

UNDER WAITING ORDERS

By JAMES GHEE

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Jack Randolph sat on the piazza and read over the telegram again. Already the paper was cracking on the creases from frequent foldings and unfoldings. Randolph could have read it from memory. "Go to Old Point Comfort," it read, "and wait orders."

He had been waiting orders for four days now, and repeated telegrams to the office had simply brought forth repetitions of those instructions.

Randolph was sick of it all. Ever since he had refused point blank to consider the question of a marriage to some girl his father had picked out for him he had been exiled to the role of special salesman and had been jumped from east to west on the most absurd propositions.

These might be a man coming to Old Point who wanted to buy a suspension bridge, but Randolph could not see why he had not been sent to the office of the firm instead of being shipped to Old Point. Not that he objected to a week at the famous resort with nothing to do, but the uncertainty of it all was trying. He decided to send another telegram and headed for the telegraph office.

"He never got there, for just as he swung around a corner of the piazza the prettiest girl he had ever seen ran into him as she dashed along the piazza. By the time mutual apologies were concluded Jack had forgotten all about the telegram and had come to the conclusion that he was satisfied to stay at the Point as long as the office decided he was needed there."

Instead of going into the office he volunteered his services as guide to Marjorie Carson, who had arrived the night before, and it was well along in the afternoon before he even thought of the despatch telegram.

He met Mrs. Carson on their return and that evening he changed his seat to her table and was installed as their guide and counselor. More than ever

but no solution came to him, and at last he threw himself upon the bed and slept a sleep in which Marjorie's portrait danced before him, ever chiding him and yet ever entreating him. Some intangible barrier seemed to be separating them, and he had the uncomfortable feeling that if he could determine the nature of this barrier he would gain her hand.

"So strong was this impression that immediately after breakfast he sought Marjorie on the piazza."

"You've been mystifying me long enough," he said abruptly. "I want to know what it all means."

"As if you caught you and another laughing over it lots of times."

"I assure you that I do not know what you mean," he said.

"Just as if you were not down here by your father's orders," she scoffed. "I saw it all the moment mother said you were here."

Randolph gasped. "You don't mean to say that you are the girl father wants me to marry?" he cried.

"Why, of course," she retorted. "Just as if you didn't know."

"I didn't," he replied promptly. "The moment the paper said marriage I balked and did not even learn the name of the girl."

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How Joan Took the Country

By BELLE MANIATES

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When Joan Williams, who had taken first prize in the school of photography, and her friend, Lucile King, stepped from the platform of the little station by luck, found a series of most realistic pictures which made Joan touch the button many times.

"A peculiarly fashioned horse attached to a two seated democrat now drove up. Joan was somewhat in doubt at first as to the genuineness of the animal, which seemed to her to have a human-like aspect. The driver was gazing into space, with no manifest interest in the arrival of the train."

"Also there were pictures of home, farms, cattle, the church, the cemetery, schoolhouse, sawmill and many old landmarks, all of which were not to mention pictures of the Locke girls."

The news spread, and every newcomer hastened to see if his likeness was there. Ardent swains secured pictures long denied them by coy damsels.

At the close of the evening her hand bag was well filled with coin. "This," she said, extending the money to Mrs. Bates, "is my contribution toward the Locke estate."

As she suspected, she was besieged for many days by people from miles around who heard they had been "looked" by her.

"Old Hundred" didn't omit his usual bridge trip, observed Lucile. "Old Hundred! He doesn't deserve such a cognomen," observed Joan. "You will think so. He hasn't taken down into his smallest pore yet."

"Goedap!" reiterated Mrs. Bates, roused to effort by this insinuation and smartly snapping the reins across the steed's ample back.

"He doesn't need 'ap' very fast," commented Joan. "Do you earn your own living, too?" asked the old man, turning to her quickly.

"I hope to," she replied modestly. "I take pictures. I expect to take your whole country."

"I hope it brings you more than writing poetry," he said, with a glance at Lucile. "The Madison Gazette only pays for its subscriptions and trade."

"But Lucile writes for his magazines. She is paid by the word."

"You don't tell me! She must be awful rich!"

"But sometimes I set for hours and can't think of a word," confessed Lucile. "Words are plenty enough," he declared scornfully. "You can get them out of a dictionary."

"I never thought of that," she replied indignantly.

At nearly every farmhouse on route Mr. Bates "whoned" to deliver purchases. Now it was the farmer's wife who came out to the wagon and again it was a bashful boy or a giggling girl. In every instance Joan's camera was active.

"When the commission was not delivered at house or in person, Mr. Bates stopped in front of a barn near the roadside and there deposited a suspicious looking package. Farther on they met a farmer who looked at them inquiringly.

"Put it in the barn, Fred," said Mr. Bates emphatically. "All right," Bestowing a knowing wink upon his purchasing agent, Fred hastened forward.

proposed a fair in connection with the dance, began to ply needles in the fashioning of sofa pillows.

The next few days were devoted by Joan to long solitary rambles, in which she always carried her camera.

"I think I have took the whole country," she announced one day. "I am going to send the plates to the city for development, as I haven't the facilities here."

The day before that set for the fair and drove a huge express package was brought to Joan, but she refused to show the contents to any one.

On the moments evening she went to the big barn where the dances was to be held an hour in advance of the time set.

When the Bates household arrived the search for seated democrat at a table surrounded by a group of eager, chattering folks. An artistically lettered sign read:

"Would you see yourself as others see you? Come and find yourself! If not, here, faces made to order at future date."

Lucile and the Bates family hastened to the table, which was covered with photographs of all styles and sizes, snapshots of the country folks in and about Hedzeton caught in unpremeditated poses.

Farmer Lange looking up the town, Mrs. Lapps feeding chickens, Besse drives chickens, Jed Strack hom milking, the little Clarks going black-berrying, Lane's Carlo bringing home the cows, etc. No one was overlooked.

Also there were pictures of home, farms, cattle, the church, the cemetery, schoolhouse, sawmill and many old landmarks, all of which were not to mention pictures of the Locke girls."

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A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

The Story Marjorie Told of a Young Corsican Merchant.

Marjorie tells us that during his travels over Europe he met the "marvel of marvels" at Padua. The marvel in question was a young Corsican who was in the city for the purpose of pursuing his studies at the university.

Marjorie having heard that the young man was gifted with an extraordinary memory, desired to put the student to the test.

The person who had informed the traveler concerning the wonderful memory of the young Corsican's memory declared that he was so gifted in that faculty that he could repeat as many as 30,000 words if read over to him but once.

Marjorie and three distinguished Venetians agreed to test the accuracy of the statement. A committee visited the student of extraordinary memory and found him willing to submit to the ordeal.

Accordingly there was read over to him an almost interminable list of words strung together without any consecutive order and without any meaning whatever.

The young man stood all the time with his attention deeply fixed and his eyes half closed. When the long string of words had been read off he looked up cheerfully and repeated the whole of the uninteresting catalogue of words without a single fault.

Then to show how carefully his wonderful memory had retained every word he went through the list backward. When that task was finished he took each alternate word—first, third, fifth, etc.—and repeated them until the company was loudly amazed that man could possess the presence of the most wonderful prodigy of memory that the world had ever produced.

CROSSING SAHARA.

The Costliness of Caravans and the Mortality of Camels.

The merchants who fit out a garfa (caravan) must stand all losses; consequently great care is given to the selection of both the camels which carry the valuable merchandise and the men who accompany them.

The camel and the man are not so much a matter of course as they seem. The camel is seldom met with in northern Tripoli. The finest male draft camels, the Jamal, costing from \$50 to \$90 apiece, with a carrying capacity of about three hundredweight, are used for transport.

From consumption or the effects of the long strain scores often die during the trip, particularly at the end of the "voyage." The wages of the men for conducting a return cargo are sometimes as high as \$5,000. Not only must the garfa shells have great courage and endurance, but must be trustworthy traders and shrewd diplomats of no small caliber.

Many of the camels and men are never heard from again. Charles Wellington Furlong in Harper's Magazine.

KNOW THY COUNTRY.

A Precept That Every Citizen Should Take to Heart.

Jeveland said: "This precept descends from heaven—know thyself." To this we add—know thy country. Know its area, its population, its products, native and exclusive, agricultural and mineral.

Know its present output and its possibilities. Know its states, its territories and large cities and what they are severally noted for.

Know its history, its constitution, principles and history. Its literature, its art and its sciences, its philosophy, discoveries and inventions. Know its relation to other nations, both political and financial.

Know its possessions—Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines—its history, its geography, its resources, its people and the sources of their wealth. Many men know these things and love their country and are serviceable to their fellow citizens in proportion to their knowledge.

It costs labor and the sacrifice of so called pleasure to acquire this knowledge, but the genuine man, whose life's purpose is to make the utmost of his abilities and opportunities and who in one way and another is developing his country's hidden treasures and imparting his own practical enthusiasm to other lives, there are a real and a delight in the search for knowledge that commensurate a thousandfold.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Misers get more out of the world than they put in it.

What others say of you is the effect you supply the cause.

Life's chief compensations do not come in pay envelopes.

The scorn of egotism is as harmless as the slurs of ignorance.

OLD GLORY.

Story of the Stars and Stripes on the American Flag.

The design for the American flag with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white and thirteen white stars in a blue field, representing the thirteen states struggling for independence, was adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777, a little less than a year after the declaration of independence.

The first flag of this design was made as a specimen for the congress by Betsey Ross, a dress-maker, of Philadelphia. It is supposed that this flag was first unfurled by Paul Jones on the Ranger, a vessel of the navy to which he had been assigned on the day that the resolution adopting the design was passed.

The thirteen stars of the flag of 1777 were arranged in a circle, though no form was prescribed officially. This flag remained unchanged until 1794, and then, on motion of Senator Bradley of Vermont, which, with Kentucky, had been admitted to the Union, it was resolved that from and after May 1, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field.

This was the flag used in the war of 1812. The act made no provision for future alterations in the flag, and none was made until 1818. Upon the suggestion of Captain Samuel C. Reid of the navy a bill was passed on April 4, 1818, reducing the number of stripes in the flag to the original thirteen and making the number of stars equal to the number of states. The new star for a new state is not added to the flag until the fourth of July following the admission of the new state—St. Louis Republic.

JACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

4,300,000,000 DIVISION Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

In Effect Jan. 1, 1915.

TRAINS LEAVE DANVILLE.

EASTWARD.

7:07 a. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre and Scranton. Arriving Scranton at 8:00 a. m., and connecting at Danville with trains arriving at Philadelphia at 3:30 a. m., and New York City at 3:20 p. m.

10:19 a. m. weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 12:25 p. m. and connecting there with trains for New York City, Philadelphia and Buffalo. 2:11 weekly for Bloomsburg, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 4:50 p. m.

5:43 p. m. daily for Bloomsburg, Expy, Pymouth, Kingston, Wilkes-Barre, Pottsville, Scranton and intermediate stations, arriving at Scranton at 8:25 p. m. and connecting there with trains arriving at New York City at 6:52 a. m., Philadelphia at 10 a. m. and Buffalo at 7 a. m.

12:44 p. m. daily from Scranton, Pottsville, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 10:10 a. m. and connecting there with train leaving Buffalo at 2:25 a. m.

4:53 p. m. weekly on Scranton, Kingston, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 1:30 p. m., where it connects with train leaving New York City at 10:00 a. m., and Philadelphia at 9:00 a. m.

9:05 p. m. daily from Scranton, Kingston, Pottsville, Berwick, Bloomsburg and intermediate stations, leaving Scranton at 6:50 p. m., where it connects with trains leaving New York City at 1:10 p. m., Philadelphia at 12:00 p. m. and Buffalo at 9:30 a. m.

T. E. CLARKE, Gen'l Supt.

T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

A CHEMICAL TRICK.

Changing a White Pasteboard Cat into a Striped Tiger.

When we happen to witness a phenomenon which seems to violate natural laws we are not likely to forget its cause if it be explained to us. The following experiment, which I devised for my students, helped them to understand as well as to remember some chemical data:

A white cat, made of flexible pasteboard and imprisoned in a glass jar, is shown to the audience. The lecturer announces that without opening the jar or even touching it he will cause the cat to undergo a zoological as well as a chemical transformation. He takes the support of the jar and pushes it forward in full view of the students. The change occurs almost instantaneously. The cat takes a rich orange color on which black transversal stripes rapidly paint themselves. The cat has become a tiger.

The whole transformation is produced by emanations of hydrogen sulphide, which is generated in the jar itself without any visible apparatus. The cat has been previously coated with a solution of chloride of antimony wherever the orange hue was to be produced and with a solution of basic acetate of lead wherever the black stripes were to appear. Both solutions are colorless. After the coated cat has been introduced in his glass cage a small piece of pasteboard is placed under the wooden support so as slightly to incline the jar forward. A few desiccated, if pulverized, sulphide of iron fiddles in a space of blotting paper are deposited behind the cat on the elevated side of the bottom of the jar. Two or three cubic centimeters of diluted sulphuric acid are dropped with a pipette on the opposite side. When the performer wishes the transformation to take place he takes the wooden support and pushes it forward as if he wanted everybody to see better what is going to happen. By so doing he suppresses the slight inclination which kept the iron sulphide below the reach of the sulphuric acid. The gas is evolved, and the formation of the orange sulphide of antimony and black sulphide of lead takes place in a few moments.—G. Michael in Scientific American.

Encouraged to Sing at Work.

At the works of a great soap maker in England the girl employees are encouraged to sing part songs while at work. The object is to relieve the monotony. In the departments that number more than thirty girls and have not noisy machinery they are encouraged to sing during the last hour of work in the morning and in the afternoon.

It's Good. It Will Please. It's Reasonable.

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HE HAD THROWN AN AIM ABOUT HERE.

was he glad that he had refused to accept his father's dictum and marry some one else of course it would make an awful row when he wrote that he was going to marry Marjorie, but he had gained some recognition as an author, and it would not be hard to make his way if only Marjorie would accept him.

Marjorie's frank friendliness was warmly encouraging to his hope, but as the days progressed he gained in his faith and before the end of his first week he had begun to flatter himself that he was making headway.

Mrs. Carson clearly approved of him. Early in the acquaintance he had taken pains to acquaint her with his history in an impersonal sort of way that did not seem like a formal announcement, and she had smiled and replied that she had heard of his father. After that she had been much in the background, and the young people went together and on other excursions alone.

It was well along in the third week before he had ventured to speak of love to the girl. It was as they were coming home one evening, and in saying herself from a fall as she stepped on a loose stone, she had caught at his coat sleeve. He had thrown an arm about her and had kept it there until with a soft gasp she had disengaged herself.

"I can get along all right now," she said, as she stepped ahead. He laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"I hope you can't," he said simply. "I should like you to think that you always needed me."

"I don't," she answered. "I don't ever need you, and I wish you would go away."

"Pardon?" he said quietly. "I had no wish to be offensive."

"They went along in silence, but as they parted at the foot of the piazza she turned toward him and he out her hand.

"I am afraid I was very rude," she said simply. "Will you forgive me?" "If you will take back what you said," he answered pleadingly. "I think you're horrid," she exclaimed with a sudden shift from her post-terrestrial mood. "If you were a gentleman you would not annoy me this way."

SLEEP HABITS OF ANIMALS.

The Monkey Never Loses Its Instinct of Fear.

"When a monkey sleeps he picks out the highest perch he can find," said an animal trainer. "When the only home of the monkey was a forest, he lived always in deadly fear of the lion. A live monkey is the choicest morsel on the table of the king of beasts. All through the monkey is wise and knows that in a zoo the lions are securely caged, the fear is born in him and he sleeps on the high perch."

"The lioness, when free from family cares, is prone to lie on its back with its legs stretched out straight in the air and the dog's paws extended. The lion, when the excitement of the day is gone, stretches itself out flatly on its side with paws turned in and twitches and throbs during its slumber a good deal like a dog. Gorillas and chimpanzees sleep with their hands over their heads. Bears, which have no fear, sleep in any position. The same is true of wolves. "Animals of a cunning or cowardly nature, however, are always on the alert, even when asleep. A seal sleeps like a human being. Once in awhile a seal will sit up with its head on its chest, asleep in the water. Its ears are kept under a flap of skin when in the presence of an enemy, sound traveling with great distinctness under water."

Scientific Language.

"No wonder," said the poet, "that no one cares to read the works of Haeckel, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and so on. These men have much to say, but they don't know how to say it. They have never taken the time to learn to write. He drew his notebook from his pocket. "When Professor Thompson," he resumed, "hit on a new variety of cathode rays, he announced his discovery in these terms: 'Of an orthocathodic character, a detectable fluorescent excitation of a parametric character, a detectable fluorescent nonexcitant, of a diathetic character, a nondetectable fluorescent nonexcitant, of an isothetic character, a detectable, nonfluorescent nonexcitant'—and so on for forty or fifty pages."

Bodily Placed.

Lawsley (expert shorthand reporter)—I say, James, the boy from the news-paper office has called for the report of that lecture. Is it finished?" James (involuntarily)—All but a short sentence in the middle of it, and I can't for the life of me make out from my notes what it is.

Lawsley—Oh, just put in "great applause" and let it go. James sets on the suggestion, and the lecture is sent for publication with the doctored part reading, "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." (Great applause.)—London Express.

Always in Season.

When Hiram Bassett went down on Cape Cod to pay a visit his friends provided him with every sort of fish that could be gotten, and for five days he was treated to mackerel, halibut, oysters, clams, scallops and many other varieties in the best possible condition.

"Well, Hiram," said his host on the day of Mr. Bassett's return to his home, "I'd like to see what you'll get Hamish to cook for you first thing when you reach home. I reckon you've had fish enough to last you for an while."

"Fish?" said Mr. Bassett. "I guess you don't know anything about it. You haven't lived in Massachusetts long enough. Hamish 'll get me the same thing she always does when I've been away from home for a spell—a rot green mess of codfish and potato hash. That's what Hamish 'll get me."

Both Well Informed.

An Interchange of Compliments Between Grant and Lee.

Toward the end of the war between the states the value of a well organized scout service came to be fully appreciated by the leaders of both armies. Perhaps no commanders of modern times were better served in this respect than General Grant and General Lee. Both were kept informed daily as to nearly every thing that went on within the enemy's lines.

General Lee relates that one morning toward the end of the long conflict, when the Confederates, officers and men alike, were reduced to unpleasant straits for food, a captain from the Union headquarters went, under a flag of truce, with a communication to General Lee concerning the exchange of prisoners.

"General Lee," said the captain, with a smile, after delivering his message, "General Grant sends me his personal compliments and bids me assure you that he knows exactly what you had for breakfast this morning."

"General Grant must be misinformed as to this," replied General Lee, surveying the messenger with a sad smile. "General Grant is a generous man, and if he had known with what a breakfast I had to content myself he would certainly have sent me half of his. But give him my compliments," he continued, with a sudden twinkle, "and say that although I do not know as to his breakfast I have full particulars concerning his dinner last night."

The Best of the Poem.

"I don't see anything in that poet's new poem."