

# THEIR FIRST LOVE

By H. M. EGBERT.

The two houses had formed one in more spacious days, but where the stout brick chimney reared itself through the center of the frame building a brick wall had been built in, extending from the cellar to the roof, and converting the one home into two. The only symbol of communion between the desolated parts of what had been organically one was that, on windy days, smoke from a stove set against the chimney on either side would issue down the due into the stove in the adjacent room. And sometimes, too, if any one listened at the sheet iron, one could hear words spoken upon the other side.

When Frank Barton and Ida Norris were children they had played at this game; but that was long ago. The intimacies of the old house were not evoked by childish play any more. Both were immeasurably old—each was twenty.

The double house stood in a small town, just such a town as may be seen almost anywhere in New England, neither rich nor poor, and proud of its history. Greenfield folks prided themselves on being ordinary Americans. Immigration had hardly touched them, for there was only one factory, and the French Canadian hands had something of the colonial tradition about them.

The Bartons and the Norrises had lived there for fifteen years, and had known each other for fifty. Sometimes the elders looked at each other from their opposite sides of the double piazza and smiled, when the boy came home, carrying the girl's schoolbooks for her, while she stepped at his side with all the assured ownership that a small girl feels for her childish sweetheart.

But that was years before. The change of adolescence had set a barrier between the young people's lives. Frank was in the local bank now. Perhaps he earned \$12 a week. Ida stayed home and helped her mother.

The thing that happened came all in a moment. The girl had pictured it a thousand times, the boy never; but it was just as surprising to each.

One moment they were friends, chatting together on the piazza, wondering whether the rain would kill the spray moths that devastated the shade-trees, and the next they were looking at each other in amazed wonder.

What is more marvellous than love at twenty? The strange helplessness,

the sense of some tremendous power that holds one in terror of self-revelation; caprice and shyness, as inexplicable to one as to the other! For instance:

"Best get ready for the picture show, Ida."

"I'm not coming, Frank."

"Aw, why not, now? You said you would. This is the last night of the week, and there won't be another in town for an age."

"I don't care; I'm not coming," she answered, snatching her hand away as he pulled at her wrist coaxingly. "Leave me alone!"

"Why, Ida!" exclaimed the boy, looking in wonder at her flushed face. "I didn't mean—honest, I didn't say! You aren't mad at me?"

But the girl had flung into the house, leaving him standing outside and gapping after her. He could not understand what was the matter with her. As he stood there Mrs. Norris came out with the big watering can. She had a box of asters, which she was raising from seed; or, rather, it had been Ida's but she had ceased to care for the tender shoots.

"Say, Mrs. Norris, Ida's all right, isn't she?" asked the boy.

The old woman looked at him, pursing her lips. "I guess there's nothing wrong with her," she answered, and began sprinkling the plants. There was a wise smile on her lips, and her face was faintly flushed.

"They're too young, Jim," she said that night to her husband, when the old couple were alone.

Outside, at the Barton end of the piazza, Frank was waiting. He had meant to go to the picture show alone. He had wished that he had some other girl to take with him. They would stroll past the double house together, their voices slightly raised, and Frank laughing. The thought pleased him; but he only sat sullenly at the end of the piazza, his chin on his hands, staring out into the dusk.

Ten yards away the girl sat by the window in the living room. She was alone, too; her father had gone out upon some errand, and her mother was making up accounts in the kitchen. From the corner of the window she could just see the Barton end of the piazza. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading.

She had been trying hard not to cry, and she was exceedingly angry, because it was not about Frank Bar-

ton—and yet it was, too, in a sort of way. But what had he done? Nothing. That was just it; he was only a boy and couldn't understand. But what was there to understand, except that she hated him?

She went up to her room at last, and then she crouched down by the window and cried in earnest. Presently a slight squeaking sound inside the chimney made her tiptoe over to the stove. It had not been lit since the warm weather began, a month before. Something like a mouse was squeaking and scurrying behind the plate where the stovepipe entered.

Frank Barton, at the end of the piazza, saw the girl's shadow thrown on the lawn. He was not going to look up at her. But he looked up, and saw that she had pulled the stovepipe from its place and was bending over something.

"She's found a mouse's nest," he thought, and a wave of disgust surged over him. He had heard the little beasts scurrying to and fro at night. He had thought of pulling out the pipe and drowning them. How like a girl!

He almost hated Ida then. He hoped she had not been angry with him because—because she guessed! The abame of that would make him hang his head the rest of his days. He saw Ida clearly again, a pale young woman whose twin pigtales had changed into fluffy, straw-colored hair. He did not even want to take another look at the picture show now.

"Aren't you getting cold, Frank? It's turning quite chilly," said his mother, from the window of the living room.

"I guess not," he answered. "Shall I light the fire in the stove?" she asked.

He hesitated. "Yes, it might warm up the house," he answered.

The boy was in his room and it was morning. He leaned over the window sill. Underneath a lilac tree was beginning to blossom and the scent came up to him. The world was very fair that soft spring morning. Why was his heart aching so?

In the next house, but shut off as by a thousand leagues, was Ida. Sometimes she would lean from her window and wave a good morning to him, and he would look for her. But there was no sign of her.

"She's still mad at me," he thought, and the old sense of resentment began to stir in him again.

Suddenly he heard a sound of sobbing. It came from the next house. He heard it through the chimney, and put his mouth to the stovepipe.

"Ida!" he called. "Ida! Ida!"

There was no answer, and he went downstairs. He stood beneath the lilac tree. The beauty of nature seemed suddenly to have become accursed and dreary. He leaned against the trunk and idly plucked a spray of lilac. Then he saw a girl coming along the piazza and went toward her, a little sheepishly, not yet decided in what spirit to approach her. But he saw the tears in her eyes, and his heart leaped with remorse. And in her hand she was carrying something. She held it out indignantly.

It was three little dead birds—chimney swifts, which had been killed by the fire he had lit his mother kindly.

"Aw, say, Ida! I didn't know. I thought they were mice," he protested.

"You have killed them for wantonness, just like a boy!" she said indignantly.

Her eyes were wet. She stroked the limp little wings, and then suddenly burst into passionate tears. Frank stood by helplessly. He was sure now that she would never speak to him again.

"I'm sorry, Ida—honest, I am," he muttered.

She raised her eyes to his, but there was no anger in them any more. There was something he had never seen there. It was not love; it was more like humility—that which is born of sudden understanding. Something of the tragedy of life had gripped them both, and the seriousness of it when one puts aside childish things.

"You didn't know—did you, Frank?" she said. And she slipped her arm through his, and in that moment the new life lay before them, though they only dimly realized what was happening in their souls. For when the but-terfly emerges from the cocoon it is at once forgetful and only rejoices in its new happiness.

From her window Mrs. Norris looked down at the pair, strolling under the trees, and called her husband. There was the shadow of a smile upon her face.

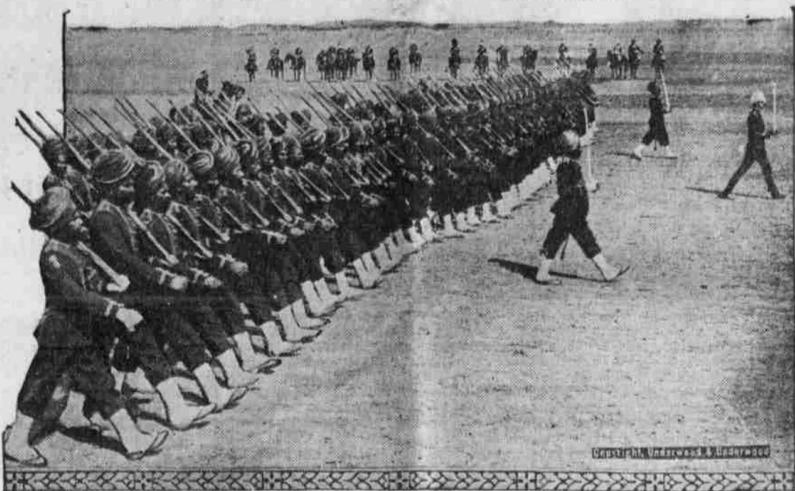
"I don't know—maybe they're not too young, Jim," she said. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

**Love of Precious Stones.**  
The love of precious stones is almost as old as the hills from which many of them come, and in the early days admiration for them was equally shared by men and women. An old writer named Omocritus, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era, tells us how much his generation thought of the crystal. "Whose goeth into the temple of the gods," he said, sagely, "with this in his hand, may be quite sure of having his prayer granted, as the gods cannot whet their power." Not a difficult way of insuring the success of one's petitions!

**The Duke's Question.**  
The delicate operation of separating the French Siamese twins, which has just been successfully performed, recalls Lord Houghton's story of a duke of St. Albans who went to inspect the original Siamese twins. The tale is retold in the London Express. The duke looked at the two boys, and then turned to their showman. "Are they brothers?" he asked. The showman's reply has not been preserved.

**It Depends.**  
"How long does it take to go through these woods?" asked the summer boarder.  
"That all depends," replied the farmer. "I have noticed that when a man is with his wife it takes about thirty minutes, and when he is with his mother-in-law he can make it in 15 minutes. If, however, he is with his fiancée it usually takes about two hours."—Judge.

# INDIAN FIGHTERS WITH THE BRITISH FORCES



Native troops from India are being hurried to Europe to assist the allies. The photograph shows the first detachment to arrive, on its way to join General French's command.

# DEATH IS DEFIED

## French Aviator Makes a Perilous War Flight.

Dispatch Bearer Tells of Air Trip From Paris With Orders for General in the North—Brought to Earth by Shot.

London.—Le Petit Journal publishes a description of the experience of a passenger on board an aeroplane in time of war. The start took place one gray dawn. Rian, the pilot, a famous civilian aviator, clothed in the leather armor of his craft, received the following orders from his captain:

"You will convey a passenger and dispatches straight north to —. Your orders are simply to get them there. You must take no risks en route. If the enemy brings you down, destroy both the dispatches and the aeroplane. If you get through to —, go at once to the general with your passenger, who will give him a verbal message. Good luck and 'quick' is the word."

The passenger's story continues: "While the pilot was looking over his machine, I took my place with the dispatches between my legs and a carbine slung along the framework on either side. The machine ran jolting along the ground and rose perceptibly in front of me. The pilot, hunched to his seat, sat motionless and attentive, regulating the course with little movements of the levers.

"We started directly north, tossed a little by an east wind, which caught us under one wing.

"Suddenly the pilot cut off the motor, and nothing was audible except the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the aeroplane. He turned to me, pointed out some little black smoke puffs far below us, and signed to me to listen. But I could hear nothing except the wind. Then the motor started again, and the steady hum covered everything.

"The smoke puffs grew nearer and more numerous. We tried to rise still higher, when a great wind came and threw us to one side. The ever ready pilot righted us but another and more terrible shock hurled us vertically upwards.

"Then we began to fall. The smoke and flashes were now quite near us, and we were thrown this way and that by great blasts of air. Still we forged ahead at full speed, clinging to the framework.

"I awaited the inevitable end, incapable of thinking. Then suddenly calm was restored. We had passed the danger zone and beneath us stretched a great forest, cut here and there with ravines.

"Hardly had we recovered a sense of security than the danger reappeared in all its horror. As we left the zone of danger our aeroplane began to list over. The pilot, having done his utmost to right us, cut off the motor and, half turning his head, gazed towards our left wing, where a strip of torn canvas was streaming in the wind.

"At once our heading descent began, ending with an abrupt landing in a narrow glade. No one but that pilot could have attempted so desperate a maneuver with success.

"Calm, though with face drawn with anxiety, he jumped to the earth, shouting, 'Take your carbine while I repair the damage,' and he set to work to fasten a patch over the torn wing. 'Quick,' he added, 'quick; if the 'Boches' (Germans) come fire at them. Then I will set the machine on fire and we will make a run for it.' 'Soon we were in our places ready to go. The propeller was started and we rose, but three horsemen at the edge of the glade came towards us at a mad pace and their height seemed to grow as we approached.

"It seemed we never would rise above them, but suddenly with a bound that carried us up almost vertically we passed above them, and then again we were looking down on a sea of troops at the edge of the forest. Smoke and gun flashes resounded.

## AEROPLANE HIT TEN TIMES

Shells Cause Airship to Dance on High Over Army, But French Aviator Retains Control.

London.—The Daily Mail's Petrograd correspondent sends a description by M. Poiret, a French aviator who is serving with the Russian army, of a flight over the German position accompanied by a staff captain.

"I rose to a height of 5,000 feet," Poiret said. "Fighting was in full

swung. The captain with me already had made some valuable observations, when the German, noticing my French machine, opened fire on it.

"A number of their bullets pierced the wings of the aeroplane and the others struck the stays. We still flew on, however, as it was necessary to obtain the exact position of the enemy.

"Then the German artillery began. Their shells burst near the aeroplane, and each explosion caused it to rock.

"The captain was wounded in the heel, but continued to make observa-

tions. Finally I turned the machine and landed home safely. I found ten bullet marks and two fragments of shells in the machine."

**No Divorce Law in Italy.**  
Rome.—There being no divorce law in Italy, the custom has been for men desiring to untie the marriage knot to become naturalized Hungarians. Many took this step just before the war broke out and have since been compelled to join the army of their new country.

# SIKH THE FIERCEST SOLDIER

East Indian Trooper Has a Face Calculated to Strike Terror to the Enemy on Sight.

Philadelphia.—Did you ever see a Sikh in uniform? No? Whatever of fierceness your childhood fancy painted upon the face of a soldier, the Sikh has it. Other soldiers may be as brave, or may fight more tenaciously, or die more willingly, but for simple fierceness of personal appearance all medals go to the Sikh.

He is so fierce to look at that I wonder his English officer can calmly face him without fear. You have read how trailblades of these East Indian troops are hurrying across Canada to show their fierce faces to the Germans.

Does not Caesar relate that the Roman soldiers were frightened by the terrible looks of the early German tribes? Now the boot goes upon the other foot.

A Sikh—and I've seen many regiments of them on their native heath—is a tall man with black hair and a long black beard. The beard is what makes him look so fierce, because he plait it into two thick braids and draws these back of his ears, where they are tied.

If you think that doesn't make a soldier look fierce, you make a sad error, which one glance at him would correct.

The Sikhs are Hindus, and so strict are their religious beliefs that all the food they eat must be especially prepared according to their own rites.

**103 Years Old; Would Enlist.**  
Petrograd.—A Crimean war veteran, one hundred and three years old, tramped 100 miles to Kostroma to offer his services as a volunteer. He is one of the "iron men" of Russia and was hale and hearty when he reached Kostroma. He proudly displayed a row of medals won in the Crimean campaign.

# BATTLE SEVEN NIGHTS OF HELL

Wounded French Soldiers Tell Story of Horrors of Fighting With Almost No Sleep.

London.—Geoffrey Young, a correspondent, wires that the statements of the wounded returning from the Aisne show the terrible nature of the fighting. All told practically the same story.

"It began at six o'clock with heavy shell fire," a soldier related to him. "There was a short interval at which it stopped at about 5:30 every day. Then in the night often came the charges, and one night I couldn't count them. It was awful—kill, kill, kill, and still they came on, showing one another over to us."

No man but had his story of comrades on either side shot or smashed. The shock of shells day after day, and the perpetual groaning of the wounded as they lay in the wet trenches.

"Seven days and nights of it and some nights only an hour's sleep; it was just absolute hell."

No one found another word to describe it, and the sight of the men bore it out. Muddled to the eyes, wet, often with blood caked on their faces, many were suffering from the curious aphasia produced by continued trouble and the concussion of shells bursting. Some were dazed, and speechless; some deafened, and yet no face wore the terrible animal war look.

# SWAP CORPS OF PRISONERS

American Naval Officer Brings 440 Pro-Teuton English Girls to England From Berlin.

London.—One of the strangest throngs ever seen in London—English women and girls with pro-German sympathies—came into the city from Berlin in charge of Lieut. E. G. Blakelee, United States Navy, assistant naval attaché at Berlin.

The party numbered 440 and figured in an exchange with German women and girls who had been allowed to

leave England. Under Lieutenant Blakelee's care the members of the party were assembled in Berlin from various portions of Germany with the assistance of the American consuls.

Their pro-German feeling is accounted for by the fact that, while interned in the German empire, they heard only one side of the war question. Art and music students and governesses predominated.

The party left Berlin in a special train, and all said they had been shown every courtesy by the German officials. At some places the Germans waved flags and handkerchiefs and even cheered. A great crowd of parents and relatives greeted the returning travelers on their arrival here.

Another party of English women and girls of about the same number will leave Berlin at an early date under the care of an attaché of the American embassy.

# STANDS OFF 5,000 GERMANS

Only Thirteen Survive After Fifty Have Fought With Large Body of Enemy.

On the Battle Front, via Paris.—A French lieutenant, M. Verlin, is the hero of the day as the result of an affair in which he was the main figure.

The lieutenant and fifty men of his company were reconnoitering ten miles in advance of the main body on the Oise river when they encountered 5,000 Germans. The Frenchmen took refuge in nearby woods and from this shelter fired volleys until only thirteen of their detachment remained alive, and of these four were wounded. The party then crept away.

The Germans hesitated to attack the woods for fear of a trap.

# "The Roll of Honor."

London.—A London newspaper heads its columns giving brief sketches of officers killed and wounded in battle. "The roll of honor," with the second line the quotation from Kipling's latest poem, "Who Dies If England Lives?"

# Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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WHEN the celebrated Doctor Abernethy visited his rich parents he used to go into the kitchen and shake hands with the cooks and talk to them something after this fashion: "My good friends, I owe you much, for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your genius, your delightful art, enables us medical men to ride in finer coaches, to live in finer houses. Without your existence we would go on foot and starve."

Human beings have ever been great sufferers from their own lack of knowledge of food values and the chemistry of foods. The bad selection of foods and bad cooking lay the foundation for all sorts of human ills; our cooks are adepts in life shortening. In the majority of families the choice of foods is largely left to the cooks, who give us the things they happen to like themselves, or which they have been accustomed to prepare, and these foods may not be at all adapted to our constitution, our temperament, our mode of living, our habits or our vocation. The diet of multitudes of people is, accordingly, not only badly prepared, but the articles of food themselves do not have the proper food values and have very little bearing upon our real needs.

There is nothing which touches human life so closely as the foods which make our blood, build up the physique, constantly renew, and maintain all the tissues in the body.

There are multitudes of people who are not really ill, but who do not feel right habitually, and yet they do not know why. Their brains are heavy, they cannot think clearly, their minds are cloudy, their thoughts dull, and they go to physicians who tell them that they have no organic disease, and yet they do not have that masterful feeling, that thrill of health which we all feel is normal to us. These people are often suffering from the incompatibility of different kinds of food, which may be all right when taken separately, but which develop chemical antagonism when taken into the body together. Or the trouble may come from their food not being properly prepared, which is the case with multitudes of people. They may eat too much so that all the cells of the body are clogged with an excess of nutriment, which the digestive organs cannot take care of, and which the tissues do not need, and when the blood is overloaded with nutriment, all the organs, especially the liver, rebel at the excess, the brain is heavy, the thought labored, and the whole system is not only overtaxed with extra load, but is poisoned with the undigested, unassimilated food, which decomposes in the alimentary canal.

Our food is the basis of our thinking, our efficiency. Our achievements in life, our happiness, depend upon the food we eat, the manner of its preparation and the way in which we partake of it.

I believe the time will come when that which affects the health, and the destiny of human beings, more than anything else, will be under government supervision. The time will come when most of our foods will be selected and prepared at scientific government stations, and every cook will have to have a license, a government certificate, just as a doctor has to be licensed to practice medicine. We shall have municipal kitchens where the best foods will be selected and prepared in the most scientific manner, by intelligent cooks, who will be experts in the chemistry of foods and in food values. These cooks will know the affinity between the different foods, and what kinds should never be eaten together because of their natural antagonism, because they generate chemical poisons which cause serious trouble in the system.

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their heads and have no control over their acts.

It is not an easy thing to carry a level head through life. The majority of mistakes which bring failure and disgrace are made when people lose their self-poise and fall to use good judgment.

One of the most difficult things for a young man to do is to keep a level head. It is so easy to lose one's balance, to get a "swelled head" over a little prosperity, to lose one's ambition for forging ahead by a raise in salary. A little ease and comfort are great tempters, great destroyers of ambition.

It is a difficult thing to keep a level head when the storms of temptation and financial difficulties are raging about one; but it is easier than in prosperity. There is something in human nature which braces up against adversity, which stiffens up when the world goes hard and makes one tug the harder; but somehow ease, comfort and the thought of prosperity take the spring out of the ambition. The motive to push ahead, to struggle, to strive, is usually weakened by the feeling of satisfaction that one has achieved something worth while, that he has gained what he