

One Snowy Night

By Genevieve Ulmar

Hayden Lee knew that the face upon which his hand rested was that of a woman. For it was soft and delicately profiled. He knew that she must be young, for though she was utterly unyoung, her slight breathing was quick and even. There he was, in total darkness, and had nearly stifled himself with the recumbent form at the bottom of the stairs.



Tore Off the Rings.

As for the rest, Prue's diligence brought what comfort the poor soul could yield. He lifted the limp form in his arms and called up the dark stairway: "Prue—a lamp, quick!" A door opened, light flooded the stairs and his sister stared in a starry way down the stairs. "What has happened?" she voiced anxiously. "A woman?" "Yes, I found her here. Fainted, or overcome with the cold. She needs instant attention."

Love of Family. In the family is laid the foundation character. Family affection is a constant for the wanderer, a comfort when far separated from home ties, pleasure and refuge. Love of family is a joy that nothing else can give, a gladness that goes through the veins. Then value those who are your family. Show appreciation of the good and forbearance with faults.—Millennium Journal.

come here until she was stronger. She roused a little and, as her eyes rested on her hand, she suddenly tore off the rings and violently flung them into the furthest corner of the room. "All ended—that!" she cried out; "I am content!"

For three weeks the strange guest hovered between life and death. Twice the services of a physician were necessary. One evening Lee came home to find the lady seated in one of the easy chairs of the place wearing one of Prue's dressing gowns. She was wan and weak, but her smile seemed to Lee seraphic as she held out a thin, wasted hand to welcome him.

"What do I owe you dear people," she said, and bent her head, sobbing from emotion. "An extra mouth to feed meant a good deal to the Lees, but, mainly, kindly, Hayden devoted himself to extra work. It got to be a dizziness complete to Hayden to sit for an hour in the company of Mrs. Lind, as she requested them to call her, and his sister."

One evening Lee was in the kitchen, as was his wont assisting Prue in disposing of the supper dishes, when there was a sharp scream. Both rushed, startled, into the sitting room. Mrs. Lind lay prone on the floor. The evening paper was crushed in her clenched hand. They carried her into Prue's room. In the meantime Lee had inspected the paper, wondering if something it contained had caused the collapse of their guest. Mrs. Lind soon revived, but made no explanation as to the cause of her recent emotion.

What was the astonishment and depression of Lee when he came home next day to find Prue huddled in tears and looking dreadfully woe-begone. "She has left us," she announced. "You don't mean that Mrs. Lind is gone?" gasped Hayden.

"Yes, brother. As soon as you were gone she asked me for a heavy veil, dressed herself and went out, saying she would soon return, which she did. I went to the store to get some groceries. When I came back she was gone. Her rings were missing and there lay a fifty-dollar bill and a note. She must have sold or pawned her jewelry. The note said simply that we should hear from her soon, that her whole future was changed and blessed you as the good genius of her life."

It was then that Hayden Lee knew how much this mysterious guest had been to him. He tried to hide it from his sister, but Prue, grief-stricken, she read the truth in his troubled face. A week went by, two, three, a month, and then there was a visitor to the cheerless little home one evening. The caller, according to his card, was James Page, lawyer.

"I come from the lady you have known as Mrs. Lind," he told Hayden Lee. "She has made me aware of what you two great-hearted people have been to her. I have instructions to reveal sufficient of my client's situation to give you an understanding of a remarkable change in her affairs."

And then the story of a broken life was told, a sordid, worthless spendthrift had won Norma Dale. His name was Walton Bruce. A little child was born, but the father went on his selfish, reckless gambling way. Norma had wedded without the consent of her father. Bruce had tried to induce her to appeal to him for money. She refused, for she knew that it would be wasted, and would only lead to renewed exactions.

Norma Bruce went through a terrible year of neglect and abuse. Finally, her cruel husband threatened to remove and hide her babe unless she assisted him in plundering her father. She fled from her home, placed her child in safe hands, and fainted away on the Lee doorstep the night Hayden discovered her.

"Her husband was shot dead in a gambling house brawl," narrated the lawyer. "Mrs. Bruce is reconciled with her father and her child is with them. She says you must come and share her bounty."

"Her gratitude is all we ask to cherish," murmured Hayden. "All the same, time and a woman's will brought matters to where she wished them. Mr. Dale's influence secured Hayden a lucrative position. Prue became a visitor, then a neighbor, then the dearest friend of Norma. As for Hayden, at the end of the year between himself and Norma, there had expanded a mutual love that insured no later parting."

The Man of Fifty-four. There are a good many of them—men of fifty-four, hale, sturdy, never more fit in their lives, doing their two or three rounds of the 18-hole courses in a day, utterly refusing to confess themselves beyond the very opening hours of middle age, looking on life with the old boy's wise and tolerant eye. It is the best year of manhood, when man has accumulated experience enough to know really all the things he thought he knew at twenty-one, and can order his thoughts and his days in accordance with his accumulated wisdom.—New York Sun.

American pupils. "Oh, no," I replied, "she will talk easily, doubtless, but her accent will be exactly like that of every other American." You see I know, I have been teaching Americans too long not to know. It is a problem of the ear. Americans do not hear the French sounds correctly.

Americanism. That in us which more distinctively than anything else we can call Americanism—our faith in humanity, our love of equality. One cannot claim that Americans of English origin are alone the depositaries of this belief, this passion. . . . The ideal America, which is the only real America, is not in the keeping of any one race; her destinies are too large for that custody; the English race is only one of many races with which her future rests.—William Dean Howells.

Diplomatic. She—Here's some wretch says women are not inherently honest. He—How can they be when they are always robbing men of their peace of mind and stealing their hearts?

HOME TOWN HELPS

NEARLY ALL LOVE A GARDEN

No Other Pastime, Unless It Be That of Angling, Has a Stronger Grip Upon Its Devotees.

"There be delights," says an ancient writer, "that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Thus, and very much after this manner, the charming old prose-poet, amiably garden-made, continues, page after page, to describe the "flower orchard" to be found in the "flowery orchard" of his century—describes them with an abundance of happiness that suggests the raptures of St. Bernard when huzzing the "New Jerusalem."

In fact, barring the equally ancient and alluring pastime of going fishing, no hobby has a stronger grip on its devotees than gardening, observes Frances Duncan in Scribner's. At four o'clock of a summer morning Cella Thaxter could be found at work in her radiant little island plot, a sister in spirit to old Chaucer when on his knees in the grass at dawn to watch a daisy open. And these were not exceptional, nor extraordinary cases of devotion; they were merely typical exponents of the true gardener's passion.

Nor is this tense enthusiasm fleeting. Not in the least. It is no more transient than the bibliomaniac's passion, no more evanescent than the collector's zeal, which only death can quench. It is no sudden, youthful fervor; indeed, it is rarely found in youth at the storm and stress period, while it may be observed to the days of wild enthusiasm are over. The bachelor clergyman or the quietest of spinsters, for whom other passions are nonexistent, will yet lavish on their gardens enough devotion to have won the heart of the most obdurate of persons, enough tenderness to have sufficed for the mothering of a dozen little ones. A garden is the work of the recluse, the passion of the lone man or woman, the diversion of statesmen, the recreation of poets and artists of all ages.

NEW METHODS BRING SAVING

Application of Business Principles by Town Manager Finds Favor in Massachusetts Community.

George F. Willett of Norwood, Mass., gave a talk on the business manager form of government for towns and cities at a meeting of the Boston Art club recently. He showed how the scientific and efficient business principles of a well-managed and conducted corporation can be applied to the administration of public affairs and public expenditures. This system in Norwood, he said, has resulted in a more democratic form of government and brought about a substantial saving in the expenditures of the town. The average citizen gets a better knowledge of affairs under that system.

Norwood has an unpaid commission of five men. They determine the policies of the town, and paid experts under the leadership of a professional town manager carry them out after the citizens have passed upon them. It is not leadership under one man or a despotic form of government, but the intelligent response of American democracy to its responsibilities.

In the crisis this country is now facing the speaker said that the business men are rushing forward to offer their services to help the government carry on a war as efficiently as possible. If the business men would only display the same interest in the ordinary affairs of state, he declared, millions of dollars would be saved yearly by the application of their business knowledge to the affairs of towns, cities and states.

Help to Save the Trees.

The plea of the city forester for the aid of citizens in protecting our street trees from insect attacks should be heeded. A little individual effort on the part of householders would be of great assistance. It would cost but little in time or trouble to remove the conspicuous egg-masses of the tussock moth, one of the worst of our tree foes here which later hatch into voracious caterpillars, or to wrap the trunks with sticky fly-paper before the middle of May. The slight labor would be amply repaid in benefit to the trees and the avoidance of fuzzy caterpillars crawling over porches and piazza furniture. Why not help a little, personally, instead of expecting the city to do it all?—Detroit Free Press.

The Rambler Roses.

One of the loved roses of summer is the Rambler rose, which rambles about, scattering its joyous self among hundreds of people in addition to those who grow it. Clambering over houses, both of rich and poor, it gladdens the eye of the tourist, and in great armloads it wanders from its home vine to the rose-lover, but not rose-possessing, to the sick, to the weary, to the tired business folk, to whom it brings a bit of relaxation. The rambling rose of June, which rambles all over to the joy of everyone—here's to the insect-less health of the Rambler rose, whether Dorothy Perkins, Pillar or whatever brand.

Autumn Dahlias.

Lucky is the garden owner who has been able to hold dahlias bulbs until now without having them shrink or grow, for they will reward present planting with a fine fall crop of flowers. If this saving of bulbs has not been accomplished there are good plants to be had which have grown from cuttings, confined in pots and await planting only before expansion into sturdy plants, that will yield fine autumn flowers. Dahlias that produced a good early crop may be cut down and will bloom again before fall.

REBECCA AND AL

By OLIVER GRAY.

Rebecca Deever looked up from the hot cornmeal she was stirring for the newly hatched chicks. What was that noise she heard down the road behind the house? She pushed the kettle back on the stove where it couldn't burn and went to the window.

"Get up!" a man yelled to a horse stuck knee-deep in a mudhole. "What do you souse 'im feedin' you for, to get me into a mess like this?" Rebecca's lips straightened as they always did when Al Barker was in sight, and a little spot of red sprang into each cheek. She opened the screen door, went down the back steps, and strode down the hill to the fence.

"What do you mean by abusin' that creature, Al Barker?" "I'm not abusin' him," "Well, you quit hittin' him. I'd like to know who's the fool drivin' along a road like this when the new state highway's open up yonder. It wouldn't a taken you fifteen minutes more to go round. No one comes this way any more. What brought you?"

"Well, don't think I drove around this way to see you," he returned. Rebecca did not reply, but turned and went up the hill, holding her skirts away from the grass still saturated with dew. She went back to stirring the meal, and when it was cooked poured the steaming mass into a crock and set the pan in the sink.

"I'll declare, if he isn't there yet! Why doesn't he get out, I wonder? That poor creature might be able to move the buggy without him in it." Rebecca went about her work, and the morning wore away, with Al Barker, buggy, horse and all, still stuck in the mudhole.

Years ago they had been sweethearts. But the whole countryside had predicted disaster, knowing the temperaments of the two quick tempers and stubborn unwillingness to acknowledge wrong. They were alike to a "T." So when the break did come neither would admit there had been one.

The years rolled by slowly. Al and Rebecca had ceased ignoring each other. It was perhaps the better way, for when they did have occasion to talk to each other, it was always a wrangle. Noon approached. "I wish Ben were home today. It's just luck that he had to go and take Pete along, and not a soul here to help. There's one thing sure—he can't starve!"

Contrary to her intention of eating a "piece" herself and taking the extra time to arranging the bureau drawers preliminary to house-cleaning, she opened her best spiced pears and hurriedly mixed up some raisin cakes. "Al used to like spiced pears and raisin cakes better than anything, and he gave me credit for making the best ones in Beacon county."

Then she made another trip down the hill. "What are you waitin' for?" she demanded. "There won't be a rig come along this way to help you out. They all go by the highway now." "I'm not botherin' you now, am I? I've been sittin' here all mornin' askin' the horse's pardon!"

"While he's thinkin' about it, you can't starve, an' I've dinner ready. You'd better come up an' eat." "I've raisin cakes and spiced pears." "No, thanks!" "Look here, Al, what's wrong with you? You're actin' like a crazy man!" And then she saw his feet as her eyes traveled appraisingly over him. One was incased in a loose slipper, and above it his ankle was knobby and ridged with bandages under the sock.

"Why—why, you've hurt your foot and can't get out. Why didn't you say so?" "I don't want sympathy." "Well, you want your dinner, or I miss my guess, and you're going to have it." Back up the hill she went, regardless of his protests that he "wouldn't eat if she did bring it."

In a few minutes she returned, bringing a basket and a tray laid for a meal. "Al Barker, look here. Down in the bottom of my heart I've always known you weren't a fool, and I think you have the same idea about me. But if you don't take this meal I've cooked for you I will think you're the biggest fool that ever was born."

He reached out grudgingly. "Well, since you've gone to all that trouble." A really happy flush stole into Rebecca's cheeks. Al watched her sideways as she stopped to arrange the cakes on a plate. Rebecca was still pretty. "Say, Rebecca," he said awkwardly, "you asked me why I was fool enough to drive around this way in the mud. Just the same reason I've been drivin' by here for five years. Thought I'd see you!"

"Al!" Her hands closed hard and she leaned half eagerly, half doubtfully, toward him. "That's right, Reba. I've been sittin' here all mornin' trying to convince myself that I wasn't a consarned ass. But I am, an' always was. That's what. Do you think you could try and make me over, Reba?"

And when he heard her answer, all the mud and sprained ankles in Beacon county couldn't have kept him from getting out of the buggy. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Cafe Mousse.

Whip one pint of heavy cream and add one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Next add one cupful of black coffee infusion and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Turn the mixture into a mold, pack in ice and let stand for five hours.

Ink on the Carpet.

To remove ink spots from the carpet after they have become dry rub them with milk, taking fresh as it becomes ink. Afterward wash the spot with ammonia water to remove the grease.

CURRENT WIT and HUMOR



LECTURE ON JOURNALISM.

"See here," snapped the city editor to the cub reporter, "you've erred this obituary notice full of bovevy compliments." "But I thought—" "This man didn't die in jail, did he?" "No, sir." "He was not killed while trying to rob a safe?" "No, sir."

"And he wasn't shot down in a running battle with the police?" "Of course not, sir." "Well, when a citizen dies a natural death in bed, surrounded by his weeping relatives, the public takes it for granted that he had his good points."

Nothing But the Truth. "Yes," said Storington Barnes, "we did stand in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house." "Say, what are you giving me?" queried Walker Ties. "Facts," answered the great and foot-sore tragedian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."

How She Felt. Mrs. Higgins—And so you have secured your divorce, I hear? Mrs. Higgins—Yes, I'm glad to say that I have. Mrs. Higgins—How did you feel when you heard the judge's decision? Mrs. Higgins—Well, I felt sort of unamused, as it were.

BIRD, BEAST OR FISH?



"He's a beast." "He certainly is a bird." "Well, at least he is a queer fish." Ah, Yes. At strict conventions and sets caught; There's many a foolish fancy dwells Behind a classic dome of thought.

Heartless Hortense. "Yes, I've had a dozen men at my feet during the season just past." "Chiropractors and shoe clerks, I suppose." "Strict Thrift. Did that neutrum old miser do anything at the charity bazaar?" "No, he spent nothing; not even his breath."

As the Wind Blows. Helms—Breezely has retired from the prize ring for keeps. Omar—So? What's he doing now? Helms—Filling automobile tires. Oh! "He is very loose in his habits." "Whaddye mean, loose in his habits?" "He gets tight."

The Condition. "I wonder if I could touch Guy for a fever?" "Not if he's a wise Guy." Easily Answered. "Pa, what is Easy street?" "It leads off Hard Work avenue, my son."

At the Club. "Has old Millions much of a family?" "Numerous—but not much." Realistic Story. "Have you reviewed that new book entitled 'The Editor's Purse'?" asked the critic's other half. "I merely glanced through it," replied the masculine end of the sketch. "There's absolutely nothing in it."

Fitness of Things. "I suppose," remarked the friend of the newly created husband, "the usual shower of rice fell as you entered the carriage." "No, it rained beans," he replied. "I married a Boston girl, you know."

Plenty of Cover. "Don't you find it inconvenient sleeping out of doors all the time?" asked the kind lady. "No, ma'am," responded Optimistic Oscar, tipping his crownless hat. "I always choose a nice flower bed, and like as not I have sheets of rain and blankets of fog and all the discomforts of a home."

Tactfully Turned Down. Frank—Let's get engaged? Maude—Very well, but who will you get engaged to? "An Intellectual Slump. "I used to think that woman had all the brains in the world. She buried Browning at me for years. I fairly groveled before her intellectual superiority." "And now?" "Well, she makes a pretty poor showing at bridge."

HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

TOGO SAILS FOR BARGAINS

Dear Sir: I am now entirely missed from West Bowberry, Mass., near Boston, where it is. Reason for this are dissimilarity of intellect caused by Hon. Mrs. Violet Sweet, lovely lady with Harvard voice and bargain arrangement of soul. I show you how was. Last Thursday in the early a m. of forenoon this Hon. Mrs. Sweet was setting with Boston news-print reading it up. "Oh?" This from her.

"What is?" I require divinely standing near respectful carpet-sweep. "Great sales are selling in all Part Stores." With immediate quickness I must depart off and buy one. "Can you afford this extravagance?" I ask to know. "In buying bargains I never consider costs," she dth with mustard voice. She depart offwards up stairs. Pretty soon she return backwards wearing fashionable length of clothing.

"Togo," she say for gentle smiling, "how you like take vacation to day?" "This would be good healthy for me." "I generously grant this rest to you," she acknowledge. "All I require you to do is to come Boston with me & carry whatever shopping I buy." I am much obliged. So we depart off by railroad trolley while I carry suitcase, cloak, handbag & umbrella on my polite elbow. She sat proudly in cars while I obtain rearward seat behind her.

Nextly we came to Boston. Hon. Mrs. Sweet make her feet very determined and at lastly we arrive to a swollen building containing glass windows full of wax ladies resembling Newport. Hon. Mrs. Sweet say "Oh!" with raptures and emerge inside. Nextly we descend up elevator. On next floor I observed a warfare, surrounding one enlarged sign pronouncing "Great Slaughter of Waists." Hon. Mrs. Sweet see this and holla, "O such happy bargain!" Then she make rush while acting like a mob. She attempt to remove one refined clothing away from a fatty lady whose hat was rye on her head.

"Where you come from to act so Indian?" require Hon. Mrs. Fattish. "From West Bowberry, Mass., more better place than you!" snub Hon. Mrs. Sweet. "I shall teach you some manners," report Hon. Fattish making tug-gerk to waist. I could not see that dear Mrs. Sweet thusly deposed upon, so I stand forth with upturned bundle. "Stop off!" I holla to this wide woman. "How darrest you be rude to a lady?"

Hon. Mrs. Sweet and Hon. Mrs. Stout stand offward and look at me. "Togo," ensnap Mrs. Violet Sweet, "when you are called on you shall be called." So I with drew backwards and permit her to finish that slaughter alone. Again she request me for handbag. I donate it to her. "I shall keep it," she dth. "You are not safe with valuable accumulations." So she gave me more swollen bundle for carry and proceed onwards. "Where I shall find dish-pan, curling-iron and latest fiction-book bargain?" she require of Hon. Floorwalk. "Three floor down-side take elevator," he compute. We do so and arrive there where numerous sell-ladies was there making society conversation



I Stand Back at Respectable Distance Holding Hon. Bundle Package With Fatigued Elbows, Resembling Santa Claus. and other crashes of hardware. Hon. Mrs. Sweet buy dish-pan, price 13 1/2c. I carry this. She obtain pat toaster, bird-cage & complete written books of Hon. Rud Kipling. I hang those to myself. "Where I find millinery hats?" she ask out to Hon. Sell Lady. "Top floor go upwards," she indicate.

We do so. I stand back at respectable distance holding Hon. Bundle package with fatigued elbows resembling Santa Claus. Hon. Mrs. set befront of mirror-glass attempting to make herself look Vanderbilt for \$3.29 price. She try hat with roosters pointing upwards. "You look very gwell for the price," say Hon. Sell Lady. "Took it away!" commit Hon. Mrs. Sweet. She try hat with roosters dropping downwards. "So joyful appearance!" suppose Hon. Sell Lady. "Remove it!" said Hon. Mrs. Sweet.

At lastly she choose hat-pan with roosters surrounding it in circles. Hon. Sell Lady unwrap it in box resembling truck and this are piled on top of me. Thusly we start homewards. At lastly we was in Porterhouse Junction setting in depot awaiting change-car. Of suddenly Hon. Mrs. holla, "Oh!" "What was?" This from me. "I have lost Hon. Handbag. Elope back to Dept. Store with immediate quickness and remove it from pin-counter where is."

I set down all them bundle in pile resembling an Alp. Then I attach myself to Hon. Trolley and ride back to where she say. With Samurai elbows I slide myself through them broad ladies in Dept. Store and arrive up at pin-place. Oh Yes? There were that dear Handbag laying loosely amidst pile of needles signed "3c." I pick him up and start offwards. While I was debutting out of door with Hon. Handbag on my proud wrist, one gentleman clap me by coat. "You are a shop snatcher!" he acknowledged glubly. "I cannot assimilate your insult," I reneig. "Where you obtain Hon. Bag?" he ensnagle. "He belong Hon. Mrs. Sweet who is there!" I snagger. "Come long to penitentiary!" he gubbie, making dragging movements with my wrists.

"Hara kiri!" I yell, and before he could be more abominable I give him Jiu Jitsu and knock him over a bargain. Then I commence eloping away with talented foot steps. "Stop Mr. Thief!" several human persons holla, and nextly I know I were a runaway with Boston attempting to catch up. I am a very shy Japanese, Mr. Editor, and when I was sufficiently entangle amidst streets I redoubled on myself and escape away to other sections of Boston where crimes was not noticed. 2 complete hour of time I hid there amongst flats. Then I emerge forth and catch red-headed trolley so I should meet Hon. Mrs. at Porterhouse Junction. "You got my handbag where was?" "Yes, please!" I gave it forth to her. She look at it with disjointed eyes.

"Living sakes!!!" This from her. She enjoy deep gasp and faint off. By slight watersip I revive her back. "Damaged remnant of heathenish immigration!" she gollup, holding forth Hon. Bag. "Where you snatch this article of luggage?" "Off from Hon. Pin-Counter," I say so. "I never seen it before. It belong to someone else!" Thusly revolving she fainted out again. So I left her to enjoy it by herself and skunk away feeling entirely impossible. Hoping you are the same, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

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WHEN LEFT WAS RIGHT.

A little St. Louis boy visiting in East St. Louis had a dispute with his little cousin and came to mother to settle it. "Mother, is East St. Louis on the right or the left bank of the Mississippi?" "If you face the north and that is what you should do to decide the matter, East St. Louis is on the right bank." The St. Louis boy looked pained for a moment and then a bright smile broke over his face. "But I am left-handed," he said.