

Retained In the Role.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.

Melrose was agog with excitement. The local billboard was hanging the paper of the Denham Repertoire company for a three night run. And Maggie Denham hailed from Melrose. "Margaret Denham" she was billed, but Melrose recognized her.

It was the first time that what Melrose called "a real theater troupe" had visited the little town. This in itself would have meant much, but Maggie in addition created an epoch in town history.

Melrose could not know that she was to be a star only for this brief engagement in Melrose. Maggie had happened to mention that she had been born in Melrose, and the astute manager had changed the name of the company from the Metropolitan to Denham Repertoire company for the three night stay.

He well knew the value of a local name in a small town. Occasionally Maggie had let fall some scrap of information as to her departure from the town that told the rest of the old story of the girl who had run away from home to go upon the stage.

Maggie's story differed from most, for she had succeeded in achieving her ambition. She had become a fairly



"I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T SEE ME LAST NIGHT AS THE ADVENTRESS."

useful player of parts in the smaller companies.

This was her second season with the Metropolitan, and she smiled confidently when Quinlin, the manager, asked her if she felt strong enough to play the star part for three days.

It involved a little extra rehearsal, but Maggie was delighted. She would show Tom Chambers and the rest of Melrose that she had made a success.

Tom came ahead of the rest of Melrose, because there had been a time when they two were almost engaged, and she still thought tenderly of those courtship days.

She looked about eagerly when the company arrived; but, though every one else in town appeared to have come to the train to stare curiously at Maggie Denham's troupe, Tom was not there.

With a curious sense of blankness Maggie climbed into the ramshackle bus that was to convey the company to the hotel. Her triumphant entrance into her home town had gone for naught just because one man was not there.

She was angry and surprised to realize that she still cared more for Chambers than she had ever admitted when he had tried to win her.

She had not long to wait, however, for information about the recreant one. Presently a string of callers came to the hotel, and all of the friends of her school days crowded the hotel parlor, all talking at once.

From the babel of voices Maggie gathered that Tom had left town the day before with the evident purpose of avoiding her. The blood throbbled in her temples.

It was to give Tom a lesson that she wanted to show to Melrose how well she had succeeded. Now he would not witness her triumph, and she turned strangely depressed until the manager, versed in the handling of the erratic omen of the stage, sensed the situation.

"Anyhow, you can do your best," Quinlin reminded her, "and leave behind a record that he will be proud of."

"And who may 'he' be?" demanded Maggie truculently.

"I don't know," confessed Quinlin promptly, "but there is usually a 'he' somewhere, and since he does not seem to be around I thought you might like my suggestion."

Maggie waved him off with a jesting remark, but her heart was lighter. Here was something that she could do. So it happened that even her fellow-players wondered that evening at the brilliancy with which she played her part.

"You'll land on Broadway yet," they assured her, but even this promise of

reaching the goal of all actors did not cheer the girl, and when the performance was over she hurried back to the hotel, only to creep into bed and cry herself to sleep.

On the third and last day of the engagement Tom appeared suddenly in town, and, though she could not see him in the badly lighted auditorium that night, Maggie felt that he was there, and she acted with a touch of tenderness that lent new beauty to a naturally sympathetic role.

John Benjamin, one of the important eastern theatrical men, had stopped over to wait for a train and had drifted into the opera house, where the manager overwhelmed him with attentions. As he watched the girl work he nodded his head.

"I'd like to steal your leading woman," Benjamin said to Quinlin. "I can place her in a road company for a year under one of my good stage directors and then bring her into New York."

"Go ahead and steal," invited Quinlin. "She's a nice little woman, and if you can place her the contract she made with me won't hold her back. I'll tell her to write to you."

The big manager nodded his thanks, looked at his watch and hurried off to make his train.

Maggie only nodded carelessly, when Quinlin hurried back with word that the way to Broadway was open to her at last.

She could not think of business when Tom was out there in the darkened auditorium watching her. She needed to give all of her attention to her performance, and she played the last act with a rich sincerity that won the audience completely.

Not until the curtain had fallen and the other players crowded around to congratulate her upon the opportunity she had earned did she seem to realize what it all meant, and then she accepted listlessly what the other women of her profession would have given years of their life to attain.

She slipped from the stage door alone to go to the hotel, but as she emerged Tom stepped forward with outstretched hands.

"I had to come to see you," he said brokenly. "At first I vowed that I would stay out of town while you were here, but I had to come back, and I'm glad I did."

"I thought that you would be tough and common, Maggie, like the rest, but you can't be that and play as you did tonight. That wasn't acting, and when I saw you as you really are, and not as I thought that you would be, I wanted to get up and shout to you to come right to me and we'd get married, as we used to plan when we were children. Will you come and marry me, Maggie? I've got a fine farm now, and you'll never regret it, dear."

"I don't think I will regret it," agreed Maggie happily, "but I didn't think you'd want me, Tom."

"You know what they think about actresses here," he reminded her. "I guess I thought pretty much the same, but you—well, when I saw you come on the stage looking just as you used to do I knew you were my Maggie still!"

He clasped her hands, unable to say more, but Maggie understood. To the Melrose minds all player folk were followers of the devil. Perhaps the ingenious role she had played had won Tom. He wanted for his wife the woman she had played. And she knew it would be easy to continue in that role with Tom as opposite.

She felt that she could continue her success in that part, and so she let him kiss her before she pushed him gently from her with a whispered command to come to the hotel in the morning. Together they would see Quinlin and secure the release from her contract.

As she entered the hotel the manager was waiting for her. He had taken from his trunk her contract for the season, and this he handed to her.

"This sets you free, my girl. You can go to Benjamin and Broadway," he said smilingly. "I'm glad that at last the Metropolitan have contributed a real star to Broadway."

"I'm not going to Benjamin," replied Maggie. "I'll play the season out for you if you want me to, but I made a real human hit in the part tonight, and I'm going to keep on playing it for Tom here in Melrose. Gee, Mr. Quinlin, I'm glad he didn't see me last night as the adventress."

Ice Sport For Danish Children.
In Denmark one of the favorite forms of exercise on the ice is a game wherein the skaters can have their fun and also the tots who prefer to ride upon sleds.

A large pole is fixed upright in the middle of the frozen pond, and a cross-beam is attached, the whole affair being kept from toppling over by means of a large wagon wheel, through whose hub the upright pole is thrust and which lies flat upon the ice. To the end of the longer section of the transverse beam a string of sleds is attached, and then eight or ten of the large lads and lassies begin to skate in a circle, pushing the beam around with them, while the little fellows climb on the sleds.

Around and around they go, faster and faster, amid shouts of delight, until the string of sleds is flung out across the ice like the lash of a long whip. It often becomes necessary for those who are furnishing the motive power to slacken speed in order to let the coasters get back into a better position, centrifugal force having stretched them out sometimes almost to the banks of the lake.—Pathfinder.

Had the Proof.
"I wonder if Jones is married."

"No."

"Did you ask him?"

"I didn't have to. I heard him telling what he would do if any wife of his came out in a director's gown."

BUSINESS METHODS.

The Value of Imagination as an Industrial Asset.

Let us assume that tomorrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap to compete with some of the well known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely, "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber," for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap preempted by registration as a protection measure years ago by one of the leading American soap makers. They have covered over a hundred names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of \$25 for every title. Of course they do not intend to use them. They register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point) that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business?—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

TRAPPING RABBITS.

The Australian Method of Dealing With the Pests.

Rabbits are the greatest pest the Australian pastoralist has to contend against. If these rodents are at all numerous on a station property, they do enormous damage to the grass, but the pest is kept down to the lowest possible limit in every district of the commonwealth at great cost.

The most effective method of dealing with them is hereunder explained. In summer when any water that might have been lying about has been dried up by evaporation and the grass has become dry rabbits swarm toward the tanks, dams or other water holes that have been sunk for stock drinking purposes.

Pastoralists take advantage of this, and every evening after the cattle have partaken of their last drink a strip of wire netting is run around the tank or dam.

Outside this netting fence holes are dug in the ground and filled with poisoned water, and these in turn are enclosed by another strand of netting, pegged down to within a few inches of the ground, being sheep proof, but allowing plenty of room for rabbits to get under.

The rabbits make for the dam; but, as their way is barred, they drink at the poisoned holes, with to them disastrous results.

In the morning are to be seen hundreds and thousands of dead rabbits scattered about the country.—Melbourne News.

An African and a Boa Constrictor.

At M'Geta, German East Africa, a native who, like all those belonging to the tribe of the Waluguru, regarded snake flesh as an especial delicacy found a huge boa constrictor lying in the middle of a field. He confused the discovery to one or two others and arranged with them to kill it during the hours of darkness, so that they might enjoy the delicacy together. Toward midnight the man, armed with a stick, attacked the huge serpent. The boa constrictor, aroused from its apparent torpor, suddenly seized the unhappy negro and slowly crushed him to pulp and then gradually swallowed him.

Tactless.

"When Clubber gets arguing he loses all tact."

"As for instance?"
"Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on, another who squints that he was sorry he couldn't see things as he did, and a man who stammered he urged not to hesitate in expressing an opinion."—Stray Stories.

Color Blindness.

Forty men and four women in a thousand are either wholly unable to perceive certain colors or can recognize them only with difficulty. All attempts to overcome color blindness by educating the color sense have failed. There are three theories of color vision, all of which are based on the workings of the sensitive fibrils of the inner eye.

Odesa's Working Days.

The legal laboring day at Odesa, Russia, is twelve hours, with two hours for rest. Workers less than seventeen years old must go to school for three hours daily. Christians are not required to work Sundays or feast days nor Jews and Mohammedans on their holidays. Those who have to work on Sundays have the next day for rest.

Knew Her Weakness.

Master—John! Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Be sure you tell me when it is 4 o'clock. Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2:30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives.—London Answers.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom—to serve all, but love only one.—Balzac.

The Foolish Railroads.

The stage fare from Huntsville to Glasgow—twenty-five miles—was \$1.50. This stage carried the mail, and it had to go. When the roads were so muddy horses could not pull the stage a double yoke of oxen took their places. It was slow traveling, but they got through. The steamboat fare from Glasgow to St. Louis in the early fifties was \$7. That included stateroom and meals, and if the boat was held up a week or two on a sand bar the accommodations went on without extra charge. The steamboat owners never believed the railroads could successfully compete with them. The way they looked at it people wouldn't be willing to travel 100 or 200 miles tied down to one seat in a small car when they might be enjoying the freedom of a big and handsomely furnished boat. "Then how are they going to find room for an orchestra and a dance?" an old river captain wanted to know. "No place to eat or drink; no room to move about; just sit still all day long on a little wooden bench. Why, it's downright foolishness!"—Macon Republican.

The Eye on the Red Flag.

There are many odd bits of bunting unfolded to the breeze in New York harbor, but the oddest of all perhaps is the ensign that flutters from the staff of a little craft that rounds the Battery sea wall promptly at noon every day and then disappears up the North river. It is a triangular flag with a flaming red background, from which stands out in bold relief a great cyclopean eye. Inside the pithos is a man in blue coat and brass buttons, who views the water front and passing craft through a long telescope. This is the supervisor of the harbor. His duties are to see that the regulations are observed in the East river, the upper bay and the Hudson river, that the channels are kept free of obstructions and that the city's docks and ferries are being looked after as they should be. As soon as he steps on board his vessel the unique ensign is raised. It signifies to all nautical folk: "I've got my eye on you. Watch out!"—New York Sun.

Some Handicaps.

"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter," faltered the young man.

"You do, eh?" exclaimed the fond parent. "Well, I have been rather expecting this, and, to be thoroughly orthodox, I shall put a few questions to you. Do you drink?"

"No, sir. I abhor liquor."

"You do, eh? Smoke?"

"I never use tobacco in any form."

"Well, I didn't suppose you ate it. Do you frequent the race tracks?"

"I never saw a horse race in my life, sir."

"Um-m-m! Play cards for money?"

"Emphatically no, sir."

"Well, young man, I must say you are heavily handicapped. My daughter is a thorough society girl, and I can't for the life of me see what she is going to do with you. However, it's her funeral, and if she wants to undertake the job—why, God bless you both!"—Washington Post.

Woman's Work.

After dinner the other evening Mr. and Mrs. Brown started to speak of their respective duties, and soon an argument as to whether the husband or the wife had the hardest work to perform was in full swing. First Brown warbled and then his wife sang.

"A wife," argued the good lady, "has to cook, wash dishes, clothe the kids, scrub the floors, sweep the house, make the beds, build the fires, carry up coal, nail slats on the back fence, dig—"

"Is that all?" sarcastically interrupted Mr. Brown.

"No," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Brown. "In addition to those duties every wife has to keep her husband from making a fool of himself."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Anchored Him.

"I was at a reception with a certain young lady the other night," said a man who always tells the truth, "and her father was there too. He doesn't think much of me, and he followed us about from room to room—wouldn't let us get out of his sight for a minute. Well, I knew the old man was an awful tight wad, so I thought up a scheme. I carelessly dropped a half dollar on the floor while he was looking. He moved over and put his foot on it and never stirred until the party broke up. Meanwhile daughter and I beat it and enjoyed ourselves."—Cleveland Leader.

Saving Cuff Addresses.

Folded up with the laundry bill was another slip of paper, on which were several lines of fine writing. "What is this?" asked the new customer.
"Those are the addresses we copied off your cuffs," said the clerk. "We always make a record of the addresses we find on cuffs and return them with the laundry, so if our customers have not put them down any place else they won't be lost."—New York Press.

When There Was More of It.
An old chap with hardly a hair on his head snapped at the young barber on the completion of a hair cut:
"You are not the thorough workman your father was, my boy. He used to take a good half hour to cut my hair."

More Than Liberal.

Mr. Hignams—You gave your son a liberal education, did you not?
Mr. Muntoburn—Disgracefully liberal. His four years at college cost me \$27,000.—Chicago Tribune.

The greatest man in the world may stand as much in need of the meekest as the meekest does him.—Fuller.

Town Booming Helps

IV.—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Two Americans meeting in Europe, one of them said, "I am from Jones' Siding."

"And I," said the other, throwing out his chest, "am from Chicago."

"Seems to me I've heard of that place. About how far is it from Jones' Siding?"

The Jones' Siding spirit is the kind that helps a town. This man considered his own home THE FINEST PLACE IN THE WORLD. If there are many more there like him Jones' Siding will some day be crowding other places off the map.

He was the kind of man who spends his money at home, who patronizes home industries, talks up his



home town and helps to build it up. HE WAS A DESIRABLE CITIZEN.

The mail order houses couldn't do business with him unless they were located in his own town, for he knows that, as far as he was concerned, Jones' Siding was the center of the earth.

Think it over and see if we can't work up some of that Jones' Siding spirit right here!

LET US GET TOGETHER AND MAKE THINGS BOOM.

Every letter that is posted here should be an advertisement for the town, even the love letters, for we want the right kind of people to come here and settle.

Let's advertise ourselves, our home industries and our good prospects IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE.

Every Price Should Have a Reason.
It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution of partnership sale—what are these and many more but arguments for the price? And note this one point—that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce your lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that owing to an expiration of your lease and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks you will reduce the price of your fur lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and you may sell easily all you have to offer.

Instinctively the public sees the whole picture—the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the lessening days, the final sacrifice and the store full of eager buyers, quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered. But one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

The Characteristic National Meal.
It is not only in Scotland that breakfast is the characteristic national meal. Travel where you may, the first meal of the day is the one that strikes the foreign note, luncheon and dinner having gradually absorbed cosmopolitan qualities that are not even confined to hotels. But you never feel so much of an Englishman as when Switzerland gives you rolls and butter and honey and nothing more with your coffee or when France makes this into one exquisite crumbling "croissant," with an inch or two from a yard long loaf, or when Denmark adds cream instead of milk to the coffee and a dangerous piece of pastry to the black bread and round white roll. Yet our English breakfast became an institution only in the eighteenth century. Before that only royalty breakfasted off meat, bread and cheese and ale. The commoner, such as Pepys, took merely a morning draft of buttered ale.

Financial Statement

West Reynoldsville School District for Year Ending June 7, 1909.

W. B. STAUFFER, Tax Collector, in account with West Reynoldsville School District for year ending June 7, 1909.

SCHOOL TAX

DR.

To amt duplicate returned.....\$1,580 26

To amt 5% added on \$48 77..... 17 44 \$1,597 70

CR.

By amt exonerations..... 24 22

.. 5% rebate on 900 \$1..... 45 19

.. 2% Col. % on \$900 \$1..... 18 20

.. 2% Col. % on \$250 \$1..... 14 83

.. 2% Col. % on \$125 \$1..... 9 38

.. Treas. receipts..... 1,455 05

To Balance due district..... 29 73

DR. \$1,597 70

To balance due 1908 tax..... 21 17

CR.

By amt 5% on \$1 17..... 06

treasurer's receipts..... 1 11

DR. 1 17

To balance due 1907 tax..... 91 65

CR.

By amt 5% Col. % on \$91 65..... 4 58

exonerations..... 1 00

treasurer's receipts..... 80 07

DR. 85 65

ANNUAL DISTRICT REPORT

School District of West Reynoldsville, Pa., for year ending June 7th, 1909.

Whole number of schools..... 4

Average number of months..... 8

Number of male teachers employed..... 1

Number of female teachers employed..... 3

Average salaries—male..... \$ 65 00

Average salaries—female..... 50 00

No. mills levied for school purposes..... 9

Am't levied school purposes.....\$1,580 26 \$1,580 26

RECEIPTS.

State appropriation year ending June 7, 1909..... \$161 36

Bal. on hand last year..... 38 17

From Col.—taxes of all kinds 1,542 21

From County Treasurer..... 8 92

From all other sources, insurance, liquor fines, etc..... 2,027 12

DR. \$4,777 78

EXPENDITURES

Error last settlement..... 06

Building & furnish'g houses..... 607 08

Renting, repairing, etc..... 118 40

Teacher's wages..... 1,730 00

Am't paid teachers salaries..... 40 00

Exp. institute..... 209 24

School text books..... 115 02

School supplies, including maps, globes, etc..... 209 24

Fuel and contingencies..... 59 65

Salary Secretary and Treas..... 50 00

Salary Auditor..... 100 00

Debt and interest..... 230 55

Other expenses..... 303 85

DR. \$3,606 24

RESOURCES.

Due from collector..... 29 73