

# Nellie Dayton's "Nay"

By SAIDE E. BALCOM

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Twice she had said "nay," and the last time Marvin Wade marveled deeply over the perversity of the nature feminine. She was something more than lovely, was this idol of his dreams.

Yet there was a winning gentleness to her manner, a tenderness half expressed with those whom she liked or pitied or wanted to help. It was because she saw sterling worth in Marvin Wade that she checked his first outburst of love and repressed its recognition in her own heart.

"We have not known each other very long," she said; "and we are young, and we will continue very good friends."

The sincerity and earnestness of his second appeal a month later well carried down the barrier of her reserve. He was so manly, his longing, ingenuous eyes revealed a soul filled with the deepest devotion, but pretty, positive Nellie Dayton said:

"You have not yet safely tested your reserve strength for the battle of life. There are trials and temptations. Are you sure of yourself? Let us see what a year or two may do for both of us in the way of looking at the concrete ways of life."

"Why, it's very plain the girl loves you, Marvin," declared his closest friend. "She loves you so much that she wishes you to be sure that you know your own mind."

"Oh! if she only really does like me," overflowed Marvin. "I'd be willing to wait one eternity for her!"

"You know Nellie isn't much like other girls. Her folks were strict disciplinarians, great church people, and she, while neither prude nor Pharisee, looks to truth and steadfastness as guiding elements. Trials? She wants to see how you meet and conquer them. Temptation? You're flawless in your habits, Marvin. Why! You don't even know how to play billiards. Perhaps because thoughtful, anxious Nellie realizes that sometimes the fellow who has never even smoked a cigarette goes it like a whirlwind when he does get started, she awaits that very test."

"You've hit it—that's the keynote, temptation!" burst out Marvin convincedly. "Oh, but she need never think I have any wild oats to sow! Why, every aspiration of my soul is to nourish beautiful flowers of the mind that will bloom, and bloom, and bloom clear to the end of life under the golden sunshine of Nellie's sweet smile!"

"Oh, but you've got it bad! That's all right, though, and you're all right, too, and you're going to win Nellie in the end," and Marvin looked hopeful and went away with a big idea in his mind.

"Temptation?" reflected the ardent lover—"that is the keynote of Nellie's ideas, I see it clear as can be. She is such a perfect girl, with her charities and her strict church ways, that if she should ever marry and find out later that her husband swore or told lies it would break her heart. I don't pretend to be good-goddy, but I have got manhood enough and respect for my mother's memory and regard for Nellie to keep me from anything that would grieve those I love. Now if that great bugaboo of my falling by the wayside worries Nellie, I'm going to show her I can stand the test."

It was about a week after that when Nellie heard news that grieved her. A girl friend came to her, all a-flutter with excitement.

"Oh, Nellie!" she said. "I hear some dreadful things about Marvin Wade. My brother says he's bound to go to the dogs, quick and fast, and dreadful indeed was the story she told. In brief, item one: Marvin had been seen smoking a horrid big cigar! Item two: He had stayed half a day with the loungers in the billiard hall! Item three: He had joined a card party in a private room at the town hotel! Item four: A friend had to take him home from a convivial stag party and Marvin had gone around later, a total wreck!"

The "wreck," to the amazement of Nellie, put in an appearance the next day. She was in the garden when he arrived, and she tried to look very severe as he took his place beside her on a rustic seat.

"Well, Nellie," he began, less the penitent than the solicitous lover, "I've come to bid you goodby," and Nellie, ready to deliver a severe lecture, became very anxious-faced.

"You see, I've been exploiting this trial and temptation idea of yours, Nellie," went on the audacious visitor. "As to the trials, I'm sure I can bear any of them like a regular hero if you only love me. Temptations—I ran right into them. I billiard and was bored to death. I flirted with tobacco and a mild decoction in the drink line, and was sick for two days. Say, dear, I've tested out the follies that a good many fall for, and I can say absolutely—no more of it for me! I was going to suggest that now, as penance for this little experimental fling, I go away for say a year, and show what's in me in a business way. Nellie, shall I go?" She fixed her lovely eyes on his true, honest face, she realized all the sterling truth and earnestness in that worthy nature, and then—as to the going away, the third time Nellie Dayton said him "nay!"

# HAPPENED IN THE STONE AGE

Beautiful Love Story of How Cave Man Showed His Great Devotion for His Mate.

Glub, the cave man, hurried home through the early dawn. Slung from his shoulder were three large stones, and on his face was an anxious grin. At the door of the cave stood Bla, the cave woman, a scowl of wrath in her face, and a large, knotty club in her hand.

Glub gulped when he saw her, and hastily set the stones on the ground. Grinning sheepishly, he approached and struck her affectionately on the side of the jaw, following the blow with a tug at her black hair. But these blandishments were all lost on Bla, the stony-hearted, who fixed him in the eye with the largest knot on the club.

"Have a heart, sweetie"—or words to that effect—begged Glub.

At the sound of his voice, Bla broke into a prehistoric snuffle and removed the club from her mate's eye.

"Where have you been?" she sniffed. "I'll bet I know. I'll bet you've been over with those nasty, lowdown tree dwellers rolling bones till all hours, with your wife and children waiting for you and thinking you had been run over by a glacier, and the best ichthyosaurus stew you ever saw going to waste. O! Boo! Hoo!"

Breaking into loud, paleolithic sobs, Bla once more brought the club to bear upon her spouse's pitecanthropic map. Glub was grieved and her reproaches made him feel guilty, so he knocked her down apologetically and confessed that she was right. He had been rolling bones with Sweek, the tree dweller.

"Yes," howled Bla. "I know it. I knew you were rolling bones. A fine thing for a man with a family to gamble away all his good shells and stones and even skins, when the children have hardly a whole fig leaf to their names, and the meat is so low that unless you scare up a dinosaur this very day we shall starve. Fine goings on for a man with a family that needs to be saving his strength to go out and get meat for them and fig leaves and skins to keep them warm!"

Glub was repentant.

"Bla," he said. "I know it was wrong to gamble—very, very wrong—but see what I won from Sweek, the tree dweller. See the three hollow stones filled with dinosaur meat and Adam's apples. Wah! What do you think of your Glub now?"

Bla, in the transports of her joy flung the club into the cave, and flung herself upon Glub's neck, choking him violently.

"My own Glub!" she cried. "Come into the cave and have breakfast." Moral: There is nothing new under the sun.—Detroit Free Press.

# Observed Father's Wish.

Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, the widow of Sir Richmond Ritchie, died recently at the age of eighty-two. She had endeared herself to a wide public by her delightful reminiscences of her father and of the other famous Victorians among whom her early life was spent.

If as a novelist she achieved no popular success she was incomparable in relating anecdotes of the sort that illuminate, about the many remarkable men and women whom she had known intimately. It is much to be regretted that, in obedience to Thackeray's dying wish, she was precluded from writing her father's "Life."

Ritchie's "Thackeray" would have ranked with Lockhart's "Scott." Lady Ritchie's charming introductions to the biographical edition of "Thackeray" tantalize without satisfying his devotees. The reader wants more.—Living Age.

# Recording Tree Growth.

Botanists of the Carnegie Institution keep an interesting record of the growth of tree trunks, with their daily and seasonal changes of shape, by means of a new apparatus called the "dendrograph." It has two forms, each using as a supporting belt a series of wooden blocks hinged together and fastened around the tree. In one form of the instrument, plungers, supporting an encircling wire at their outer ends, touch the trunk at selected points, and any movement of a plunger is transmitted by the wire to a recording pen on a revolving cylinder. In the other form, a yoke carrying four contacts surrounds the tree, the variation in the distances between the contacts caused by any change in the tree's girth being indicated on the recording drum.

# Her Offering.

The elder sister had married a grocer and was well pleased with her choice. But not so her eighteen-year-old sister. She was taking great pains to impress the family with her ambitions for a husband. "He'll have to be a college graduate, a successful man in some big business and very handsome," she ended.

The elder sister smiled placidly. "And what charms," she asked blandly, "have you to offer for all these demands?"—Indianapolis News.

# Pineapple Fiber for Cloth.

The pineapple, curious as it may appear to people in the accident who know it only as an article of food, is used in China for making cloth. At least, its leaves are so used. The leaf fiber, after being extracted by a simple process, is first made into thread. The thread is then spooled and run on bobbins. Old-fashioned native looms next handle the thread, converting it into a serviceable cloth.

# ROAD TO SUCCESS

Obey General Order No. 1, Which Is Simply, Find Out!

Heads of Big and Little Business, Who Do This, Will Be the Winners in the Great Industrial Battle Now On.

Find out! That's general order No. 1 in American big business.

Can Du Ponts, who made three-quarters of all explosives used against Germany, swing that vast machine into a useful purpose of peace?

I hired 2,000 chemists, set them to research work and found out!

Can the United States double its wheat product and add a half to its meat supply? Spend \$25,000,000 in research work along agricultural lines as it did two years ago and find out!

How can Standard Oil utilize every drop of that black ooze which pours from thousands of oil wells? By employing chemists and engineers who can find out.

Why does Armour have 125 subsidiary companies, many of them highly profitable, and which as the elder Armour said utilize every part of the pig but the squeal? Because it spends an immense sum to carry out that general order No. 1 of all big business. Find out!

There are in the United States today 40 concerns, each of which spends anywhere from \$100,000 to half a million annually on this great game of finding out, writes "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger.

It is the supreme day of the expert, the engineer and the chemist. It is the era of unlimited research work.

Is leather too scarce and expensive? Find a substitute.

Is there a famine in white paper? Set your researchers to discover a new crop.

Two-thirds of all the energy in coal goes up the chimney in smoke. The biggest fuel burners, such as the Pennsylvania railroad, spent big sums to find out a way to lessen the smoke and increase the heat in a boiler.

"Can you take that battery?" asked the general.

"I think I can," replied the colonel.

"Go take it," said the commander, "and don't come back until you do."

"Here's \$10,000," says the corporation president to his chief of research workers, "find out how we can save a fraction of a cent on each ton of output."

And the fellow who can find out has won a great industrial battle and captured a battery from his more sluggish competitor.

One winter day in his banking office I saw Winthrop Smith hand a silver dollar to his old friend, the magician, Kellar.

"Here, do a trick," said the banker. "Hands are too cold," replied the sleight of hand artist, but faking the coin he flipped it into the air and instantly it seemed as if it were raining silver dollars in Kellar's silk hat.

That's how some of the wizards in trade operate. By an apparent stroke of genius they multiply one dollar of profit into nearly a dozen.

"Luck," you say.

Not that at all. It wasn't luck which enabled the magician to manipulate the coins, but years of patient practice and study.

The fellow who thinks he can win in business today without once following the injunction "find out," had better telephone for the sheriff to nail up his door.

# Color Blindness.

Color blindness proves to be less simple than has been supposed, the defect being one of coloring instead of vision in some cases. As reported by Dr. H. E. Howe of the American Chemical society, eyes quite perfect in ordinary color perception have become weak or fatigued for red and then have responded to the green ray combined with the red from certain red glass. A veteran engine driver properly identified red light near at hand, while at considerable distance the signal appeared green. The disc of the lamp was found to be copper ruby glass and this and some other kinds of red glass permit rays toward the blue end of the spectrum to pass in mixture with the red. The use of selenium ruby glass is advised, its transmission of only red rays insuring that the normal eye will see no green.

# Peculiar Patches in Sky.

Not less than 182 more or less clearly defined dark patches in the sky are recognized by Prof. E. E. Barnard in his latest catalogue. In some cases they are fairly round and regular, in others they are of complicated and contorted form and their appearance and sharpness suggest that they are dark clouds or nebulae cutting off a background made faintly luminous by unseen stars or diffused nebulous matter. Most, though not all, of the dark patches are in the region of the Milky Way, where so much of the material visible in the heavens is concentrated.

# Belt Had Tightened.

Two soldiers from Fort McKinley, Maine, attended a bounteous repast on Thanksgiving day, and after partaking of the most varied assortment of dishes, the hostess inquired if they would have anything else. One soldier gazed longingly at the fruit, candy and ice cream as yet untouched, and remarked: "A little more room, please."—Everybody's Magazine.

# The Long Journey

By WINFRED L. JEWELL

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Rodney Price was mad and ashamed, both at the same time. People stared at him and he was humiliated from the fact that they stared also at the big policeman who had just led him from a drinking place and now kindly, though, reprovingly, took him to the corner with the words:

"Go home now, young man, and thank me for saving you your money and perhaps your sense. I fancy you don't know the reputation of the joint you went into."

Rodney Price did not reply. He traced in going into "the joint" a step down an incline whither he had been headed for some time past. He had gone into the place because he had not the moral strength to resist a panacea for a headache, a trembling frame and a general sense of collapse, due to over-indulgence the night previous.

The dutiful and friendly officer saw to it that the man he had rescued was not followed or headed off. He kept his eye on Price until he had turned a corner. Half a square further progressed, the latter stumbled where there was a loose sidewalk tile. He steadied himself and did not fall, although his head was dizzy and a subtle drowsiness was overcoming him. Contact with the obstruction had ripped off the heel of one shoe. Price picked it up and passed on his way seeking a shoe shop and at last came to a sign telling that repairing was done inside.

A woman, her back to him, was holding out two little shoes and explaining that she wanted them ready by noon, when she would call for them. As Price plunged heavily into a seat she addressed the cobbler.

"It's my little one's birthday, Mr. Akers," she said, "and I've promised to take her to a movie this afternoon. The cost will be nothing, ma'am," observed the gentle hearted cobbler. "I'll send them over before noon, and you can tell your little one that the mending was my present, and if I was a little better off I'd give her a brand new pair."

Rodney Price held his senses dizzy and muddled. Somehow, however, he roused up as a vague recognition of the soft low tone of the woman reached his hearing, but he could not trace out the suggestion. In a maudlin way he gained the counter unsteadily.

"Just fix my heel, will you?" he spoke, and handed it and the shoe he had taken off to the cobbler. "And let me snooze for an hour, I'm terribly dozy. When you wake me up have the little girl's shoe fixed, too. I've got an idea. See?"

The old shoemaker did not "see" anything further than an inebriate talking incoherently. When the hour had gone by, however, he came from behind the counter, the mended shoe in his hand. He had some difficulty in arousing Price, who unknowingly was the victim of a drugged drink. The latter put on the shoe, produced a well-filled pocket book, selected a bank note and threw it on the counter.

"No change," he ordered. "Hello!" as his eyes fell upon the little mended shoes, and then his hand passed over his brow confusedly. "Oh, yes, I remember now, poor woman, the child's birthday. And you, good old soul, was to fix the shoes for nothing. A capital job, too, neatly patched and polished up nicely. Here," and he tendered a second bank note to the astonished cobbler. "And here," he added with a reckless laugh, "I'll do my share," and he stuffed a handful of bills in one of the tiny shoes. "Now then, you let me deliver them, won't you? Where does the little one live?"

"Second floor, No. 182, six doors west. There's a sign in front—dressmaker."

"All right. Poor little shoes. Poor little child. And me a regular goody two shoes, eh? Well somebody will be happy, and the bewildered shoemaker's visitor left the place unsteadily, the two little shoes in his hand.

His gait was unsteady, his sight blurred, for the drugged drink had not yet lost its effect. He located 182, however, and the sign "dressmaker" and the second floor. About to approach a door he slipped to the floor of the hallway instead, for a second time robbed of his senses by the drug.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the little child, as she chanced to open the door, and, startled, noticed the prostrate man. "Here's someone sick, or asleep, and oh, my shoes! all fixed up beautifully, and oh, mamma! they are full of money!"

Lost in amazement the mother viewed the situation.

When Rodney Price awoke again he lay on a couch in a neat but poorly furnished room. He fancied he was dreaming as a familiar, long sought-for face seemed to flash across his vision. He reviewed the past, a wife abandoned, two years of reckless inebriety, a fortune won in a mining camp, a search for the woman he still loved, despair, a return to strong drink, but now—

One word she spoke—his name. One look she bestowed—of love. One treasure he had not known—the little child—she held towards him, and Rodney Price realized that he had reached the end of a long journey.

# WILSON INVADES HOUSE OF FOES

CARRIES HIS BATTLE FOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS INTO HOME OF HIS ENEMIES.

GIVES COST OF GREAT WAR

Informing Them of Lives and Treasure Poured Out to Save Civilization.

(By Mt. Clemens News Bureau)

Aboard President Wilson's Special train—Carrying his war against those who oppose the adoption by the United States of the peace treaty and the covenant of the League of Nations into their households, President Wilson last week invaded California.

And there, where the question on which league opponents have hammered the hardest, that of Shan Tung—is of most interest, the president found the same enthusiasm among the people for peace and for insurance against future wars. The people want the long controversy ended. They want this country to be able to again turn its undivided attention to social, economic and industrial development. Their leaders may not feel this way, but judging from the expressions which met the president on every side. The leaders have overstepped the limits of the peoples patience in their stubborn determination to force a change in the great document.

Must Take This League.

"We must take this League of Nations," said the president, "for there is no way in which another can be obtained without compelling reconsideration by the powers. And it would sit very ill upon my stomach to take it back to Germany for consideration."

"All over the world people are looking to us with confidence our rivals along with the weaker nations. I pray God that the gentlemen who are delaying this thing may presently see it in a different light."

Germany, the president declared, is taking new courage from our delay in ratifying the treaty and her newspapers and public men were again becoming arrogantly out-spoken.

Deeply impressive were the figures of the cost of the late war, in lives and dollars. It was the first time that the official statistics have been made public and the tremendous totals shocked the president's audiences.

# Shows Cost of World War.

"The war," said President Wilson, cost Great Britain and her Dominions \$38,000,000,000; France \$26,000,000,000; the United States \$22,000,000,000; Russia \$18,000,000,000; Italy \$13,000,000,000 and a total, including the expenditures of Japan, Belgium and other small countries, of \$123,000,000,000.

"It cost the Central Powers as follows: Germany \$39,000,000,000; Austria-Hungary, \$21,000,000,000; Turkey and Bulgaria \$3,000,000,000.

"The United States," the president said, "spent one million dollars an hour night and day for two years in its struggle to save civilization. All this, however, fades into insignificance when the deaths by battle are considered," declared the president. Russia gave 1,700,000 men; Germany 1,600,000; France 1,380,000; Great Britain 900,000; Italy 364,000; the United States 50,300. In all, almost 7,500,000 men perished in the great struggle, or 1,500,000 more men than died in all of the wars of the previous 100 years.

# Should Remember Recent Horrors.

"These are terrible facts, and we ought never to forget them. We went into this war to do a thing that was fundamental for the world and what I have come out on this journey for is to determine whether the country has forgotten or not. I have found out. The country has not forgotten and it will never permit any who stands in the way of the fulfillment of our great pledges, ever to forget the sorrowful day he made the attempt."

Arbitration and discussion, the president pointed out, must replace force of arms in the settlement of world controversies. Constantly he dwells upon the fact that all the nations in the League agree to do one of two things, first to submit their differences to arbitration, in which case they agree to abide by the decision rendered, or, if unwilling to arbitrate, to have their case discussed by the Council of the League, in which case six months is granted for discussion. Three months must elapse following the result of this last step in arbitration before the nation concerned can declare war.

# Holds Out Hope for Ireland.

The president took advantage of questions propounded by the San Francisco Labor Council to give the inference that he believes Ireland can bring her case before the League of Nations for settlement when the League is actually in existence.

Shan Tung, he declared, will be returned to China. Japan, he said, had given her solemn pledge to that effect. And with the League of Nations in force, said the president, we can, if occasion arises, stand forth and say, "This shall be done."

# A Double Re-Union

By CECILLE LANGDON

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"But it was only a harmless little tiff," said Kitty Willis. "I was petulant, he was impatient, and we parted as if we were utter strangers," and the final tones quavered and broke.

"No 'tiff,' as you call it, is harmless, my dear," replied the soothing voice of Mrs. Mayhew, the housekeeper, to whom Kitty always carried her little troubles. "Once I had a husband and a home. Both are gone now. And all through my unjust suspicion and willful ways. My husband was a man of easy ways, and often his persistent silence when I scolded and his refusal to quarrel with me led my wayward tongue to utter bitter things. He had been a musician, and whenever a company of strolling players came to town he delighted in hobnobbing with them. One night with some old actor friends he was gone half the night. I reproached him cruelly, and in the morning when he announced to me that somehow he had lost his pocketbook containing his monthly salary I accused him of squandering it in gambling and drove him from the house. He did not come back that day nor the next, but after that from another town I received a letter. It inclosed the salary which a friend had found. He wrote a very brief note. He said that evidently we could not get on together and that maybe all he was good for was to blow a cornet, and I've never seen him since, and to the end of my life I shall regret the bad temper that has lost me a husband I really loved."

"Perhaps Norman is really quite angry with me and will not come to help me entertain the little ones at the children's party this evening," mourned Kitty contritely.

"Oh, yes he will," soothed Mrs. Mayhew, fondly caressing the sobbing penitent.

Norman Blair at that very hour brought his automobile to a halt beside a lonely country road, his usually pleasant face wearing a dissatisfied expression. Of Kitty he was thinking and of their petty tiff. He longed to see her and make up, but pride and stubbornness led him to draw back. If he could only find some plausible excuse for visiting the Willis home! It was presented, strangely, amazingly, at that moment! The echo of a prodigious groan drew his glance to a little thicket. There stood an astonishing figure—that of a man with big staring eyes and bulging cheeks and paunch, rotund grotesque, and wearing the costume of the conventional circus clown. Such a presentment in that quiet spot completely mystified Norman. He had to smile. As if all ready made up for the sawdust ring, the stranger's face was powdered and tinted; he wore the fool's cap, his face was newly painted. Suddenly he noticed Norman and came toward him.

"Don't stare so, don't laugh!" he uttered complainingly, "but tell me what to do."

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Norman, lost in wonderment.

"Ruined! homeless! doomed to face a cold, cheerless world in this outlandish garb! I'm the clown of a Humpty Dumpty company. We had to steal away from Watertown with our properties, all but busted. We halted in the woods here to rehearse our entertainment at Mayville. I strolled off to take a snooze. When I woke up, my comrades and the property wagon were gone. The landlord of the hotel at Watertown had pursued us and had seized our wagon and wardrobe, and my poor friends were visible half a mile up on yonder hill, in hock and without money and prospects. That had to come eventually."

A quick light came to the eyes of Norman Blair. "I say, my friend," he spoke rapidly, "if I agree to provide you with a good sum of money to replace your wardrobe will you sell me your professional services for two hours late this afternoon?"

"You're a life-saver!" almost shouted the other.

"Then get into my auto. A friend of mine is to give a children's lawn party. When it's over you shall have a liberal compensation."

And driving later to the Willis home with his odd companion, the grand excuse Norman had for showing up there was readily approved by Kitty, and the tiff of the preceding even forgiven and forgotten with a loving kiss.

What a rollicking, roystering time the little ones had! What a rare, jolly, funny, engaging clown held them spellbound with his comic antics! Then at last as he produced a trick mouse and feigned desperate fear, he pressed the air vent of his false front and collapsed into a flat, ordinary human being amid the delicious shouts of his appreciative audience.

Norman escorted his new friend into the house where he could wash the paint and powder from his face, pursuant to taking him to town to be rehabilitated in every-day attire. As the clown came outside again there was a shriek.

"Abner! my husband!" shrieked Mrs. Mayhew, and flew to his side and threw her arms about his neck, and faintly there, while her husband, gazing tenderly into her colorless face, leaned over and kissed her, while Kitty, in happy tears, blessed her loyal lover for having brought about this double reunion.