

INDEBTED TO THE FADS

BY CHARLES WILSHIN

Only Harry Halley objected to Laura Gordon's fads. To her other friends her enthusiasms were a constantly changing source of delight, but Harry would have been better pleased had she adopted him as her permanent fad, instead of the partner in her various interests.

She accepted him frankly as one privileged to share her little adventures into novel realms, but when he spoke of their marriage, he was invariably met by the plea that she could not think of getting married when there were poor little children who needed to be sent to the country or small boys who were to be weaned from the cigarette habit in order to save the manhood of the country.

Not that Laura undervalued Halley's love, but always he had seemed to be a part of her life and every few weeks she discovered some new reform in immediate need of promotion which possessed the charm of novelty. Being a young person of great enthusiasms, she threw herself into the work with such vigor that she forgot all else.

Halley wisely aided her in her search for new charity movements, and it was he who assisted to form the Block Improvement society. Their little city was in the throes of a boom, and the mayor called upon all good citizens to aid in making the place the most attractive in the state. One of the schemes was the enlistment of the residents along the principal residential streets in sections, each group giving their entire attention to the beautifying of the block on which they resided.

Laura's home was in a most promising locality, and within a week after the idea was announced she was the head of her Block society and the movement was in vigorous swing. Neglected gardens were made over, unkempt walks were trimmed and graveled, trees were planted and fences painted. By the end of a month it was apparent that they would win the prize offered by the town council for the best appearing block, and by the fall when the contest was decided it became almost a certainty.

Then came the announcement that one of the factors that would count in the contest was to be the prosperous appearance of the block as a whole, and Laura promptly cried until her pretty eyes were red instead of blue, and her spirits seemed to have acquired the departed tint of her eyes. Right in the middle of the block was a vacant house, and not all the argument that could be brought to bear by a block of interested tenants could induce the real estate agents to remove the "For Sale" sign that was an eyesore and an offense. The agents were willing enough to permit the Block association to lay out the lawns with flower gardens, and to remake the walks, and place pickets on the fence where pickets were sadly needed, but the sign, they declared, would stay there until a sale was made. Of this there seemed to be no hope.

It was a most offensive sign, large, weather-beaten and slightly on an angle, as though long standing had induced rheumatism in its one limb. Worst of all, it added "at a sacrifice," as though some inducement were needed to coax the reluctant purchaser.

That phrase was the final straw. Everyone felt that it was a blot on the appearance of the street, and an affront to the entire neighborhood. All felt strongly about it, but none more so than the president of the association. She had even tried to coax her father to purchase the property that the sign and the stigma might be removed simultaneously, but Mr. Gordon, being used to Laura's sudden changes in interest, laughingly declined to pay a fancy price for the property merely that the block might enjoy the presence of the ornamental lamp post which was to bear an inscription stating that here was the model block of the city.

Laura felt that the sign would effectively prevent the winning of the prize and when she had had her cry out she bathed her eyes and sat on the stoop, from which point of vantage she could glower at the house across the street, half hidden by the huge, weather-beaten boards.

It was here that Harry found her and sat down to share her sorrows. "I know Bellman, of the real estate company," he comforted. "I feel pretty sure that I can get him to take the sign down the day of the judging," he said comfortingly, but Laura was in no mood for comforting.

"That won't do," one said disconsolately. "The judges may spend a week or two in deciding and, anyway, they will remember that the sign was there. A vacant house looks so forlorn anyhow. The Chesney and Veach streets block will get it. Their yards are almost as nice looking as ours and every house is occupied. They are our only rivals and Belle Stover told Nell Petersen that they counted on our sign to win them the award and if it does—after all I've done—I'll never forgive those hateful real estate people. Think of how hard I've worked this summer to make the place look good and I've asked everyone I know to buy the house and they all said that times were too hard."

"You never asked me," reminded Halley.

"You!" Laura looked at him with laughter in her eyes. "Whatever would you do with a house like that?"

"Live in it," suggested Harry with the air of a person who has solved a problem. "I have been thinking it over since I came here this afternoon, and I think that is just what I shall do. It will be very handy for you; you'll just have to run across the street when you want to see your mother."

"Mother won't be living there," exclaimed Laura innocently. "What are you talking about, Harry?"

"About the house across the street," was the prompt reply. "Your mother will not be living there, but I want to induce you to live there yourself."

"I couldn't live in that big house alone," cried Laura.

"I didn't ask you to live there alone," reminded Harry. "I thought that if we were to be married we could live there very comfortably. The house will be sold at a sacrifice, it says. Now if you'll add to the inducement by promising to marry me and live there I think I'll drop in an Bellman in the morning and have him send a man to take the sign down."

Laura tapped her well-shod foot on the piazza floor.

"Harry Halley," she said indignantly. "I'm not going to be the premium that is thrown in with that horrid old house. If you want to marry me, why don't you ask me first and go and buy the house afterward?"

"It's what I've been doing for the last seven years," he suggested. "I made my first proposal when you were seventeen and the Working Girls' Guild seemed more important. I have



She Could Glower at the House.

proposed about three times a year since, but this is the first time that my love and your fads have traveled the same road."

"If you had spoken so that I could understand what you were talking about I should have said 'yes' long ago," declared Laura with dignity.

"You understand me now," suggested Harry, not arguing the question.

"And it's yes," she whispered softly—"and you'll see Bellman in the morning, won't you?"

Harry nodded an assent. He was willing to buy the entire block—for Laura—and he knew that in her heart she loved him. It was only in her busy little brain that the fads were uppermost and he did not mind those. He was rather grateful to the fads.

WOULD BE MORE PALATABLE

Money Lender Had an Eye Out for Possible Contingencies in the Future.

Thomas W. Lawson, at a dinner in Boston, said of a far-famed financier: "He is all right at heart, but his outside is prickly, and you must handle him with great caution—as they handled the Tin Can gambler."

"A gambler of Tin Can borrowed a sum from a money lender, and, when the note fell due, he said he could not settle."

"You must settle!" shouted the money lender. "If you don't settle I'll—"

"But the gambler, taking a revolver from his boot, pointed it at the money lender and said:

"Eat that note, or I'll let daylight through you!"

"And the money lender, after a moment's silent thought, crumpled the note into a ball, put it in his mouth, chewed vigorously, and then, with a gulp, swallowed the pulpy morsel."

"That dose saved your life," said the gambler, in a mollified tone, and the next day he had a streak of luck and paid the money lender in full.

"The money lender was much pleased with this honesty, and when the gambler, a few weeks later, called and asked for a new loan, he was readily accommodated."

"The gambler, having pocketed the new loan, sat down, dipped a pen in the ink, and selected a sheet of paper whereon to write the usual acknowledgment. But the money lender hastily interposed.

"Hold on, my friend," he said, and he ran to a cupboard.

"Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing it on this soda cracker?"

Just So.

"Reading maketh a full man, you know."

"That's true, but it all depends on what he reads, as to whether he will be, figuratively speaking, full of prunes or full of pearls."

TRAINING TREMBLAY

By GERTRUDE HOLLIS

With a last approving smile, Timothy Tremblay stalked from the room. Molly Hastings looked up from her work.

"What a singularly intrusive person," she said mildly. "Do you always let him come around and bother you like that?"

To a woman, the Auxiliary gasped. "That was Timothy Tremblay," explained Miss Sexton, as though further comment were unnecessary.

"I know that," admitted Molly. "He came up to me after church last Sunday and insisted that I stay and meet the minister, though I explained that I had already met Mr. Collier and that I was in a hurry to get home."

"But you did wait," pursued Miss Sexton, gently.

"Of course not," said Molly. "I was in a hurry. Is he always as bossy as that?"

The Auxiliary gasped. Ever since they could remember, Tremblay had run things in Chestertown. Sometimes they had secretly chafed at his ways, but he had never been called "bossy" before.

"Mr. Tremblay is a splendid manager," put in Miss Sexton softly. "Of course we are very glad to have his advice."

"I'm not," said Molly rebelliously. "You people may stand for it if you want to, but he will not order me about."

The Auxiliary regarded Molly admiringly. The Hastings family had just come to Chestertown, where the First National, of which Mr. Hastings was cashier, was a branch of one of the city banks. Molly had dropped naturally into the life of the little town in the week she had been there. She was already a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary and had promised to sing in the choir next Sunday. Already, too, she had discovered the



Painted Some Odd Posters.

objectionableness of Mr. Tremblay and the incident of the afternoon showed her how completely he controlled the affairs of the church.

A single-handed revolution was a rather daring move, but she determined upon it, and when Molly set her heart on anything it usually came to pass.

The first blow was struck at the meeting of the Auxiliary the following week. Molly came to Miss Sexton's early. Tremblay was there before her, making suggestions, ordering people about and otherwise making a nuisance of himself. Molly waited in patience until the meeting had been called to order, and the women had slipped on their aprons and took up their sewing. Mr. Tremblay was finding fault with the design of the cloth used for the aprons on which they were serving. Miss Sexton flushed and troubled, welcomed the interruption when Molly slipped up to him with an apron and a sewing basket.

"My dear young lady, I thought you had been seated," he cried. "Let me find a place for you."

"I have a place, thank you," Molly's voice was cold and clear. "I offer you the apron."

"But, my dear child, I have no use for it," he explained, backing away.

"This is a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary," pursued Molly. "We are making up aprons to be sold for the benefit of the organ fund. If you are a member of the Auxiliary, you will have to do your share. If you are not—"

Molly looked meaningfully at the door and yet her manner could not possibly be termed rude. Tremblay backed further away.

"I shall see you later, Sister Sexton," he mumbled. "I have to get down town now. Just dropped in to see that everything is all right."

He was gone before anyone quite realized what had happened. Molly quietly resumed her seat.

"Mr. Tremblay has nothing to do with the Auxiliary," she explained, "and he had no business to come here and find fault."

"We should be very grateful to Brother Tremblay for his advice," protested Miss Sexton weakly.

"I'm not," said Molly rebelliously.

"He was not giving us advice; he was finding fault. I'm sure I think that this pattern is very pretty."

"But you see, he's going to sell them in his store for us," explained Mrs. Bascom.

"I can sell them in the city to better advantage," Molly said quietly. "My uncle will give us three cents apiece more than Mr. Tremblay gives and he will pay cash."

The guns of the opposition were spiked and Molly's first engagement had resulted in a decisive victory.

But it was only the opening battle of an extended warfare. For nearly two generations Timothy Tremblay had ruled the minister and infant class alike, and it was hard for him to realize that he had met his match in this bright-faced girl. Most of the congregation were inclined to regard Molly as a modern Joan of Arc.

But the most surprising development was the attitude of young Samuel Tremblay. He had watched with growing amazement the conquest of his father, and to the astonishment of all, he openly attached himself to Molly's cause. He was the defender when she was not present, even in his father's house. Molly liked the sincere young fellow and when she planned her big entertainment she made him her assistant.

Timothy Tremblay opposed the idea from the start. The previous year he had arranged a lecture course and the church had lost more than a hundred dollars, instead of making a profit. Some of the elder men of the vestry joined Tremblay in his opposition, but many came out openly in favor of Molly, and when she announced that she would assume all risk, there was nothing more to be said.

"It's the last effort," she explained to Sam. "If I fail in this, I shall lose what I have gained. If I make it a success, I shall have carried my point."

"It seems pretty rough on dad," laughed Sam, "but I think you were right about his interference. They all resented it, but they were so used to it no one dared complain."

"This is going to be a success," she said positively. "I shall not permit a failure."

And success it was. Molly and Sam painted odd posters, some of which were sent to nearby towns, and the evening of the entertainment the town hall was crowded. People stood along the aisles at the sides of the hall and declared themselves well repaid. More than \$20 was turned into the treasury and it was a happy Molly Hastings who at last started for home under Sam's escort.

"We've won," he exclaimed. "After this, dad can say nothing at all. Have I won, too, Molly?"

"I think you've won—Molly," she repeated with lowered head. He caught her in his arms, unmindful of the sound of footsteps in their rear until his father spoke.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded the elder Tremblay sternly. "Nice conduct, I must say."

"You may kiss her, too, dad," offered Sam beaming. "She is going to be your daughter."

For a moment the old man paused. Then he bent and kissed the girl.

"If you can stand for a 'bossy' father-in-law I'm glad to welcome you, my girl," he said wistfully. "You've taught me a pretty hard lesson, child, but I guess I needed it."

JANITOR FINDS EXACT TIME

Colored Man Used Two Watches, Neither of Which Was Correct, to Determine Question.

There is nothing like having one timepiece to correct the mistakes of another. Those people who keep a clock in every room of the house will no doubt be glad to learn of the expedient adopted by the old colored janitor in an office building in Chicago. One day a man, whose office was under this janitor's charge, asked him if he had the exact time. "Just a moment, sir," he said, and pulled out a battered silver watch from a vest pocket, looked at it, put it back and then took a pencil out of another pocket and jotted down something on the back of an envelope.

Next he produced a second silver watch from his trousers pocket, looked at it, and began to figure out something on the paper. By and by he said:

"When you asked, sir, it were jest 27 minutes past three—that's exact."

"Much obliged," said the other, who had been fingering his watch nervously. "But will you please tell me what you were doing all that arithmetic for?"

"Well, you see," said the old man, "this watch that I carry in my vest is a mighty good watch, only it gains ten minutes every day. And this one is a mighty good one, too, but it loses ten minutes every day. So I just look at them both and then strikes an average. You'd be surprised, sir, to see what a simple matter it is."—Youth's Companion.

A Hero Again.

The great, inevitable conflict in the air was on.

Our fleet of airships was confronted by that of the enemy.

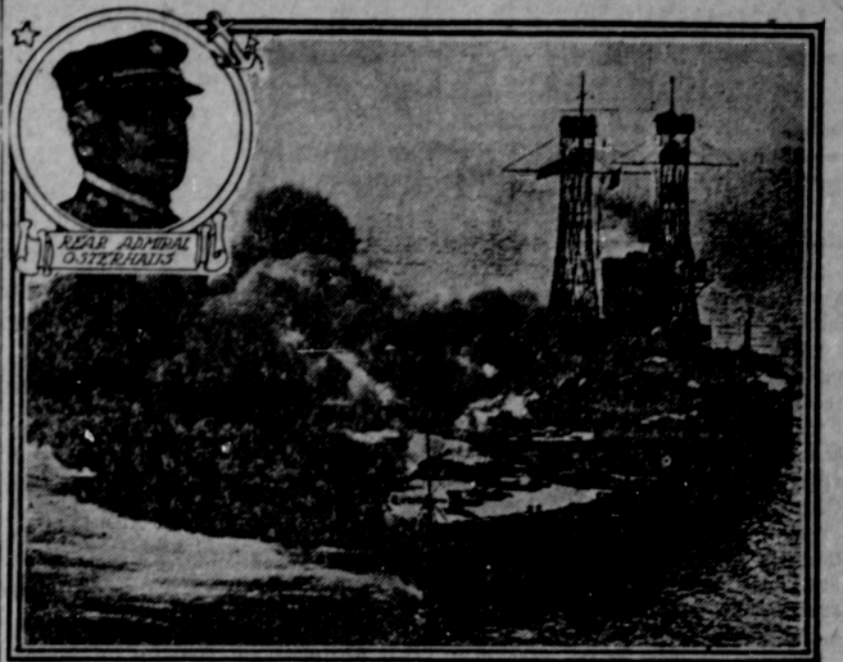
Suddenly a scout-plane darted in with the news that the enemy was bringing up its reinforcements.

Unless something tremendously heroic was done all was lost.

Quickly Richmond Pearson Hobson, sailing on a single motorplane, dashed into the imminent breach.

In resonant tones he began delivering his series of Chautauqua lectures. This quickly used up all the air over an area of 100 miles in diameter. —New York Times.

NAVAL ATTACK ON NEW YORK



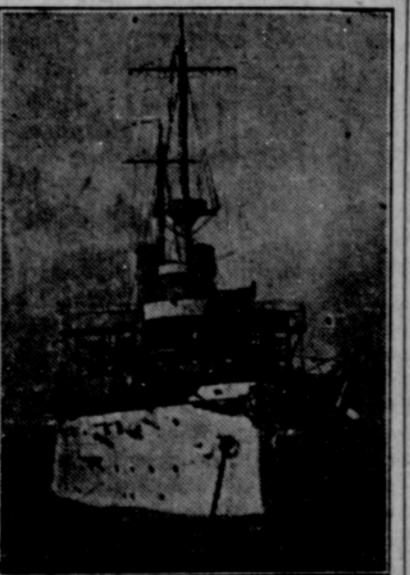
BROADSIDE OF FOUR TONS OF STEEL. BY W. H. MOSE.

AGAIN the mimic battle between the "enemy" and our navy has been fought; once more New York was the objective, and likewise once more New York is safe. The war game, now such a fixed institution in both the army and the navy and always of great value to the professional and the layman, serves with every repetition to assure the country that the measure of safety secured by the enormous expenditure of the last twenty-five years is assuring, and in all probability all that the most sanguine claim for it.

This time it was purely a naval game. The army did not participate except that the range and power or gun fire from the coast fortifications involved in the theater of war were taken into account as factors, and have had their weight in the theoretical defense of the country. But the active forces were wholly naval, and all credit for what was accomplished goes to that arm of the military establishment.

The idea of testing the training and attainments of the army and navy by problems and sham battles is one that has for its primary purpose the actual test of men and systems, but beyond that the more important purpose is to demonstrate more and more the field of effort for improvement both in material and personnel.

In real war the problem for the United States would at once assume different proportions from these succeeding small battles of peace. In the first place the forces of the army and navy would be co-ordinated in a manner that would surprise those who remember the famous campaign before Santiago when the navy day after day sought to drown out Cervera's fleet with a deluge of projectiles, and the army and navy could never get together in any well-planned program that would shorten operations and determine results. None of the war games have yet been played on the basis of



The Wisconsin.

such a co-ordination of land and sea losses, and they have yet to be undertaken.

The first object of the recent maneuvers was to mobilize the naval militia with the regular navy and give the amphibious organization whose units tread the quarterdeck of the dry goods store or the machine shop during the year, with now and then a spin for an hour or two on their various militia ships a chance to get their sea legs, taste the salt air, and gulp down solid chunks of Atlantic fog with the zest on the side of war feeling and spirit.

It is one thing to know a captain from a hawser and to be able to eat deviled crabs when afloat on fresh water without coveting a handhold on the rail, but to really go to sea, to stand watch in the pitchy hours of the night, to hitch your eyeballs to the stars, and glue your mind to the fathomless void out of which at any moment the winking lights of the "enemy" ships may suddenly be seen, that is something like real sea service under the flag.

For the most part the naval militia-men feel that they can at best learn but a smattering of what he would like to know to fit himself to be of value in time of war. His militia ship, a gift from the government, serves

for the greater part of the year simply as a clubhouse. His turns at watch or at the guns in sub-calibre fire are few and far between. He now and then turns out for a parade, marches badly because he has had far too little drill, and with small membership and too little encouragement for practice and training does not get far on in his feeble and intermittent efforts to become a seaman of possible value when the crucial time really comes.

It was to arouse interest and stimulate real in the work of the coming year that the battle recently fought was proposed and undertaken. There have been war games before for the naval militia on the lakes, and in a small way in the manoeuvres in New England two years ago. This year it was decided to call into action the entire force of naval militia on the Atlantic coast.

Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus and Commander E. W. Eberle were in command, and under orders from the department both fleets were to abandon the use of their wireless systems for the period of the "battle."

It was not the intention that the battleship fleet should be required to get in without being observed, as was the case once or twice in the noted series of manoeuvres in the summer of 1902, with the fleet under command of Rear Admiral Higginson.

As the contest was to be a purely naval one the defense was to make no use of points of observation by land even if any advantage were to be had by such means. With the disuse of wireless, therefore, the struggle on the part of the home fleet was dependent mainly on vigilance and speed in communication.

For a moment such as that imposed on Admiral Osterhaus a light fog and a dark morning were to be desired. From his rendezvous at Nantucket Shoals he had before him the simple business of getting to sea far enough to escape observation, be out of the lane of ocean steamships, and avoid wireless leaks to form his plans. He was not to divide his fleet, but to make the grand attack in force and, if possible, so adroitly as to steal a march on his enemy and overpower him at the weakest point in the battle plan.

To guard a coast line 450 miles long is no small task, but Admiral Higginson in 1902, did it so well that when, on the morning of August 23, in a light fog, Pillsbury's fleet came slowly up off Salem, Higginson's fleet was there sharp-eyed and ready to give fight.

By the rules of the game these manoeuvres will always have great value in any future discussion of the defense of New York from attack by a fleet entering, or trying to enter, the east end of Long Island Sound. That entrance naturally well protected by the configuration of the two coast lines on the north, and south with the strong coast artillery fortifications and the submarine mine system that has been established throughout the whole region, would never be an inviting one to an enemy's fleet. But the battle this time of a large fleet of torpedo boats and submarines demonstrates the value of this system of defense in any war where we might be forced to divide the battleship fleet or to divert it from the North Atlantic.

It is to be kept in mind that the United States is a transcontinental country and that we are open to attack from two sides of the continent. There can be no telling whence our next war may come, nor what forces may be lined up against us. An alliance between an Oriental foe and some European power would suggest a divided attack, one fleet approaching the Pacific coast, and another the Atlantic. Such an attack in any force would make necessary just such a situation as has been so well illustrated in the recent manoeuvres.

Any means of concealment and communication was permitted to the fleets. The enemy came on with all lights out except the hooded tail lights and the trailing electric lights by which those to the rear kept in touch with those in front. The usual practice is to use sub-calibre guns for simulating the fire of battle, but this time blank shells were used and the battle thus assumed the character of the real thing.