

Joan Tries Her Hand

By JANE OSBORN

"If you are going to go to make fun you'd better not go at all," said Maud as she jabbed a fork into the fruit salad she had selected for luncheon at the cafeteria.

Margaret agreed with this and nodded her head vigorously, as she and Maud watched the face of the skeptic Joan. "If you laugh or even feel like laughing," explained Margaret, "you'll interfere with the message. He'll put you out if he knows that you are the one."

Joan, the third of the trio of stenographers who lunched together at the co-operative cafeteria, smiled with something very like superiority. "I'm not going to laugh. I am going because I want to show you that it isn't really mind reading, or spirit communication, or anything spooky at all. If he really does tell you things about yourself that are true it is either coincidence or because he has trained himself to tell a lot about people just by their expressions, their mannerisms, the way they dress and the way they behave generally. Any one with ordinary intelligence could tell a lot more than they do if they just set out to observe people closely."

"Well, you've a right to your opinion," said Maud. "Come along if you want, only don't laugh and don't feel like making fun. We'll have dinner here at half past five and then we can get there early."

Joan was the youngest of the trio, barely twenty, but she had a good brain somewhere behind those round blue eyes of hers. She was no more scoffer, either. "Goodness knows," she told her companions, "if he has any way of knowing us better than we know ourselves or of knowing what is in store for us, I'd be the first to want to profit by it. I certainly don't want to pound the keys all my life. If I'm going to meet a man I love enough to marry I want to know it. If I'm not, then I want to study nights so that I can get on in the world."

After the session with the spiritistic character reader that night, opinion was much divided. In the short time the girls had to talk on their way home it seemed clear that the only part of the spirit communication that interested them was that which referred to their own present or possible love affairs.

"I don't see why you weren't more than convinced," said Margaret to Joan. "He couldn't have got things straighter about you if he had known you all your life. Said you worked and liked it, but that you would be willing to marry if the right man came along; that you weren't easily suited and that you didn't get acquainted with men easily. He said there had been some one once who had cared for you, but that he was not to be your life partner, that you should wait for another."

"I think anyone could have said that much just by looking at me. That man's a good observer, but that's all. Anyone with a keen eye and a little sense could do as much."

Thereafter Joan tried to prove the truth of her statement, assaying her own hand at character reading. She spent what had hitherto been three or four minutes in the subway observing and weighing her observations. Before many days had passed Joan could tell, or thought she could, an amazing number of things about most of the persons whom she had a chance to study in this way.

Maud said that since no one knew these people no one could tell whether Joan was really making correct deductions. Thereupon it was decided that Joan should try Mr. Davis, who had only just been transferred to the New York office and about whom none of the girls knew anything as yet. They had not even heard him speak, but had merely watched him as he had come and gone with the older members of the firm. They would remember Joan's deductions, and later when they knew his personal history they would see how near she came to being right.

Joan felt that the vindication of her stand on the subject of spook character revelation depended on her success or failure—so she used her eyes keenly. Not only did she watch Mr. Davis closely when he was in sight, but she thought about him when he was not. She tried to feel the personality of Mr. Davis so that she would be better able to know it. This continued for two days. The morning of the third day Joan met Margaret and Maud before office hours in the office to tell them the result of her deductions.

"I have never heard him speak or spoken to him, yet I believe he is from New England, possibly Boston," she said. "He wears a wrist watch—and that sort of man wouldn't wear a wrist watch unless he had got to the habit in the service. He says in the World war—I think in France. Of course, he is a college man—you can tell that from his fraternity pin. He's the kind of man who's proud he went to college or he wouldn't wear his fraternity pin to business. That's simple. He isn't married, but he doesn't think of his life as being just what it ought to be until he is. He's probably got a lot of identifications about women. He'd be mighty good to the girl he married, but he'd expect sympathy and devotion in return. He is just a little suspicious

about the modern girl. Let me inter-convert him." That night Joan remained a little after five in finish some letters. As she stood in the hall waiting for the elevator to take her down to the street, Mr. Davis stepped from a bend in the corridor, where it was quite obvious he had been waiting, and joined her.

As they both lived uptown it was a simple thing to begin the practice of going in the subway together. Once when it was a little late Mr. Davis suggested that Joan dine with him before they start on their subway trip. That seemed to seal their friendship, but it gave Joan little opportunity to make actual verification of her character reading.

One evening several weeks later when Joan and the constant Mr. Davis were joined along together in the subway, Mr. Davis suddenly looked at Joan with an air of annoyance. Clearly he was disturbed, apparently piqued and disappointed. Followed much confusion on the part of Joan.

"I know what you are annoyed about," said Joan. "I can't explain now, but tomorrow I'll tell you all about it. It wouldn't do here in the subway, some one might hear us."

"Then I'll get out of the subway with you and see you to your home. I should very much like to have you tell me about it," was Mr. Davis' serious reply.

"You were annoyed," said Joan as soon as they were in the open, "because you thought I was staring at that self-satisfied young floorwalker opposite."

"You did seem to be interested—but how do you know he was a floorwalker?"

"We were in the subway late for the office crowd," explained Joan. "Most of these people were store workers. That man wore a cut-away coat. He wasn't the type of man who'd have a cutaway coat unless it was part of his job."

"I guess you're right," agreed Mr. Davis. "But the important thing to me is that you were obviously interested in him. You don't look like the sort of young woman who would invade acquaintance with strangers. I guess I don't understand you."

"You don't think I was trying to flirt, do you?" gasped Joan.

"I don't want to think so, I'm going to be frank. When I first came to the office I noticed you, picked you out as different from most girls in offices. I flatter myself I am able usually to size people up on sight. Anyone with a keen eye and ordinary intelligence can do it. From the first you were a contradiction. You seemed almost demure, and yet that very first week you—well, you know how you used to look out at me. I wouldn't have dared to wait for you that first evening if it hadn't been for that. It was a challenge. And now, Joan, I have grown more than fond of you. Somehow I feel that you are the kind of girl I would like to marry. But of course, if you would rather flirt with every other man you see, I—"

Joan did not let Mr. Davis finish his sentence. She explained then and there, with perfect satisfaction to both, the reason for her apparent boldness. She told him, too, of the trip to the character reader with Maud and Margaret.

"One thing he did say," admitted Joan, "that I wasn't quite sure of. That was that I would meet the man I could really care for."

She told the whole story to Maud and Margaret when she told them of her engagement to Mr. Davis.

"And just to think," sighed Margaret to Maud, "if one of us had used our hand at character reading we might have vamped Mr. Davis instead of Joan."

EARTH WAVES MENACE CITY

People of Corato, in Northern Italy, in Fear of Another Destructive Cave-in.

Corato, a city of northern Italy, about twenty-five miles from Bari, has again been visited by "earth-waves," which in the past have caused much damage there. Buildings extending for almost a mile were demolished and the 50,000 inhabitants are living in dread lest the undulations continue and ruin the entire neighborhood. Three thousand of them, carrying their belongings, have sought refuge in nearby towns.

The earth waves came just at a time when the government was considering plans to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the complete rebuilding of Corato so it could withstand these periodical cave-ins.

Corato is situated over a subterranean body of water, the currents of which cause the terrain to shift occasionally. The government's plan is to drain this water, rebuild a number of houses and change the direction of certain streets so as to prevent the cave-ins.

The present disturbance ruined more than a third of the city, while the remainder is in constant danger of destruction.

A Cry for Help. A woman's voice, high pitched and shrill; a cry for help. I crept down through the garden toward the road, glancing apprehensively at the dimly lighted house.

Again the cry came through the darkness; in it was a poignant sorrow. A despairing woman's last cry for help.

I gained the road and walked rapidly away. Now for an evening at the club.

My wife could hang those curtains without me!—New York Sun.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

WHO WAS PAMELA?

WHEN in going through Montmartre tourists are taken through the famous cemetery in that portion of Paris, they usually pause for a moment as they pass a modest headstone bearing the single word "Pamela," particularly since those which surround it are literally covered with facts and figures concerning the history of the persons who lie buried there.

"Who was Pamela?" ask the tourists, turning inquiringly to the guide. And that personage merely shrugs his shoulders, smiles and replies: "That, monsieur, is what the world would like to know—for here is the grave of a remarkable woman, the idol of royalty, the toast of France. But who she was or where she came from are questions that have never been answered."

"Pamela," continues the guide, with that quick grasp of historical data which is common to those who direct visitors in various sections of Europe, "was the name given to the beautiful child brought from England to be the playmate of the little ones in the palace of the Duc de Chartres, later the Duke of Orleans. Golden haired, blue-eyed, a veritable sprite, the little girl won all hearts, in spite of the fact that there was very evidently a dark mystery about her origin. There were some at court who shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders meaningly when, as she grew up, the girl called 'Pamela' began to make conquests which were more and more widespread. But the secrecy which veiled her birth did not affect her popularity in the slightest. She was the inspiration of countless poets, the cause of scores of duels and when her heart was finally won by the Irish Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, there were many who left Paris because they could not bear to see her married to another."

"The announcement of her approaching marriage to Lord Edward brought from London the same question which Paris had been asking for many years: 'Who is Pamela?' and in the marriage contract, still to be seen at Tourney, the bride is described as 'Stephanie Caroline Anne Simms, known as 'Pamela,' native of London, daughter of William Berkeley and Mary Simms."

"But this does not, by any means dispel the mystery surrounding this most charming of creatures, for the governess of the household of the Duc de Chartres maintained that she was the daughter of British nobility, while the Masonic Magazine, in the issue which appeared within a month after her marriage, declared that she was the daughter of the duke of Orleans himself. Moore, in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitz Gerald,' leans to this theory, stating that the mother of 'Pamela' was none other than the governess in the duke's family who took such a marked interest in the girl."

"But no matter. These are only rumors—reports, founded only on gossip. History which is vague in the extreme about the origin of the beautiful 'Pamela,' is only too explicit as to her adventures after her marriage. Lord Edward Fitz Gerald became prominent in Irish politics and, like Sir Roger Casement more than a century later, decided to cast his lot with the French against England. Accordingly, he crossed the channel and arranged for a French invasion of Ireland, only to be betrayed and hunted, with a price of a thousand pounds upon his head. Those who were searching for him kept a close watch upon his wife and Lord Edward was finally captured in the apartments of the lovely 'Pamela,' who sold her jewels and everything she possessed in a vain attempt to bribe his jailers. The Irish lord lived only a short time afterward, dying as a result of wounds which he received when he was captured, and 'Pamela' returned to Paris where she lived until her death at the age of fifty-seven. Even then, this woman of mystery is described as admired and sought after; brilliant in society, remarkable for her loveliness of fancy and play of wit—a creature born to win all hearts. Here lies what is left of her, interred under the single word that cloaked her true identity."

"Who was Pamela? That, monsieur, is a question that will probably not be truly answered until the Day of Judgment."

The Good Old Days.

Yesterday forenoon a well-dressed young lady, apparently about fifteen years of age, attempting to cross Grand street in her walk up Broadway, was encountered by a large dog, running from a dog. He struck her with such force as to knock her off her feet, and in falling, she struck her head on a large stone, which cut a gash of nearly three inches in length; nor was it until after she had lain in a senseless and bleeding state for nearly two hours that she came to herself. How long are the citizens to endure this dangerous nuisance in open violation of the city ordinances?—From the New York Evening Post of June 30, 1922.

He Wasn't Worrying. Uncle—Engaged to two young women at the same time! Well, what are you going to do about it?

Wild Nephew—Oh, I'm all right; the question is, what are they going to do about it.

HOW

TWO GREAT AMERICANS SPREAD LIGHT IN SYRIA

American interest in the Near East was fortunately founded upon the idea of missionary Christian service. This type of American activity, though it runs back in Syria a full hundred years, has not been seriously vitiated by that self-interest which seems inevitably to accompany the struggle for markets of trade. Probably this is not due to any superiority of American morality in international affairs, as our relations with the West Indies and the Central American states amply prove. A clever Austrian writer has named it for us—"the imperialism of the banana." It would be wise of us to think it over and to realize that the banana is a useful fruit if properly handled. But it easily goes rotten, writes William Linn Westermann, in Asia Magazine.

To the present time, however, we may well take pride in American missionary and educational activity in the old Turkish empire, and most of all in one of its agents, Dr. Howard Bliss, who succeeded his father—"old Dr. Bliss," as the Syrians affectionately speak of him—in the direction of the Syrian protestant college at Beirut. An eminent young Englishman at the peace conference, who knew the Syrian situation as few men do, frequently spoke of Dr. Howard Bliss as "the root of all good in the Near East." A Syrian, a graduate of Beirut college, who was urging an American mandate over Syria, was asked what gave him his exaggerated notion of the virtue of Americans. He said: "I know that American business men, if the United States should take over the guidance of Syria, would want to make money out of us. But they would leave us our independence, and they would leave with us some of the money which they made in our land, in the form of hospitals and schools." Then with great earnestness he spoke of Dr. Howard Bliss and his father, paying to them and their work a tribute such as few men could deserve: "I owe to my father and mother the fact of my birth. Everything else that I have and am in life, my professional training, my views of life, even my love of liberty, all this I owe to Beirut college, to old Dr. Bliss and Dr. Howard Bliss." The man who spoke was not a Christian. He was a Mohammedan Arab.

COMMUNISTIC TO A DEGREE

How Unfortunate Bee Which Cannot Perform Its Full Duties Is Done Away With.

"In bee civilization the state is everything, the individual nothing," writes Dallas L. Sharp in Harper's. "Each one exists for the whole, but the whole exists for no one. The individual is born to serve and the moment he ceases to serve, that moment he dies—worker, or drone, or queen, even the unborn young in their cradle cells. For let hard times come knocking at the door, will more baby mouths to feed than there are stores to feed them from and the tender young are torn from their warm beds and hurled into the outer cold. Let the last virgin queen of the season be mated and not only does that drone perish in the act, but all the drones in the hive no longer needed are bundled, bag and baggage, outside, to fumble for one pathetic moment before they die at their own door. Let the worker come home with frayed wing, failing never so little of her full capacity production, and she is set upon, never to be seen again in the hive; let the queen-mother, in the height of the honey flow, come short in her prodigious task of keeping the colony at its maximum strength; let her fall off from laying her 2,000 or 3,000 eggs per day, and a new queen is deliberately prepared for, the old mother, like any drone or worker, falling a victim to the pitiless policy of the state."

How Limousines Earn "Keep."

A fine horse never pulls a common cart till he is old and broken down, but machines are not so particular about their work. Brand new and latest model limousines that sometimes have a chauffeur in livery serve as trucks every day in New York. Not occasionally, but regularly. Most commonly they take parcel post boxes to the post offices after office hours, but they may be seen in the middle of the day also taking a full load of light freight on short hauls about town.—New York Sun.

How Next War Will Be Fought.

Major General Squier, chief signal officer of the United States army, told the graduates of the Camp Vail signal school that there had been greater developments in radio the past decade than in any other science. Also that in future wars barrages and bombardments would be laid down by radio.

How It Turned Out.

"When your antagonist went into politics he made it a point to say in public, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and that wily old boy has been one of his political backers ever since."

Stopping at Sally's

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Clem looked very tired as he closed the small wooden gate behind him. He hoped with a hopeless fervency that Brian would have something started for their midday dinner.

There was, however, no odor of food in the air when he entered the kitchen, and a swift glance at the sink disclosed the pile of breakfast dishes still unwashed.

"Hello, Clem, aren't you home early?" Brian looked up with his swift flashing smile, then bent his eyes again to his canvas. "I had a good morning. My picture simply leaped ahead. I tell you, Clem, in the years to come I'll—"

Clem tried to get a panful of potatoes from the box near the cellar door without acting inattentive, but Brian's roving glance caught him. "Can't you sit down a minute and listen, Clem? All morning I've wanted to talk to you about the composition of this."

Clem's patient, honest eyes rested affectionately upon the thin, vivid face of his dearly beloved younger brother. Clem had been both father and mother to the art-loving youngster and he had as complete faith in the other's talents as even Brian possessed.

"I must get some dinner on, because I have to get back to the warehouse," he explained, setting on a kettle of water to heat while he peeled the potatoes.

Brian painted on in annoyed silence for a moment and then threw down his brush; "Meals are such an interruption," he cried. "I don't feel hungry."

The smell of paint in the chill, damp air was overpowering. Brian had, as usual, forgotten to add wood to the fire. "Go down to the store and get a slice of steak, Brian; that will give you a breath of fresh air," advised Clem, patiently.

Brian had no desire for steak or for any food, but he experienced a feeling of compunction as he noted how Clem's square shoulders sagged. Quite evidently Clem was already tired out, and he had a long afternoon of lifting heavy boxes and barrels before him. "I tell you, Clem, when I've made a great name you shall have things easy. You went without a new hat so I could get those new paints, and—"

Clem smiled. The end of the sentence was lost as Brian, now repentantly anxious to hurry the meal for Clem's sake, shot through the door and down the path.

There were a number of people in the little general store waiting to be served, but the one clerk was still behind the mail boxes sorting out the mail, which had been delayed. Brian stood near the door looking at a newspaper on the counter when he heard his name mentioned.

"Yes, Clem's bound to lose her. She's waited seven years now, and Sally's too pretty a girl to go unmarried. I heard that Gordon Holloway has been calling some, and he bought a box of candy tied up with pink ribbons Saturday night. Sally's sister had the ribbon in her hair going to school Monday morning." The speaker, an aged woman with an odd crocheted net on her curly gray hair, smiled wisely. "On her curly hair, Clem is crazy about her, but with Brian on his shoulders he'll never make enough to keep a wife. The idea of Clem hustling freight all day, and going home to a cold, dirty house, while Brian sits at his ease and paints. Tain't right."

All thoughts of his morning's work vanished from the young man's mind. Even the vexed matter of the proper atmosphere for the vivid-eyed maid with the green scarf that brought out the flesh values so wonderfully was forgotten. His mind was fixed on his past with an appalling clarity. He had grown up depending on good old Clem. Through his rather spoiled childhood he had always appealed to Clem when he wished some extra indulgence, and it had been Clem who had first noticed his wonderful skill in drawing, and it had been Clem, also, who had sent away the little picture in colors that had brought him a small prize. Every bit of pleasant encouragement he had received in his home town had been given him by his brother, and he had come to take the loving service indifferently—almost as his due. He knew of Clem's love for Sally Waite, and he had always expected, in his vague, impracticable way that they would ultimately marry. That Clem was losing his chance with her because he was supporting a younger brother in unproductive idleness he had never guessed. Brian had worked incessantly—worked with a feverish haste that lessened his chances of success—but this labor had been of no service in the little cottage where the dishes often waited all day for Clem to attack after supper.

"I thought Brian in a hurt bewilderment, 'always counted on doing so much for old Clem when I got to—'"

"And as for his pictures," Pansy was continuing, "of course they are mighty pretty, especially those snow scenes with the red light shining out on the snow." Here Brian shuddered, recalling his first efforts. "But he'll be payheaded before he ever gets to earning real money, and then where will Clem be? He'll be an old man

with his girl married to some one else—"

"But," objected the doctor's plump little wife, "Brian is an awful nice fellow. Remember how he tended Clem when he had scarlet fever? Never had his clothes off."

"Yes, Brian is all right, but he doesn't use his head. He ought to get a job and paint in his spare time, or work hard and get enough to go away and study. He's no fall to be hanging on Clem."

Brian had a dazed look on his thin, earnest face as he re-entered the kitchen. He crossed the wooden floor in two great strides, and took his brother by the shoulders. "What do you think, Clem—I came past the warehouse and they need another hand. They—"

"But the warehouse is on the other side of town. Where's the steak?" "I forgot the steak; we'll eat eggs or something," returned Brian vaguely. "I told Lizzie Brinks to come in for a couple of hours each day, and to be here to have our dinners ready. I'm sick of painting all day while you're out in the fresh air. I was thinking—"

Brian's black eyes rested an instant on the picture on the easel; then he wrenched his gaze back and went on gayly—"that we'd work together through the summer and then we'll paint the cottage so it will be ready for you and Sally (you must look out, or that Gordon Holloway is going to cut you out there) to use when you're married. I'm thinking of going to the city to study as soon as I have saved some money—"

The potato fork dropped from Clem's hand. "But Brian, the work at the warehouse is pretty heavy. Do you think that you can stand it?"

Brian, now fully awakened, stared at the tired, somewhat lined face of his elder. "Yes," he said, distinctly, "I think that I can stand it a great deal better than you. As soon as we get turned around a bit there are going to be some changes around this house. I want you to stop at Sally's tonight on your way home and tell her that you'll be around Saturday night with Brink's auto. He's going to save it for you, and I'm going to pay for it."

"Sally loves to drive," was all Clem could get out, but there was something in his honest blue eyes that made Brian smile radiantly.

HEARD THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Englishman Testified to That Effect in Address Before the Royal Geographic Society.

Whether or not the aurora borealis, so beautiful to the eye, is ever accompanied by a characteristic sound is disputed by scientists, but G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, in an address before the Royal Geographic society, claimed to have heard it in Labrador in the autumn of 1920.

"Two points occur to me as worthy of mention in this connection," said the speaker. "The first is that I have occasionally seen what appears to be the aurora by day in the form of faint clouds having the characteristic appearance of the bands and streamers. The second point I raise with some hesitation, as I believe the balance of scientific opinion is against its possibility. That is, that, judging merely by the evidence of my senses, I should say that I had sometimes heard the aurora, when in rapid movement, making a faint, crisp, rattling noise. If this is a hallucination, it is a very strange one."

His evidence corroborates that of Capt. H. P. Dawson, in charge of the British polar station, "The Indians and the voyagers of the Hudson's Bay company, who often pass their nights in the open, say that it (the sound) is not uncommon." On one occasion when he heard it himself he says: "The sound was like the swishing of a ship or the noise produced by a sharp squall of wind in the upper rigging of a ship."

Good Literature Will Endure.

We are often told that an era is opening in which we are to see multitudes of a common sort of readers, and masses of a common sort of literature; that such readers do not want and could not relish anything better than such literature, and that to provide it is becoming a vast and profitable industry.

Even if good literature entirely lost currency with the world it would still be abundantly worth while to continue to enjoy it by oneself. But it never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances; it never will lose supremacy. Currency and supremacy are loaned to it, not infused by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper—by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.—Matthew Arnold, in 1850.

Best English Love Story?

What is the greatest love story in the world? Of course, if one counted in plays the pain would go to "Romeo and Juliet." If one put in episodes, most people would go to the Bible or Dante's poignant picture of Francesca da Rimini. But let us rule these things out and stick to books, and English ones at that. What beats "The Merchant and the Jew"? One correspondent says "Jane Eyre," another, "Lorna Doone." We vote for "Pride and Prejudice." It is the greatest and most typical of English love stories, because it does not part one with one of those tremendous passions which almost exceed the bounds of sanity. It is the intensely human tale of a love slowly developing through the petty and formal misunderstandings, which make up life between two people just as mortal as ourselves.—London Express.