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GROUND FLOUR FOR PIONEERS

Old Water Wheel With Interesting History Is Used in a Recent Film Production.

A water wheel, undoubtedly the largest of its kind ever built, it is said, which provided corn flour for the hardy pioneers who went from Virginia into Kentucky with Daniel Boone, is seen in a new film production. The story calls for an old-time mill, and it was decided that only in the Virginia mountains could this relic of bygone days be found. This wheel is said to be 52 feet high.

Tradition has it that early in the Nineteenth century, in order to furnish food for the soldiers who were watching over the Indians, the state of Virginia caused the wheel to be erected. The state also adopted this means of getting the Indians to till the soil and thereby lay aside their warlike proclivities. The state ground the corn the Indians raised and also paid them a bounty on each bushel they brought to the mill to be ground into flour.

The mill was last used in furnishing flour for the Confederate army operating in western Virginia. While the mill itself is crumbling, the wheel is still in good condition.

LAUGHS AT LAUNDRY BILLS

Up-to-Date Brooklyn Business Man Has Attractive Curtains Painted on His Windows.

Science has been coming to the aid of the housekeeper during the last half a century. Inventors have been keeping awake nights figuring out how they could lessen work for the woman in the home. They have reached a stage where cooking, sweeping and scrubbing are largely a matter of turning on the electric switch.

But it is a mere man who has developed the latest wrinkle in household furnishings by providing artificial curtains. These new style window hangings are on a spick-and-span lunch wagon near the Long Island station in Brooklyn. The curtains are painted on the windows. The brush-welder has produced all the effects of the

fanciest lace draperies. No longer do the curtains flap in the customer's face, blow into the soup or get soiled. Ten feet away they look like the real thing and a swish with a clean cloth makes them look like they had just come from the laundry—New York Sun.

EXPENSIVE RAT'S NEST.

Charles S. Schaffer of Irwin, Pa., found a \$10 bill missing from a cache of \$315 he hid under his parlor carpet, after he sold an automobile. The entire family hunted for the missing money, but failed to find it. Then a suspicious noise was heard in the cellar. Armed, Mr. Schaffer descended the cellar stairs to investigate and heard a scratching sound overhead. He ran along a rafter with his fingers. They came in contact with eight soft baby rats. The \$10 bill formed part of the nest.

THIRTY THOUSAND SEAL SKINS.

Instructions have been issued to the United States bureau of fisheries representatives on the Pribilof islands authorizing the taking of 30,000 fur seal skins on both islands during the calendar year 1921. Tentative divisions by classes for the killings on the two islands are as follows: St. Paul, 22,100 three-year-olds, 3,000, four-year-olds and 600 five-year-olds, and St. George, 2,750 three-year-olds, 450 four-year-olds and 100 five-year-olds.—Fisheries Service Bulletin.

VERY CLOUDY CLOUD.

William Lyon Phelps of the English chair at Yale has added a new mixed metaphor to his large and amusing collection. This addition is from one of the novels of W. L. George: "The cloud that tried to stab their happiness was only a false rumor whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance nor dim the effervescence of their joy."—Detroit Free Press.

ON LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE

A sign has been discovered in an old tailor shop in Pompeii reading: "Cresses ironed in your togas while you wait."

FOR HIM

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

She was a small creature with wide appealing eyes of blue. And what the men found to so admire in her was more than other women could see. Among themselves they discussed her as a vampire person to be righteously avoided.

Certain it was that from the moment Meda Brown became a member of the Husted house party, swains old and young left their former adored to follow in her train. And, Meda Brown; what a plain name.

Nevertheless, the venture one triumphed easily—everywhere. The strange thing was that she did not try for the triumphs, or seem to care. Usually she had to be hunted out in some secluded corner, or forestalled on one of her customary walks down the road. Gwen Person's fiancé was continually seen in the unwelcome Meda's company, and of late Marion Grover's heretofore faithful attendant was usually there too.

The women's cool attitude toward the interloper showed their displeasure. What right had Julie Husted to bring this unknown relative of her husband's among them?

When Tom Lacy met her, Meda was plying with her Husted cousins on the bank of a stream. She talked to Tom, as he happened along, while her cousins fished. And though Tom Lacy believed himself to be in love with Marion Grover, he lingered and thought the little Meda Brown person very entertaining, indeed.

It was always that way. As days passed he planned and schemed for them eagerly.

Meda was so delightfully surprising. She could be gravely, wisely sympathetic or infectiously gay and merry. "I suppose," Marion contemptuously remarked to Tom, "You believe that flattering interest in yourself and your engrossing business is genuine. She puts it on for everyone like a cap. And then laughs at you for your pains. Why you all humor her in her self esteem is more than I can see. She's just a little cat without a thought beyond her own amusement. And if you care for me—"

Tom knew the rest. He had heard it before. If he cared for Marion his friendliness with the pleasing Meda must cease. The trouble was that he did not know this could be done. Meda was so different from flirtatious maids he had known. His friendship for her was a real and vital thing. Or was the deep feeling merely friendship? Then Tom Lacy knew—it was love. He told her frankly, as they sat together, that he had intended to marry Marion, and that he had thought he cared for her until Meda came. And, he recalled as he spoke, the many bitter things Marion had said of the girl, who now listened; the unkind tale of her unscrupulous conquests; her heartless triumphs, and he felt that the revelation of Marion's nature, with her unreasoning jealousies, had killed, at its beginning, any love that might have been. Tom, in his eloquence, was not aware of all that he said. He impressed upon Meda Brown his own belief in her, despite Marion and all others. And when he had finished, waiting breathlessly his fate, Meda, her soft eyes suddenly aglow, threw back her head and laughed. Tom stared, growing very white.

"You, too," laughed Meda, "so you had to love me. Though before we met you intended to marry Miss Grover."

Still smiling, Meda looked back at him. "Go and marry her, my dear friend," she said, "for I have finished." Tom sat, after she had gone, trying to understand. He had not known that love could so make one suffer. Love, how little he had realized its meaning. So they were right, Marion and the rest of the women; it was unbelievable.

Tom Lacy stood undecidedly. He did not want to go back to the house. A little cottage stood at the end of the country lane. He and Meda had stopped there sometimes to visit a solitary old woman. Meda liked to play for the lonely one on her old piano. His steps led him there now, unconsciously. Absently, he dropped on the wooden bench outside the cottage window. The tinkling tones of the piano came to him. Meda's voice was singing a sweet little song, its each verse beginning with "Somebody." He listened, wondering vaguely at the tremulous catch in the still loved voice: "And somebody's dream, if dreams can come true, is only a dream of gladness for you; my dream is for you."

Then all at once Tom Lacy understood. The despised girl would willingly efface herself and her love, that she might give to him what she believed to be his own dream of gladness. To him, and to Marion, who so misjudged her. So she had acted for Marion's sake, the part Marion gave to her. And through all she cared. His heart sang at the thought. For a moment he stood thinking of the two women—Marion, whose selfish exactions had marred their happiest hours, and this other girl, with her dream of gladness but for him. Tom Lacy went boldly into the room. Meda's eyes welcomed him. He took her into his arms.

Enterprise.

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