

**Earning Her \$37.83**

By JANE OSBORN

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When Stanley Ashton agreed to give thirty thousand dollars for the work of the ambulance corps by the student body of the college from which he some dozen years before had taken his degree, on the condition that the student body would raise a like amount, he little knew what a medley of unusual activities he was starting within the dormitories of that college.

"I know it's going to be hard for the students," he told the dean of the college when he made the proposal, "but the ambulance corps needs sixty thousand dollars if their work is to be worth while. I'm not a millionaire, and I guess it is as hard for me to get that thirty thousand dollars together as it will be for each of the students to do his or her share toward raising the difference."

The dean was figuring on the back of an envelope as Stanley Ashton was talking to him.

"Yes," he said, having finished his little sum in division. "There are 733 students enrolled this year—about 400 girls and the rest men. That will mean about \$37.83 a student, as I reckon it. In my announcement I shall suggest that each student try to raise that sum. It will give zest to their endeavors if each student knows just what is expected of him."

So the announcement was made, and for the weeks that followed each student of the college went around merrily bent on extracting the sum of \$37.83 from his financial endowments—and most of the students of this co-educational institution were not possessed of an overabundant allowance—than on securing passing grades in their classroom work. Dances, athletics, theatricals—all the usual side interests of the college—were subservient to this desperate struggle on the part of the students, each to earn the allotted quota. The trouble was they were all doing it at once. Little efforts to extract the money from each other by blacking shoes, pressing clothes, darning socks, etc., were rather useless, since no student had the amount to pay for such services while each was saving his funds for the quota. Fudge was a drug on the market, for who had money to buy fudge?

Margaret Benton achieved quite an honor for herself among her friends by announcing that she would give up her Christmas holiday vacation. She had received a check for \$20 from home to cover the expenses of her trip and, with her parents' sanction, she renounced this pleasure so that she might thereby save the larger part of her quota. There was \$17.83 to be earned. By going without fudge supplies herself for three weeks she eeked out her funds till she had but \$16.75 to be earned. Then she earned 75 cents by selling one pair of old rubbers, two old textbooks, the gold tips from two outworn fountain pens and a last winter's hat. Thirty cents she saved by walking downtown and back on three occasions. There then remained \$15.70 to be earned, and there her fund remained.

Her allowance was exhausted and there was nothing to save, and every means of earning money seemed to be in use already by some of the 793.

On a certain gray day, when she had indulged herself to the extent of using 5 cents carfare to go to collect the pittance that the old-clothes dealer was to allow her for her old hat and rubbers, she sat crowded in the surface car—so crowded, in fact, that she could not help but hear the conversation of two well-overcoated men beside her.

"But what are you going to do about it?" the younger of the two asked. "I've done all I could to comply with the request of the department of agriculture. I had all my fields cultivated on our summer place, and then I couldn't get men to harvest them. I have had to pay \$5 a day for a man to repair the holed frames, and now I've had the beds planted to green vegetables in an effort to do my bit towards keeping the local market supplied with green goods. I can't get anyone to transplant the seedlings. Did get a man for 30 cents an hour, but unless some one watched him every minute he soldiered."

Margaret heard the man sitting with him suggest that it was more satisfactory to contract the work. Then it didn't matter if the men did soldier.

"But if there aren't any men to do the work, what am I to do?"

Margaret had only a vague idea of what a hotbed looked like, but somehow the task sounded easy. She sat quietly beside the young man in the warm overcoat and allowed herself to be carried beyond the street where she would have got off to return to the dormitory. For several miles more she rode, until in a dreary country lane on the outskirts of the city the man signaled for the car to stop. He alighted, and Margaret alighted, too. He turned to walk up the lane, and Margaret, with face averted, followed him at a distance. He went into the front door of a rambling, spacious and well-kept-up country house, and after standing in the dampness in the lane for ten minutes, Margaret rang the doorbell.

It wasn't very easy but it had to be done. She was asked to be permitted to do the transplanting, and named as her minimum price—she insisted on contract work—\$15.70. The man, who

had seated her in front of a cheery wood fire and stood beside her, smiling as she made her proposition, held out against the price. He said it wasn't worth it, and that he could ill afford to pay fancy prices. But Margaret was obdurate, and finally the bargain was struck. Margaret stipulated that she should be allowed to do the work when she chose. She realized that most of it would have to be done after lecture hours, and mayhap by the light of a lantern.

By the aid of one of the men students in horticulture, Margaret gained a smattering knowledge of how the hotbed seedlings should be transplanted. She secured a lantern for her night work and, wearing under her long coat a pair of working overalls, which she borrowed from the same student, she started out for her task. It was not easy, but she persevered, even when her hands were bruised and scratched.

The second afternoon of her work Margaret determined to continue there until nine o'clock, and accordingly took with her a package of sandwiches put up by the dormitory cook, at the direction of the kind-hearted house mother. Margaret was sitting in her overalls, eating the sandwiches by the light of her lantern in the workshop for which her employer had given her the key, when the employer himself appeared at the door. At first his obvious amusement at her position and costume embarrassed her, but it was so good-humored that finally Margaret laughed herself and offered him a piece of her last sandwich. He watched her work and did not criticize. Then, obviously only to have an excuse for lingering with her, he worked with her, always under her direction, and assuming no knowledge of the work himself.

"You are a robber," he told her, as he worked by her side. "It was a hold-up game for you to get so much; but it was you or no one, so I had to give in. By the way," he said, asking a question that had been perplexing him since her first offer to do the work, "it is unusual to find a young woman so in need of funds. Pardon my rudeness," he hastened to add. "If you didn't seem to enjoy the work so much I should be sorry that I had let you do it. There must be other more congenial, more remunerative sorts of work."

Margaret did not answer his question nor satisfy his curiosity, and although they became well acquainted, in a measure, during the fortnight that followed, never again did the man inquire more into Margaret's identity. They did not even discover each other's names, for acquaintance in the usual acceptance of the word has very little to do with the acquaintance that is sometimes the precursor of a deeper attachment. On the last night of Margaret's work, when she had transplanted the last succulent head of lettuce and the last leaf of endive, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the man to tell her that he loved her, and for Margaret, standing there in her clumsy, baggy overalls, her hands loaded with the warm, brown earth, to look quite frankly into his eyes and to tell him that she loved him, too.

"And now," he said, "tell me why and wherefore. Why did you stick me for \$15.70—just that and nothing more?"

"Why did you hold out?" she rejoined. "You were dreadfully stingy."

"A man has to be, when he has pledged \$30,000 and he isn't a millionaire."

"Stanley Ashton!" she gasped. "Why, I somehow imagined you were baldheaded and sixty, with a beard and a diamond stud, and creaky boots. That's the sort of man I thought you were. Then we have been really working for the same thing. How little my \$37.83 looks compared to your \$30,000, especially when I've held you up for \$15.70."

"You aren't the plucky little girl who gave up her Christmas holidays for the fund? The dean told me about that. It was far finer than anything I've done."

And then, in spite of the muddy hands, Stanley Ashton folded the little gardener into his arms—those strong arms, that had somehow struck Margaret when she was crushed against them in the street car two weeks before, as arms it would be very nice to be folded into.

**Tempting the Stork.**

It is customary in China, when the number of children—daughters preponderating—begins to exceed the family income, to name the latest comer "Enough," relates World Outing. Acting upon this superstition, the Lees, a native Christian couple, presented their seventh child for baptism.

"What is her name?" inquired the missionary pastor.

"Enough!" announced both parents in fervent unison.

"That will never do!" the pastor frowned. "Think of a more fitting name!" But Mr. and Mrs. Lee were smitten with stage fright, and could think of nothing.

The Bible woman sitting near whispered "Call her Dorcas!" So Dorcas she was hastily named.

But fancy the dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Lee when they discovered that Dorcas, translated into the native dialect, is identical in sound with the Chinese words, "Many More!"

**"Do It Now."**

The successful man or business woman arranges his or her day so that it won't be full of wasted minutes, half hours gone wrong, broken appointments, delayed efforts. There is no more important rule for success than this simple one: Do it now.

**Soldiers Want Books--And Are Getting Them**



TYPICAL LIBRARY BUILDING AT CAMP DIX

BRIGHTEN the dull hours of American soldiers and sailors, whether they be at training camps, on warcraft, on transports or back of the trenches in France, the American Library Association War Service has turned loose a stream of books which is destined to become one of the most powerful factors in winning the fight for liberty. Already the efforts of the association have been crowned by signal success and this, in spite of the fact that as late as the end of last summer it had nothing but a concrete plan and a determination to put that idea into operation.

Since the association set for itself the task of putting into the hands of the soldiers and sailors the books it felt they needed and would appreciate it has, by an intensive campaign carried on last autumn, raised a million and a half dollars; has procured, through donation and by purchase, more than half a million books which it has assorted and sent out; with the \$320,000 donated by the Carnegie corporation for the purpose, has erected camp library buildings in 34 camps and has others in the course of construction; has opened a dispatch station at one of the points of embarkation from which books are being shipped to France and has got together a force of trained workers to carry out its plans on a gigantic scale.

The headquarters of the American Library Association War Service are at the library of congress. Dr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of congress, is the director. Assistants to the director are Carl H. Milan, librarian of the public library of Birmingham, Ala., and Joseph L. Wheeler, librarian of the public library of Youngstown, O. George B. Uley of Chicago, secretary of the American library association, is executive secretary of the war service. William A. Slade, head of the periodical division of the library of congress, and P. L. Windsor, director of the library school of the University of Illinois, are also on the headquarters staff.

**Keep Down Expense.**  
It has been the determination of Doctor Putnam and his associates in the war work to keep overhead expenses down to a minimum. Much of the most important work of the service is being done by volunteers and experts drawn from libraries all over the country who are working only for the salaries they receive from their regular occupations. The standard salary of the camp librarians is \$100 a month, and by obtaining board at the Y. M. C. A. or at the camp mess the cost of subsistence is held to a low figure.

To the war service the most gratifying result of its work so far is the tremendous demand for books, a demand so great and so wide in its range as to prove conclusively to the association that it has a definite field of endeavor and one which is bringing untold happiness to thousands of men. At all the camp libraries a system of book requests has been installed and it is giving accurate information on what the men want to read.

To the great surprise of the older army officers the draft men are calling continuously for serious books. Fiction naturally leads, but not by so wide a margin as one who gave but casual thought to the matter might surmise. For example, a day's record at the camp library at Camp Meade, Md., the following subjects were represented:

French history, mechanics and strategy in war, self-propelled vehicles, hand grenades, field entrenchments, bridges, chemistry, physics, astronomy, geology, hydraulics, electricity, medieval history, calculus, civil engineering, geography, American history, surveying, materials of construction, general history, masonry, concrete.

**GREAT OYSTERS ON THE NILE**

Discovery Made by Engineers is at Present Chiefly of Interest to the Scientist.

Government engineers constructing a bridge from Boulac to Ghezirch, while boring for the erection of the piers, came across the remains of an old building, on which were found clinging a large number of oysters of a giant species. Some of them have most perfect mother-of-pearl. They



READING ROOM IN CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY BUILDING AT CAMP LEWIS

Burton E. Stevenson, the author, who is camp librarian at Camp Sherman, O., says that the first three requests that came to him were, first, for a book on the valuation of public utilities; second, for a book on conservation of national resources, and third, for a Roumanian dictionary. He supplied the first two and later furnished the Roumanian dictionary.

A young soldier walked into Mr. Stevenson's office and asked for a book on motors. Mr. Stevenson found one which looked highly technical. The young soldier turned over the leaves and handed it back.

"Shucks," he said, "I drew the pictures for this book. I want something more advanced."

Mr. Stevenson promptly sent for a more advanced book.

**Public Libraries Help.**

A system of borrowing books from public libraries all over the country has proven a great aid to the camp librarians and they have been making the most of this privilege. All the libraries are doing their bit toward making the leisure hours of the soldiers happy by lending the camps what they need.

The camp librarians have found out that an extremely high percentage of the soldiers want to study. Most of them are ambitious to rise and are taking advantage of the opportunities offered them by the American Library association to read serious books. Because of the demand for serious literature the association has determined to spend most of the money it has for serious books and to look to the public to donate fiction and light literature. In the near future it will launch an intensive campaign for gift books, judging from the freedom with which the public has given books so far the association has no misgivings as to the outcome of its campaign.

The reason the campaign has not been made before is that the association wanted to perfect its organization and arrange for the prompt handling of the great flood of books it is expecting. So far the standard of books donated has been high. Few persons have shown an inclination to rid their library shelves of useless volumes at the expense of the soldiers and sailors. On the contrary, the best books have been given. Occasionally undesirable books are sent it, but they are promptly thrown away by the librarian. In fact, those who might be inclined to send such books may as well save the energy it would take to dispatch them. They will never reach the soldiers.

Before its camp library buildings were completed the association distributed its books through the chaplains of the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross and other organizations, which gladly volunteered to handle them. These organizations are still assisting in camp distribution by receiving books at their stations. The A. L. A. has established

its own automobile delivery system at all the camps where its libraries have been completed, and daily deliveries are made to all of these "branches" and stations.

The men are allowed to take books out of the library and keep them from a week to two weeks. There is no penalty attached to overtime retention of a book. In fact, penalties are not necessary, for the men appreciate the books so thoroughly that they are assisting the camp librarians in every possible manner.

**Sending Books to France.**

With its system of camp librarians well organized, the American Library Association War Service is gradually developing its overseas service. By establishing a dispatch station it has begun a systematic distribution of books to soldiers and sailors on overseas duty. From the dispatch office books are being sent to naval vessels of all classes and are being placed aboard army transports for the soldiers back of the trenches.

The Y. M. C. A. has arranged to put on transports book cases holding about 125 volumes each. Books for these cases are being supplied by the A. L. A., which later will supply the cases also. These collections will be used as circulating libraries on the voyage and will be emptied at the port of embarkation in France, returning to America to be refilled. The work of distributing the books in France will be done by the chaplains, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Red Cross and the Y. W. C. A. The A. L. A. will not attempt to set up libraries in France.

Dr. M. L. Raney, librarian of Johns Hopkins university, has gone to France as representative of the A. L. A. His main responsibility will be to make certain that the books arriving in France get into the hands of the men.

The A. L. A. War Service wishes also to add to the flow of books to France by having every soldier that goes across carry a book with him, a book that he and his companions will read on the way over and then hand to the Y. M. C. A. representatives upon his arrival, to be sent to other soldiers.

**Cheap Liquid Sugar**

The sugar shortage has encouraged Louisiana planters to broaden the use of pure cane sirup, which is made from cane juice, without taking out any of its sugar. This juice is boiled to a point just below that required to crystallize it into sugar, and can be used not only for griddle cakes and candy making, but it is recommended by the planters as a sweetener for coffee and tea. It is practically sugar in a liquid form, and on a basis of eight cents a pound retail for granulated sugar will yield economies of 40 to 50 per cent, at a price of four and one-half to five cents a pound for sirup.

This discovery of pearl-bearing oysters is interesting in view of the experiments of the Soudan government in the Red sea.

**Fine Paint Made From Tar.**

The Revue de Chimie Industrielle notes that a brilliant black paint which dries well and is far superior to mineral varnish may be made by mixing equal parts of coal tar with benzine or coal oil. Spread thinly with a hard brush, it penetrates the wood, which it preserves from decay.



**ON GUARD**

At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their body. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ill's of all kinds. Almost all diseases come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale or pimply face, the tired, haggard appearance or the listless manner.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made from Golden Seal root, Blood-root, Oregon grape root, Queen's root, Black Cherry bark, extracted with glycerine and made into tablets and liquid. Tablets sixty cents, at most drug stores. In order to insure pure blood and to build up the system try this tonic known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Get it now!

**Sweetness From the Hour.**  
The bees sting only in self-defense, but there are people who seem to take pleasure in uttering stinging speeches, and they are not honey-makers. Those who busy themselves in extracting the sweetness out of every hour in the day have no time to waste in words that rattle and sting—Jar's Companion.

**Girls! Use Lemons! Make a Bleaching, Beautifying Cream**

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is simply marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands. Adv.

**A Mercenary Mind.**  
"What books have helped you most?" "To tell the truth," replied Mr. Pen-wiggle, "I never got a great deal of help out of books. There is more money in scenarios."

"Nothing is new under the sun!" How about the 1918 weather records?

**WAS DISCOURAGED Lost 65 Pounds in Weight and Had to Give Up Work. Has Been Well Since Using Doan's.**

"Being exposed to extreme heat when working as an engineer, and then going outdoors to cool off, caused my kidney trouble," says Karl Goering, 8513 N. Oakney St., Philadelphia, Pa. "In cold weather and when it was damp, my joints and muscles would swell and ache and often my limbs were so badly affected it was only with great misery I was able to get around. For a week I was laid up in bed, hardly able to move hand or foot. Another trouble was from irregular and scanty passages of the kidney secretions. I became dull and weak and had to give up my work. Headaches and dizzy spells nearly blinded me and I went from 265 to 200 in weight. Nothing helped me and I felt I was doomed to suffer. At last I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills and began taking them. I soon got back my strength and weight and all the rheumatic pains and other kidney troubles left. I have remained cured. Write to me before me. WM. H. MUMFORD, Notary Public. Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box."

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**IRRITATING COUGHS**

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy—

**PISO'S**