000,000 cubic feet of timber annually through the port of Memel by the River Niemen. Germany's control of the Niemen river has been ended.

Lithuania will therefore come forward as a world trader as soon as her independence is recognized. She is already planning the purchase of metal, machinery and foodstuffs in America.

Fortunate Is Our Country.

It is stated that the United States has 5 per cent of the world's population and 33 per cent of its wealth. In other words, one-twentieth of the people and one-third of the money of the whole world.

### STOOD FOR HUMAN LIBERTY

Jean Jacques Rousseau Had Right Conception of Conditions That Made for Freedom.

Prof. Kenneth Colegrove of Syracuse university declares that world democracy is the sole basis of world peace. Writing in the World's Work he says:

In the year 1713, when the ambassadors of the European powers were engaged at the congress of Utrecht in bringing to a close the War of the Spanish Succession, the Abbe de Saint-Pierre was writing the final pages of his little treatise called "Project for Perpetual Peace." He proposed confederation of the kings and princes of Europe, with a congress or diet of ambassadors where all disputes between the different states should be settled by arbitration, and where general rules should be adopted from time to time for the purpose of promoting the peace and welfare of each and every realm. Rousseau criticized the abbe's plan, declaring it contained one flaw, a flaw which vitiated the otherwise noble plan. He believed that a confederation of European states could never be formed so long as kings and princes ruled. For the essence of kingship was nothing else than the passion to extend its dominion without and its absolutism within; and no plan of confederation, Rousseau was convinced, would ever be able to quench the old fires of rivalry and despotism. But even if a general alliance of European monarchs were possible, it was manifestly impossible to guarantee princes against the revolt of their people unless at the same time subjects were given a guaranty against the tyranny of their rulers. In launching this latter criticism against the abbe's project the author of the "Social Contract" foresaw the contingency of the Holy Alliance of 1815, when the autocrats of Europe called the indivisible Trinity to witness that, as brothers of the same family, they would defend the doctrine of the divine right of kings against the contradiction of revolution wherever it should appear.

Yet more trenchant was the criticism of Voltaire. "The peace imagined by the Abbe de Saint-Pierre," said the philosopher of Ferney, "is a chimera which could no more subsist between princes than between elephants and rhinoceroses, or between wolves and dogs. Carnivorous animals rush to attack each other on all occasions." The "Project for Perpetual Peace," according to Voltaire, was not absurd in itself, but in the manner of its proposal. There would always be wars of ambition and conquest, until people learned that it was only a small number of generals and ministers who profited thereby.

Women's Remarkable Feat.

The American flag and the British jack flew side by side from the mast of a British warship for the first time in the history of the post of Bremeron, Wash., when Mrs. Bertha Savage, an employe of the industrial division of the navy yard, on a dare, climbed to the top of the mast on H. M. S. Lancaster as she lay in dock and broke out the two ensigns.

Mrs. Savage, better known to the yard employes as "Montana Liz," has been at the yard for several months. She comes from the ranges in Montana and is well known for her cowboy attire and her picturesque vocabulary. Her feat in climbing to the top of the 139-foot mast was no mean accomplishment for a woman.

The ship's crew watched the stunt with great interest and enthusiastically cheered the climber.

Oxen Again Beasts of Burden.

The ox as a beast of burden is coming into its own again in the farming communities of the state, according to a dispatch from Lewiston, Me., and the oxling and apparatus used by blacksmiths in shoeing the animals, long ago thrown into the discard, is in use again. The sling consists of a



ALICE IN DOT LAND  
By Clifford Leon Sherman

You all remember Alice, don't you? You ought to. But when she reached Dot Land things began to go like this. She was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book that her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly something happened.

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of Colonel Roosevelt's friends by Col. Seth Bullock. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood will deliver the dedicatory address. Gifford Pinchot, Secretary Lane and many other national figures will be present.

Experienced in Munition Making.

Llanely, Wales, did its bit in the matter of munitions long before the great war. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Mr. Raby, the great local ironworker, cast a large quantity of shot for the government. Earlier still, when Cromwell was besieging Pembroke castle, much of the shot were supplied from the Llanely district.

Not Her Honey.

I was expecting a call on the telephone from my wife at eleven o'clock one morning. Exactly at that hour my bell jingled, and, taking down the receiver, I said: "Hello!"

The response came: "Is that you, White?"

"This is your honey, sweetheart," was my reply.

In icy tones came: "You've got your nerve. Wait till I see your wife."

Bang went the receiver.

I recognized the voice as that of my wife's chum.—Chicago Tribune.

## BRAINY BOWERS CAT-CHES ON QUICKLY.

