

THE RESCUE OF RUFFLES.

A Transformation and the Way It Was Brought About.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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Social distinctions were not closely drawn at Crag House. The tables were waited on by the daughters of wealthy farmers, who served only because they wished to escape the monotony of country life for a month or two and because they wished to be in touch with the gaiety and color that the city guests brought to the mountain resort.

Ruffles was not a farmer's daughter. She was a child of the city, swept to Crag House by a wave of chance. She had worked in a department store in town, and her health had failed. The doctor to whom she went spoke of the mountains.

"I can't afford to go," faltered Ruffles. "Go and play waitress for awhile," suggested the keen-eyed doctor. "Then you can earn something and get well at the same time."

He gave her a letter to the proprietor of Crag House, and poor, little, frightened Ruffles fled at once and found the place a paradise after the heat and noise of town.

As time went on, however, she discovered that she was treated as a stranger and an alien. She was neither fish nor flesh, neither guest nor daughter of the soil. She was an unknown girl from the city, and the country girls kept in their own circle, gave barn dances and mingled with their own friends, while the hotel guests danced in the ballroom and never thought of the little maid who served them.

There was one woman, however, who watched Ruffles with interest. "She is a pretty little thing," she said to her husband.

"Who?" he asked idly. "The little girl who waits on our table," said Mrs. Witherspoon, and



MARY GRANGER CAME STRAIGHT TO HER AND PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER.

That night she called Ruffles into her room.

"If you will fasten my dress," she said, "I'll be awfully grateful."

"I can always come in and fasten your dresses," said Ruffles shyly. "I'd love it. It's lonesome after supper, and the evenings are so long."

"Why don't you go to the barn dances?" Mrs. Witherspoon asked.

"Nobody has invited me," Ruffles stammered. "You see, I don't belong to the country set. I'm a kind of outsider."

"Poor little thing!" was Mrs. Witherspoon's mental comment. But aloud she said: "Isn't Mary Granger friendly? She seems a nice girl."

"Oh?" The blushes flamed over Ruffles' little face. "You see, Mary is different. She has always had things, and she only waits on the table here to get the extra-money and the fun. But—oh, well, I'm different."

"How different?" "Oh, I'm poor, and I live in a cheap part of the city when I'm home, and my clothes are shabby, and I haven't any folks. You know how people feel!"

"I think it's very snobbish of them," Mrs. Witherspoon said indignantly. "Well, anyhow, you come here in the evenings and help me into my things, and we will have some comfy talks."

"Indeed I will!" Ruffles' eyes shone. "How good you are, Mrs. Witherspoon!"

Ruffles went downstairs and sat on the porch where she could see the hotel guests in the ballroom. She watched the women in their dainty gowns as they whirled past, and then, because she was very lonely, she put her head down on her arm and sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice out of the dark.

"Oh," said Ruffles. "I—I didn't know any one was here."

"I came to find my sister," said the voice again. "I am Frank Granger. When they told me she had gone home I thought I would watch the dancing, and then you came, and I heard you crying, and if there is anything I can do—"

There was such an honest ring in his voice that Ruffles answered straight from the bottom of her heart: "No, there isn't. But I am crying because I am lonely."

"Are you one of the waitresses?" "Yes, I am Ruffles."

He gave a quick exclamation. "I've

heard Mary speak of you. You are the little sick girl from the city, and they called you Ruffles because of the dress you had on when you first came."

"Yes," Ruffles remembered the humiliation of that old gown with the cheap black bouffant.

"You haven't been to any of the barn dances?"

"I haven't been invited."

"You haven't? Well, I'll see that Mary asks you to the one at our house tomorrow night."

"Oh, please don't," Ruffles begged.

"It might look as if I was trying to push in."

"Well, I guess not," said Granger quickly. "Mother wants you. I heard her tell Mary last night that if you weren't strong you ought to come to our farm for awhile and live on milk and eggs."

"And—what did Mary say?" Ruffles asked.

He laughed. "Well, Mary said that if you weren't too proud she would be glad to ask you."

"What?" Ruffles gasped. "Why—why, I thought she didn't like me."

"She thinks you are wonderful," the strong voice went on, "but she says you are from the city and have such dainty ways and she is so big and awkward—"

"Oh, oh!" Ruffles was laughing out of sheer joy. "If she feels that way I should love to go to the barn dance."

"Well, I'll get you the invitation," said Frank simply and held out his hand. "Be sure to come early."

Then he went away, and Ruffles stood there with the whole world changed.

"Oh, Mrs. Witherspoon," she said to that little lady as they passed each other on the stairway. "I am going to Mary Granger's dance tomorrow night."

"Really?" the pretty lady gurgled. "Come into my room and tell me about it. Bob is going to stay down and smoke, and we will be alone."

Ruffles sparkled and glowed as she told what Frank had said.

"And now," said Mrs. Witherspoon when the tale was ended, "what are you going to wear?"

"Oh," Ruffles caught her breath. "I don't know. I haven't anything but shirt waists and dark skirts. And most of the girls wear white."

"Well, you are not going to wear white," said little Mrs. Witherspoon. She went to her closet and began burrowing among the gowns that hung there.

At last she found what she sought—a rosy frouned gown of mull, made in childish fashion.

"There," she said triumphantly, "you are going to wear that! It doesn't look too fine for a girl in your position. But it is really an awfully expensive thing, and it's too small for me, and you will be the belle of the ball in it, Ruffles."

And as if Ruffles' cup of happiness were not full enough, the next morning Mary Granger came straight to her and put her arms about her.

"Frank was telling me about last night," she said affectionately. "If you only knew how I have really wanted to be friends, Ruffles!"

And Ruffles put her head down on Mary Granger's head and positively cried with happiness.

But that was not the end, and greater happiness came from the rosy ruffled gown and Mary Granger's friendship, for after the season was over Ruffles was invited to spend a month at the farm. Day after day she and Frank Granger walked in the October sunshine and talked of many things. But the thing of which they talked most was love, and after a time, of marriage, and one day when they came into the big living room at the farmhouse there was such a wonderful light in Ruffles' eyes and such a color in her cheeks that Mary Granger put her arms around her.

"I am going to be bridesmaid," she said.

"Oh, Mary!" Ruffles parried, but Frank laughed joyously.

"I have told her that I will not put it off," he said. "It is going to be next month."

So they were married, and Mrs. Witherspoon came to the wedding, and her gift to the groom was a picture of a little maid in a rosy gown with ruffles from the waist to the hem.

SEVERAL YEARS PASSED. "He gives his beloved sleep!" For him no heart in all the world. His was the kindly God who curled the tendrils and who spread the leaf. Who gave us sky and sun and rain. And saw the world that it was good—No god of vengeance and greed and pain. But one of human brotherhood.

He asked no god of grimy gold. To give what mortals call success. He worshipped not in accents cold. The mamon of unrighteousness. But just the good of doing good. Was all he wrote within his creed. And loved when that he understood. The healing of another's need.

God's gladness in his clasping palm. God's sunshine in his cheering smile. His path of gladness day by day. And comforted in sorrow while. And he was great—not of the sword. Not of the mirth of merriment. Not of the blunder and clinking hoard. Not of the rival's venomous shaft.

But he was great because he went. The path of gladness day by day. And all he earned of joy he spent. For those he met along the way. A kindly greatness thus of his. But with no trace of kindly hate. For brother love and kindness is. The base of what is truly great.

And so he folds his hands in sleep. His work well done, and his reward. Is that he hears the chorus deep. Of them that sing before the Lord. What fiercer thing has God to give. What nobler task is written on high. Than having such a life to live. And having such a death to die? —Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

His Longest Engagement. At the Army and Navy club in Washington one evening a group of officers, most of them young men, were swapping stories of various engagements during the war with Spain and the subsequent troubles in the Philippines.

Among the silent listeners was one grizzled veteran, a naval commander of national renown. It must have occurred to one of the young men that it was peculiarly ludicrous that officers should be holding forth with respect to their exploits while this old fellow sat silent in a corner. So, turning to the veteran, one of the young officers blithely asked:

"What was the longest engagement you ever participated in, admiral?" "It lasted three years," said the old chap, without a suspicion of a smile. "and, worst of all, the young woman married another man."—Washington Star.

All the Same. The "berry handed" calls what he lives on "ray" the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a landowner "rent roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same in the end.—London Scraps.

Figures of The Passing Show



SECRETARY FRANKLIN MACVEAGH of the treasury department wishes every one was as conscientious about paying debts to Uncle Sam as a man at Annapolis, Md. About six months ago something struck the conscience of the Annapolis citizen, and every two or three weeks since then he has sent a twenty dollar gold certificate to the secretary of the treasury with this note, "Due to U. S." There is not a word about the missive to indicate the name of the sender. The envelope is always plain and without any legend save the address. The envelope, the writing and the inclosure are always the same. The remittance comes almost with the regularity of a city tax bill. The money is credited to the conscience fund and is turned into the treasury.

The government has another regular conscience fund contributor residing in Washington. He is not so methodical in his habits as the man at Annapolis, and his contributions are smaller. His conscience hurts him every two or three months for some fraud imposed upon the government, and he sends \$10 to \$15 to the treasury with a confession that it belongs to the government.

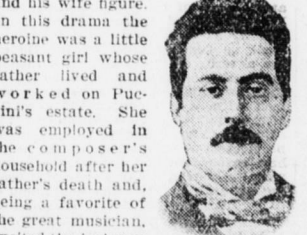
A strange character is Warry Charles, the Americanized Chinaman who is under sentence of death in Massachusetts along with four others of his nationality. The names of the others are Win Sing, Hom Woon, Leong Gong and Joe Guey, and, according to the decree of the court, they will die in electric chairs in the state prison at Charlestown during the week beginning Oct. 10. All the men were



WARRY CHARLES, convicted of the murder of several of their countrymen belonging to the Chinese society known as the On, Leon tong. The murderers were members of a rival society known as the Hop Sing tong. The date of the wholesale slaughter for which the quintet are to pay the penalty the coming autumn was Aug. 2, 1907. The conviction of the group was secured by the Boston prosecuting authorities over a year ago, and the supreme court of the state overruled the exceptions taken to the verdict.

Warry Charles, who was said by some of those convicted of the crime to have been the moving spirit in the plot of assassination, protested his innocence when sentenced. He was formerly a court interpreter.

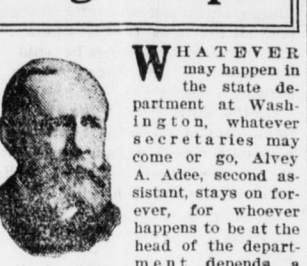
The curtain has fallen on a stirring scene in a tragedy in real life in which figures the great Italian operatic composer, Giacomo Puccini. The curious thing about the affair is the parallel which may be drawn between certain circumstances in the real tragedy and the fictitious one which forms the theme of the composer's famous masterpiece, "Madama Butterfly." In the latter the little heroine, Cho-Cho-San of the mikado's empire, commits suicide when she learns of the perfidy of her English husband. The story is somewhat turned around in the tragedy in which the composer and his wife figure. In this drama the heroine was a little peasant girl whose father lived and worked on Puccini's estate. She was employed in the composer's household after her father's death and, being a favorite of the great musician, excited the jealousy of his wife. She accused the young girl of wrong relations with her husband and struck her in the face. The child, who is believed to have been innocent of any wrongdoing, was so affected by the humiliation and disgrace into which she deemed she had fallen that she drank poison and died. Puccini denounced his wife and at once separated from her, and the suicide of the girl having been made the subject of an inquiry, an Italian court sentenced Signora Puccini to imprisonment for causing her death.



An Optimist. "I am going to buy a raven," a gentleman informed his neighbor. "Really?" rejoined the latter. "What for?" "I want to see if these birds really do live 300 years, as people say!"—Westminster Gazette.

Ready Excuse. Beggar—Say, boss, won't you help a poor fellow out of a job? Jockley—Gracious! Can't you get out of it without my help? Pretend you're sick or something.—Philadelphia Press.

Little Stories of Big People



WHATEVER may happen in the state department, whatever secretaries may come or go, Alvey A. Adee, second assistant, stays on forever, for whoever happens to be at the head of the department depends a great deal on Mr. Adee's knowledge of its affairs and goes to him much for assistance in running it. Mr. Adee's long and hard work in the department entitled him, it was thought, to a little vacation, so he started on a two months' holiday in France and, being fond of the bicycle, rode on such a machine fully 2,500 miles through the beautiful land of the French. On sailing for home he said:

"I've been coming to Europe for my holidays every year for twelve years, but I never enjoyed anything so much as this bicycling tour. I cycled fifty-six days, carrying all the clothes I needed. It was the greatest sort of sport. I'm now prepared to return to the territories of a Washington summer and allow some of the others to get away on their vacations."

The bishop coadjutor elect of the Episcopal diocese of Virginia, the Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, has for some years been general secretary of the board of missions of the Episcopal church and so devoted to his work in that capacity that he had declined election as bishop four times prior to being chosen to the post in the Virginia diocese. He decided that this time it was his duty to accept promotion to the higher rank.

Bishop Elect Lloyd is by birth a Virginian and for some years served parishes in the Old Dominion state not far from Washington. He attended



REV. DR. ARTHUR S. LLOYD, the University of Virginia and received his training for the ministry at the Theological seminary near Alexandria, Va. As rector of St. Luke's church at Norfolk he built up an almost dead parish to be one of the strongest in the diocese and interested many young men in his work. From that charge he was called to the mission board.

Miss Jane Addams, who was chosen president of the national conference of charities and corrections at the recent session of the conference in Buffalo, is founder of Hull House, the famous social settlement in Chicago, and is one of the most noted social workers of the time. The work accomplished under her direction at Hull House has done much to win respect and influence for the social settlement movement and establish it as one of the greatest factors of the age in social betterment. It is the first time in the history of the national conference of charities, a period covering thirty-six years, that a woman has been at the head of the organization.

Miss Addams, though exceedingly modest and retiring herself, has brought about her at Hull House at one time or another the most brilliant thinkers and talkers of this and other countries. At the long table with its simple fare, where the residents of Hull House break bread after their diverse duties, have gathered, first and last, most persons of original, peculiar or dominant thought of the present time. Some have been refugees, some revolutionists; some have represented the conventions and have been distinguished as achievers of modern forms of prosperity.

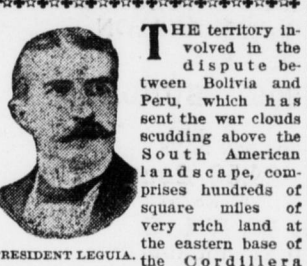
Most of the people who live at the settlement do some work to gain a livelihood and choose Hull House as their home for the sake of what they may learn, while giving of what they have. The house itself is a lesson in beauty and simplicity of furnishing. Mahogany and art textures, fine pictures and rare bric-a-brac show the taste of Miss Addams, who furnished the house at the beginning of its history.



Enough to Scare Any One. While out walking with her papa and mamma one day Florence, aged four, ran some little distance ahead. As she got near a mule hitched to a farmer's wagon the animal began to bray. She wheeled instantly and, running to her mother as fast as she could go, said in round-eyed astonishment, "Oh, mamma, sumfin' said sumfin'!"—Deimos.

At the Play. "The plot thickens here." "That's good. It's been pretty darned thin up to now."—Cleveland Leader.

The Quarrel Of Bolivia And Peru



THE territory involved in the dispute between Bolivia and Peru, which has sent the war clouds scudding above the South American landscape, comprises hundreds of square miles of very rich land at the eastern base of the Cordillera range of mountains and lying near the Acre river. This, along with other rich territory, would no doubt have been Brazilian today had not the Bolivians fought for it in the war between Brazil and Bolivia in the last generation.

As a result of that contest Brazil paid Bolivia \$10,000,000. That money, large sums of which still are on deposit in New York and London, has been chiefly expended in building railroads intended to develop Bolivian commerce and increase the trade relations between Bolivia and Brazil. Already the railroad has been completed from Oruro to Viacha, and a line now is under construction from Oruro to Uyuni, which lies to the southward.

Villages and cities that owe their founding wholly to Bolivian initiative have sprung up throughout the disputed territory. Thus Bolivia has spent its money there, as well as the blood of its people. Two thousand of its soldiers were killed there in one campaign against Brazil.

Peru bases its claim to the territory on the contention that the land belonged to it by reason of certain dispositions made by Spanish kings. On the other hand, it is maintained that before the South American republics were formed and when Spanish control dominated the land in question formed a part of the territory which



GATEWAY AT TIAGUANCU—OLD PERUVIAN RUINAL PLACES.

With Bolivia's area today, was under the jurisdiction of the central Spanish authority that existed at Charcas, the latter now forming the present city of Sucre. Peru's territory was administered by Spanish authority from Lima, Argentina's area from Buenos Aires, Chile by the captain general then established at Santiago, and so on. So when argument was required to meet the Peruvian contention of priority of rights Bolivia advanced the claim that the territory in question always had been part of its area even during the period of rule under the Spanish kings.

The dispute over this claim was referred for arbitration to President Alcora of the Argentine Republic, and it was when it became known that his decision was against some of the contentions of the Bolivians that feeling among the latter ran high, not only against Peru and the Peruvians, but against Argentina, its president and its minister in residence at La Paz, Senor Fonseca.

Visitors to Peru and Bolivia are apt to be much interested in the curious relics of a civilization dating far back into the past, even antedating the days of the Incas. The burial places of some of these people may still be seen, with their strange, orenlike openings always facing the east.

One of the most picturesque of the cities and towns of Bolivia is Tiaguancu, one of whose gates is shown in the accompanying picture. It is not a very populous place at present, but is remarkable for its ruins. Tiaguancu is about forty miles from La Paz, the Bolivian capital, and is on the Titicaca river. La Paz is one of the highest capital cities of the world, being 12,000 feet above sea level. President August B. Leguia of Peru took office last autumn. He was born in 1863, has had a wide experience in public affairs and thus far has given his country a firm and wise administration.

The Insanity. "How was he acquitted?" "Insanity." "He doesn't seem crazy." "He isn't. It was the jury that was off."—Kansas City Times.

His Task. George—With the assurance of your love I could conquer the world. Grace—That will not be necessary. All you have to do is to conquer papa.—London Tit-Bits.

Take heed of many, advice of few.—Danish Proverb.

LOST HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

A Chance Remark That Pointed Out Its Hiding Place.

By FRANCES COWLES. Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.

Every one in the house was angry, and Miss Lavinia herself was "all on edge," as she graphically expressed it. The loss of a hundred dollar bill was not such a tremendously important affair in itself, for Miss Lavinia was quite wealthy, but there were some aspects of the matter which made the loss quite serious.

"There is no reason why you should look at me so angrily," she said to her niece, who was regarding her aunt with very indignant eyes. "The bill vanished, and some one has taken it."

"It may have blown away!"

"With screens in the window? Don't be foolish, Myra."

"Or you may have mislaid it. A dozen things may have happened, but I don't believe that it was stolen at all."

"I feel dreadful!" she gasped. "I never thought of it before. Will you ever forgive me?" she wailed piteously. Miss Lavinia was fumbling along the folds of her gown. Her hands twitched nervously here and there, then one of them dived far out of sight, only to emerge a second later holding aloft the missing bill.

"It—it"—she stammered faintly. "I have not had a pocket before for twenty-five years—and—and—I forgot! I—I must have put the bill in it just after Richard left. I'm very, very sorry."

Her voice faltered. To think that she, who prided herself upon her businesslike methods, should have committed such an unpardonable deed! She looked helplessly from one to the other of her auditors.

Young Ainslie stared at her for some moments in silent perplexity. When at length the full truth dawned upon him he gave one hilarious shout and yielded himself up to uncontrollable laughter.

Miss Lavinia watched him in silence, the grimaces slowly fading from her face.

"Well, Myra," she remarked tentatively. "I'm bound to say that your husband will have a good disposition; 'tain't many men that would see anything humorous in this episode. And as for pockets," she added, with sudden vindictiveness, "I'll never, never have another as long as I live!"

MUSICAL LAWN MOWER. Jerseyman Invents Machine to End Ennui of Summer Boarders.

Lemuel Starkweather, who conducts a summer boarding house in North Caldwell, N. J., has solved the problem of keeping his lawn trimmed and entertaining his summer sojourners by perfecting a combination lawn mower and music box.

The story of the invention came out when the owner took the machine to a blacksmith shop to have it sharpened for the third time in two weeks.

Up to a few weeks ago the Starkweather lawn was unkempt, and the boarders suffered from ennui in the quiet evenings, as the only music the house afforded was from a parlor organ.

Mr. Starkweather, who is ingenious, adapted the mechanism of a music box to the lawn mower, and the men boarders as well as two women visitors became eager to take turns at running the contrivance up and down the lawn in the cool of the evening.

The neighbors soon learned of the harmonious lawn mower and wanted to borrow it. The demand became so great that Mr. Starkweather says he now charges a fee for its use. With the money thus derived he expects to purchase several new records that will bring the machine up to date in a musical way.

Arithmetic For Girls on Farms. Miss Jessie Field of Page county, Ill., had arranged an arithmetic which, she says, will meet every requirement of girls who expect to pass their lives on farms. She also believes the arithmetic will commend itself to the majority of young women in cities. It has no cube root or binomial theorem in it and has been simplified in other ways. Miss Field says that observation has convinced her that the feminine mind is not especially adapted for tackling the complicated problems of mathematics, and for that reason she expects her new work to win a popularity all its own.

Three a Day. Tourist in Ireland (to rural postman)—How many mails have you here in the day? "Three—breakfast, dinner and tea."—London Fun.

Strange Case. First Physician—Any unusual symptoms about that last case of yours? Second Physician—Yes. He paid me \$50 on account yesterday.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

A Shooting Trip. He—Did you shoot anything while you were up in Canada? She—Yes, indeed! We went out in a boat one day and shot the loveliest rapids you ever saw.

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