

A Government Pen

By AGNES L. PRATT

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From my position on a desk by the window I can look out over the greenward, just at present with beds of fainting tulips and its great fountain, whose jeweled drops scintillate in the sunny air.

The grass is like a square of emerald velvet, bordered along its sides with gray, chiseled granite; and the lacquered iron seats scattered here and there, look inviting.

I, myself, an old and battered, having been busy for months recording the emotions of the human souls that stream in at the revolving doors yonder, and out again, at the one near me.

It is not long ago the noble elms surrounding the green were bare and gaunt against a gray sky, that a young man with hopeful eyes leaned over the desk where I was lying, idle for a wonder, and reaching out, grasped me tightly.

"Dear Mabelle—I may write—may I not?—what I cannot say, for when I am with you my lips are ever silent. I followed you to the city, dear, I sought and found work—because—because—I wanted to be near you. And now I find that I want to be near you always, so much so that I am willing to brave your disapproval, which I have often seen growing in your clear, brown eyes—

"I am in an awful hurry, or I would say more. But I have an appointment at the quarry and all this means money—and perhaps you—to me. I have stopped here, in the post office, to pen these few lines, with a horribly poor pen, by the way.

"Please answer at once, and say yes—to—Jack."

I hoped she would say yes as I rolled complacently over on my side, when he laid me down, and amused myself watching the gardener raking here and there among the stubble brown grass that clothed the green.

Dipped thousands of times in ink, as I was daily, the foregoing episode had nearly faded from my mind, when presently it was abruptly recalled. A young girl in a jaunty gray jacket, with an aureole of violets shading her sunny brown hair, came hastily to the desk, picked me up, looked at me with disapproving eyes, laid me down, tried another pen, and then returned to her old lover, meaning myself. A straggling sunbeam kissed her shining eyes till they glinted an old-fashioned goldstone and lovingly caressed, with ruddy fingers, the chestnut tangles of hair beneath the violet aureole.

"Dear Jack—I know what you will say when you read this—you will say I am hard-hearted, that I do not care—that I ought to leave all and cling to you, if I love you—but I cannot do what you wish me to. And Jack, dear, I do love you, too. But they, my parents, need me—need my help. I have left them up there, in the country home, while I go battling with the cruel world, so that I may be of use to them, who did for me as long as they were able. You know the whole pitiful story, Jack.

"A breath just now from the newly springing grass on the green brought it back to me, and I have half-closed my eyes so the tears should not fall on my letter. Father blind, mother his only attendant, and feeble herself, with only my arm—Jack, my woman's arm—between them and want. You would say, if you were here and I was talking now instead of writing this, that your arm was stronger than mine and you could do for them and me. But think, there would be four of us then, and could you do for four—

**Bristol Long Famous Port.**  
Bristol is one of the ancient ports of England, and three or four hundred years ago it was second only to London. From the very outset it has been connected with trade on this side of the Atlantic, and, in fact, it was out of Bristol that John Cabot sailed in 1497 on the voyage that brought him to the coast of Nova Scotia and was, therefore, the first to reach the mainland of this continent.

**Needful Things.**  
'Tis a good old world to buy in, so you need a pile of wealth; to stay in, so you need the best of health; to play in, so you need to be with folks; to laugh in, so you need to tell some jokes; to pray in, so you need to be alone; to talk in, so you need a telephone; to dine in, so you need your bladder full; to rise in, so you need some push and pull.

**Uncle Eben.**  
"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "regards givin' good advice as a form of amusement, same as willin' funny stories."

"Better for both of us that we should put such thoughts far away from our hearts. This is a cruel old world, Jack, and diamonds, not hearts, are trumps. I must not marry while they live, unless—Jack, it is cruel, but I must sell myself for gold if I marry at all."

I was glad when she finished abruptly and laid me down where I could watch the streets pouring their seething masses of human beings, God knows where—I do not. Back and forth ebbs this ceaseless tide, but from what diversified sources it has come, and to what it is going, I know not.

In a few days he came in again, and I wrote for him a few words, a pitifully brief message:

"I am going to the Philippines. You have made it impossible that I should live here, and I care not whether I live elsewhere or not. A worthless life is best offered up on the altar of my country's service, and mine will be only another name to add to the list of poor devils already killed by pestilence or the bullet of a Tuziglo."

There was nothing else, only his name. It was quite time that I should be replaced with a new pen. I had not been overlooked and many a day and night have I lain there quietly on the desk by the window and thought of that brave fellow, off there, fighting where no glory could ever be his, crawling through tropical undergrowth and searching out the treacherous foe—to be finally wasted and killed by insidious disease—denied even the honor, doubtful, perhaps, of dying by the hand of the enemy.

It was only the other day, I know the brilliant bloom had just burst from the beds in front of my window, and great crystal drops from the fountain were blown by the madcap breezes of the spring when my soldier came in and stood near me. He had returned, and there was a happy light in his eye, a flush beneath the rich bronze tinting of his cheek. Evidently his enlistment and service had done him no harm.

He gave one quick glance across the rainbow brightness that crossed and re-crossed the velvet greenness of the turf outside, grasping me, his old friend, he wrote hastily:

"Dear Mabelle—I have come home for good. My time is up, and I have great news for you, for while out there, fighting natives and sickness, and dreaming of you—my fortune here was being made. Something I had done in the old life—journalism—it seems attracted the attention of the great ones in power, where formerly I was almost an unknown quantity. So that I returned to find the struggle ended and a sure place waiting for me, at a salary that seems marvelous, almost. At least it will suffice for all of us, and your dear ones shall never know want while I live. I have written this to your old address and am not quite sure where I shall find you. A line will bring me to your side; and dear—let it be soon, please."

My heart sang with his for joy and I was glad that it was spring, glad the grass was soft and green, the flowers bright and the birds singing. For somewhere, up in the branches of the great elms, some birds were riotously chanting a greeting to all things new and beautiful.

The next day—yes, it was only the next day—she came again, but how changed! More beautiful, if anything, but something subtle had departed from her personality and had been replaced by another something that I could not define, but only feel. And she, too, lifted me and presently she wrote:

"Dear Jack—Dearest now, because impossible by my own wickedness. Your letter came to me last night, after following me about all day. I am glad you have come back and that you were not killed out there, as I was afraid you would be. I have watched the papers and my heart has ached; but Jack, dearest Jack, I have gone and spoiled all the beautiful happiness that life had in store for me—the eye of its appearance. Last month I married—married for the gold I have needed so much—and for them—a man I did not love, a man who is old enough to be my father—and who—is not like you, Jack. And in less than two weeks, only two weeks ago—and it seems a lifetime to me—they were both gone—gone, Jack, to where they could never want what I had sold my soul and your love for. Mother went suddenly. Father just failed, and then—he was gone. They held out their hands to me," he said to me, one day—and he went to them. I have forged my chains, beautiful fetters they are, of solid gold and jeweled—but they burn into my flesh like fire, and they bind till, from very agony, I must groan. Pity me, Jack. If you are unhappy what must I be? Oh, wait for me—wait for me—Jack, perhaps—he is older than I—and perhaps some time—Forgive me, Jack, and forget me—Mabelle."

The fountain sparkled in the sunlight, the flowers held their cups to catch its spray, great trees bent their heads as the finny clouds rolled above them; and only the song of the birds was wholly happy.

**In the Nature of Apology.**  
An unintentionally irreverent prayer was made in a missionary meeting called for the benefit of Chinese converts. "Oh, Lord," prayed a fervent helper in the work, "we have shunned these, thy children, because of their pigtails and crooked eyes, but O Lord, we are sorry, for we have this day learned that they, too, are made in thy image."—Harper's Magazine.

**Strong as an Ostrich.**  
The strength of an ostrich is prodigious; he can disembowel a horse or kick through a sheet of corrugated iron. To an unprotected man in the open an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as the lion. Many have lost their lives through ignorance of the strength, his speed, and his implacable ferocity.—William C. Scully, in the Atlantic.

**Where Thin Men Have Advantage.**  
A thin man has a better chance than a fat one. Women gunning for men occasionally puncture a fat one, but few of them shoot well enough to hit a thin one.—Topeka Capital.

What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Silks to the Fore in Suits.

It looks as if there were about as many silk suits as there are wool suits in the displays at the shops. One hears women who have no need to save money, saying and repeating it, that they are not buying wool clothing at all. They intend to look to cotton and silk to supply them with what they need, for this summer and they are doing this from patriotic motives. Wool suits are being remodeled, freshened with new collars and cuffs of satin, or garnished with flat silk braid in many precise rows, and we are pointing with pride to these made-over possessions.

In the meantime those who manufacture silks are centering attention on new beautiful and very practical weaves, for all sorts of wear. There are among them some wonderful, distinctive dress fabrics.



Blouses for the Coming Season.

There is much refinement in the styles appearing in new blouses, both for ordinary and dressy wear, because they are simple and depend upon fine needlework decorations for their finish. The receipt for the artistic in blouses demands simplicity and simplicity is interesting in proportion to exquisite finish and originality in the design of garments and their garnitures. Women who are gifted with fine sense of clothes are charmed with the return of some of the beautiful, old-time ideas of decorative needlework in the new blouses, inspired by work that was all done by hand in those distant days when many women occupied much of their time with sewing.

But it happens that in modern versions of these old ideas machine work often takes the place of handwork. Even at that, considerable handwork in bastings as preparation for the machine is necessary. Among the examples of this are blouses in which small cord is introduced between two thicknesses of georgette crepe or other sheer material by fine machine stitching on each side of the cord. This makes

**Vests of White Pique.**  
The vests of white pique or other heavy cotton material are not so new, but they always look fresh and attractive with cloth suits of any color. The dainty lingerie fronts are really sleeveless bodices with fronts of varying degrees of elaboration. If they are not made in this way they will not keep their shape well. Some of these have a collar of medium depth turning over the coat, finished with three or four rows of tiny ruffles. This idea may be carried out in rose, blue or green lawn or any other thin material. A very pretty one is of white lawn with a small pink dot. An effective front is tucked in cross bars.

**The Use of Tulle.**  
Tulle is very much in evidence on the new models usually in the form of floating scarfs or as blouse panels or draperies over very tight undershirts. Black tulle over black satin is very attractive for a dinner gown. Panels of king's blue tulle over midnight blue satin is another combination.

PENNSYLVANIA BRIEFS

The plant of the Marietta Casting company, at Columbia, was seriously damaged by fire which started in the boiler room, and which spread to the cleaning department in an adjoining building.

The General Manufacturing company plant on the Delaware river front in Philadelphia, manufacturers of fertilizer, was damaged by fire to the extent of about \$100,000.

Mrs. Peter Machunas, of Shenandoah, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

A dog poisoner is at work in the borough of Marietta and efforts to locate him are in vain.

The store of Peter Greenberg, a Shenandoah grocer, was closed for alleged violation of the food law.

Eleven applications for divorce were filed on the first day of the divorce term of court at Lancaster.

William Bell, sent to Camp Gordon with the first draft contingent from Hazleton last September, was a number of Hazleton department store window dressers have applied to the draft board for enlistment in the camouflage section of the army.

The 100 pupils of the Weatherly public schools were organized to conduct corn-seed testing clubs, preparatory to forming corn clubs.

When Howard Lingenfelter, a yard brakeman, was crushed to death at Altoona, the first man to reach his side was his brother, Bruce, an engineer.

Rev. Floyd Tompkins, of Philadelphia, was the orator at the commencement exercises of the Paradise High school, when a class of fifteen received diplomas.

Charged with failing to send his son to school, George Christin, of Tyrone, was fined by a magistrate, notwithstanding his defense that the boy earned more working than he did.

Shamokin council voted to invest \$5000 of the borough sinking fund in Liberty loan bonds.

His head crushed by a falling rock in a mine, William Stephens, of Tanawana, is in a dying condition at the Coalville hospital.

Bishop Hoban, of the Scranton diocese, has announced the transfer of Rev. E. J. Gaffney, of Freeland, to Elkland, Susquehanna county.

Dr. John R. Dyson, the first Hazleton physician to enlist in the war, from Hazleton, has been promoted from lieutenant to captain at Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

Hazleton council will employ an expert to determine whether the water pressure was reasonably adequate at the fire which destroyed the Church street school recently at a loss of \$120,000.

Arriving at Shamokin to assume the pastorate of the Lincoln Street Methodist church, Rev. Dr. Simpson E. Evans was tendered a reception by more than 600 members of his congregation.

Fish Warden W. Acker, of Allentown, has discovered a large number of poachers who are fishing for trout in advance of the opening of the season.

Mrs. Emma Rubrecht, of Midway, near York, was notified by the war department of the death of her son, Wilford Rubrecht, a member of a trench mortar company, who was killed in action April 23. Young Rubrecht enlisted at Gettysburg last June and left France shortly before Christmas. He was nineteen years old.

The Franklin County Home for the Aged, located at Chambersburg, will come into possession of almost \$100,000 by the death of Mrs. John H. Shook, of Greencastle, near Chambersburg. At his death, almost two years ago, Shook left his entire estate to the home upon the death of his wife. Her death occurred last week.

Theodore Shafer, aged sixteen, son of Mrs. Ellen Shafer, of Nazareth, experimented with a dynamite cartridge which he found, and was taken to the Easton hospital, with a badly mangled hand.

The Northampton County Dry Federation has adopted resolutions asking the court to change polling places to private homes in all instances where they are located in places where liquors are sold.

Seeing two dogs chasing a deer down the mountainside from the window of her home at the foot of the mountain, near Chambersburg, Mrs. James V. Sheppard grabbed a gun, went out and fired on the dogs. One was killed by a shot from her gun, but the other escaped. The deer was exhausted after its long run.

Mayor Daniel L. Keister, of Harrisburg, filed a petition to be candidate for member of the Harrisburg Republican city committee. The mayor will take an active part in the coming campaign.

Herman Hoke, junior member of the firm of S. G. Hoke & Son, of Spring Grove, sustained serious injuries when a mule he was leading across a small stream fell on him.

Register of Wills William Arner, of Mauch Chunk, having refused to probate the will of the late James M. Arndt, made in 1908, an appeal was taken by the beneficiaries, Thomas M. Arndt, a brother of the deceased, moved to dismiss the appeal, but the court denied it. The case will now be tried by jury, the first case of the kind ever tried in that county. The estate is valued at about \$25,000.

**Spraying Is Necessary.**  
Spraying is necessary if good fruit is to be expected. Many growers think they spray when in fact they only start the operation or only half execute it. Know the pest! Know what to use! Know when to use it! Apply it thoroughly! If these injunctions are followed, successful spraying is assured.

**Cut Off Diseased Wood.**  
Diseased wood on a tree can never be made good again. Cut it off and allow another shoot to grow in its place.

AMERICANS AND TRUE DEMOCRACY

Dollars Are Needed as Exemplification of Spirit.

TIME TO BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Citizens Must Lend Their Financial Assistance to Government to Forever Eliminate Effects of Germany's Influence.

By GEORGE E. BOWEN OF THE VIGILANTES

In the main, it cannot be said of America that she is without her Americans, or that the faith and service of the mass is un-American in spirit.

Dollars do not always go with democracy, but when informed, inspired and enlisted they can be mighty useful to it.

There has been a mistaken idea in certain sections of America that dollars, according to the number of them, spelled "aristocracy."

They don't. That is an imported idea. And that it is perishing in the land of its origin, witness the war and the consternation of the few aristocrats, both external and inbred.

There have been, possibly, a few external aristocrats in America, who, in a moment of excessive vanity measured their social importance by the size of their material fortunes.

The war erased that absurd notion, almost with the first blare of the trumpet.

Millionaire Privates in Ranks. There are millionaire aristocrats in the ranks of the American army and navy who have renounced all the prestige of fortune for the privilege of comradeship.

In the crucial test humanity was first, last, and all the way between. Men are more than money. The outer veneer has been quickly shed. The man has emerged.

What he thought was his pride, in days of social and financial triumph, he finds was but a cheap and trivial plaything. Now, his real pride is a thing of purpose, power and dignity.

Before the war is over, dollars that hid in aristocratic seclusion or vaunted themselves in ostentatious power are going voluntarily and humbly to join the forces of democracy.

After the war they are going to develop a system of popular redistribution relieving the old congestion whose fevers broke out in many forms of luxury and extravagance incompatible with universal contentment.

The only aristocracy America wants or needs is of the heart and of the mind.

The shoulder touch of men on the march or in the trenches has welded this feeling into a living creed, a saving faith.

The scutcheon of American manhood may be either a splash of Belgian mud or a splash of German blood.

**Drawing True Men Together.**  
In place of the dollar crest will be the sign of the courage test.

There was a lot of social democracy in the old ultimatum—"millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Therein is the basic principle of resistance to Prussianism. That principle is drawing all true men together. It is putting service above self. It is asking America to take the gold of vanity and pour it into the cause of humanity.

The spirit of democracy is the only vital, uncompromising thing in a human world.

It laughs at dollars and dynamite and royal decrees.

The America animated of this spirit is at last to carry it forth to a perishing world.

And the despised American dollar shall, with the courage, generosity and chivalry of American manhood, be the instrument of salvation.

The day of contribution is at hand. Where is your dollar?

**NO EXEMPTION**  
If you cannot launch a bullet at the head across the sea.  
Buy a bond!  
It will reach its little target straighter than a homing bee.  
Buy a bond!  
If you've bought a lot before.  
Don't believe you've done your share—Buy a half a dozen more!  
Buy a bond!  
—Strickland Gillilan.

**First Colonial General Hospital.**  
It was on February 7, 1751, that the first general hospital was chartered in the colonies—the Pennsylvania state hospital in Philadelphia. Joshua Crossby was the first president of the institution, and Benjamin Franklin, who had been prominent in urging the establishment of an institution for the care of the sick, was the first clerk. It was in this hospital in 1763 that Thomas Bond gave the first clinical instruction in America.

**The Difficulty.**  
"I understand young Loftus draws quite a small salary in his clerical work. He could make much more just now by going into a factory."  
"Yes, but then he would have to draw wages."

**Some Needed.**  
"That baby does nothing but scream all the time."  
"Well, dear, I'm as loyal as you are, but you must agree with me that this is one case where we must be pacifists."

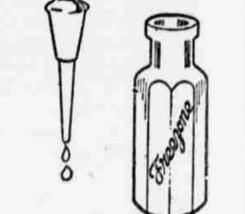
**Within Reach.**  
Angelina—You said you were going to encircle the earth before you settled down. Do we have to wait so long before we marry?  
Edwin—It won't take long. You're all the world to me.

**Why and Wherefore.**  
Mother—It seems to me, my dear, your gown is cut entirely too low. Now look at Grace Swift. See how modest her gown is.  
Daughter—It isn't modesty with her, but a mole.

NO CAMOUFLAGE IN THIS STORY

APPLY A FEW DROPS THEN LIFT TOUCHY CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS.

Don't hurt a bit! Drop a little freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!



A tiny bottle of freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes and the callouses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

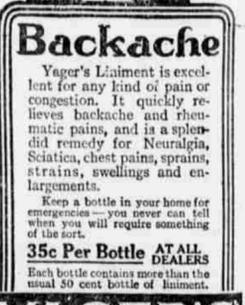
A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh! how my back aches." GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules taken today eases the backache of tomorrow—taken every day ends the backache for all time. Don't say, "What's the use of suffering? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching, distressing back pain. Be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since the GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without bread as she would without her "Red Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust.

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The man who can bite off more than he is able to chew has an ideal month for pie.

**To Be Strong and Healthy.**  
You must have Pure Blood. Dr. J. C. WELLS' Tonic, Tonic Purifies and Enriches the Blood and builds up the Whole System. It contains the well known tonic properties of Iron and Quinine. All can feel its good effect on the Blood after the first few doses. Price 50c.



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