

# The Result of a Ruse

By M. C. ENGLAND

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"Yes, it is rather warm."  
Lillian Bently answered her partner mechanically as she sank into a chair after their dance. It had been the fifth waltz, and, so far, Paul Ormstead had not been near her. Heretofore he had always come to her first and claimed as many dances as she would give him, but tonight, for some reason, he had absolutely ignored her presence. She leaned back and her gaze wandered across the room to where he stood with Leah Elliott, his fair head bent above her, Leah's face, with its dark, vivid coloring, and deep, glowing eyes, raised to his. Her heart contracted painfully. Was he angry with her? She had done nothing. True, she had refused to go to the play with him the following Friday, but only because Tom Saunders, her partner in the last dance, was coming that night for dinner. Tom was an old friend, a very old friend, and often came to dine and spend the evening with her; yet for some reason Paul had seemed hotly to resent her refusal of his invitation when she told him the cause. How could he be so unkind—so stupid! She stirred restlessly.



From Her Window She Watched Him.

won't do to risk anything." Taking it from her, he draped it gently over her head and shoulders, then with a sudden movement took both her hands and crushed them between his own.  
"Lillian—dear," he whispered, with a break in his voice.  
Her eyes grew startled. She drew back.  
"Why, Tom, what is it? What do you—"  
"Don't you know, sweetheart? Surely you know—that I love you—have always loved you? Lillian—"  
"Tom, stop! You mustn't—I did not know—how could I? I never dreamed—"  
His face grew white. "Wait, Lillian," he pleaded, "I don't want you to answer me now. I have taken you by surprise—I know only too well what you would say. But please wait—wait till Friday night, when I come. I know, perhaps, it is no use, but do just that one little thing for me. Wait, and tell me then. Will you promise?"  
"I will promise, but—"  
"Then that is all I want. Come now; we will go in."  
As they walked back along the path Paul Ormstead strolled toward them, a cigar held casually between his fingers. Lillian thought he looked at her strangely as they passed, almost, she thought, with a flash of resentment, suspiciously.  
"I'm tired, Tom," she said. "I believe I'll go home. Will you find my brother for me?"  
The remainder of the week passed feverishly for Lillian, who dreaded the coming of Friday, when she must hurt Tom so dreadfully. She had never dreamed of such a thing, never thought of loving him—how could she when her heart was filled with another? But Tom was so good, so thoughtful. Would it make a difference? Would he cease to be her friend? Somehow she couldn't bear the thought of that.  
Friday afternoon, as she sat upstairs in her room, looking out over the warm spring landscape, the maid brought her a card.  
"Mr. Paul Ormstead."  
Her heart beat tumultuously. What could he have come for, now? She had not seen him since the night of the dance, and she was very angry with him. She hesitated.  
"Very well, Annette," she said, finally. "I'll be down."  
When she came into the room Paul Ormstead met her with an assured smile. "I just ran in," he told her,

"to see if you had changed your mind about tonight," and then I will send somebody to repair it."  
"Yes; but I know mother will be disappointed. She said we ought to sell within an hour."  
Mr. Bamford had seen several good looking girls before. In this case, however, things were different. If they hadn't been he wouldn't have coughed and blushed and stammered out:  
"Why—why, I am a real estate agent."  
"Changed my mind?" she repeated coldly. "Certainly not! Why should I do that?"  
He seemed nonplussed.  
"Now don't be angry, Lillian," he protested. "I thought maybe you would decide to let Saunders come some other night and go with me."  
"Do you suppose," she asked, with increasing hauteur, "that even if Tom had disappointed me I would consent to go with you after—the other night?"  
"Oh, that!" He laughed complacently. "I knew you would be put out about Leah. But couldn't you see, dear, that I only did it to make you jealous?"  
"Jealous?" An angry light stole into her eyes.  
"Why—er—yes," he stammered, less assuredly now. "You know girls never do know their own minds till something like that opens their eyes. If they think they're losing a chap, why, then—"  
"And so you believed that when I thought I was losing you I would disappoint Mr. Saunders at any cost and accept your invitation?" Lillian's voice was dangerously soft.  
Paul Ormstead fidgeted uncomfortably. "Oh, come now, Lillian, don't be hard on a chap. There's no harm in a little ruse like that. Lots of fellows do it. And, honestly, you've no idea how hard it was to keep away from you. Why, when I saw you go out in the garden with that Saunders chap I just couldn't stand it. I followed along to make sure he wasn't trying to flirt with you. You saw me do that, so you know I was thinking of you, even if I didn't appear to be."  
Lillian rose, and there was no effort now to conceal the scorn and anger in her voice.  
"Mr. Ormstead," she said, "I have never really known you until today, and I must confess that the acquaintanceship is one which I have no desire to prolong." And she turned and left him.

From her window, she watched him stride angrily down the path and out of sight. Some minutes later another form swung into view, coming up the road toward the house. It was Tom, dear Tom, for whom she cared very much, but whom she must hurt.  
Must she hurt him? As she thought of Paul—the contrast—Tom's big, warm, generous nature, a strange sweet emotion surged through her heart. Suddenly her head dropped on her arms. She buried her face deep, revealing just the tip of a very pink ear.  
"Oh, what a little fool I've been," she murmured. "What a stupid little fool!"

## GIVE OLD "DAD" A CHANCE

Following Beautiful Custom of "Mothers' Day," Father is Going to Have One.  
The song, "Everybody works at our house but our old man," struck the popular fancy, yet in reality no one about the house works so hard as "dad," unless, in some instances, the mother. On June 19, "Fathers' day" was instituted by the Ministerial alliance and the Y. M. C. A. of Spokane, Wash., and churches everywhere are called upon to take up the observance. For years we have had Children's day, rightly considered one of the best of our Sunday school customs. Within the last few years has arisen the beautiful custom of Mothers' day, when sons and daughters wear the white carnation in token of filial love and honor, when mother is remembered by letters from the children at a distance and when her influence in the home and her contribution to the nation in the development of its future citizens are the theme of sermons. This suggested the idea of a Fathers' day also, signaling by a rose and by an observance similar to that of Mothers' day. We hear much and rightly of the mother's place in the home and in the training of the children, but the father's strong hand is required quite as much as the gentle touch of the mother. The observance of Fathers' day could be made to mean much for the home, for religion and for patriotism. The proper place of the father as the head of the household, his part in the discipline and training of the children, especially the boys, who need the firmness of a man's guidance and the influence of a masculine example, the safeguarding of the marriage tie and the protection of womanhood and childhood should all be emphasized.

Born Aristocrat.  
"Haughty chap, that fellow. He won't loaf anywhere but in a bank."  
"He was that way from youth. As a kid he wouldn't play in any dirt worth less than \$40 a front foot."

# In the DEPTHS of HONDURAS



ROAD FROM TEGUCIGALPA TO THE COAST

HONDURAS is a particularly appropriate name for that country of hills and valleys. It is said that Las Honduras (The Depths) is the name given the country by the Spanish Conquistadores in their march northward during their conquest of Central America—probably so named for the difficulties encountered in making trail over the mountains.  
Entering the republic on the Pacific or south side, we landed at Amapala, a well-protected port situated on El Tigre island in the Bay of Fonseca. There is only a short wharf at Amapala to accommodate vessels of light draught, so we were hustled into a canoe and rowed to the wharf by a native boatman. Here we were set upon by a throng of natives ranging from small boys to gray-haired men, every one of whom wished to carry our baggage to the hotel. After much bickering, one youth agreed to carry all our bundles, fifteen in number, from the wharf to the custom house and thence to the hotel for 2½ pesos, the equivalent of one dollar in our coin, and the bargain was made.

We found the hotel to be a two-story wooden structure, old, dirty and infested with rats, bedbugs and other vermin. In settling for our meals we were obliged to change some of our money for the coin of the country, and received two and one-half for one, one peso being worth approximately 40 cents United States coin.  
We next entered a gasoline launch for the trip to San Lorenzo, the mainland port of Honduras in the Bay of Fonseca. We wound our way through channels between the heavy everglades, twisting and turning until I wondered at our boatman's being able to find the way at all. In places we entered lanes where the trees would approach one another till only a few feet of water remained on either side of the boat, only to emerge into open water again and perhaps to be startled by the sudden rising of a flock of cranes or airgits.  
Arriving at San Lorenzo, we found a fatboat unloading provisions and merchandise for the San Rosario mine at San Juanito, 120 miles away. These supplies were loaded upon heavy bull carts of crude construction; the wheels were of solid wood four inches in thickness and about three feet in diameter. The oxen were hooked to the pole of the cart by a curious wooden yoke which fits upon the heads of the beasts and is lashed there with buckskin thongs and rags. It is a very crude method of yoking oxen, but is invariable throughout Central America.

After partaking of a breakfast of tortillas, honey, turtles' egg and chicken, we were informed that our beasts were waiting to take us to the capital, Tegucigalpa. We found awaiting us the poorest and scrawniest lot of stock that I have ever had the misfortune to encounter, and the saddles simply beggared description; some were discarded cavalry saddles of antique design, some were old Spanish saddles and some were simply pieces of stiff cowhide stretched over wooden frames. However, we mounted and set out upon our way northward. The road lies over a succession of rolling hills covered with a beautiful growth of tropical verdure. Cattle and hogs of inferior breeds were scattered through the country and paid no attention to us as we passed by.  
At irregular intervals we passed native huts by the roadside, some built of vertical poles set upright a few inches apart, and thatched with palm leaves or "monkey tail," a sort of thick jungle grass; others of adobe with red clay tile roofs. These huts of the poorer people have only the earth for floors, and the furniture seldom comprises more than a table and a chair or two. The poorer ones seldom see and money and the commodities are exchanged by a system of barter. Hence we see a few scattered "millpas" or crops of corn or sugar cane, seldom exceeding a couple of acres in extent, while underbred cattle and stock graze over leagues of as rich agricultural soil as is found anywhere in the world. We stopped at one or two of the huts for a lunch, but the best to be had was a tortilla, a piece of curd, a banana or a plantain.  
The capital with its environs boasts

30,000 inhabitants, and is built along the lines laid down by the Spanish occupants—narrow streets, adobe houses with thick walls, embrasured windows and heavily-barred doors. The Rio Grande de Tegucigalpa flows through the city and divides it into two sections, the capital proper and Comayagua, the poorer section. On the high bank of the capital side and at one end of the large concrete bridge which spans the river, is situated the palace of the president, a three-story frame building, at every entrance to which is stationed an armed sentry solemnly pacing back and forth in the "goose step" of the German army. On the west side of the plaza is the American legation, a two-story frame building, the finest edifice in Honduras.  
From the capital we set out for the department of Olanchito and the placer gold country. After leaving the city, we followed narrow trails, the only roads. All travel and transportation is by beast.

In Olanchito the attitude of the people is as listless as elsewhere in the republic, except that the women are more industrious than the men, and in fact they support the men and children by their own efforts. From May to December all the streams are lined with camps of native families engaged in placer-gold washing. The women are much more expert in this than the men, and do practically all of the work. Nearly every stream in Honduras bears gold, though seldom is it found in sufficiently heavy deposits to justify Americans in working it.  
There are legends of fabulously rich placer deposits in Mosquitia, the farthest northeast of the departments of Honduras, and I have seen many nuggets weighing from four to fifteen ounces, brought out by the Indians. This region, however, is an unexplored jungle, impassable for beast and nearly so for man.

In the northwestern part of Honduras are some very rich placer mines worked by Americans, and a few ledge mines owned by foreigners. At San Juanito, seven leagues east of the capital, is the Rosario mine, owned and operated by New York and native capitalists, and this is the richest mine in the country.  
There are no industries worth the mention in Honduras; the foreigners are shy of investing, fearing the unstableness of the government, and the natives lack the capital wherewith to develop their natural resources.  
Concessions have been recently let to American promoters for two railroads, and work has been already begun on the road from Iriona, in the department of Mosquitia, to tap the rich rubber and mahogany lands of the interior. When these roads are completed, and an outlet is had for rich rubber deposits, cattle and precious woods, there is no reason why Honduras should not become a prosperous republic, and a country world-famous for its agricultural and mineral products.

REX.  
Take Notice, Please!  
An instantaneous cure for hiccoughs is to take one teaspoonful of common vinegar.  
For the carache, put ten drops of brandy into a teaspoon, warm over a candle until steaming hot, then dip into it a small piece of cotton wool and place in the ear.  
Stained Hands.—Raw tomatoes effectively remove fruit and vegetable stains from the hands. They answer exactly the same purpose as lemons, which are not always obtainable.  
When choosing a house, four points should be looked to particularly: (1) The soil on which it is built, (2) The air to which one will be exposed, (3) The water with which it is supplied, (4) The condition of the drains.  
To prevent muslin draperies, children's frocks, etc., from blazing, should they accidentally catch fire, dissolve a bit of alum in the water in which they are rinsed. They will then only smolder away. The alum is not at all injurious to the muslin.  
Says Uncle Eben.  
"A man may be sumpin' of a crank," said Uncle Eben, "an' not have much trouble if he's willin' to go 'long wif de general machinery, 'stid o' tryin' to turn de other way."

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Many Americans Abroad This Season



LONDON.—The American season in London, Paris and Berlin is the best since the three golden years preceding the panic of 1907. The hotels of all the capitals of Europe are thronged with well-to-do Americans, who are spending money with the traditional lavishness that pleases the hotelkeepers and shopkeepers everywhere.  
Europe has learned that not all Americans are millionaires, and so it is that less is heard each year of extortion and attempted extortion. American tourists, too, seem to have learned the ropes and they know just where to go to get the most for their money.  
Comfortable new hotels that charge reasonable prices have been built in all the capitals of Europe within the last five years and in Paris, London, Berlin, Rome and Vienna, new hotels invariably have many baths, while some that appeal to the wealthier visitors have suites with baths that are as modernly luxurious as anything New York can offer. What with comfortable and reasonable priced hotels, with express trains with dining cars attached connecting all the capitals, Americans find traveling in Europe nowadays

much more simple and comfortable than it was 15 years ago.  
London holds itself rigidly aloof from rivalry with the great cities of the continent. It permits Berlin and Paris to boast of their attractions in order to lure the American tourist; for itself, it seems content to say:  
"Here I am, the greatest city in the world, with unrivaled museums and picture galleries, not to mention tailors and dressmakers. Come and see me if you want to, but if you don't want to—well, I dare say I'll get along without you."  
Berlin and Paris now are in open competition. Berlin thinks it is a more fascinating city than Paris and it intimates that its night life is far and away more alluring than Paris'.  
Paris, despite the modernness of Berlin and its nocturnal brilliancy, continues to be the Mecca of Americans, men and women.  
The season, both in London and Paris, this year has been marred by almost constant rain. In London a cold rain fell daily for almost three weeks from the middle of June. The weather was so chilly that newly arrived Americans were compelled to wear heavy overcoats and wraps. Paris, too, has been rainy and cold, and shopkeepers and restaurant keepers complain bitterly of the effects of the cold upon their trade.  
Thanks to the American invasion with its train of gold, Parisians have reason to be fairly glad they are alive.

## Home for Drunkards' Wives Is Closed



KANSAS CITY, Kan.—The home founded by Carry Nation, the Kansas "joint smasher," in this city as a refuge for drunkards' wives, will probably be closed and the property returned to Mrs. Nation. The reason is, there are not enough wives of drunkards in the largest city of Kansas to warrant the continued operation of a refuge for them. Mrs. Nation has requested of the Associated Charities, the organization which is managing the home, that the property be deeded back to her.  
The home has accommodations for 40 women but there are no drunkards' wives in it now. The Associated Charities is using it as a home for unfortunate and homeless women. About fifteen women now occupy the home.  
Peter W. Goebel, president of the board of directors of the Associated Charities, admits that the home is a failure as far as being a place for the

housing of drunkards' wives.  
"That is the 'distressing' condition that exists," Mr. Goebel said. "There is no use in denying it. We cannot find drunkards' wives to live there."  
Mrs. Nation has asked that we return the home to her. The members of the board of directors differ as to whether or not this should be done. She has agreed to pay us for what repairs and improvements have been made at the home and at present the association needs the money that would be thus received for other branches of work. At our next meeting we will finally determine what stand to take concerning holding or releasing the property."  
Mrs. Nation wishes the home returned to her so that it may be sold and the proceeds of its sale used in the construction of a home for boys which she is building in Oklahoma.  
In 1902 she bought the property, which was the homestead of C. N. Simpson, one of the pioneers of Kansas.  
Mrs. Nation secured most of the \$4,000, which she originally paid for the property, from the sale of the small souvenir "Carrie A. Nation hatchets" which she and her friends sold for 25 cents.

## The Busy Money Changers of New York



NEW YORK.—Four big banks in the Wall street district of New York city resemble the great gold mines of the west in one striking feature. They have three eight-hour shifts of toilers, and the work never stops. One set takes up the routine where the other leaves off. All night long, Sundays and holidays, a staff of men in each of these banks is busy opening thousands of letters, sorting and listing innumerable checks and drafts that represent fabulous sums of money, and getting them ready for the day force, which is the only one the public comes in contact with or ever hears about. If this work were not carried on incessantly, the banks would soon be overwhelmed with a mountainous accumulation of detail.  
Two shifts—the "scouting force," as they call themselves—work between five o'clock in the afternoon and nine

the next morning. Each bank has a big drawer in the general post office. Messengers clear this of its letters every hour all night long. Three thousand letters a day is the average mail of one of these large banks. Two-thirds of it comes in during the night. These letters, in the case of one of the biggest of these banks, contain from 35,000 to 40,000 checks and drafts. At times these inclosures represent as much as \$30,000,000. Rarely does the total fall below \$20,000,000.  
The letters are opened as fast as they are received, the checks are counted, and the totals verified with the footings of the lists. The letters are then stamped, which shows that they have been "proven in," as the banks call it. After that they are turned over to the clerks who send out the formal acknowledgments of the remittances they contain. The various checks are assorted according to the numbers of the books in which they are to be entered and otherwise; the sight drafts are grouped according to the routes of the bank's messengers, and all is made ready for turning the night's accumulation over to the day force, so it may be handled by it as expeditiously as possible.

## Aged Ice Regarded Safe for Health



PHILADELPHIA.—The Natural Ice Association of America, including dealers in natural ice in Philadelphia, has begun a "campaign of education" to inform the public that aged ice is free from bacteria.  
Bacteria are the little wigglers in water that get into the insides of people and often give them typhoid, diphtheria and other diseases. A quart of water contains a million or two of these bacteria. Some of them, not all, are dangerous to health.  
But the natural ice men say—and they produce scientific argument to support their assertions—that although the bacteria are frozen into the ice when the water congeals, they are killed off so rapidly that in 24

hour 90 per cent. of them are dead, and within a few weeks the ice is sterile—absolutely free from bacterial life of any kind.  
One Philadelphia natural ice dealer said recently: "Natural ice is cut in December, January and February. Seventy per cent. of it is used between June and September, when it is anywhere from sixteen to twenty weeks old, and when the bacteria are frozen in it, and have been without air, motion, warmth and food from four to five months."  
A paper recently sent out with the endorsement of the national body of natural ice dealers says:  
"The buyer of ice should really be as anxious to obtain, and the dealer in natural ice as quick to advertise, that he sells old ice, as the green grocer is to seek trade on the strength of the freshness of his tomatoes or peas, and the butter and egg man on his new-laid or freshly made products. Old ice is pure ice, sterile ice, free from bacteria harmful or helpful."