

HIS DREAM FADED

Soldier's View of Pure Delight Abruptly Dissipated.

Officer of the Day Had His Own Ideas Concerning the Wine Cellar and the American Fighting Man.

How would you like to have six prisoners, whom you were guarding and who apparently had no means of escape, suddenly disappear from sight, and to all appearances from the face of the earth?

Such was the experience of a Seventh Infantryman on guard not long ago.

According to the guard's own story, he was in charge of six prisoners who were digging a hole near the rear of the Liberty hall at Andernach. On three sides were walls of such height that it would be impossible for the prisoners to scale them.

"For an instant," said the guard, "I glanced away from my prisoners. When I again looked in their direction they were gone. For a few minutes I was almost paralyzed. I began to think I had lost my mind or that nighty recreation in the wartschaff had permanently affected my eyesight."

Visions of serving the sentences of the six fugitives flashed through the mind of the guard. Then he decided that some action must be taken, and taken immediately.

Seated on the wine casks, and evidently very much at ease, sat the six prisoners, smiling at the discomfiture of their guardian.

With his charges once more in hand the mind of the infantryman instantly formulated a plan. Hurrying the "wild six" back into the daylight, he began to brick up the entrance to the discovery with a plan for future reference.

Just then the officer of the day came on the scene.

Result—The secret passageway and wine cellar came into official notice, was ordered "out of bounds" to the A. E. F., and Seventh Infantry dreams of a private wine cellar went the way of the goof and dodo.

His Suggestion. "The majority of people in and around Wayoverhead declined to set their clocks ahead, and are still going by old time," said Farmer Hornbeak.

Cigarette Rings. Aristocratic women in London are wearing gem ring cigarette holders. It's the very latest wrinkle. The rings are advertised in British magazines as made by his majesty's jeweler.

But She Brought Him. "Dorah," said the literary woman, "I wish you would go down to the library and bring me Flavius Josephus."

Wise Conclusion. "Going to buy yourself a car now? Why don't you wait until cars are cheaper?"

"Here he is, Mrs. Dinahs," she said, "but go ought not to have snt me Fr. It's a man's job. The brute threlt to bite me an' I had to fight 'em iv'ry fut of the way."

RECORD SEEMS HARD TO SET

Just What May Be Accomplished in One Working Day Shown to Be Variable Quantity.

The most difficult task of the coal commission, says London Answers, seems to be to discover how much coal cutting is a fair day's work for a collier.

It is rather interesting to glance at other forms of work, and to see just how much other toilers do in a day. Take plowing for instance. The man who, with a single plow, turns an acre in a day, is well earning his money.

Harvesting in the old days used to be slow work, and the man who cut by hand half an acre of wheat was doing well.

At one time the setting of three hundred bricks was considered a day's work for a bricklayer. But at piece-work, and using a special soft mortar, a man has been known to lay 1,400 bricks during an 8-hour day.

Packing fruit is no easy task. Take oranges, for instance. These average 150 to the box, and each fruit has to be separately wrapped in paper.

The work our men did in France when marching in full kit is far beyond that of an ordinary laborer. The world's marching record is held by a detachment of the London Rifle brigade. In April, 1914, these men—62 in number—marched from London to Brighton, a distance of 52 miles, in 14 hours and 23 minutes.

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Remarkable Twins. Darius Cobb, artist, who died recently, and Cyrus Cobb, sculptor, were twins whose similarity, not only in external features but in the nature and development of their talents, is one of the most remarkable in scientific history.

Far From Other Cities. What is the most out-of-the-way place in the United States? A Utah man nominates Hanksville, in that state, for the distinction.

Laugh on the Doctor. An Illinois physician who had motored into an Ohio town found a porter standing back of the machine laughing.

Rose to High Place. Thomas Okey, who has been elected to the new professorship of Italian at Cambridge, began life as a basket-maker. He traveled on the continent working at his trade and learning each country's language as he passed through. Later he took up the teaching of languages and is now known as one of the greatest English authorities on Italy's art treasures.

The New Version. "Gabe Gossell got bumped good and plenty on his trip," related Bert Brier of Petrina.

Welcome Home Day. "Papa," Billie asked, "is a trillion more than a billion?"

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FREAKS ENTITLED TO FAME

European Families That Had More Than Ordinary Claims to World's Attention.

There is living at Bilbao, Spain, a family of seven who between them possess no fewer than 164 fingers. One of them has 23 fingers, another 21, while of the remaining five each can boast a couple of hands with 12 fingers apiece.

At Koshlivo, Russia, a very similar phenomenon exists in the fifty or more descendants of a peasant with extra fingers on his hands, who married at the beginning of the last century, all of whom are dowered with from one to five fingers in excess of the normal number.

The last surviving member of what was perhaps the record family with regard to weight was, in the person of Charles Atkins, a few years back interred at Harrow, England. He weighed 476 pounds, his brothers, who predeceased him, being no less than 503 and 590 pounds.

The family record for longevity has not been beaten since Robert Parr, the great-grandson of the celebrated Thomas Parr, died in 1757 at the age of one hundred and twenty-four. His father lived to celebrate his one hundred and ninth birthday, his grandfather reached one hundred and thirteen, while his great-grandfather was 152 at the time of his death.

There is mentioned in the Harleian Miscellany a Scotch weaver and his wife who were the proud parents of 62 children, 50 of whom reached their majority.

Large as this family was, its fame pales before that of a Russian, one Ivan Wassilg, who was the proud father of 87. By his first wife he had 69 children in the following order: Four times quadruplets at a birth, seven times triplets and 16 times twins. By his second spouse he had twelve triplets and six times twins.

Undoubtedly the record for misfortune belongs to a Bulgarian family named Admet. The father, Jean Admet, was drowned; his wife committed suicide, while of his two sisters one was killed by the kick of a horse and the other by a blow received from a falling scaffold.

Jean Admet had six children, four sons and two daughters. Of these the latter perished through the overturning of a pleasure boat. One of the sons was stabbed in a drunken brawl, another was crushed to death by a heavy wagon, while the remaining two, who emigrated to America, were slain in 1891 while fighting for Balmaceda against congressists—Stray Stories.

Warren! Warren! Camden! "Warren! Warren! Warren!" Camden's oldest inhabitants could not remember a finer Thanksgiving day—sunny and dry, and the big yellow chrysanthemums Herman Solider, Camden's florist, had brought to perfection in his greenhouses near the football grounds, quivered under the volume of yells of the boosters of the rival teams.

Camden and Warren colleges had taken up athletics in general and football in particular a little late in life; perhaps for this reason their enthusiasm was all the greater.

And nearest the two warring teams were the two most enthusiastic football men in Camden town—Branham Riker, the young professor of Greek in Camden college, and Clement Sea, bookkeeper for Grimes & Quincy, the Camden wholesale grocers.

Sea's enthusiasm was of the silent variety. Though his blue eyes saw every move, he stood as quiet as a post. But Riker's black eyes flashed; his dark, Spanish-looking face glowed or glowered as his team scored or lost.

Pretty Jane Fithian, the daughter of the professor of mathematics, watched the two enthusiasts rather than the game, a worried expression in her hazel eyes.

Clement Sea loved her—that she knew, and Riker was going to tell her this evening that he loved her. Which did she care for? Clement had never asked her to marry him; he had not even called on her since Professor Riker had been going out with her so much, but it wasn't that he didn't wish to—but because he believed she loved Riker. That, too, Jane knew.

If she accepted Riker she would be the envy of the other girls of the town. Most any of them would think they were lucky to marry a college professor that looked like Branham Riker.

Out driving the day before in Riker's new car, Jane saw Clement, released from his afternoon's work, watching the teams at practice.

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Outside the Game

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"It's a bit queer to see a sissy interested in football," Riker remarked.

Indeed Clement Sea is no sissy," Jane averred indignantly.

Riker laughed. "Well, anyway, he's the kind that gets henpecked after marriage and tells everything he knows to his wife!"

Jane laughed a bit unwillingly, but under the spell of his fascination her resentment soon died.

"Warren! Warren!" The yell was louder, more exultant than ever. A crowd of visitors from Warren waved Warren's colors, red and blue. The white and yellow of Camden, too, waved defiantly, but it was evident that Camden was playing a losing game. Then the ugly thing happened.

The spectators had crowded up close. Jane and one other only saw a sudden mad act. The next instant the game was won by Warren. When the "wounded" were helped off the field, it was found that the coach of the Warren team was suffering from three fractured ribs. When the young man was treated at the home of President Sayre, black and blue spots were found on his side, inflicted by the hard heel of a shoe not in the game and not by accident. Who did it?

Jane Fithian could have told. Jane, who, in the twinkling of an eye, had had the cobwebs of fancy swept from her brain and the illusions of attractive personality, unaccompanied by decent self-control, dispelled.

see us this long time?" she demanded lightly.

"I tried to answer her as lightly but ended in the stammered truth. "I—Jane, do you think a fellow wants to hang around the girl he's loving until his heart aches for her—when he knows he's outside the game?"

Jane's breath came quick, then she smiled coquettishly.

"Clement," she asked irrelevantly, "who was it hurt Mr. Swift today. Who was it kicked him when he slipped and fell?"

Clement reddened to the roots of his hair; then as quickly paled. He had thought he alone saw that rash act.

"Jane—I nobody would believe me if I told what I saw. I—I mustn't tell you!"

"I would believe you," she answered.

"That's all the more reason why I shouldn't tell you," he said soberly; "it might make you unhappy. I can't tell you that, Jane; don't ask me."

Jane's heart beat a rapturous tune. "I knew he wouldn't," she exclaimed. "I knew all the time that he wouldn't!"

"I—Clem—" she went on, "if I tell you I want one—do you think you can get into or the other Jeweler to open his shop this afternoon to—to get me an engagement ring?"

The petals of the pink chrysanthemum she held in her fingers fell to the floor. Clement looked at her in a happy agony of incredulity. He felt like the heavens had opened and a messenger had called to him—who had stood for years at the gate, to come in.

"Why the engagement ring today, my sweet?" he demanded tenderly some moments later, of the dear that was not resting on his rough serge coat. "Can't we be engaged until to-morrow without the ring?"

The face that belonged to the ear raised a trifle.

"Clem, there's a man—no, a thing—going to ask me to marry him this evening, and I want—I want—"

"Go on," prompted Sea, as she hesitated, holding her a little closer; "I can stand even that now!"

"I want to be wearing your ring then!" she cried. "I want to show him I belong—He's so—so dominant and sure, and—and—cruel—I'm afraid of him!"

Clement released her. "Little coward," he said. "Show me the telephone. I think I know where Innis is spending his afternoon."

Held In Trust

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Barbara leaned forward as the car turned off Nassau street into Liberty. How narrow it was down here, and how like canyons, with the great dull gray walls towering so closely together on each side of her. She wondered how on earth Truesdale could spend half his life in such a place.

Yet in a way he was like a determined and silent. Even before her father died, when she was only twelve, she remembered him as a young man who rarely smiled. Her aunt had always said he was so reliable and steady—qualities which had never recommended him to Barbara's favor.

She went up in the elevator now with a feeling of relief that she was twenty-one and his guardianship was ended at last.

Allan was alone in his inner office waiting for her, the clerk said. She glanced around it curiously as she sank down in the leather armchair he drew forward. It was tall and narrow and somber like the street outside.

Only a flagged desk seemed to show any human interest. In a copper urn was a bunch of arbutus, and a little squat silver figure of a Chinese mandarin perpetually made obeisance on an inkstand.

"I've been planning to do so many things that I never dared even to mention before," she told him happily. "I want to go somewhere and build myself a wonderful mountain bungalow and have horses and a sort of play ranch. And then I want to give Aunt Cecilia a solid annuity so she won't feel as if her whole life was to be spent keeping one eye on me. And I'd like to just sell out the whole business so I won't have to look after anything at all, and I thought I'd love to found an orphanage or something like that."

Allan listened attentively, but with no smile on his close lips. He was marking star shapes on his blotter and watching the clock above her head now and then. It was nearly four. He wondered if he would have time to tell her before Yates arrived.

"When Mr. Curtis died his affairs were in a very tangled state," he said. "He always suspected lawyers and his death came so suddenly there was no chance for him to attend to anything or to explain anything."

"What was there to explain?" asked Barbara, with a touch of her father's quick glide.

"Much," answered Allan tersely. "He had been persuaded to tie up his money in a lot of unsafe speculation, and had borrowed heavily to cover his own outstanding liabilities. These obligations to banks and friends had to be paid out of the estate. A few of us who had been close to him carried ours under interest."

"Did father even owe you money?" "Some. I was very glad to help him."

He turned his attention to a mass of papers at his elbow, sorting and arranging them for her perusal, while Barbara was undergoing a mental readjustment. It had never occurred to her that Tom Curtis, her father, could possibly be under obligations to any one. He had seemed to rule that end of the state politically, and there had been his railroad, and—oh, it was absurd to talk so. She looked at Allan aggressively.

"I don't see how it could be true," she told her a bit wearily. "There is nothing for you to worry over, Barbara. You may not be able to find your orphanage, but you could still have a bungalow. Another thing I should tell you before we part as ward and guardian. Paulton Yates has told me you are engaged to be married."

Barbara did not look at him this time. Only from his voice she could tell that he did not care one single bit. He went on talking to her in the same impersonal, aloof way he had always used ever since he had found her on the veranda with Paulton. And it had been so perfectly silly to imagine she cared for him seriously. He always took things for granted. There came a call for him in the outer office and he left her alone just as Yates arrived. Allan told him he would find Barbara within. But it was a different Barbara who faced him from the girl he had danced with, hidden with, flirted with for the past year.

She was not engaged to him at all, she told him indignantly. He had had no right to tell her guardian that she was. And Paulton, stung by her tone and manner, laughed at her faith in Truesdale.

"Everybody knows he's played fast and loose with your money, Bab. What have you got left now? I've always cared for you, you know that, and it doesn't matter about money with me. Only I want you to drop Truesdale."

able. Allan, to try and marry me off like this after telling me I haven't any fortune or anything. You act as if you were tickled to death to get rid of me and the whole trouble of looking after me. You've let Paulton talk you into this, make you think I was engaged and everything. I never thought lawyers could be so credulous."

She was completely on her dignity, somewhat difficult when one is only 5 feet 2, and Allan's eyes dwelt on her amiably. He had seen her cry before, often. In fact she always did when she was specially provoked at him.

"I had not thought you would take it so much to heart," he said, quietly. "You will still have a fairly good income left. There is nothing to worry over. And, frankly, I owe everything I am to your father. It was a great privilege that I was able to help him."

"I'm not worrying over that," Barbara faltered. "And I know that father trusted you absolutely."

"I wish you did one-half as much," said Allan. He waited for her to speak, but there was no response. "I accidentally heard what you told Yates about me. Did you mean it, Bab?"

"I told him to go away."

"You told him if you ever were engaged to marry anybody it would be me," he repeated her own words to her pitilessly. "You don't need a guardian any longer, but I'm sure you need a husband."

TAKES NOTHING FOR GRANTED Successful Inventor Studies Over and Improves Upon the Ideas Evolved by Others.

The editor of the Scientific American recently interviewed an inventor who for some years past has produced an average of one new device a week. The man's ideas are not limited to any one field, for his inventions include a propeller of new design, a dustless ash sifter, a novel game, and hundreds of other different devices. His theory is that inventions are generally due either to accident or to careful study. Many of the leading inventions can be traced to a chance remark, an accident or a peculiar incident in the history of inventions.

But the greatest mental stimulus of all is refusing to admit that the given thing is perfect. No matter how good it is, no matter how apparent its perfection seems, or how long it may have existed in its present shape—it can and it must be improved. That makes for progress. The Scientific American tells of another inventor who refused to consider the violin as a perfected instrument, despite the fact that it has not changed its form in the last 300 years or more. Not long ago he brought out a new type of violin that met with instant success. Another man believed that shoes are far from perfect. Why should they not be ventilated? Physicians say that lack of air accounts for most foot troubles. Why not let the feet breathe? The man went to work and finally perfected a simple shoe ventilator. The true inventor takes nothing for granted. Perfection, to his way of thinking, is only a comparative term. His job is to make "perfect" things still more perfect—Youth's Companion.

Origin of Buttons. The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and buttonhole, two inventions which may be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of needwork, which was soon improved by use of a wooden mold. The brass button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1688. It took 200 years to improve on the method of sewing the cloth upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them together with the cloth between.

All Have Right to Success. Every normal individual is an inheritor of success; it is his birthright. When one fails to grasp his full portion he is going contrary to nature's laws, just as sure as does the man who ruins his prospects by liquor or opium or evil associates. Nearly every human being is born into the world a success, and he continues to be a success until he, knowingly or unknowingly, opposes the general laws of the world. Such evasions as "lack of time," "no money," "no opportunity," are shameful, they are unnatural, they are untrue, and they increase the population in the community of failures.—Exchange.

Caught in the Register. An incident at a recent wedding I attended was rather funny to all but the blushing bride. The bridegroom had entered at the chancel door and was waiting for her at the altar. And he had a long wait, for half way down the aisle the bride's belt caught in the register. After twisting and turning to no avail she was forced to kneel down and remove her pump.—Chicago Tribune.

Ivy Benefits Walls. Tests made in Europe have led experts to decide that ivy benefits rather than injures stone walls, on which it grows by drawing excess moisture from them.



GETTING RESULTS We are getting many complimentary letters from results of ads placed in the Express. There is hardly a town or hamlet where the Express is not sold. We cover the state like a blanket.

