NO GROUND FOR SCANDAL

Though for a Time the Domestic Peace of the Deary Family Was Seriously Threatened.

A young married woman, whose husband was of an exceedingly jealous disposition, decided to have her dining room repapered, and telephoned to the nearest paperhanger to send one of his men with samples to her house that afternoon.

Promptly at four o'clock the man appeared with the usual large sample book, and Mrs. Newlywed ushered him into the dining room, as she thought the paper could best be decided upon when tried against the wall.

"No, I don't like that brown, Mr. Paperhanger. Try the buff," she said. Then, "No, Mr. Paperhanger, the figure is too large in that. Let me see that dark blue! Yes, I like that, don't you, Mr. Paperhanger?"

"Yes, madam, that looks very well, but don't call me Mr. Paperhanger, that isn't my name."

"Oh, pardon me, but what is your name?" Mrs. Newlywed asked.

"My name is Love," the paperhanger answered, when Mrs. Newlywed began to laugh.

"Yes, Love," the paperhanger repeated, somewhat nettled by the lady's laughter. Then she straightened her face and was about to speak, when her husband strode into the room, with fire in his eyes.

"Get out of here, you infernous rascal!" he thundered, shaking his fist in the paperhanger's face. "Get out before I throw you out."

"What's the matter with you?" the paperhanger snarled. "What have I done?"

"Done? Ask me what you have done! Here I just come home from a hard day's work and find you making love to my wife, and then you ask me what you have done."

"Why, man, you're crazy. Why should I make love to your wife when I have one of my own?" Your wife asked me what my name was and I told her, 'W. B. Love.' Now what have you to say?" and the paperhanger straightened up ready for what might happen next, when Mrs. Newlywed said, "Oh, Harry, don't act so. The man is telling the truth and I was laughing when you came in at the idea of having Love and Deary under the same roof."

This time the paperhanger looked mortified, when Mrs. Newlywed explained. "Our name is Deary, Mr. Love; this is my husband, H. O. Deary!"

Needless to say Mr. Deary looking very much ashamed of himself, and Mr. Love is now debating whether he shall change his name or not.

Afire in the Sky

With flames shooting up to a height of 50 feet, a Paris aeroplane on patrol duty fired to earth just at nightfall recently.

The passenger threw himself from the machine, falling feet first on to the roof of a house. The pilot, Benoit, came down with the machine, but was burned to death before he could be rescued. Thousands of people witnessed the accident, which occurred over the densely populated quarter of Vaugirard. The machine took fire at a height of 50 feet. It was then a mile from the base aerodrome. With remarkable coolness Benoit attempted to volplane into the base ground, but was not high enough.

He managed however to swing the blazing machine down to the waste land close by, the adequate service is missing the roofs of the houses and signal posts on the railway as it dived earthwards amidst the cries of the horrified onlookers.

Tubular Headlights.

A new electric bulb for headlights is tubular in form, instead of being round, with the result that a much more effective light is produced. When a round bulb is inserted in the lamp of the headlight, rays from the filament have to pass through two and three thicknesses of the glass on their way to and from the reflector. The tubular bulb, being but of slightly larger diameter than its base, sends the reflected rays straight ahead without any further interference by the bulging bulb in the center. The tubular bulb has another advantage which may on occasion prove highly important. It can be withdrawn through the rear of the reflector, making it possible to use front lenses which are screwed on tight, instead of being hinged to the lamp.

Popularizing the Desert.

On Thanksgiving day in 1912 many citizens of Phoenix, Ariz., ate their holiday dinners far out on the desert. They went out in automobiles, carrying hampers of provisions with them, and they enjoyed their feast beneath a wonderful sky of green and purple.

Automobiles have made the deserts accessible, F. H. Newell writes in the Youth's Companion. Until recently one could not travel over such dreary wastes at a rate of more than 50 miles a day, and you had to carry water for man and beast; but now, in a motor car, you can run 200 miles a day on the desert in almost any direction you choose, for the ground is ordinarily so flat and smooth that roads are almost unnecessary.

Culinary Mechanics.

"What air thom kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Duncan Hyperbole Meddlers, the somewhat honest agriculturist.

"They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upson Downs, his city nephew, "in which are modeled or cast or sewn how proficient a flat dweller's daily round of meatless, wedless

SAILOR "CAME BACK"

ROMANCE OF THE SEA AS RELATED BY THE WRITER.

Cupid Triumphed in the End, Despite Effort of Father to Separate His Daughter From the Man She Loved.

Some 28 years ago I sailed with a brigantine hailing from a New England town. The skipper had an eighteen-year-old daughter, his only child, on board, his wife being dead.

The girl became friendly with one of our ordinary seamen about twenty years old, a close-cut chap, who already had his master's papers. One night, when the young fellow was at the wheel, the skipper came on deck and found his daughter standing alongside of him, with her arm around his neck. The skipper became angry, hit the boy, and sent him forward, and would not allow him to come aft again, although the girl told him she was engaged to the boy.

Now began a trying time for the boy. One day the young fellow goaded to desperation, defended himself when the skipper struck him. This was committing an unpardonable sin, as a skipper has almost unlimited power on his own vessel.

The boy was put into irons and when we arrived at Rio Janeiro, our destination, the harbor police took him to shore. I must state to the skipper's credit that he did not prosecute the boy, but of course his berth was taken by another man when we left Rio.

Five years passed. I was still with the same skipper and so was his daughter, but she was not any more the laughing, happy girl she was before.

We had loaded pitch pine at Brunswick, Ga., and were again bound for Rio. Nearing our destination we were caught in a storm. The vessel rolled awfully, the cargo shifted here and there and we soon knew that we had fire in the hold. We took off the main hatch to try and put out the fire, but as soon as we got it open the flames burst out, and we had to take to the boats.

This happened at night. The vessel burned for two hours, when there was no more left of her. We stood by her, thinking the flames would draw some other vessel to our assistance. At daylight we saw a fore and aft schooner for. In a short time we were alongside. The skipper's daughter was the first up the ladder and I was close after her to prevent her from falling backward into the boat.

The skipper of this vessel, a young fellow, stood at the rail and helped us to the deck. The girl looked at him and he at her, then they fell into each other's arms and the girl cried from happiness.

The young skipper was the boy her father had treated so shabbily. Strange to say the vessel was bound for Rio, too, and he carried there once more securely bound, but not with chains this time. The wedding was celebrated in Rio, and the bride went with her husband on his vessel.—Chicago Tribune.

Star Is Lost

In a recent communication to the Academie M. Hammond of Antibes reported that he was to assign also to see the conjunction of Alpha Cancri, which he had previously observed, and which to have his observation verified at Greenwich. The object has always been sought in vain with the 26½ reflector of the observatory of Marseilles. It will be interesting to learn whether still more powerful telescopes can detect it. The composition in question has heretofore been described as a star of the eleventh or twelfth magnitude distant about eleven seconds from the primary. M. Hammond also notes an apparent change of color between the time the binary was first observed by Dunlopper in 1825 and his own observations of 1909 and 1910.—Scientific American.

Difference in Breath

It was stated in a paper read before the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis that human tubercle bacilli benefit by cultivation in different cultures. Two bacilli have been found sufficient to infect a guinea pig in some instances and in others six have been found necessary. Immunity in animals may be obtained by the injection of increasing numbers of tubercle bacilli, beginning with one or two and cautiously increasing the number from a culture, the minimum fatal dose of which is about 100, or by the injection of say 100 or 200 bacilli of a virulent culture to cause a local lesion, which can be cut out, preliminary precautions having been taken to prevent the spread of infection.

Everything Changed.

A Cleveland party went out automobiling the other night and had an unpleasant mishap. It occurred on the Euclid road not far from Willoughby. A four-footed creature of intense red color got in the way of the car. Nobody in the auto noticed the impact, but everybody noticed the appalling result.

The man who drove the car told a friend about it the next day.

"Terrible," the friend agreed. "I suppose you all had to change your clothes?"

"Change our clothes!" snorted the chief victim. "Why, we even had to change our tires!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KITCHENER AS A PET

ROLE WOULD COME AS SURPRISE TO HIS SUBORDINATES.

Nevertheless, Graphic Picture Has Been Drawn of His Friendship With Two Elderly Ladies—Unique Use of Gift.

Many of the best friends of Lord Kitchener, the great English soldier, administrator and secretary of war, are women, despite the popular belief that he is a grimly unsympathetic woman hater. In a recent brief biography of "K. of K." Harold Begbie draws a most winning picture of his friendship with two of his elderly relatives—two dear, diminutive old Scotch ladies who lived in Phillimore gardens, Kensington, by name of the Misses Hutchinson. And Kitchener was no doubt to these charming spinsters than they to him.

"He wrote to them brightly and boyishly by almost every mail. . . . Before he went to Egypt for his advance on Khartoum, these dear old ladies presented him with a gold-headed swagger cane, and when the advance was accomplished and the photographer arrived to make a picture of the general and his staff, Kitchener seated himself in the center of the group with this stick held so ostentatiously that the old ladies in Kensington could not fail to recognize it when the photograph appeared in the illustrated papers. He sent them roses from Gordon's grave at Khartoum, and tiles of the caliph from the Sudan."

Their house was always his goal on his return from distant service, and in it he was like a schoolboy, running up the stairs two at a time, whistling in his bedroom, going and coming as he pleased, and telling them such stories of his campaigns as no one else in London ever heard. They called him Herbert, pronouncing it "Hair-bert," in the Scottish fashion, and would sit on either side of him, "admiring his bronzed face with their small, smiling, shrewd eyes, looking at him, stroking him, ever and anon giving him a hug."

Later on in his triumphal career they Herbert, now wished to make the little old ladies a gift so valuable and unusual that they felt called upon to pause and consider before accepting it. It was a gold casket, one of the many gold caskets presented to "K. of K." by the grateful city, containing a gold casket.

"Do we need it?" propounded the first old lady, probably.

"No, we certainly don't need it," reflectively acquiesced her sister.

"What could we do with it?" pursued the first old lady. But the second had had time to think.

"Hum," she suggested, contemplatively, "perhaps we could use it as a tea caddy."—Youth's Companion.

How Far Soldiers Can See

Some interesting experiments have been made in the German army with the object of discovering at what distance the recognition of one soldier by another is possible. For soldiers with good eyes it was found that a person could come within 1,000 yards of another without being recognized at a distance of 50 feet, while an unpainted object was recognized at a distance of 100 feet, and in uniform, friend or relative at a distance of 300 feet.

The various parts of a human body can be distinguished and any detailed movement can be perceived by an observer at a distance of 50 feet. At 1,000 feet a man appears as a speck on the landscape and cannot usually be seen if he keeps still or if his dress harmonizes well with the background. Golfing, hunting and farmers can usually see much closer distances, probably on account of their constant training in noticing and the nature of certain objects.

Submarine Treasure.

A boat is now being built to locate submarine treasure. The new submarine consists of a steel sphere eight feet in diameter and capable of carrying two workmen. It is designed to be towed into the water from a tender, but is provided with electrically driven propellers by which it can be moved about in the water as it hangs at the end of the cable. One of its essential features is a set of four electromagnets, which, when energized by current from the motors within the sphere, serve to hold it securely to the steel hull of a sunken ship. Current for the operation is supplied through a cable running down from the tender. In addition to this equipment it will be provided with electric drills for piercing the hulls of the ship, and with a powerful searchlight for working purposes and for exploring the bed of the ocean when the exact location of a sunken ship is not known.

Curious Italian Ambulance.

There is a vast difference between real warfare and dress parade. Under the exigencies of a difficult campaign one must put up with makeshifts improvised from the readiest means at hand. An illustration in point is to be found in a recently taken photograph of a curious ambulance used by the Italians in the fighting in the Alps. This is really a large sled, fitted with two small wheels. The sled runners permit of hauling this ambulance over bare stretches of ground. The sure-footed little donkey is the best means of locomotion for this type of vehicle. An ambulance of ordinary proportions could not be used on many of the narrow roads and pathways of the Italian Alps.—Scientific American.

Home Made Gifts for Men

Phone Record Made of Linen

A record for phone calls is a convenience that every man will appreciate and a gift that will last indefinitely. The details for making a phone list are shown in the picture above.

The cover is made of heavy, unbleached linen, cut in a strip about six inches wide and twelve long. This is edged with buttonhole stitching in black embroidery silk. Four eyelet holes are worked near the center as shown in the picture. A small spray of red flowers, with green foliage is embroidered in one corner and a border, scroll and "Phone Calls" are done in outline stitch in black.

This linen cover encloses a tablet on which names and numbers are written. Narrow red ribbon strung through the eyelets holds cover and tablet together and forms hangers for suspending the record.

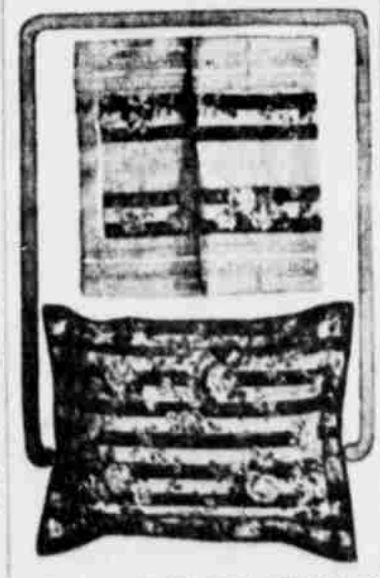
Pin Cushion and Candle Shade

Certain patterns in Cretonne are suited to dresser scarfs, pin-cushion covers, slipper bags, candle shades and other little furnishings that are required for men's rooms. In the picture a dresser set is shown, including a scarf, pincushion and candle shade.

The cretonne shows a red rose and green foliage against a black and white striped ground. So decided a pattern is to be most sparingly used, and the scarf is therefore only bordered with the cretonne. A square pincushion is covered first on one side with a small square of the cretonne sewed smoothly over it. For the other side a considerably larger square is hemmed about the edges and pinned over the cushion.

The candle shade is made over a wire frame and consists of a circular piece stretched over the top and sewed to place. A hemmed strip hangs from the edge of the frame to which it is sewed.

Pillow Cover and Dresser Scarf



Cretonne is the most effective of inexpensive materials for making beautiful gifts. It is at its best in furnishings for the bedroom.

A pillow cover of cretonne and a dresser scarf of scrim bordered with it are shown in the picture. The pillow cover is finished with a hem all around, and bound with black braid about the edges. The open end fastens with snap fasteners.

The dresser scarf suggests the way in which these strong, brilliant patterns should be used. A band of the cretonne is stitched along each side, leaving most of the surface white, as a background for the pincushion or other articles that may be covered with the cretonne.

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IDENTIFYING THE DEAD

HOW MEN SLAIN IN BATTLE ARE RECOGNIZED.

Turkey the Only Country Which Refuses to Make Use of Any Contrivances by Which Its Dead Defenders May Be Known.

"A dead man is of no use to the sultan; why, therefore, trouble about him?" replied a Turkish pasha (general) when asked why Turkey, of all the warring nations, omitted to supply some sort of identification means for its lost men.

Every other nation in the present conflict provides means of identifying the dead, and these tags or identification slips are usually sent by the victors to the vanquished after a battle, as a courtesy of war, although it has been noticed that "courtesies of war" are going into the decline just now.

The British and Japanese systems are the most elaborate. Each English soldier has a small oblong card stitched inside his tunic. On it are entered the man's name, regiment, next of kin and other similar information. Besides this, every article of his clothing is stamped with a number which corresponds to one written opposite his name in the regimental records, as well as the county depot of his battalion.

The Japanese system is very similar. Each man has three disks—one round his neck, another on his waist belt and a third in his boot—on each of which are three numbers corresponding to the wearer's name, corps and brigade respectively.

Russian soldiers wear a numbered badge shaped like an "Ikon"—sacred picture image—which is formally blessed by the priests.

Germany's soldiers carry a metal disk bearing a number, which corresponds with a number at the Berlin war office. After a battle numbers, not names, are telegraphed and certified. And the effectiveness of this system may be judged by the fact that after the fighting around Metz in 1870, when the casualties exceeded forty thousand, complete lists were posted in the capital two days later.

The United States government uses a simple cloth tab woven into the shoulder strap of the tunic. Italy uses a small zinc plate affixed to the trousers at the waist, on which are embossed the soldier's name, place of origin, number and date of enlistment, while the Portuguese cavalry soldier has a number stamped on the leathers.

The French, who formerly used little aluminum name plates, which in war with savages seemed an irresistible attraction to the enemy, now use little cards, but Austria still has an ornate identification badge of gun metal, shaped like a locket, with inside all particulars inscribed on little parchment leaves.

Correction.

In an issue of the small weekly sheet of the Congregational church in a rural community the word opportunity was spelled "oppertunity." The minister, from the pulpit calling attention to the word, said that he had tried to have the paper free from errors this week, but discovered that "oppertunity" had been spelled with two p's.—The Congregationalist.

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