

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Merriam tapped his riding boot with the whip he had kept in his hand. "Yes, the war's over," he said, "our war. There's been another since, but it's preposterous to call that Spanish dress-parade and target practice war." The two men went out together, and Major Congreve twitted Merriam about the thoroughbred's pedigree. "I'll see you again before you go to Luncheon-to-morrow at the Tippecanoe Club? That is well. Good-morning!" As Merriam rode out toward the street, Captain Pollock came from one of the storehouses and walked briskly across the grounds in the direction of the office. A curve in the path brought him face to face with Rodney Merriam, who saluted him with his right hand. "Good-morning, Mr. Merriam!" and the young officer lifted his hat. Captain Pollock's eyes followed the houseman to the gate. "I don't know who you are, Mr. Merriam, or what you do," he reflected, "but the sight of that horse makes me homesick."

"He's a nice little fellow," Merriam was saying to himself, as he passed the gate and turned toward the city. "He's a nice little fellow; and so was his father!" As the thoroughbred bore him rapidly back to town, Rodney Merriam several times repeated to himself abstractedly: "He's a nice little fellow!"

CHAPTER VII.

It is no longer so very laudable for a young man to throw his college and Morris Leighton had done this easily and without caring to be praised or martyred for doing so. He had enjoyed his college days; he had been popular with town and gown; and he had managed to get his share of undergraduate fun while leading his classes. He had helped in the college library; he had twitted the iron tongs on the president's correspondence late into the night; he had copied briefs for a lawyer after supper; he had pitched for the nine and hustled for his "frat," and he had led class rushes with ardor and success.

He had now been for several years in the offices of Koltz, Kittredge & Carr at Mariona, only an hour's ride from Tippecanoe; and he still kept in touch with the college. Michael Carr fully appreciated a young man who took the law seriously and who could sit down in a court room on call mornings, when need be, and turn off a deurrer without paraphrasing it from a text-book.

Mrs. Carr, too, found Morris Leighton useful, and she liked him, because he always responded unquestioningly to any summons to fill up a blank at the table. Young men were at a premium in Mariona, as in most other places, and it was something to have one of the species, of an accommodating turn, and very presentable, within telephone range. It was through Mrs. Carr that Leighton came to a preliminary in Mariona; she told her friends to ask him to call, and there were now many homes besides hers that he visited.

An errand to a law firm in one of the fashionable new buildings that had lately raised the Mariona skyline led him one afternoon past the office of his college classmate, Jack Balcomb. "J. Arthur Balcomb" was the inscription on the door. Leighton had seen little of Balcomb for a year or more, and his friend's name on the ground-glass door arrested his eye.

Two girls were busily employed at typewriters in the anteroom, and one of them extended a blank card to Morris. Young men were at a premium in Mariona; she told her friends to ask him to call, and there were now many homes besides hers that he visited. "Well, old man!" Balcomb shouted. "I'm glad to see you. It's downright pleasant to have a fellow come in occasionally and feel no temptation to take his watch."

lause was a joke. He had never done any work in his life, except for the State. My client got loaded on gin about the time the case came up on deurrer and gave the snap away, and I dropped the practice to avoid being disbarred. So here I am; and I'm glad I shook the law. I'd got tired of eating coffee and rolls at the Berlin bakery three times a day.

"One of the typewriter operators entered with a brief of business and handed a telegram to Balcomb, who ore it open nonchalantly. As he read it, he tossed the crumpled envelope over his shoulder in an absentminded way. Then, to the girl, who waited for a note-book and pencil in hand. "Never mind; don't wait. I'll dictate the answer later. How did it work?" he asked, turning to Leighton, who had been looking over the books on the table.

"How did what work?" "The fake. It was a fake telegram. That girl's trained to bring in a message every time I have a caller. If the caller stays thirty minutes, it's two messages—in other words, I'm on a fifteen-minute schedule. I tip the boy in the telegraph office to keep me supplied with blanks. It's a great scheme. There's nothing like a telegram to create the impression that your office is a seething caldron of business."

"It does, but Carr keeps a whole corps of clerks to spread apple-butter on the Legislature corn-bread." "You'd better speak to him about it. He'd probably tell Mrs. Carr to ask you to dinner right away."

"Oh, that will come in time. I don't expect to do anything at once. You may see me up there some time; and when you do, don't shy off like a coit at the choo-choos. By the way, I'd like to be one of the bright particular stars of the Dramatic Club if you can fix it. You remember that amateur theatricals are rather in my line."

He looked at his watch and gave the stem-key a few turns before returning it to his pocket. "You'll have to excuse me, old man. I've got a date with Adams. He's a right decent chap when you know how to handle him. I want to get them to finance a big apartment house scheme. I've got an idea for a flat that will make the town sit up and gasp."

"I only stopped in to see whether you kept your good spirits. I feel as though I'd had a shower bath. Come along." Several men were waiting to see Balcomb in the outer office and he shook hands with all of them and begged them to call again, taking care to mention that he had been called to the Central States Trust Company and had to hurry away.

He called peremptorily to the passing elevator-out to wait, and as he stepped into it, he continued his conversation in a tone that was audible to every passenger. "I could have had those bonds, if I had wanted them; but I knew there was already over its legal limit. I guess those St. Louis fellows will be sorry they were so enterprising—here we are!"

And then in a lower tone to Leighton. "That was for old man Dameron's benefit. Did you see him jammed back in the corner of the car? Queer old party and as tight as a drum. When I can work off some assessable and non-interest-bearing bonds on him, I'll buy a gold brick. They say the old man has a daughter who is finer than gold; yes, than much fine gold. I'm going to look her up, if I ever get time. You'd better come over, if you can pick out an evening."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well, I better get in sight," said Balcomb, cheerfully. "I suppose you're saying to yourself that it's another case of the unfeeling Balcomb cheek."

"You're a peach, Jack, and no mistake, as I've said before. I wish I had your nerve."

"But say, they just had to have me in this show! It proves how every little thing helps as we toil onward and upward. You know I was tenor on the glee club at college, and you'll remember that when we came over to town and gave that concert for the benefit of the athletic fund I was a winner, all right. Well, I'm going to throw my whole soul into this thing."

girl character was the daughter of a new commandant of a post, but at a ball given in his honor she changed places with her maid, and no end of confusion resulted. Mrs. Carr had urged Zelda to take the principal role, and Zelda had consented, with the understanding that Olive Merriam was to be elected a member of the club and given a part in the opera.

While Leighton and Balcomb stood talking in the library, Herr Schmidt, in the drawing-room, lectured the rest of the company in his difficult English. He now fell upon the piano with a crash and nodded to Zelda, who began one of her solos. When this had been sung to his satisfaction, the director called for Olive and Captain Pollock. Pollock was greatly liked by the people he had begun to know in Mariona. The men about the Tippecanoe Club had the reputation of scrutinizing newcomers a little superciliously, in the way of old members of a small club, who resent the appearance of strangers at the lounge-room fire-side. But Pollock fitted into places as though he had always been used to them. He told a good story or he sang a song well, when called on to do something at the grill-room Saturday nights. Mrs. Carr had given him one of the best parts in the opera.

The young officer and Olive carried off with great animation a dialogue in song into which Herr Schmidt had been able to get some real humor. "You haven't told me how much you like my cousin," said Zelda to Leighton, when he sat down by her in an interval of parody between the director and Mrs. Carr. "I expect something nice."

"Nothing could be easier. She's a great hit! She's a discoverer! She's an ornament to society!" "Humph! That sounds like sample sentences from a copy-book. A man with a reputation as an orator to sustain ought to be able to do better than that."

"Not having such a reputation—" "Not even thinking one has—" "Oh, I'm conceded, am I?" "I haven't thought of it before, but no doubt it's true," said Zelda, looking across the room to where Jack Balcomb was talking with his usual vivacity to a girl in the chorus whom he had never met before. He was presently at the piano, leaning against grand pianos in handsome drawing-rooms and talking to pretty girls had always been his mission in life.

Morris did not follow Zelda's eyes; he was watching her face gravely. He had tried in many ways to please her, but she maintained an attitude toward him that was annoying, to say the least.

(To be continued.)

IRON MAIDEN OF NUREMBERG

Smiling, She Still Stands in Torture Chamber of Aeneas.

In all the history of Europe nothing exceeds in horror the record of the iron maiden of Nuremberg. The title and the guise of her are all that suggest the gentler sex. From her origin till now her story is one of cruelty.

No wise traveler in Germany fails to visit this ancient city with its quaint medieval buildings and atmosphere of calm contemplation, says a correspondent writing from Nuremberg. Here, more than anywhere in Europe, except perhaps Rothenberg, the inhabitants cling to the sober ways of yore and avoid with deliberate intent the modernizer and hustler.

On the top of a very steep hill, inside a dry moat, rises the burg, or fortress castle of the German Emperors, begun in Roman times, strengthened by Frederick Barbarossa and sometimes used nowadays by the Kaiser and Kaiserin or the Regent of Bavaria.

Of all its picturesque and odd-shaped towers, the Funkefuehr Thurm (five sided tower), is the oldest, queerest and most terrible, for within one of its dark, inner rooms malefactors and innocent victims alike were passed out of existence by all-powerful magnets with the aid of every fiendish device known to the dark ages.

Still these grim engines of torture confront you—racks with horrible stains upon them, thumbscrews, spiked chains, cat o' nine tails with rusty wire ends—filling the imaginative mind with visions of long-gone scenes of torment. But even after seeing all those it is with a shock that the visitor makes the acquaintance of the "Iron Maiden of Nuremberg."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

VOTES BY WOMEN BRING VICTORY TO MRS. YOUNG

AN indication of what might be the results of other elections should women have the right of suffrage was given in the convention of the National Educational association in Boston several days ago when Mrs. Ella Flag Young, superintendent of Chicago's schools, was chosen president of the organization after a man had been nominated for the position.

Mrs. Young went back to her desk to work for the welfare of Chicago's young America, pleased with the honor conferred upon her by her fellow teachers of the United States, but slightly ruffled in temper because of the charges made by certain disgruntled persons that money had been used and women delegates registered at the last minute to bring about her victory.

"It is preposterous to charge that I used money to win the presidency of the association," she said. "I understand that it was an unprecedented honor conferred upon me and I am one of the happiest women in Chicago today, despite the nasty things they said about me."

Nation wide attention was attracted by Mrs. Young when the board of education of Chicago selected her as superintendent of the public schools. It was the first time a city of the first class had ever chosen a woman for the position of superintendent.

Only a few days before she left for Boston to attend the convention she adopted a plan of protecting the eyes of the Chicago school children.

Your eyes are worth more than any book. Your safety and your success in life depend upon your eyes; therefore, take care of them. Always hold your head up when you read. Hold your book 14 inches from your face. Be sure the light is clear and good. Never read with the sun shining directly on the book. Avoid books or paper printed indistinctly or in small type. Rest your eyes by looking away from the books every few moments. Cleanse your eyes night and morning with pure water.

AMES STARTS HARD FIGHT TO WIN LODGE'S TOGA

REPRESENTATIVE Butler Ames, in a show of wealth, noted ancestors and an enviable record in congress, has dared to beard the lion in his den, so to speak. Mr. Ames wants to be United States senator from Massachusetts, and to win the coveted toga must tear it from Henry Cabot Lodge.

Now Mr. Lodge has been a senator since 1893 and has been in politics 30 years. Consequently he knows a great deal about senatorial races and can be depended upon to run "true to form," to use a race track expression.

Mr. Ames is setting the early pace and has started at a clip that will require a lot of clever jockeying on the part of his opponent. Mr. Lodge occupies what might be termed the pole position, and to borrow another phrase from the race track, is "backed by the wise money."

began as a member of the common council of Lowell, Mass., where he was born in 1871. He entered congress in 1903 and is a man of social standing.

JORDAN SAYS FOOTBALL IS SPORT OF BRUTES

WHILE all the agitation was going on against prize fighting and the showing of the moving pictures of the Jetties-Johnson contest there arose a man well known to the field of education, who threw a bombshell into the ranks of the thousands who favor football.

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford university in California, addressing the National Educational association in Boston, denounced college football as a combination of brutality and pugilism.

"Some day," he said, "the college presidents and school heads of this country will be called cowardly and brutal because they did not put a stop to the dangers of football, a sport that destroys the best there is in American youth."

"The game," he continued, "aroused the same love of the sordid that focused the interest of the country in a ring away out in Nevada, where a black man and a white man were pounding each other."

"No intelligence is required in the game of football," he asserted. "Blacksmiths and boiler-makers can play the game as well as men of the finer intellects; in fact, they are considered the best raw material for the game."

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR ONCE BASEBALL PLAYER

THERE is one class of votes which Congress man John K. Tener, candidate on the Republican ticket for governor of Pennsylvania, may be reasonably certain, if he is the baseball player.

Mr. Tener was nominated by the briefest and most harmonious conventions the Republicans ever held in Pennsylvania. There was no kicking against the umpire's decisions and the whole team pulled together like the old White Stockings used to do when Tener was in the box.

The gubernatorial candidate still retains his love for the national game and when he is in a city where the big league teams play seldom misses a game if he can avoid it. He often holds fanfanning been with the players and if they were left to the men who now delight themselves daily with exhibitions of the great pastime they would quickly place Mr. Tener in the executive chair.

The Irish vote likewise is pretty sure to be cast for Mr. Tener, for he was born July 25, 1863, in County Tyrone, Ireland. He came to the United States in 1872; received his education in the public and high schools of Pittsburgh, and was employed by manufacturing firms in that city until he began playing baseball. Mr. Tener saved the money he made on the diamond and in 1891 went into the banking business at Charleroi. He has served but one term in congress, being elected by a majority of 10,000 votes. He is expected to resign his seat in congress about October 1, to give his entire attention to the campaign.

HAYING IN RAINY WEATHER

Not Advisable to Cut Too Much Grass at One Mowing—Will Dry Quickly When Stirred.

It is not advisable to cut much grass at one mowing. If possible wait until the weather settles. Cut in the afternoon of a clear day, the next morning put the horse-drawn mower to work and keep the hay flying and whirling in the air. Keep the hay stirring—the grass will dry out and cure much faster when it is flying in the air than when spread on the ground. If the grass is heavy—and you have no tedder, let your helper take a fork and turn the half-cured hay over so the bottom will dry; as soon as the hay is partly cured, put in the rake and make small windrows. After the field is forked over commence at the beginning and rake two windrows together by turning the hay over with the rake several times—most of the moisture will evaporate—and all of the hand-labor will be avoided. As soon as it settles bunch it. In case there are indications of rain, haul two or three loads of the half-cured hay into the barn or rack and deposit one load in each mow. Then if rainy weather continues let the hay in the barn be placed on the scaffold over the driveway, where it can get the moist air. Spread one pack of salt over each load of hay. When hay is heavy spread it out thin for a few days. By spreading a layer of straw or old hay between every half load put in the mow most of the moisture will be taken up by the straw. By this means several loads of clover hay may be secured without being damaged by rain. The side delivery rake in connection with the tedder is a great help in the quick curing of hay in showery weather. The clover and mixed grasses and orchard grass should be secured in the best possible condition, as such hay contains just the nutriment required for the making of milk, beef and mutton.

Timothy and red top should be cut before the seeds become hard. The clover harvest should be delayed until after the grain is cut and hauled in; two weeks delay with the timothy harvest will not injure the hay seriously. Secure the clover and mixed hay and get the grain in the rack; these are the two important crops.

AMERICAN APPLE IN EUROPE

Desirable That European Market for Fruits Grown in United States Be Developed.

That a desirable European market for American-grown fruits may be developed is the opinion of Orlando Harrison of Harrison's nurseries, Berlin, Md., former president of the American Association of Nurserymen, who made an extensive foreign trip last season. In an address before the Pennsylvania Horticultural society, Wilmington, Del., Mr. Harrison made the following statements:

"In recommending the growing of winter apples, I want to assure you that if you will grow and pack only good fruit, it can be sold. While in Europe last season I visited the fruit markets and found the fruit dealers welcomed our fruit. More fruit from America should be sent over. We should form an apple league of some kind and introduce our apples there, putting the price so the people would buy them."

"I was told the demand for bananas was increased many times over what it was some years ago by a man sending a cargo there and selling them at a very low price, and after that he gradually increased the demand and the price as well. The price of apples should be in reach of every working man. By doing this many times the quantity of fruit would be consumed. The Europeans are not fruit eaters like the Americans, and it is up to us to cultivate that trade."

To Get Rid of Ants.

To rid your garden of ants effectively you must find the location of the nests. They can then be easily destroyed by benzol, gasoline, bisulphide of carbon or boiling water. The large ants which sometimes make their nests above the surface of the grass on the lawn should be destroyed by bisulphide of carbon. Punch a number of holes in the nests and pour a teaspoonful of carbon down each hole. Throw a dark blanket over the holes for a few moments, then remove it and explode the carbon by means of a light at the end of a pole. The slight explosions drive the fumes down through the underground tunnels and destroy the ants.

Success in Rearing Chickens.

We are having splendid success with our chickens, the best we have ever experienced. In fact, the reports from all over the country are more encouraging than I have ever known to be before, says a writer in Baltimore American. This leads us to conclude that gradually the poultrymen of the country are becoming more thoroughly informed of the principles involved in the successful rearing of chickens.

Making a Garden.

Keep the hoe going in dry weather and you will not need the watering pot often. The wheel hoe will save many a backache and do the work of three hand hoes. Plant the rows all one way—north and south—so the sun can strike both sides. Do not plant short rows, but let them run the whole length of the garden if need be—why not? Wild strawberries have the most delicious flavor. They are easily transplanted to the garden.

Rape for Lambs.

A good growth of rape is fine for the lambs, but some say when it is sown in the corn it does more injury to the corn crop than it has value. How about it?

JOKE ON HALSTEAD

MARK TWAIN AND HENRY WATSON THE PERPETRATORS.

Readers of "Interviews" Must Have Been Considerably Astonished When They Read What Cincinnati Man Was Made to Say.

Mark Twain was the life of every company and of all occasions. I remember a practical joke of his suggestion played upon Halstead. A party of us were supping after the theater at the old Brevoort house. A card was brought to me from a reporter of the World. I was about to deny myself, when Mark Twain said: "Give it to me, I'll fix it," and left the table.

Presently he came to the door and beckoned me to come to him. "I represented myself as your secretary and told this man," said he, "that you were not here, but that if Mr. Halstead would answer just as well, I would fetch him out. He is as innocent as a lamb and doesn't know either of you. I am going to introduce you as Halstead and we'll have some fun."

No sooner said than done. The reporter proved to be a little bald-headed cherub newly arrived from the Isle of Dreams, and I lined out to him a column or more of very hot stuff, reversing Halstead in every expression of opinion. I declared him in favor of paying the national debt in greenbacks. Touching the sectional question which was then the burning issue of the time, I made the mock Halstead say: "The bloody shirt is only a kind of Pickwickian battle cry. It is convenient during political campaigns and on election day. Perhaps you do not know that I am myself of good old North Carolina stock. My father and grandfather came to Ohio from the old north state before I was born. Naturally, I have no sectional prejudices, but I live in Cincinnati and am a Republican."

There was a good deal more of the same sort. How it passed through the World office I know not, but next day it appeared. On returning to table I had told the company what Mark Twain and I had done. They thought I was joking. It did seem inconceivable. Without a word to any of us, next day Halstead wrote a note to the World briefly repudiating the "interview," and the World printed his disclaimer with a line which said: "When Mr. Halstead talked with our reporter he had dined." It was too good to keep. John Hay wrote an amusing "story" for the Tribune, which set Halstead right and turned the laugh on me—Henry Watterson in the American Magazine.

Sensitive Souls.

In one of the schools on the outskirts of a western city, where a large percentage of the pupils are of Italian parentage, the teachers were startled one day by the descent of a delegation of infuriated mothers, all gesticulating wildly and pouring forth floods of excited Italian. One of the older pupils, having been sent for to act as interpreter, reported that their cause of complaint was that their children had been ridiculed and made fun of by teachers and pupils.

Teeth Made From Paper.

One of the oddest uses to which paper has been put is that which has resulted in the manufacture in Germany of artificial teeth. They are said to retain their color and are less likely to chip than ordinary false teeth. When the wine growers of Greece were badly off for wood with which to construct their casks they used paper to make barrels.

Taking Census in China.

Two magistrates of Soochow, China, saw trouble recently in the towns to the south of Soochow. The disturbances were caused by the census takers, states the North China Herald. The country people say that their names are being taken for the building of the new railways; that each croasser requires that a name be placed beneath it and the person whose name is thus used dies at once.

In the Presence of Death.

A peculiar importance attaches to the words of a dying man, for then all self-consciousness drops away and the innermost feelings are laid bare; there is no further need for the concealment of what a man may be justly proud, and the ideal of a life-time, hidden away just because it was so sacred, so entirely the man's own self, is brought unreservedly to the light of day.

Concealed Value.

"How do you manage to get all those potatoes safely into camp?" asked the Alaskan prospector. "By strategy," replied his partner. "I glided them and the desperadoes thought they were nothing but nuggets."