

EYES AND VOICE

By R. RAY BAKER

Roscoe Bates was one of the points of the queerest love triangle on record. At least Roscoe had never heard of his equal.

He was in love with two young women. Nothing remarkable about that, you will say; it's more often that way than not. There's no disputing that. The fact that he was in love with two girls—or thought he was—was not the remarkable thing about Roscoe's romance.

Here's the thing about it: One of the girls Roscoe had never seen and the other he had never heard speak; and he could not tell which of the two was the more desirable. As for that, though, it looked hopeless for him in either case.

Roscoe was better acquainted with "Voice" than with "Eyes." In fact, he did not know Eyes at all. Voice, of course, was the one he talked with over the phone, and Eyes was the one that worked in the same building with him. He had tried in various ways to meet her, but unfortunately the girl was employed in an office entirely separate from the one in which he had a desk, and he had not been able to find one among his fellow workers who knew any of the girl's associates.

Eyes had smiled at him when he met her on the stairway for the first time some ten months ago; and subsequently when he met her, which was frequently, she had greeted him the same way. But it was just a friendly, comradely smile—not the invitation-to-a-dinner kind—and he was gratified it was that way. Roscoe had liked the girl from the start, and during the months he saw her come and go from the building he became convinced that he loved her—or would love her if he had half a chance. However, he was quite the opposite of forwardness—not exactly timid or bashful, but rather reserved, you might say.

Roscoe's acquaintanceship with Voice started a year back. It was a case of "wrong number." The girl was calling up a newspaper office to get the baseball scores—for it developed she was a "fan"—and had become connected with Roscoe's desk instead. He was a "fan" himself, and had the scores at his tongue's end, so he furnished her with the desired information.

Then he took one of the boldest steps of his life. He told her he would give her the scores every day if she would call him up; in fact, he offered to call her, but she refused to give her number. She accepted his invitation, and soon they became quite friendly in their telephone associations, which at first dealt mainly with baseball "dope," but later widened their scope to other subjects, although never descending to the plane commonly known as "kidding."

Roscoe fell in love with the voice, not in a silly way, but seriously. He was a sentimental youth and the novelty of the situation appealed to him. Still, he was handicapped by his reserve and could not muster the courage, or whatever the missing ingredient might be, to ask the girl's name or seek to meet her.

Thus matters stood when two months later he began meeting Eyes; and he went up in the air, so to speak. Eyes' eyes were as beautiful to look upon as Voice's voice was to hear, and he felt that either of the girls would fit in with his ideas of the ideal.

Roscoe was not a particularly handsome young man; still, he had his attractive features, one of which was his immaculate appearance, while his features were clean-cut, and he had a couple of dimples that stamped him as having a genial disposition. Yes, it was entirely possible for a girl to get in love with Roscoe at first sight, although he did not flatter himself on that score and did not suppose that Eyes gave him more than a passing thought.

As to Roscoe's voice, it had tones that were pleasing enough; at least, there was no harshness connected with his speech. He realized, however, that it possessed no enticing qualities, and he labored under no delusions that Voice had fallen in love with him or was more interested than one enthusiastic baseball fan might be interested in another.

About the time Roscoe had decided he cared the most for Eyes, possibly because she was more tangible than Voice, and perhaps because of his fear that Voice might be quite the opposite of beautiful to look upon, and maybe because Eyes seemed the more elusive, one of his fellow workers came to him with this discouraging information:

"I found out who that girl in the red coat is. Her name's Pearl Dixon

and she's in Dearborn's office upstairs. But you haven't a chance, Ros. She's already in love with a fellow. I met her chum, last night, and she told me so."

Roscoe was disheartened, but brightened up when he learned that the next afternoon was to be a half holiday and he would have his first opportunity of the season to witness a baseball game.

Roscoe owned a small roadster which had not yet passed the cranking stage, and in this he motored to the ball grounds. The game was so exciting that he forgot about his love affairs, and after its termination he lingered to discuss with an umpire with whom he was acquainted a technical point on a ruling that had arisen during the diamond conflict.

When Roscoe left the grounds the crowds had vanished, all except a girl in a red coat, who stood outside the gate looking about as though in search of some one. She was Eyes, and she smiled with them when she saw Roscoe.

Roscoe's heart beat violently as he approached her, amazed at his own temerity, lifted his hat and inquired: "Can I be of service?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm looking for my aunt. We got separated in the crowd and I'm afraid she's taken the trolley car thinking I also was on it, and there isn't another car for half an hour."

Roscoe stepped into the breach. "I'll be glad to escort you home in my—my alleged automobile."

"I'll be equally glad to ride in it, I assure you," she told him sweetly.

Soon they were buzzing along the road—not too fast, for Roscoe wanted to prolong the trip, especially after he discovered there was no ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Wasn't it a glorious game!" she exclaimed, starting slightly as Roscoe narrowly missed hitting another car, due to the fact that he was looking into Eyes' eyes.

They discussed the game in detail. "Do you know," she observed, as they whisked into the residential district, heading for an address she furnished, "you remind me a lot of a friend of mine—another baseball fan?"

Roscoe's heart sank. "That must be the fellow she's in love with," he thought.

"He talks just like you, using the same idioms, and has the same favorite players," she went on.

This gave Roscoe a new lease on hope. If she loved this other man, and the other man was like him, he felt that he had some chance of beating him in a matrimonial duel.

"You should meet him," Eyes continued. "The next corner is where I live, please. Yes, you should meet him, but I could never bring it about."

"And why not?" he inquired, slowing down.

"Because I never met him myself. Probably you'll think I'm a foolish little girl; but for a year I've been in love with a man I've never seen. He gives me the baseball scores over the telephone every day, and—but, of course, it's all useless. I'll never meet him."

The roadster came to a stop in front of her home with such violence that their heads struck the top.

"Thank you so much," she said, as he helped her out. "Maybe I can do something for you some day."

Roscoe gulped and groped for words, finally managing to say:

"You can do something right now. Let me come up and see you tonight, and I'll bring this telephone man of yours along. I'm well acquainted with him."

And Eyes' eyes smiled at him and answered in advance of her lips.

Possible End of the World.

The earth has rotated at its present rate ever since it first took shape out of a molten mass. The centrifugal force constantly generated by its motion has produced a swelling all around the equator 13 miles thick. If the motion were suddenly stopped this bulge would collapse under its own weight, and as its ramifications pervade the structure of the continents all the land of the earth would be carried down with it. The seas would flow away from the equator and deluge the lands near the poles. Volcanoes would burst out at weak spots, and the whole earth would become a land of fire.

Prefer Egg-Shaped Head.

Not many years ago ethnologists who saw some egg-shaped skulls brought from Malekula island in the south Pacific held high hopes that they had found the missing link between monkey and man. Investigation soon disproved this theory. The cone-shaped heads of the Malekulans is a deformity deliberately produced by wrapping cord about the heads of babies. If the child survives its egg-shaped head, pointing upward, is a distinction akin to the tiny foot of the Chinese woman. Malekula is one of the larger islands of the New Hebrides group, which lie about 1,500 miles northward of Sydney, Australia.

As soon as the bill was introduced and its purpose became known, Delegate Gambrell moved to make it an emergency measure as essential to the "preservation of the health and salvation of the people of Maryland."

When the irony in the Wellbrenner bill was recognized a pleasant time was had by all except the delegates from the eastern shore. Some of them took it seriously and some others began to see double when the purport of the Wellbrenner bill broke upon the calm of a rainy day in Annapolis.

WHO'S WHO in the WORLD

Depew's Middle Class Union



Chauncey M. Depew has been in the public eye for half a century. He has been railroad magnate, political leader and United States senator among other things, and he is now one of the world's famous after-dinner speakers. But his latest claim to fame is his proposal of the formation of a "Middle Class Union." He will not accede to the requests made in scores of letters that he organize the union, but his reason for declining is not doubt as to the practicability or effectiveness of such an organization. He is satisfied that it is feasible.

"It is a mighty big job," he said the other day in his office as chairman of the New York Central, "and I'm not going to undertake it on my eighty-sixth birthday, because I think it might impose hurdles on my efforts and ambitions to reach a hundred which I couldn't jump—and I am not riding for a fall!"

He says that in the great battles of the world the parties in the fight have usually been the only ones immediately interested. In a prize fight there are but two participants, but in some strikes, such as these affecting transportation, there is no ringside. Everybody is a participant.

He says that the 80 per cent which suffers most is at present unorganized. What we need is a union of that majority, a union of the middle class consumer, whether he be a consumer of food or transportation.

Our 600,000 School Teachers

Representative Scott Ferris of Oklahoma, read into the Congressional Record many interesting facts concerning our schools, pupils and teachers. He said that America's scholastic population is 20,833,516; America's school teachers number 600,000. The total amount invested in school property is \$1,933,508,818. The total amount expended annually for school maintenance is \$736,678,089. The average amount expended per child per annum for schooling is \$36.62. The National Education association asserts that there are 28,000 schools closing on account of inability to secure teachers; they further assert that there are 65,000 inefficient teachers in the United States.



A recent report issued by the National Education association discloses that of the 600,000 school teachers engaged in teaching America's youth, 800,000 of them have had no education beyond the eighth grade; 100,000 more of them had less than two years' training beyond the elementary grades. Five million out of a total of twenty million of the school children are being taught by teachers who have not even proceeded beyond the eighth grade.

The average salary for the 600,000 school teachers throughout the United States is but \$685 a year.

It means a deterioration of the schools; it means inferior schools; it is a reflection upon our school system; it ought to be corrected.

New Senate Minority Leader



Senator W. Underwood of Alabama, is the new senate minority leader. He was unopposed in the conference of senate Democrats, Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska acting leader since the death of the late Senator Martin of Virginia having withdrawn from the fight.

Mr. Hitchcock, however, is ranking Democrat on the foreign relations committee, and will continue to lead the democrats in all matters concerning foreign affairs, including the pending peace resolution and further development with the treaty of Versailles.

The withdrawal of the Nebraska senator broke the deadlock which developed at the party conference January 15.

"I now desire to terminate this deadlock," wrote Senator Hitchcock, "and thereby withdraw my name from the contest. This will conduce to Democratic harmony and will accord with my individual plans which will not permit me during the remainder of the year, to undertake such continuous service in the senate as I have had during the past twelve months."

Senator Hitchcock's friends explained the presidential campaign would take the senator away from Washington at frequent intervals.

Caillaux Punished by France

Joseph Caillaux, former premier of France, has been in the world's eye for a long time. Is this the end of him? Anyway, in the Neully hospital, Caillaux listened to the reading of the sentence of the se-ate which, sitting as a high court of justice, had convicted him of "commerce and correspondence with the enemy."

Three years' imprisonment, five years' forced residence in a town to be selected by the minister of the interior, and ten years' loss of political rights, the latter clause carrying with it inability to vote or hold office, was the sentence imposed.

The document was read by a court officer sent to the hospital for the purpose, after it had been promulgated before the senate by Leon Bourgeois, the presiding officer.

The prisoner made no comment after the official made known the contents of the document, but his face showed deep sadness.

The question when M. Caillaux is to be freed requires intricate figuring. The prisoner was in jail for twenty-seven months and this time, added to the period he has been in the hospital, according to his partisans, constitutes the service of the full term of imprisonment imposed by the senate.



GOOD TALES of the CITIES

Six Bugle Blasts: Lost Boy Scout Is Found



NEW YORK.—Night had fallen over the ranges of forested hills which extend through the Palisades Interstate Park of New York and New Jersey. The lakes lying at their feet were swathed with dense mist while the tree tops cut sharply into low masses of clouds.

Ten large encampments, housing over 2,000 boy scouts, lay buried in silence. Suddenly at midnight word flew to headquarters that out in the great woods—somewhere—a boy was lost. A youngster tenderfoot from the big metropolis had strayed from his own campfire and no trace of him had been found.

As quickly as the word had come, so rapidly it sped by motor cars, with motor boats pulsing their way flash-lighting to all of the camps. As swiftly as it came, so from out the many darkened tents fifteen hundred odd boy scouts fled, fleet of foot, on their errand of seeking the lost scout.

Here in one direction a hundred lads thrashed the oaken and laurel under-

growth, peering beneath boulders and searching pitch black holes. Up the hillsides numerous others groped and combed the interlaced woods, while other in varied groups splashed through swampland and tangled thickets, all intent on their duty. Over the high ridges long rows of lights flickered waxy, piercing the vapors. Now and again shrill voices were heard reaching back and forth—calling, calling.

Toward morning relays of haggard, teaze scouts reported to headquarters that their search had been fruitless. From across the lakes and distant waterways swept hurriedly fresh troops ready and anxious to continue the search. It was then that a brisk wind tossed away the blankets of fog, revealing the kindly stars above.

Now as the hours lengthened along the roads, from distant valleys, from gullies and rocky corridors drenched with penetrating vapors you caught the muffled tramp of boy scout feet. No longer did you hear them calling, for day was beginning to break. If the little lad were unharmed he would have answered!

Then from afar six sharp blasts of a bugle spoke, sounded and resounded, the hills taking up the message. At last the lost boy scout was found—and alive!

On that instant the assemblage of scouts who were resting and waiting rose as one, and solemnly, with right hand to temples, saluted their little comrade.

Love at First Sight, Yet Only Half True

BALTIMORE.—Surprising their friends, Miss Alice Prince, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Prince of Elliott City, and Walter Baker, thirty-three years old of Brooklyn, N. Y., instructor in carpentry and automobile mechanics at the Evergreen Red Cross Institute for the Blind, announced they had eloped to Alexandria, Va., where they were married. They are now living at Barracks, No. 7, at the institution.

Mr. Baker probably is, excluding Miss Helen Keller, one of the most remarkable blind persons in the world. Blind since he was twelve years old, he was graduated with honors from Columbia university.

The government sent him overseas to do vocational work among the blind soldiers and to cheer them. He served a year and a half overseas. The success of his work among the blinded men was realized, and he was made instructor at Evergreen.

It was at a dance last autumn at Evergreen that the romance began. To say that it was a case of "love at first sight" would be only one-half true, and yet that is just what it was. Miss Prince is an expert automobil-



ist and has her own car. The two took weekly automobile trips, Miss Prince calling at Evergreen with her machine, driving the blind here in her car to her parents' home every Sunday.

Miss Prince was engaged in vocational work at Fort McHenry and Evergreen and also found time to devote to the work of the Travelers' Aid society at Camden station. She is a handsome young woman of the blond type. She studied music two years at the Peabody institute.

Evergreen has gained quite a reputation for romance and has thus far furnished twenty-five blind soldiers, heroes of the world war, who are bridegrooms.

On With the Dance, Let Joy Be Geometric



WINNETKA, ILL.—Please pass the henlock to Cupid. He's been seized and sentenced to a life of innocuous desuetude by determined mothers of the North Shore. Following two meetings at which addresses were delivered by Mrs. B. F. Langworthy of Winnetka, president of the Illinois Congress of Mothers, a movement was launched to interest all parents living along the North Shore in a plan for the systematic upbringing and safeguarding of children. "Social Standards of High School Life," was the theme of Mrs. Langworthy's address.

Now, girls and boys, get out your ruler, compass and triangle and we'll give you a few lessons in geometri-

cal dancing as provided by the high school deans' association rules.

First, remember these don'ts: "Don't melt into your partner's arms, girls; don't wriggle; don't writhe. Don't indulge in that languishing movement."

Now take your ruler and measure yourself off about six or seven inches from your partner. Scale your bodies with your compass to see that they are exactly parallel from head to foot. Then, quoting the deans' rules again:

"Leader places his right hand lightly between the shoulders of his partner, keeping the elbows at an angle of 90 degrees from his body, his left hand extended, palm up, and clasps his partner's right hand."

"Partner's left hand rests lightly just back of the curve of the leader's shoulder, her elbow at an obtuse angle from her body and not resting upon that of the leader. A straight line from these bent elbows would be parallel with both bodies."

Maintaining these postures, the couple glides off into the new geometrical dance. It's all parallel lines and angles.

Bride of 87 Marries Man to Reform Him

CHICAGO.—A bride of eighty-seven years, with a big floppy hat rippling around her face, dragged her ruined romance before Judge Samuel Trude, in the court of domestic relations. The bride is Mrs. Albert Ropp, formerly Dr. Marian Paitson, for years a practicing physician in Chicago. She owns valuable real estate, a neat bank account, and a lace curtain laundry. Her husband, a strippling of fifty-two, has spent \$300 of her cash since their marriage several months ago, she said, and has visited the old home in the East on a lone-some "honeymoon trip."

"I was married and happy for twenty-eight years," said the bride reminiscently. "I raised four children of my own and adopted and educated seven. They're all gone now. My two sons and two daughters are married and living in the East. And I had to finish up by making a fool of myself! There's no fool like an old fool!"

"Albert courted me and finally asked me when I was goin' to marry him.



I thought I could reform him. I allowed him half a gallon of whisky and a case of beer a week. I bought him a new suit and shoes and everything, and I fed him up well. And one day he says to me, 'Gosh, I'm sorry I married you!'

"'Albert, what's the matter? Ain't I good to you?' I asked. He said, 'Yes, but you're too darned stylish.' You know, he went to bed with his shirt and collar on! I just couldn't train him. Finally he left me."

"He said he liked women who wore big, heavy shoes and queer little hats.

"SAVE STATE FROM DANCERS"

Maryland Legislator Introduces "Emergency Measure" in House—Causes Uproar.

Annapolis, Md.—John A. Wellbrenner, representing Baltimore county in the house of delegates, introduced a bill making it unlawful to indulge in "square dances, round dances, fox trots, shimmying, jazzes or any kind of dancing in the counties comprising the eastern shore."