

Lachesis

By R. RAY BAKER

Things happen just by accident, sometimes. But does the accident happen by accident? Not while Lachesis is holding down that destiny job on Mount Olympus.

Lachesis, you know, is one of the three Moerae who meddle in the affairs of mortals from the time they are born until they pass into other realms. Three Moerae, or Fates, have a room all to themselves in the big office building of the gods, and they run things with a high hand.

One would think that, in these days of progress, Clotho would get something to take the place of that old spinning wheel on which she spins the thread of life, and that Atropos could find an instrument less unwieldy than that long pair of dull shears she has been using to cut the thread when she decides it's long enough. However, they seem to have got along so far without modern improvements and they ought to know their business by this time.

Anyhow, this story concerns Lachesis, who works without instruments. She simply stands near the spinning wheel and dabs weal and woe on that thread and twists it about her fingers and ties knots in it, to suit her own pleasure. It has been said that Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos are old and ugly. Of course, as mortals reckon, these fates are old; but years don't count on Olympus. And as to ugliness—well, I'm willing to allow that Atropos has a hideous face, and it's possible Clotho is not beautiful, because her back must be lame and her eyes faded and her forehead wrinkled from bending over the spinning wheel; but Lachesis—there's no reason why she should be ugly, because her job furnishes lots of variety. Moreover, she's one of the heroines in this story, so she has just got to be beautiful.

The hero is Jack Watson, a mere mortal who defied Lachesis. She had decided, soon after Clotho began to spin the thread, that he should be married before he became twenty-eight years old, and she had picked for his bride a girl named Esther Richards. They were born in the same little town in Ohio and had one of those "school kid" romances; and then, when Jack was only eleven and Esther eight, it ended.

Jack moved with his parents to Columbus, where they resided three years. Jack and Esther wrote occasionally, as children sometimes carry on a correspondence, but they were too young to understand about affinities and such things, and gradually they forgot about each other.

When Jack was fifteen his mother died and he moved with his father to New York. The boy obtained a job as office boy with a broker and held it two years. Then he was promoted, and about that time pneumonia claimed Mr. Watson.

When Esther was ten she went with her parents to Vancouver, British Columbia, and there they remained until she was twenty-two.

Lachesis stood in the workshop of the Moerae one day, holding Jack Watson's thread of life in one hand and Esther Richards' in the other. "My, how far apart they have drifted," she murmured. "This will never do. I have decided differently."

Jack was leaning back in his swivel chair with his feet on his desk, in his own real estate office in Melbourne, Australia. Was he thinking about Esther? Decidedly not. His mind was full of business, of how to travel still farther on the path of prosperity, which he already had found.

Esther was reclining on a lounge in her home in Vancouver, reading a Red Cross magazine. Did Jack hold any place in her thoughts? No, not even a small corner. They had forgotten about each other, as I have said.

That evening Jack went to the Melbourne Business club for dinner with three other prosperous young business men, all of them married. When the meal was finished the conversation turned to matrimony.

"How comes it you never got married, Jack?" asked George Clifford as he passed cigars. "You're old enough and have enough coin to make some girl comfortable and happy."

Jack laughed as he lighted the weed. "Not me," he said as he puffed placidly. "I'll never get married. I'm going to be a he-suit. Do you know, fellows, it's a fact that I've never been interested a bit in the fair sex? I'm all for business. I'm sincerely opposed to marriage—for myself, at least."

Clifford, who was five years older, looked over the rims of his glasses with a slight grimace and inquired: "Don't you believe in love? Don't you believe that every one was made for some one?"

Another laugh, this time louder and longer, from Jack.

"I should say not!" he retorted. "There's no such thing as love. Marriage is a matter of business. When a fellow hasn't enough sense to save his money, he needs a woman to help him; and if he gets the right kind he's all right, and if he doesn't he's all wrong. I tell you I'm not interested in girls and I'll die a bachelor, as sure as the sun rises and sets."

Lachesis frowned. Such defiance! She was puzzled, but she was very re-

sourceful. For days at a time she would stand and hold those two threads, one in each hand. But when she attempted to bring them together her arms would stiffen.

Six months before it was time for him to celebrate his twenty-eighth anniversary something put into Jack's head the idea of touring the States. As he had accumulated a comfortable pile of the metal so much desired on this globe, and as he had taken in a partner who was capable of conducting the business alone, there was no reason why he should not carry the idea into effect.

It was on the outskirts of Chicago that the accident occurred. The train hit a broken rail or something and the parlor car left the track. Only one person was severely injured, and that was Jack Watson, whose arm was broken.

He was taken to a Chicago hospital, where the arm was set. His condition, physically and financially, warranted a nurse being assigned to special duty on the case.

This was the first opportunity he had had to study woman at close range, and it proved decidedly interesting. The nurse was in constant attendance during the day and ready to answer his call at any time during the night. She was continually putting thermometers into his mouth and taking them out again, feeling his pulse, feeding him ice cream and other delicacies, and smiling. And she had a pretty face, always shining with good cheer, and a lot of other nice ways about her.

"That's funny," Jack told himself frequently. "I never knew a woman could be so useful in this busy world." And he got to wishing that his arm wouldn't be in any hurry about getting mended, and his mind began thinking strange thoughts; that is, strange for him.

Of course, you know the nurse was Esther Richards. But he did not. A lot of changes take place in a person between the ages of eight and twenty-five; and there was no more reason why he should associate this Miss Richards with the one of his school days in Ohio than that she should recognize her childhood sweetheart in this Mr. Watson who was her patient.

Had Jack been less reticent about himself their former acquaintanceship would have leaked out in the "small talk" that usually develops between a nurse and a convalescing patient; but as he was one who took things for granted and never displayed curiosity, especially concerning the affairs of women, he had not even asked the customary "Where is your home?" Naturally her professional reserve, acquired during nearly three years of training, precluded the possibility of her taking the initiative in such personal matters; so the fact that they had not been schoolmates and "puppy-love" sweethearts remained unrevealed.

He fought against the peculiar feeling that was creeping over him, but it was a losing fight. He gave up the struggle and confessed, first to himself and later to her, that he was in love with her. He told her all about it on the day he was to leave the hospital.

"Do you believe in love?" she inquired, as she stood beside the bed and retained that professional demeanor sufficiently to keep him from seizing her hand. "These days, people are beginning to have the idea that marriage is only a business contract."

Jack laughed and forgot all about Melbourne and real estate, business club dinners and hermits' lives.

"Love!" he echoed. "Surely, I believe in love. Every one was made for some one, and I was made for you. I've felt that ever since I first saw you standing by this bed and counting my heart-beats. Haven't you felt the same way?"

She forgot about "being professional" and her hand found its way into his.

"Perhaps," she confessed. "That's what we always read in books; and there may be something to it. Really, I feel as if I had known you always."

Lachesis smiled a smile of triumph. She drew the two threads together and held them side by side in one hand. With the other hand she reached into the happiness box and dabbed some of the contents on the threads. Then she carefully and methodically knotted them together.

You can't defy Lachesis and get away with it.

British Honduras.

British Honduras is in the tropics, but its climate is only sub-tropical. The maximum shade temperature is 98 degrees Fahrenheit, while the minimum is 50 degrees. Cholera, yellow fever and other tropical diseases occur from time to time, but on the whole the country is not unhealthy in comparison with the West Indies or the Central American countries. The dry season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of May. Rain occurs at intervals during the other months, and almost continuously during October, November and December. The annual rainfall averages about 81½ inches, but rises in some parts of the country to 150 inches or more. Easterly sea winds prevail during the greater part of the year.

The Humming Birds.

The smallest and most brilliant in color of all the feathered creations are the humming birds, and of the 400 species none is to be found elsewhere than in this western hemisphere. It is noticed that humming birds once numerous in summer in Indiana have greatly diminished in number. An explanation is given that many thousands have been sacrificed in the millinery trade.

JUST HOLDING DOWN HIS JOB

That's What Y. M. C. A. Man Says of His Work, but See How He Does It.

STILL "DELIVERS THE GOODS"

Former Salesman, Now Canteen Worker at Front, Totes Pack With Chocolate, Cigarettes and Candy Through First Line Trenches.

By A. H. GURNEY.

Paris.—Tom Barber says he isn't doing anything but holding down his job. He was a salesman for twenty years, back in Utica, N. Y., before he went into this war game, and he always "delivered the goods." That's what he's doing now.

He "delivers the goods" under a Y. M. C. A. sign that is dented and pierced by shrapnel. Sometimes he "delivers the goods" by carrying his stock up and down the crooked line of the trenches, themselves. The shells may whistle over his head, but Tom Barber is perfectly matter-of-fact, as he does out sweet chocolate, and Paris papers, and friendly grins to the men who are so glad to see him. He's just holding down his job.

The Y. M. C. A. hut that is his job is right up near the line of action. The soldiers in it wear their gas masks always at alert. Gas alarms are frequent, and shells explode nightly in the ruins of the village. Within an hour's walk are the trenches that stretch across France.

There are many graves, both French and German, along the road that leads to the hut. Some of the crosses are already gray and weather-beaten. By day you may not pass along the road, for the enemy might see, and then there would only be another grave to dig.

Village in Ruins.

For four years the village has been in ruins, only one family remaining of its former population. The church spire, once a landmark for miles, fell long ago, and the rain pours in upon the altar. Rats infest the half-destroyed houses.

Over Tom Barber's door is a notice forbidding entrance by it in the daytime. Across the road in the shadow of a sentry box, an armed soldier stands to see that the sign is obeyed. If you want to get into the hut between sunup and sunset you walk through an orchard, go in a small back door, and feel your way along a tiny, black corridor. Suddenly there is a turn to the right, and you come into the sunshine of Tom Barber's canteen.

It's as cozy as the home kitchen, and as tidy as if a New England housewife had it in charge. Next to

the door is a counter shut in by a frame just large enough for a soldier to stick his head and shoulders through comfortably. Next to the counter are rows of shelves, divided into compartments, and reaching to the rafters. Here Tom Barber displays his wares, which range from canned peaches to the latest magazines that he has been able to get, weeks old, most of them.

On the side of the room where the light is best, are empty packing boxes, which serve as chairs, where the boys sit, while they eat their cakes of chocolate, and read the latest news from home. Upstairs is a little room, dim of light, but austere clean, where the men gather for Sunday services—when there's a preacher to be had—and for whatever entertainment Tom Barber has been able to get for them. It's a part of his job to keep the soldiers entertained, he thinks.

"Delivers the Goods."

Tom Barber has a striker, Joe, by name, a big upstanding chap, a fine specimen of the draft army, from New York. Sometimes Joe is the whole show in the canteen. For every few days Tom Barber takes his musette (that's French for haversack) and a stout canvas bag, fills both with chocolate, cigarettes, biscuits, soup, smoking tobacco, and a bundle of papers from Paris, and sets off for the trenches.

He walks across fields, through the

SAYS ONLY GOOD BOCHE ARE THOSE UNDER SOD

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"The only good Boche is a dead one, with an extra bayonet thrust to make sure," writes home Dr. J. W. McGregor of Wilkensburg, who lost both his legs in France. "I don't believe in taking them prisoners for some silly man or woman to fuss over. It is great sport to mow the Boches down with a machine gun. If they were good sports and played the game one would not feel so toward them."

woods, and arrives at the trenches.

"Hello, Dad!" call the men when they see him coming, and they jump to help him with his supplies. Who is going to appraise the worth of an orange or of a cake of chocolate when it comes in the middle of a long day in the trenches? Tom Barber grins at the men, and deals out his stores as casually as if he were back in Utica, N. Y. After all, this is only his job. He turns away regretfully when the things are all gone.

"Good-by, Dad!" call the men after him. "When you comin' again? Make it soon, Dad!"

"Sure!" answers Tom Barber comfortably.

And then—because he has "delivered the goods"—he gets out of the wood, crosses the field, crosses the road that it is not well to travel in the daytime, comes safely at last to the orchard, enters the tiny black corridor, and hurries through to his work in the canteen.

HOSPITAL MOVES LIKE A BIG CIRCUS

Red Cross Adopts Methods of the Old-Time Traveling Show.

HUGE TENTS HOUSE WOUNDED

Carry Full Equipment of Modern Hospital—Strike Tents at Hour's Notice and Move Forward With Precision of Circus.

Paris.—The methods of the old-time American circus that enabled hundreds of thousands of young and old to enjoy themselves have been conscripted and put to war service on the western front. But instead of being used for amusement, the circuses are aiding in the saving of human life. The American Red Cross bought the huge tents belonging to Ringling Brothers and shipped them to France, where they are now with the American army. They no longer shelter a

menagerie, acrobats and clowns, but house hundreds of cots, wounded soldiers and Red Cross nurses.

All that reminds one of the circus days of old are the methods and organization of the people connected with this tent city. For they, like the circus people at home, are here today and gone tomorrow. And every vestige of their equipment is gone with them.

On an hour's notice they strike their tents, and within twenty-four hours they are putting them up again—probably twenty miles away.

Carry Complete Equipment.

Their equipment and methods are interesting. They carry every sort of sanitary, surgical and electrical paraphernalia to be found in the most modern of hospitals. They have X-ray outfits, sterilizing outfits, radiators with steam heat, several operating tables with full equipment, electric light plant and accommodations for the care of more than two hundred and fifty wounded—and all with a personnel of less than one hundred men and women.

But where they have the advantage over the modern circuses is that they supply their own transportation. Three huge motortrucks are the keystone of the outfit. One is used as a sterilizing machine and electric light plant. Another carries an emergency light plant and central system for supplying steam heat in the operating tents. The third serves as a laundry and surgical instruments carriage.

The tents, cots, bedding and other equipment are stowed in three or four trucks which are requisitioned from the transportation department of the army.

Like a regular circus, this mobile hospital organization back of the lines in France operates when the order comes to move. The patients are evacuated first by ambulance. Then the tents are struck and packed. Each member of the hospital staff has a specified duty to perform.

The personnel, nurses, army surgeons and orderlies are the last to leave the ground, riding in ambulances and trucks. When they mount to their places the grounds are cleared of everything, just like the abandoned circus grounds in America.

The commanding officer, with his staff, jumps into a touring car and moves to the head of the column which has formed in a road near by. The order is given to move and the hospital is gone—where no one knows except the "C. O." who leads the procession.

means of frequent gun jams to make the clearing of a stoppage automatically simple to the pilot.

The successful air fighter must be a good pilot, but even the most brilliant trick flyer, the "stunter" who can throw his machine about in the air and make it a supremely difficult target for his adversary, is nevertheless incompletely equipped, is never unless he can combine brilliant flying with brilliant gunnery. Foch's rule that "offense is the best defense" applies even more in the air than on land, and it is by following that rule that the allied fighters have won their ascendancy over the Germans.

Pays Fine to Red Cross.

Hutchinson, Kan.—Fred Burns, general manager of the Consolidated Flour mills here, must pay \$1,000 to the Red Cross because he violated the food laws. The fine, which is the largest assessed as yet in Kansas, was announced by Food Administrator Walter P. Innes.

Baltimore policemen are paid \$1,000 a year

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Drop Freezezone on a touchy corn, then lift that corn off with fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! No blubbing!



A tiny bottle of Freezezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

Suggestion on Patches.

All men who are wearing their pants on a win-the-war schedule must be careful that the attritive pressure he distributed so that the two rear patches may become necessary simultaneously. A new patch with a worn companion patch is not slightly and is not indicative of even and symmetrical war service.—Houston Post.

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine.

A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

A Land in Mourning.

At dinner parties in France no flowers are now seen on the dinner tables; no people never go arm-in-arm. This custom of "no flowers" always prevails among families in mourning, and as long as French territory is in the hands of invaders a "deuil de pays" will be observed.—London Express.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Suspicious Motives.

Nippen—Funny thing about old Todd. His wife coaxed him all season for enough money to go on a vacation. He finally gave her \$10 and told her to stay as long as she liked.

Tuck—And did she go?

Nippen—No, she thought her husband must have had a sudden change of heart and she had better watch around.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really down-and-out. His weakened condition was because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands, and loss of appetite and the refreshing sleep necessary to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlum Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will give a man on his feet before he knows it. Whether his trouble comes from overwork, poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stones in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlum Oil Capsules. This remedy stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient Haarlum town in Holland. It acts directly on the system, gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take these capsules today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. GOLD MEDAL on every box, three capsules are the pure, original, Haarlum Oil Capsules.—Adv.

Hep.

"On to Berlin," cried the Britton. "Awgwan," replied the Yank, "been onto her fer years."

YANKEES ARE WELCOMED IN ITALY



When the first American troops appeared in Italy the entire country went wild with enthusiasm. Here at the railroad station an Italian official and girl are distributing delicacies in the form of cigarettes and other dainties to the boys.

AIR GUNNERS EXCEL

Allies' Flyers Outdo Foe With Machine Guns.

Skill in Use of Weapons Gives Victory in Combats With Huns.

Somewhere in France.—Accurate machine-gun fire is the chief requirement of the successful combat aviator, allied aviation experts agree. Fortunately for the allies, that is one department in which their aviators excel.

It is interesting to note the progress made in the weapons used by aviators. At the opening of hostilities airplanes were used mainly for observation work. Their pilots were armed generally with carbines, and sometimes only with a revolver. Then came the fighting airplanes and the single and double machine gun.

But these newer and more deadly

weapons are useless unless properly aimed, and this is no small task, as the pilot must aim not his gun, but his whole machine. He must use his airplane as a gun mount. It is easy to conjure some of the pilot's difficulties when the gun mount is maneuvering and traveling twice as fast as any express train, while its target is in similar action.

Nor is that all the difference between aerial and ground gunnery. On the ground ammunition is practically unlimited. In an airplane every ounce of weight counts, and ammunition is therefore strictly limited. The greater, consequently, is the need for accuracy in shooting.

It is important that no ammunition shall be carried which is not absolutely reliable, and all is selected and tested. Guns are rigorously inspected, for a jam at a critical moment might prove fatal. In training, on the other hand, ammunition is carefully selected for its badness, the object being, by