

What a Man Did

By WILL T. AMES

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This is a story out of life—out of the life that is lived; that has its tragedy as well as its sunshine; that comes to the happy ending or to the sorrowful one as the case may be, and not as the narrator wills. If it is not just the kind of story you would wish it to be search through ancestors, analyze prenatal influences and place the blame where it belongs. Do not blame me.

June Phillips was the daughter of her mother, and she of her mother; and the mother's mother the daughter of still another like mother. And down that line of motherhood had run a streak of lightness, and no strain of eager willingness.

Easy, smiling, gay was June, beautiful with the beauty of great tawny eyes, dark lashes and hair with the glint of mellow sunlight in it. She was soft and warm and pouting. Endowed at once with the lavish lure of womanhood and with the pink and creamy freshness of her scant seventeen years, she drew John Halliday half mad.

John was twenty-three and might have been ten years more than that, by the settled, strong way of him. Instead of school he had chosen to take his education from an architect, after sixteen. Already he was a finished draughtsman and on his way to a place in his profession, under Holly, his watchful employer.

To June fluttering breathlessly on the margin of a never ending millennium of grown-up "good times," the attentions of the responsible, well-groomed young architect combined the virtues of a continual social triumph with limitless opportunity; for John delighted to take the girl about. A year of this and then, because John was insistent and the girl was the daughter of that particular race of mothers and possessed keen instinct for the easy road to easy circumstances, they were married.

Two years later John Halliday, knew, in the lottery that is marriage, what sort of prize he had drawn. What depth of stormy petulance hid beneath the winsome pouting, he could have told; but did not.

What greed for admiration, what impish thirst to dabble in the shallows along the shores of the sea of passion, what eternal restlessness and hunger for excitement lay behind the tawny eyes had been revealed to him in long months of disillusionment. But he was strong, and as patient as he was strong, and he bore with many things.

Then, coming home after a two weeks' business trip, he found her gone. She had left, the maid said, the day after his departure, only instructing the girl to remain and keep the house going till Mr. Halliday's return.

John maintained the home until his lease expired, then sold the effects to a new tenant and went to live at a hotel. There were no babies. "God, I thank you," said John, "for that."

When John Halliday was thirty-three his professional opportunity came. It took him to a great city and to a profitable partnership. Still young, enjoying reputation and established position, his earnings well in excess of his needs, life held much of promise for him.

Then it was that, walking home for exercise through a sparkling avenue in the orange sunshine of a late October afternoon, he met her—squarely face to face.

A single glance was sufficient to verify the conclusion John Halliday long ago had arrived at concerning his wife. Everything about her—in the character of her clothes, in the degree in which she had insulted with pigment the God-given splendor of her eyes and skin, in her carriage, in the way she held her head—was the mark of the woman who had traded herself for the thing she calls "life," and who is satisfied with the transaction and has no regrets.

She was quite unabashed. "Hello, John," she remarked, easily and with her ever ready smile. "Have you come to life enough to visit the city? You're looking so prosperous!"

"So, if I may say so," replied John, "are you."

"Oh, I'm having a perfectly lovely time. There's no place like the big town, you know. You'll like it if you ever come here to live."

"I live here now."

"Really? Well, you might come and see me some time—if you'll telephone ahead. The name is Spencer—Miss Spencer; Selkirk apartments Fifty-first street. Now I must run along—Good-by!"

With that she was gone; and John Halliday, unshaken, master of his own nerves, proceeded on his way. Unconvincing? Improbable? I think so myself. But, remember, I told you this was a story from real life.

John followed the crowd. A swirl of wind blew the smoke away from

the main entrance and John saw the name "Selkirk." Something leaped up into his throat. Then at a window only a few floors up, John caught a glimpse of a face of the girl to whom, ten years ago, he had given all that a strong man can give—the whole of his heart.

There were ladders, of course, many of them, but there were many, many windows; the firemen were doing yeoman service, battling frantically and skillfully to save life—but there were so very many lives to save. There were ropes and a cordon of police.

Through these John Halliday tore and beat his way; into the burning building he struggled, leaving his coat in the hands of a detaining fireman. Past the useless, motionless elevators, through the blinding, stifling black smoke to the slippery stone stairs; up and up and up and up, gasping, tearing short intakes of air out of the solid smoke with whistling lungs; guessing with an architect's shrewd guess at the right door and hurling himself against it until it ripped from the hinges, John Halliday staggered across the room to where a film of belated daylight, shining wanly through the smudge, showed the window to be.

She was there; choking, gasping, her tawny eyes filled with such horror as only the eyes of such a she can know, the pigments making ghastly caricature of her white face.

It was a bad building, built in the bad days of jerry construction, its vaulted fireproofing a grisly joke. It was going under them. The floor of the room was burning through. In a matter of seconds the end would come.

"June! June, dear! It is I, John. I have come to be with you June, at the end. You won't have to face it, girl, alone!"

And as he took her in his arms there was a great, awful rending sound—clouds of burning brands rushed roaring out of the white holes where the windows had been, and out in the street the heartsick multitude sobbed in the presence of a holocaust.

How could any one know what impulse took John Halliday to his wife's side there in the valley of the shadow? Again I must answer. This is a story of life. And I knew the man.

CLIPPED LOCKS CALLED FOR

Present Day Emphatically No Time for Anything Approaching Effeminacy in the Male.

A British brigadier general and former Etonian was recently invited to visit his old school and inspect the officers' training camp that institution maintains. The officer was delighted with the bearing of the 600 and more young officers of the future and praised them till their necks grew pink with suppressed pride, but—in concluding his remarks the general spotted it all by the direst of criticisms—"Their hair was too long!"

It was wrong, he said, for a Briton to allow his hair to grow so long that he could not see to fight. General Corkern—that was his name—then went into detail and said he had seen a number of the college boxers in sets the previous evening and many of them appeared in the ring with long locks neatly plastered back from noble brows. After the first round, however, the spectacle was different, since the boys looked out as well as possible through a smoke barrage of dank, stringy locks that cut off their own view but did not in the least hinder the enemy's attack. "Cut 'em short, boys!" was his injunction.

Regardless of peace assurances from the League of Nations, Britain is determined not to sink back into military unpreparedness, and if the general's criticism may be taken in a wider sense the entire island must keep its locks close trimmed and not again be blinded by vanity and self-satisfaction to what is going on in neighboring countries.

Long hair may be esthetic and may prove attractive to the opposite sex through contrast, since the ladies themselves are going in for short hair and self-determination, but the time for luxury and long male locks, has not yet come, even if there has been a momentary let-down of masculine morale following the cessation of actual hostilities.

We have seen as yet no symptoms of longhairsness among our own American youth, and trust we may not do so, especially since, although it is definitely over there, it is by no means done on this side of the Atlantic. The readjustment, unless all signs fail, is going to require quite as clear and close-cropped polls as did the conquest of the Hun.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that longhairsness is emblematic of anarchy and bolshevism and of those visionaries who out of their fringed locks see society as through a glass, darkly. Therefore it is doubly necessary for our young manhood to give its eyesight free play, safe upon the one side from the sleek tresses of the effete and upon the other from the matted mane of the murder lovers.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Oyster Shell Roads.

Two great oyster reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, one at Sabine, Tex., the other at the mouth of the Atchafalaya river on Point au Fer, La., are to be used for surfacing good roads. The reefs are valued at \$65,000,000. A Galveston man has been awarded a contract to remove 1,000,000 cubic feet of shells from the Point au Fer reef for use on the roads in that section of Louisiana.

Negro Supreme in Liberia, but Must Endure Conditions That Very Few Could Enjoy

The negro is supreme in Liberia. No one of another race can own land or vote in the republic. But after considering the irritations that those who live in Liberia must endure, as Emory Ross outlines them in the *Geographical Review*, few people would care to share the negro's privileges.

Besides the trying conditions of climate and disease, there is a host of pests, and little irritations constantly occur. Moths eat up clothing; cockroaches devour bookbindings and nest in the cookhouse; rats climb to impossible locations and leave nothing but the fragments of what they have eaten there; white ants consume the sills of houses and the rungs of chairs; driver ants sweep through the house and force every other living creature therein, from the lord and master down to the dead of night or in the midst of rain; jiggers bore under the skin of the foot and lay their eggs; fleas bite; the heat produces a rash against which the lightest clothing feels like needles; and, to crown all, comes dhole's itch.

These things and the proverbial one thousand and one others like them are real and irritating at any time, but through the blur of a "touch of sun" or the haze of a burning fever they assume proportions out of all reason. The odors, the mists, the sights, the sounds get on the nerves; the heavy, drooping, silent, impenetrable green forest everywhere shuts one in like a smothering grave; the mind grows sick, and the body follows. No one should stay on the west coast of Africa longer than 18 months at a time.

One-Half of Precipitation Evaporates, Two-Thirds Runs Off, One-Third Is Absorbed

Water power, or white coal, as it is called on account of the white, tumbling foam at the foot of a waterfall, is full of romance. It is really amazing to think of a city miles away from the falls being lighted by their power; but few, perhaps, realize whence the falls receive their energy, or how it may be measured before it reaches the powerhouse. The only source of inland water supply is virtually the precipitation on the earth's surface, which comes in the form of rain or snow. Of the total precipitation practically 50 per cent is evaporated, 33 1-3 per cent runs off to the sea, and about 16 2-3 per cent is taken up by plant growth. Of these the run-off is all that is available, and a part of this must be used for domestic and municipal supply, a part for artificial irrigation, a part for manufactures, while the balance only is available for water-power development, and is useful for that purpose if sufficient fall is found in a reasonable distance. In the United States the annual precipitation varies from 150 inches in the mountainous regions to 9 inches at low altitudes. In the valleys of Idaho, for instance, it is 20 inches, and on the mountains of the eastern range it reaches 40 to 60 inches.

Oldest Conductor in World Runs Southern Indiana Train

If Doctor Osler were to visit Orleans, Ind., with a side trip on the Monon railroad, he probably would receive a shock—not so much from the rattle of the train but at John Bills, age eighty-nine, alert and active, its conductor. Bills makes the round trip three times each day between Orleans and French Lick, a distance of 18 miles. He has been in the Monon service approximately forty years, having been a railroad man prior to that time in the West during the pioneer days. Bills is married, he and his wife having made their home there for many years. He not only performs the usual duties of passenger conductor, but at times when it becomes necessary to turn the accommodation into a mixed train, Bills helps out as a brakeman. As the slow-moving engine picks its way through southern Indiana hills John Bills frequently may be seen sealing a box car and riding atop his train. He is the oldest active railroad conductor in the world.

WORTH REMEMBERING

Friendship rings truest in adversity.
Poverty need never fear that sunshine will be rationed.
Many a hero owes all to the thought that he gave to his comrade.
An unjust sentence is never known in the court of conscience.
The wrong we do to one another is sure to return with its sting.
If the sum total of health could only be calculated, there would be very few who could truthfully say that they are poor today!

Four Eclipses During Year.

Here is a little meteorological information for 1920 that may be of interest. It indicates four eclipses will be seen during the year. Two will be of the sun and two of the moon. The first will be a total eclipse of the moon on May 2; the next eclipse will be a partial eclipse of the sun, May 17; the next a total eclipse of the moon, October 27, and the last a partial eclipse of the sun on November 10. The information is from the government weather bureau.

Miniature Trees Produced by Permanently Curtailing the Growth of the Roots

Miniature trees used as parlor decorations generally belong to species which under ordinary conditions grow to a much greater height. These particular examples owe their small size to the fact that their growth has been artificially stunted. The process is simple, according to Popular Mechanics.

Cut a thick-skinned orange in two, and remove the pulp from one of the halves. Coat the skin on the outside with shellac to preserve it, and fill it with fine, rich soil. Plant two or three seeds of some evergreen tree in the soil, and set it in a room where the growing plant will get plenty of light.

Be careful to prop up the skin in such a way that the shoot will grow vertically; do not allow the room where it stands to become overheated, and water the soil in moderation from time to time. When the roots force their way through the peel, cut them off flush with the outer surface, and in doing so be careful not to injure the coat of shellac.

After the plant has attained maturity it may be placed in a large flower pot, and will continue to thrive there, but as its roots have been curtailed, it will be unable to draw more than a reduced amount of nourishment from the soil, and so its growth will be permanently stunted. Cedars, pines and even some fruit trees, endure this process remarkably well.

THESE ARE SMILES

Prediction Disproved.
He (after popping the question)—Why are you crying, dearest? Did I offend you by my proposal?

She—Oh, no, dear, it's not that. I am crying from pure joy. Mother has always told me that I was such an idiot that I wouldn't get even a donkey for a sweetheart, and now I've got one after all.

Not Entirely Well.
"Doctor, how much do I owe you?"
"Now, don't start worrying over financial matters. You're not strong enough to be told that yet."

The Limit.
Amateur Hunter—What if I should find a deer?
Guide—If I'm more'n fifty yards away that'll be all right. But if I happen to be any closer I'll come back and jolt you on the jaw.

Just a Form of Speech.
"I've got no use for that fellow."
"Is that a good reason for scorning him? Surely you don't confine your acquaintance to people you expect to have some special use for."

Vocational Names.
The Call—Are you known as Mrs. Freemeter, your husband's pen name?
The Poet's Wife—No, I'm known as Mrs. Smith; that's my wash tub name.

Wouldn't Bite.
The Customer—I want to get a pair of merino socks.
The New Clerk—Merino? That must be spigoty for merino. You can't catch me on that gag, if I am a green clerk. Mexican marines don't wear socks.

Too Serious.
Mrs. Cunningham—Love laughs at locksmiths, you know.
Cunningham—Love has no business to laugh at anything.

RIGHT TO THE POINT

And the woman in the case may be a case herself.
The fool who had wanted more—and lost all.
A rich man who gives nothing is like a tree without fruit.
The sunlight of happiness seldom falls upon a shady reputation.
The man in the moon is the only chap who seems to thrive on a high ball.
To render marriage a success the husband must be patient and the wife a martyr.

Women Are Not 'Persons' According to English Law

"Person" in the dictionaries is described as "an individual human being." But it is not so in England from a legal standpoint, as women do not come within the class. This was revealed when the Royal Astronomical Society of London decided to admit women as fellows of the council. The plan was found to be impossible until the society had its charter altered. Eligibles for election in the society's by-laws were described as "persons," and when legal opinion was obtained it was decided that a "person" was strictly of the masculine sex. The change was made in the charter and the clever women who had distinguished themselves in star gazing were admitted to the society.

Community Vaudeville

Special Entertainment Was Provided for the Children of Washington During the Holidays.



Vaudeville on a trailer was brought to the children of Washington during the holiday season by the District of Columbia community service. The outfit had room for two dressing rooms as well as a stage, and three entertainments were given each afternoon in different neighborhoods without charge to the children.

Sea Otter Now Is Extinct; Coat or Cloak Worth More Than Its Weight in Gold

Everyone who has ever done a day's rabbiting knows the ferret. Not so many are aware that the ferret is merely a tame albino variety of the polecat or fitch, and that it is a near relation of the stoat, the weasel and the otter.

It is from the weasel tribe, says Pearson's Weekly, that the finest and most costly furs in the market are taken. First and foremost comes the ermine. Ermine, the royal fur, is nothing but the winter skin of the common stoat. This animal turns white in snow time, all but the very tip of its tail, which remains black.

The marten is common in Canada, but nearly extinct in England. It is a tree-climbing weasel, and it is this animal which supplies that immensely valuable fur known as "sable." There are Russian and Siberian varieties of the marten. As is the case with most other furs, skins from the far North are much more valuable than those procured in warmer latitudes.

In southern and central Europe is found the stone marten, the skin of which, though not equal to real sable, is quite valuable. So, too, is that of the Kolinsky marten, which is found in Russia.

The otter, it must be remembered, is nothing but a large variety of weasel that has taken to the water for a livelihood. While the skins of the ordinary fresh-water otter have no particular value in the fur market, the pelt of the true sea otter is today the most valuable of all furs. The sea otter, or was, found off the coast of Alaska, but it has been so relentlessly hunted that it is now nearly, if not quite, extinct. A coat or cloak of sea otter would be worth much more than its weight in gold.

Late Experiments Upset Old Theory That Chilling of the Body Is the Cause of Colds

The question of how we catch cold even now awaits final judgment. The common cold—be it one disease or several—is now regarded as an infection, and colds from infected persons are surely known, but there are still victims who trace their troubles to wet feet, or sitting in a draft. An inference has been that the disease bacteria may rest inert on the mucous membrane of the throat until stirred to action by the chilling of the body. A familiar explanation is that chilling of the skin drives the blood to the internal organs, and by congestion lessens their resistance, but the late St. Louis experiments of S. Mudd and S. B. Grant have shown that there is no such congestion. The temperature of the skin and mucous membranes actually falls with chilling of distant parts of the body surface and rises again when the person is warmed externally. The investigators conclude that interruption of the circulation may bring infection by upsetting the equilibrium between host and micro-organisms in such a way as decreasing the respiration of the cells, retarding waste removal, or lessening the local supply of the antibodies of immunity.

Kangaroo Farming.

Kangaroo farming is an important industry in Australia. The hides are valuable and the tendons extremely fine; indeed, they are the best material known to surgeons for sewing up wounds, and especially for holding broken bones together, being much finer and tougher than catgut.

A Worth-While Lake.

The famous Trinidad asphalt lake has been found of uniform character down to 150 feet below the surface.

Hieroglyphic and Cursive Writing Unknown to Tribes Until Almost Modern Times

Hieroglyphic writing preceded the art of cursive writing, and the latter, being at first regarded as sacred, was confined to the priesthood. Before the invention of either, communications between individuals, tribes and nations were made by means of the interchange of material objects, which were regarded symbolically, and a code of signals was thus devised for the transmission of important messages. For instance, Cooper in his "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce," says that a piece of chicken liver, two pieces of chicken fat, and a chili wrapped in red paper, meant: "Prepare to fight at once." Cursive, or even hieroglyphic, writing was unknown to many savage tribes until almost modern times. About 1295, Toktai, a Kipshak prince, sent a symbolical declaration of war to Noghai, one of the most influential of Mongol princes. It consisted of a hoe, an arrow, and a handful of earth, which Noghai interpreted as meaning: "If you hide in the earth, I will dig you out; if you rise to the heavens, I will shoot you down; choose a battlefield." The ancient Peruvian Indians used a system of small stones, by means of which they learned the words they desired to remember.

TIPS FOR THE POULTRY GROWERS

Culling the flock of poor laying hens should be done by daylight, when yellow and white can be readily distinguished, according to Roy E. Jones, poultry specialist for the extension service of the Connecticut Agricultural college, at Storrs. No one need hesitate to catch and handle hens in daylight if they are not unnecessarily frightened.

A convenient and easy way of holding a hen for examination is to place the breast bone in the palm of the hand, with the fleshy part of the legs held firmly each side of the forefinger.

The feeling of the breast bone in the palm of the hand at once indicates the quality of the hen. With the other hand it is easy to measure the distance between the pelvic bones, and from the pelvic bones to the breast bone. While doing this, look at the plumage, comb, shanks, beak, ear lobes and vent, and the examination is complete.

It is not safe to judge a hen by any one of the indications of production or non-production alone, advises Mr. Jones. There are exceptions to all rules, and it is only by giving each point due credit that a correct conclusion can be reached.

Most Oriental Nations Write From Right to Left

Most oriental nations, particularly the Semitic, write from right to left, whilst the Aryan nations write from left to right. The Chinese write perpendicularly from top to bottom, beginning on the right-hand side of the sheet. The ancient Greeks used at one time to write in alternate directions, the first line from right to left, the second line from left to right, and so on; while the ancient Mexicans wrote in a circle, beginning from the center.

225 Isles in Fiji Group.

The Fiji islands include about 225 islands, of which some 80 are inhabited. The main island is Viti Levu, on which Suva, the capital, is situated; but there are others of importance, such as Vanua Levu, Tuvenni, Kandavu, Ovalou and the Yasawa and Lau groups.