"When You're Hungry"

By IMES MACDONALD

"For heaven's sake," said Avis Ransome's Aunt Martha caustically, "if you're going to marry him—why marry him and have it over with!"

The startled Miss Ransome pushed the telephone into which she had just been talking back on the table and gazed out of the window absently. "I don't know that I do want to marry him," she answered.

"Well, if you don't know now, you never will know. You make me just a little tired. You keep a perfectly nice young man dangling year after year hoping against hope until some one else comes along to whom you take a sudden and inconsistent notion—and the first thing Martin Garland knows he's had a throw-down that will touch all the rest of his life with just a shade of disappointment if not actual bitterness. It isn't fair—it isn't square. If you love him—why, say so and marry him. If you don't—at least be frank about it and give him a chance to love somebody else before he dies of old age and watchful waiting."

Perplexity was written large in and about the eyes of Avis Ransome.

"But how do you know, Aunt Martha—how do you know when you love a man and want to marry him?"

"I Don't Know That I Do Want to Marry Him."

"How do you know when you're hungry?" snapped that good lady.

"Why—why you feel it!" exclaimed her niece.

"Exactly! You feel it," said Aunt Martha significantly.

So after five minutes of serious consideration the conscientious Avis reached for the telephone and called up Martin Garland.

"Oh, Mart," she began hurriedly, "I think I've changed my mind. I don't think we'd better meet this afternoon nor any afternoon—ever any more. I've been talking to Aunt Martha—and—and I've come to the conclusion that it isn't fair to you, Mart. And I want to be fair."

"But, Avis," came his quiet voice, "I understand all of that. You needn't worry your head about it at all. I can stand it—it's better than nothing, you know."

"No," she said decisively, "it isn't right. And in all fairness to—to both of us it should be ended right here."

Garland's mind was quick on the trigger, and he immediately caught the idea that the thing which he had feared had come. There was some one else. So long as there was no one else he had hoped. But Garland was a good loser and unconsciously there slipped into his voice a note of pleasant friendliness that was almost impersonal.

"Perhaps you are right, Avis," he said.

But Avis Ransome arose from the phone with a little uneasy feeling that he had accepted the situation a little too readily. Ten days passed and this feeling grew into a certainty, for she had expected him to make some effort to come back. But she hadn't heard a word from him. Then some one told her that he had gone to New York, and all at once she felt like an abandoned child. She missed him; she missed him more than she would admit even to herself. And her aunt watched her and smiled to herself.

"Serves her right," thought that lady grimly to herself. "Serves her right."

Three months of this went by. The fourth month lagged dreadfully, and Avis Ransome was the most restless young woman in Dayton. Then one day came a letter from a girl friend who had married a rich young broker in New York—a jolly, devil-may-care, nice broker, who had never pursued chorus girls along the Great White Way—and had always loved his own little wife from the very first time he set eyes on her. And the letter included a press notice of Martin Garland's new play which was soon to be produced, starring the well-known Neala Travers—also the letter suggested eagerly that Avis come to New York for a visit, incidentally they could see Mart's new play—she and her husband were great first-nighters. She didn't mention that she was curious to know how things stood between Mart and Avis, but she was.

And so it happened that Avis was one of the enthusiastic audience which applauded the young playwright who stood before the curtain after the third act, hand in hand with Neala Travers, the lovely star. And that night she went home with her friends, her heart in a tumult—both proud and fearful. But the next morning, late, she managed to locate Martin Garland by telephone.

"And so you liked it?" he asked genially, although it seemed to Avis that he seemed not sufficiently surprised to hear her voice.

"Yes," she said, "it was splendid—and I—I wanted you to know, Mart, how—how much your success means to me."

"All my friends have been very kind," he said, "and I do appreciate it, Avis, your being so interested—and all."

But he didn't suggest seeing her, and implied that he was very busy and had just signed a contract for the writing of a new play that was already under way. So with a baffled feeling of defeat Avis tried gallantly to enjoy her New York visit.

Once she happened to see him riding in Central Park with the fascinating Miss Travers. Once she and her hostess were coming out of a shop on Fifth avenue and they met him face to face. He was pleasant and friendly, but Avis seemed not to be able to break down the barrier that had risen between them, and later that same afternoon she saw him glide by in a fashionable town car with Neala Travers at his side—and that night Avis Ransome cried.

The next afternoon a pale, dark-eyed girl was ushered into Neala Travers' apartment.

"Miss—Miss Travers," she began nervously, "you are so—so splendid in Martin Garland's new play. I think it is wonderful for you to have worked with him and inspired him toward his success. But please," she said earnestly, "please be good to him. He is so gentle and fine—his ideals are so high and full of dreams. He believes in women as few men do. The two of you have so much in common—and you are so—so lovely—please don't hurt him. It would mar his life—destroy his ideals and dwarf his work—please don't."

And Neala Travers, who was a woman first and a star afterward, understood, and put her arm around Avis Ransome and petted her into a strange sense of security. But that night when Garland came to her dressing room at the theater, as was his custom of late, the heart of Neala Travers ached just a little.

"You never told me about the girl back home—the little girl with the tragic eyes," she accused him whimsically, yet half seriously.

"She threw me down," he said frankly, "so there was nothing to tell."

"But she's wild about you and you're breaking her heart," she said gently.

"You're quite mistaken," he answered. "She's visiting in New York, you know. I've talked to her once on the telephone and even met her once on the street, but there was not a single sign that she cared."

"Did you ask her?"

"No."

"Then do. Ask her tonight. You'll need a wife like her to tie to—with all the girls on Broadway making eyes at you." She smiled frankly.

And thirty minutes later Avis was clinging to Martin Garland murmuring pathetically, "I was afraid you didn't love me any more—and I do love you so, Mart."

"How do you know you love me," he asked gravely.

"How do I know when I'm hungry?" she smiled through her tears.

While at that very moment, in the great third act of Garland's play, Neala Travers was saying, "No happiness can survive that brings unhappiness to another."

Most Inhuman Belief.

There may be well-intentioned people who say that virtue always leads to success and vice to misery. But it is an obvious and monstrous falsehood in a world where we profit by the good deeds of our parents and where millions are suffering unutterable tortures because of the deeds of foreign potentates. That those who suffer must have been wicked, and that those who triumph must have been virtuous, is one of the most inhuman beliefs in history. As to the doctrine that the reward of virtue is to be found in a clear conscience or high satisfaction—that is an even more violent falsehood. The people who suffer most from their conscience are obviously the sensitive and high-minded, while self-approbation comes most easily to the complacent and fortune-favored Jack Horners. The doctrine that the reward of moral life is a feeling of satisfaction or happiness is not only contrary to moral experience, but is intellectually sterile.—The New Republic.

Japanese Pocket Stoves.

The Japanese have invented a little stove that you can carry round in your pocket. It is in the form of a small brazier, shaped rather like a cigar case, and the fuel is a sausage-like roll that will burn for three hours without emitting smoke or fumes. One of these little contrivances carried inside the bosom of a kimono prevents a journey in a railway train from being too chilly. Delicate pupils keep one in their clothes while at school in winter, and so equipped sit comfortably in an unheated room. The aged and the cold-footed sleep with the stove at their feet. It is also like a hot water bottle to soothe the pains of cramp and colic.—Scientific American.

INJURY DONE BY RAT IS IMMENSE

Far Greater Than That Wrought by All Larger and Other Mammals Together.

IS MENACE TO HUMAN LIFE

Rodents Are Almost Wholly Responsible for Perpetuation and Transmission of Bubonic Plague—Loss in Rural Districts.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A single rat does far less harm in a year than one of the larger mammals, such as a lion, tiger, or wolf; but the large mammals of prey are comparatively few in number, while rats are exceedingly abundant. North America or any other continent has probably as many rats as people—possibly two or three times as many. The destruction wrought by this vast horde of rodents is far greater than that wrought by lions, tigers, wolves and all other noxious mammals together.

Injurious insects are enormously destructive to crops. Probably their combined ravages inflict greater economic losses than do those of rats; but no one kind of insects destroys as much. The harm done by any species of insect is usually confined to certain geographic limits, rarely extending over large parts of a continent; that done by the rat extends over the whole world. Oceans fail to limit its activities.

Menaces Human Life.

The rat's destructiveness is not confined to crops and property; it menaces human life as well. This rodent is responsible for more deaths among human beings than all the wars of history. Not all the fatal epidemics of the past were bubonic plague, but enough of them have been so identified to show that almost every century of the Christian era has had at least one great pandemic of this scourge which destroyed millions of the world's population. The great plague of London, which killed more than half the inhabitants that did not flee from the city, was by no means the worst outbreak recorded. The plague called "black death" devastated Europe for 50 years of the fourteenth century, destroying two-thirds to three-fourths of the population of large territories and one-fourth of all the people, or about 25,000,000 persons. Since 1896 plague has carried away nearly 9,000,000 of the population of India alone. The disease is still intrenched in Asia, Africa, Australia and South America, and cases of it have occurred in Europe and North America.

Through the fleas that infest them, rats are almost wholly responsible for the perpetuation and transmission of

To Combat the Rat Successfully Is Largely a Building Problem.

bubonic plague, and it has been proved also that rats are active, although not exclusive, agents in spreading pneumonic plague. Only the prompt measures against these animals taken by the United States public health service prevented disastrous epidemics of plague in San Francisco, Seattle and Hawaii in 1909, in Porto Rico in 1912, and in New Orleans in 1914.

Losses Due to Rats.

The economic loss due to rats is astounding. No extensive or exact statistics on the subject are available, but surveys of conditions existing in a few of the older cities of the United States show that losses due to rats are almost in exact ratio to the populations. In rural districts the losses are much greater in proportion to inhabitants than in cities. Assuming that there are in the United States only as many rats as people, and that each rat in a year destroys property valued at $2, the total yearly damage is about $200,000,000. To this must be added the expense of fighting rats including the large sums paid for traps and poisons, the keep of dogs and cats, and the labor involved. In addition the loss of human efficiency due to diseases disseminated by the rat should be considered.

Unclean and Unpatriotic.

The man who markets unclean and filthy milk is especially unpatriotic.

SOY BEANS HELP TO SOLVE FOOD PROBLEM

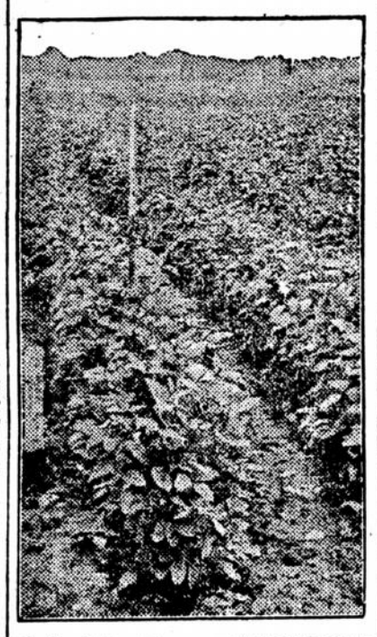
Source of Home-Grown Protein Should Interest Stockmen.

Several Varieties Have Been Adapted and Acclimated to Every Section of Country—Improves Fertility of the Soil.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Soy bean meal is a source of home-grown protein which should interest every stockman, says the United States department of agriculture, particularly when concentrates rich in protein are high in price. Several varieties of soy beans have been adapted and acclimated to every section of the country so that the crop can be profitably produced in every state now engaged in live stock husbandry. The soy bean is the one crop which provides a practical way for the farm production of the grain protein which is needed for feed for dairy cows, beef animals, sheep, swine, and poultry.

On impoverished lands in the South soy beans yield from 10 to 15 bushels of grain to the acre and in so doing the



Field of Soy Beans, a Valuable Crop for Home-Grown Protein Feeds.

crop also improves the fertility of the soil, because of the leguminous nature of the plants. There are a number of handpower and gasoline grinding mills of standard make now on the market which can be purchased at from $10 to $50 each and will reduce soy beans to a palatable meal form. A gasoline engine to operate one of these mills will cost from $35 to $75 or more, dependent on the make, size and quality.

Due to the relatively high oil content of soy beans, it is advisable to grind a mixture of three parts of corn to one part of soy beans, as in this way a practically balanced grain ration is supplied while difficulties due to the gumming up of the mill are avoided. Soy-bean meal contains from 45 to 48 per cent of protein as compared with 38 to 41 per cent of protein in the common varieties of cottonseed meal. It is essential to feed smaller amounts of soy-bean meal on account of its greater content of protein and this naturally lowers the cost of production, as during normal periods soy-bean meal sells at practically the same prices as the best grades of cottonseed meal. With a more extensive production of the soy bean crop the price of the meal probably will decline.

TO CONTROL INSECT DISEASE

Gardeners Are Urged to Clean Up Plots and Burn All Dead Vegetation Soon as Possible.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The United States department of agriculture has issued an appeal to gardeners in the New England states to clean up their plots and burn all the dead vegetation as soon as possible after killing frost this fall. Destruction by fire of infested stock, stubble, garden plants, and weeds after killing frost is the only known method of combating the European corn borer, a dangerous insect pest of corn new to this country, and which has been found living in corn fields of eastern Massachusetts.

If strenuous methods are not made to check this insect, according to the bureau of entomology of the department, it will spread to the great field corn producing regions of the country, do incalculable injury to the corn crop and materially reduce the prosperity as well as the food stocks of the nation.

The pest is not definitely known to occur outside of Massachusetts, but it is possible that it may be present in the other New England states. The insect came from Europe, and is especially injurious to corn in Austria-Hungary, where it has been known to destroy at least one-fourth of the entire crop in a single year. During the cold months it lives within the dead and dried roots of corn, the larger grasses, weeds, and garden plants. Therefore the ease of destroying it at this time by burning garden trash of the kind mentioned.

Discovery of the insect should be reported immediately to the state agricultural college or to the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

ALL LUMBERMEN KNOW HIM

There is one man who is known to every lumberman in the country. He is George W. Hotchkiss of Evanston, Ill. The lumbermen ought to know him by this time, inasmuch as he is the oldest living lumberman in point of years in the business. He was born in 1831 in New Haven, Conn. Therefore he is eighty-seven years old—and proud of it. He is the first man in America to publish a lumber journal—the Lumberman's Gazette, somewhere in Michigan. In 1877 he came to Chicago and has been in business here ever since. He is now secretary emeritus of the Illinois Lumber and Material Dealers' association. He goes to his work every day.

Mr. Hotchkiss has other holds on fame. He is one of the last of the Forty-niners. He started for California at seventeen. He went by sea and he was 154 days on the way.

Then he has an abundant mop of gray hair, the envy of many a younger man. Wash your hair daily in cold water, he says, and you may have one like it at eighty-seven.

His bodily activity is another thing. Water is the secret of this, too—a bath following 15 minutes of exercise every morning on arising.

Mr. Hotchkiss is, among other things, a reminder of the marvelous growth of the city in which he has done business for more than 40 years. When he was born Chicago had a hundred or so inhabitants. Thus in the lifetime of one man—still hearty and vigorous—the frontier village around Fort Dearborn has grown to be the fourth city of the world—probably it's the third.

EDUCATION OF THE SOLDIER

John Erskine, professor of English at Columbia university, has been intrusted by the Y. M. C. A. with the task of establishing an educational war project of tremendous size and of far-reaching importance to the United States. The purpose of this project is primarily to offer opportunities of education to our soldiers during overseas service in order that they may return home even better citizens than they were when they left. Many thousands of our soldiers will presumably do overseas duty for some time, no matter whether peace or war conditions prevail in Europe.

The Y. M. C. A. sent Anson Phelps Stokes abroad to make a survey of the educational need of American soldiers. The present plan was then evolved to meet the conditions shown by his report. The Y. M. C. A. will undertake the actual operation of the plan and will also finance it. The American Library association will provide the text books. One million students, four million text books and several thousands of administrative teachers are items that indicate the size and scope of this vast project. Training schools for trades and also professional schools will be established as the need for them is made known to the administrators abroad. Teachers and instructors will be chosen from the ranks of the specialized men in the army.

FROM NEWSBOY TO GOVERNOR

From newsboy of the lower East side of New York city to governor-elect of the Empire state is the record of the onward march on the political road of Alfred E. Smith. And it has taken him only 45 years to do it.

"The only genuine Tammany man who can get the anti-Tammany vote." That was the opinion expressed in Democratic circles in New York when the Saratoga convention unanimously chose him as its candidate against Governor Whitman. Apparently the opinion was correct. He has always been a Tammany man and owes it everything he has had in the way of political preferment. And he beat Whitman.

Mr. Smith has been prominent in Democratic politics in New York for about 15 years. He was "discovered" in the old Fourth ward by "Big Tom" Foley. He entered politics in 1903, when he was first elected to the assembly. After serving several terms he was chosen minority leader. He became speaker, and in his last term was majority leader.

Following his service at Albany, Mr. Smith was elected sheriff of New York county by a plurality of 47,000. As sheriff he abolished useless positions. He was the last incumbent of that office on a fee basis of compensation.

In the last municipal election Mr. Smith was chosen president of the board of aldermen, which position makes him acting mayor when Mr. Hylan is absent from the city and which gives him three votes in the board of estimate.

WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK

Mrs. Mary Hatch Willard, chairman of the executive committee of America's allied co-operative committee, has returned from Europe. She visited the French and Italian fronts. Mrs. Willard, who was decorated by the French government with the Medaille d'Honneur for her relief work among the troops, speaks in enthusiastic terms of the morale among the American soldiers abroad.

She quoted a French officer who had led some of the Americans in the Chateau-Thierry engagement and who in speaking of them said to her:

"The Americans are fine soldiers, fearless and brave, and every one of them seems to be a hero."

"We must prepare now," Mrs. Willard says, "to receive our young heroes. They will want something besides brass bands and great parades. They will want to be welcomed with the same spirit of Americanism which they have acquired while fighting for their country. A new race of men, as it were, is coming back to America and they will want to be welcomed by an understanding on our part of the seriousness of the business in which they have been engaged and an appreciation of the sacrifices they have made for the country they love so well."