

# THE CRUST

BY LEONARD FRANK ADAMS. Copyright 1905 by P. C. Eastneet.

Danforth strolled down the beach looking for a certain white umbrella, which he felt sure he would recognize among a thousand similar ones. Far down on the sand dunes, well away from the crowd which thronged the sand, he espied it. He could tell it by the certain rakish angle with which it was always stuck in the sand as well as by the distinctive downward droop of its time worn ribs. Beneath the umbrella he would find her. Danforth quickened his steps and made for the sand dunes.

As he came nearer he saw the girl in a steamer chair beneath the shelter of the umbrella. She was reclining motionless, her eyes closed. He stole cautiously up and seated himself beside the chair. Still the girl did not move, and from her regular breathing it was apparent she had fallen asleep.

Danforth fished in his pockets and found some cigars and a little volume of Keats. He touched a match to one of the former and opened the latter. For a time he read and smoked contentedly while the girl in the chair slept on.

At length he lay the book face down on the sand and looked at the girl with a whimsical smile curving his lips. He blew several puffs of white smoke and watched them drift lazily away.

"It is a great chance," he mused softly, "a great chance. Lord knows I'd never have the courage to talk to you as frankly as I intend to do if you were awake, but now I'm going to have a nice long talk with you. Indeed, I shall tell you many things that have been on my mind for some time."

He listened intently to assure himself that the girl's regular breathing was unchanged before he went on:

"We've been the best of friends for the past few years, haven't we? It has been a jolly, confidential friendship, never marred by any 'foolishness,' as you choose to call it. Well, that's one side of it—your side. It hasn't been marred by any spoken 'foolishness' on my part, but there's been an awful

ward the west. A breeze sprang up from the water and set the white umbrella swaying.

Presently the girl stirred uneasily and sat up. She blinked sleepily, and her eyes fell on the man.

"Hello, Tom!" she said. "How long have you been here?"

"Just came," he lied regally. "Was I asleep?" she asked. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"You looked too comfortable," said he. "I hadn't the heart."

She caught sight of the volume. "Keats!" she exclaimed. "Won't you read to me? 'Endymion,' part two, if you please."

He eyed her sharply. Her face was very grave.

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust is (Love, forgive us) cinders, ashes, dust," he read.

There was something suspiciously like a chuckle from the depth of the steamer chair. He closed the book and turned to her quickly.

"Blast poverty!" she said, imitating his tones.

He sprang up and regarded her narrowly.

"You weren't asleep?" he asked incredulously.

"If I was I heard much in a dream," she said.

"Lord!" he groaned. Then he smiled. "Anyway I'm glad you heard," he said defiantly.

"So am I," she declared very seriously.

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

She turned her eyes to the sea. "I am going to risk the crust," she said.

**His Client Went Free.**

When a young man General Butler was debarred from practice for two years. His first case after that was to be tried before the superior court at Salem. The case was one of theft, and his client was held a prisoner, appearing in the courtroom under guard. Butler knew the man to be guilty and made a request that he have a few moments' private conversation with his client. The court extended the courtesy, and both retired to a private room downstairs. When the door was carefully closed Butler said, "See here, Mr. A., how much money have you with you?" Upon being told he said, "Well, you give me one-half of that now."

The man counted out and handed him the money. Then Butler went to a window, opened it wide, turned his back to his client and walked leisurely out of the room, going back to the courtroom. The court asked Butler where his client was. He looked about the room as if expecting him to be in his place and replied: "Your honor, I do not know where my client is. It is the custom for the guard to follow his prisoner."

**Using Endearing Terms.**

Did you ever notice—but of course you did—what a difference there is in men in the matter of using endearing terms? It is just as natural for some men to say "Yes, dear," or "No, sweet-heart," as it is for somebody's pet terrier to chase the family cat up a tree. Of course, it doesn't always mean anything in particular. That is to say, if a man calls a girl "dear" or "little one" after he has been "paying her distinct attention" for awhile, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to propose. If certain women would get that through their heads there would be fewer broken hearts. Actions, not words, gauge sincerity, and a man may string the conversation full of pet names and not have any deeper affection than the man who doesn't call his wife "dear." It is only a habit, but it is such a pretty one and it is so easy a way of making a woman happy that it is really too bad more men do not cultivate it.—Woman Correspondent in Detroit Free Press.

**Napoleon's Memory.**

Napoleon had a wonderful memory. When emperor he once surprised his council with his intimate knowledge of Roman law and was asked how he had obtained it. He stated that when a lieutenant had once been placed under arrest and was in prison for two weeks. During that time the only book at his command was a treatise on Roman law. He sat down and in two weeks mastered the volume so completely that twenty years later he could repeat long passages from its pages. He never forgot a face or a name and would often greet private soldiers by their names, sometimes alluding to the march or the battle where he had seen them before. He kept in his head all the details of his military movements, and it was said of him that during the march to Italy and Marengo he knew where every pound of the supplies for the use of the army was located. It is said that he remembered the name of every officer to whom he ever issued a commission.

**Never Would Do.**

"This bill," said the chairman of the legislative steering committee, "must not be allowed to become a law in its present shape."

"Why not?" demanded the member that had charge of the bill.

"It's too plain and direct. There is only one possible interpretation of it and no possible way of evading it. Read it again yourself, man, and tell me as a lawyer if you think you could get a case out of it in a hundred years."—Chicago Tribune.

**Sounded Nice.**

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## HOW CORKS ARE CUT

TURNING THE PLIABLE BARK INTO BOTTLE STOPPERS.

**Keen Machine Knives That Shape, Turn, Shave and Taper the Slabs Stripped From the Tree—The Way the Waste Product Is Utilized.**

Cork, as most persons know, is the outer bark of an evergreen oak tree which grows in Spain, Portugal, Algeria, Morocco and to some extent in Italy. Its peculiar properties, especially its lightness and its compressibility, make it valuable for scores of purposes, but its original use, in the manufacture of corks, or stoppers for bottles, still consumes the greater part of all that is brought to market.

The cork oak varies in diameter from six inches to three feet. By a generous provision of nature the tree may be periodically stripped of its outer bark without losing its life.

Twenty years is the usual age at which the first cutting is made. After that the cork may be harvested about every ten years. The first cut, which is called virgin bark, is of little value, as it is coarse in texture and deeply seamed. The tree may be expected to live and yield cork until it is 150 years old.

In Spain and some other European countries corks are still made by hand, each one being pared from a square block by a common knife. In this country, where are made the finest corks in the world, the work is done by machinery, all of which is of American invention and manufacture. Every boy who has ever whittled a cork for a fishing bob or a popgun pellet knows how difficult the material is to cut smoothly. To do it well his knife must be as sharp as a razor and must be used with a drawing motion, not a mere pressure, and if the cork be wet so much the better. The same difficulties confront the manufacturer by machinery and are met in the same way.

The bark, after having been wet and then allowed to remain for a time in damp cellars to soften, goes first to the stripping machines, which reduce it to slabs of a size proportionate to the corks to be made. These machines are merely small iron tables, through which appear very thin steel disks, like circular saws, except that they have no teeth. They are really keen edged steel knives, as thin as paper and running at a high rate of speed, but so smoothly that they seem to the spectator to be standing still.

The little slabs or strips of cork go next to the "blockers." The cutters here are cylindrical steel punches, or tubes, with razor edges. They are arranged in rows, or "gangs," and instead of being simply pressed through the cork are also revolving at high speed and so cut their way through. Having perforated the slab, the cutters back away automatically, while plungers like pistons working in the cylinders come forward and punch out the cores, which for some purposes are already finished corks.

They are, of course, perfectly cylindrical—that is, without taper—and in that form they are preferred by bottlers of effervescent liquids, because their shape enables them the better to resist the pressure of the restrained gases.

But for the use of druggists, who are the great users of corks and need the very finest, a tapering stopper is preferred, and this necessitates another operation. The tapering machines are run mostly by young women. Each machine consists of a little lathe, which centers the cylindrical cork automatically and then brings it into contact with the edge of the cutting knife, which, like the cutter of the slicing machine, is a very thin steel disk. As the cork touches this knife a thin shaving rises and curls away, like a puff of smoke.

One who knows nothing of the machinery could see no reason for it, but during the second that the cork has been in contact with the apparently motionless disk some dozen yards of flying, razor edged steel have been at work, and the cork is now a perfect truncated cone, with a fine satin-like surface and an even and regular taper. By hand a very rapid and skillful cutter can turn out twelve or fourteen gross in a day. With these machines one girl will produce 420 gross.

There are few businesses in which the quantity of waste material is so large as in the manufacture of corks. In the best managed factories it ranges from 60 to 70 per cent, but American ingenuity and industrial development have succeeded in transforming it into a source of profit. By grinding the waste to various degrees of fineness and pressing it with glue or shellac into various shapes it is made useful for the inner soles of shoes, for bathroom mats, for insulation in refrigerating plants and the deadening of sound in apartment houses, the making of bicycle handles and the grips of tennis rackets, fly rods and golf clubs, and there are dozens of other uses for the waste which are quite as interesting.

Some years ago one manufacturer of corks was paying a teamster a dollar a load to cart away his waste and dump it on a refuse heap. Today he receives \$60 a ton for the very cheapest quality of this waste.—Edward Williston Prentiss in Youth's Companion.


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Miss Nellie Gaunt—At the zoo I liked the monkey house best. Mrs. Ellie Gaunt—Don't say "monkey house," child; it sounds so common. Please call it the "apary."—Cleveland Leader.

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 Dated, Astoria, Oregon, October, 21st, 1905.

**OLOF ANDERSON,**  
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 The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and as a paper in the wedding-breakfast for young relatives looked over at her with a smiling smile.  
 "Tell us why you never married, Aunt Fidelity?" he said, lastingly.  
 "That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as they were."

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'I WISH YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN.'

thinking going on all the same. Good Lord, Amy, you haven't an idea what some things have cost me. I've loved you—do you understand?—loved you from the very first, and yet not one word, not one hint of it. I flatter myself, has ever passed my lips."

He paused and smoked furiously for a time.

"Blast poverty!" he burst out, a trifle more vehemently than he intended.

There was a slight movement in the steamer chair. He looked in that direction anxiously, but the girl was breathing deeply, regularly. He caught up the volume beside him.

"Here it is—the sum and substance of it all—admirably expressed by Brother Keats."

He turned the pages rapidly to "Endymion" and read, his voice guardedly modified:

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust is (Love, forgive us) cinders, ashes, dust."

"That was what I feared," he mused. "Cinders, ashes, dust! I couldn't drag it down to that, and so—and so I've fostered this beautiful, this idyllic, friendship of ours."

He laid the volume down again. "Blast poverty!" he growled. "I could only offer you love of the crust variety."

He looked out over the sparkling water. Here and there a sail showed white against the blue of the sky. He watched a solitary gray gull settle slowly in great, indolent circles.

"I wish you could have known," said he, "although, of course, it would have been absurd to tell you. Still, I wish you could have known. Somehow I like this talking frankly to you even if you are asleep. I can tell you now, as I couldn't if you were awake, that I do love you. 'Cinders, ashes, dust!' Dear, dear! It would never do. You'd come to think me little and commonplace. Life for you would be a dull, grinding routine. But I feel better to have told you, even in this way."

He opened the volume and began to read silently. The sun crept down to

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