

## SOMETHING TO CONFESS

By R. RAY BAKER

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Clifford Niles was worried. It showed in his speech and his actions. Signs of nervousness were not lost on Meda Clemmons. She wondered what had gone wrong with Clifford, and she wished she could console him, or try to, whatever the difficulty.

In the year and a half they had known each other Meda never had seen Clifford so ill at ease. He was a merry-hearted blonde young man, with eyes that laughed with dancing blue light, and a mouthful of firm, white teeth that assisted in the operation—and he had seemed to shed all trouble as oilcloth sheds water. He was assistant cashier in the bank of which Mr. Clemmons was president; and that is how he happened to meet Meda. She was anxious for Clifford to tell her his troubles, but she would not ask him. Several times he appeared on the point of unbuttoning himself, for he leaned forward in his chair, and his eyes uttered words that seemed preliminary to unfolding a secret; but he switched the subject before giving even an inkling as to the nature of the subject, and talked of plain, everyday matters, which disappointed Meda, nevertheless did not discourage her.

She knew things soon were to reach a climax, for Clifford had been acting this way for a week and each time she saw him it was evident the nervous strain had become aggravated.

So the particular evening with which we have to deal passed uneventfully. She played and sang for him, and they tried their hand at cribbage, and he went home at ten o'clock.

When he opened the door to leave he stood hesitatingly, with one hand on the knob, moving one foot restlessly, and made believe the secret was about to be divulged.

"Meda," he said, rattling the knob and looking from her, "there is something that has been preying on my mind for weeks—something serious. I have a confession to make, and I— but, on second thought, I don't believe I can tell you tonight. Good-night."

And he was gone, while she stood open-mouthed and wondering.

The next evening at the dinner table Meda's father acted queerly. He upset the sugar once and spilled his coffee, and during the meal spoke scarcely a word.

"What's the matter, Samuel?" his wife inquired solicitously. "Has something gone wrong at the bank?"

"Oh, nothing much," he returned, but did not vouchsafe an explanation.

"Goodness! It's catching," Meda told herself as she left the table and went into the library to read. Somewhere she had mislaid her handkerchief, and she went back toward the dining room presently to look for it. Her parents remained seated at the table, and her father was speaking in low tones, but his words were perfectly audible to Meda. They had not heard her approach, so she crept out of their range of vision and listened.

"You must not breathe a word of this to a soul," her father was saying. "It's a very serious matter. If it got about town it might cause a critical situation—might even result in a run on the bank. It doesn't take much to start such a thing, you know."

Meda waited eagerly and anxiously for the next words.

"The fact is somebody has got away with ten thousand dollars," Mr. Clemmons continued. "We discovered it this morning, and only the directors and myself know it—except, of course, the person who has the ten thousand."

"Do you suspect anyone?" his wife inquired.

"Yes, although we have no evidence. We have a detective working on the case now, and have hopes the mystery will be solved and matters straightened up without publicity."

Meda crept away to her room, where she threw herself on the bed and wept.

"Poor Cliff!" she sobbed. "To think he has got into such a mess. But I'll not go back on him—not even if he goes to prison. He wouldn't deliberately steal. He must have needed money badly and intended to pay it back."

The girl slept little that night, and in the morning was up early. She could scarcely wait until evening for Clifford to call at 8 o'clock. She was fearful he might leave town or be arrested in the meantime, so she called him on the phone and received assurance he would be on hand.

Eight o'clock came, and Clifford was punctual, although appearing as worried as ever, or more so. They started a cribbage game in the library while Mr. and Mrs. Clemmons shut themselves in the living room.

"It's got to come tonight," Meda decided, shuffling the cards.

Before either had rounded the board once they tossed their hands on the table.

"I don't feel like playing," said Meda.

"Neither do I," he agreed, and they went to the piano. However, Meda was unable to get through the first selection. She had developed a case of nerves as intense as the one that gripped Clifford.

Suddenly she left the piano, stood up and confronted him.

"Cliff," she said, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking him intently in the eyes, "you've got to make

that confession tonight. What is it that's bothering you? Don't you believe you can trust me—with any secrets, no matter what?"

Clifford smiled. "Something after his old manner."

"Certainly, Meda I can trust you; and I'm going to make the confession, too. I've got to get it off my mind. It's just this—"

"Meda! said her mother's voice from the living room. "Can you come here a moment?"

She excused herself, and left him standing by the piano.

"The blow's going to fall," she murmured, hurrying to the living room. "Probably they're going to take him to jail right now."

Her father was seated in his easy chair, with her mother close by. "Meda," her father began, without any preliminary remarks, "something serious has occurred at the bank. I feel that you ought to know what it is, especially since the thing has been settled."

"The fact is ten thousand dollars was taken by a trusted employee; but he has confessed and resigned, and there will be nothing done about it, although he is leaving town."

Meda breathed easier. It was some relief to know Cliff would not be sent to prison.

"I rely on you not to mention this to Clifford," Mr. Clemmons went on. "I just received a phone call that made matters clear, and the directors told me their plan, which I approved."

Meda was trembling. She gulped two or three times, and managed to stammer:

"Who is the guilty one?"

"Swanson the receiving teller. He had been playing stocks, and simply borrowed the money to make good on a deal. On account of his faithful service he will not be imprisoned. Gilbert, one of the directors, has offered to make good for him, and Swanson has promised to work hard in some other city and pay him back."

Meda's heart felt lighter as she hurried back to Clifford, who remained standing near the piano, mopping his brow with a handkerchief.

"Meda," he said, firm resolution in his tones, placing his hands on her shoulders: "I'm going to confess at once. It's just this—I love you. It's worried me for some time, because I was afraid the affection was not returned. It took a lot of nerve to tell you, but—there it's out."

She laughed joyously.

"Be reassured, Cliff dear," she told him softly, and her arms found their way about his shoulders. "I love you, too, you see."

## HAS MUCH OF OLD SPLENDOR

Interior of Famous Church of St. Sophia Greatly Impressed Noted English Divine.

Dr. Norman Macleod, chaplain to Queen Victoria, and the editor of "Good Words" from 1860 to 1872, visited Constantinople in 1866 and writes of his visit in that magazine. He says of the church of St. Sophia that he saw nothing imposing in its massive exterior, which gives the impression simply of vast size, but its interior, in spite of the decay of its minute details and the absence of all furniture, in accordance with the simplicity of Moslem worship, is one of the grandest and most stately in the world. The pillars of porphyry and marble, some of which once belonged in all probability to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the roof of mosaic, greatly defaced, it is true, but yet as a whole retaining much of its ancient splendor, the vast galleries formerly occupied by women only, impressed him deeply. He mentions the noble space afforded for worshippers on the floor, and says that 30,000 people could be accommodated within the walls. "It would be a grand church to preach in," he adds. His Moslem guide pointed out what he called a large portrait of Constantine in mosaics, but white-washed over so as to be but dimly perceived. "It is not unlike the picture by Cimabue in St. Mark's in Venice; it seems to keep possession of the church through all changes."

**Of Travel.**

It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. . . . Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travel; which will be a good key to his inquiry. . . . Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant of acquaintance.—Lord Bacon.

**Wonderful "Balance Rock."**

One of the most interesting peculiarities of the natural attractions of the section and which is visited by almost every tourist is that of "Balance Rock," on the "turnpike" at Camden, on the road to Lincolnville. This huge boulder sits directly on end some 30 feet in the air. This is one of the 12 largest boulders of this kind in the United States and is widely known as "Balance rock."

This rock is a relic of the glacial period without doubt, and is almost alone on otherwise flat and smooth ground. It is the original "only pebble on the beach" and for centuries has balanced itself and guarded that section of the lake, vying only with Maiden cliff in point of popularity.

## POULTRY CACKLES

### CARE FOR LITTLE CHICKENS

When First Put into a Brooder They Should Be Protected by Board or Wire Frame.

When chickens are first put into a brooder they should be confined under or around the hover by placing a board or wire frame a few inches outside (this would not apply to the small outdoor colony brooders). The fence or guard should be moved gradually farther away from the hover and discarded entirely when the chickens are three or four days old, or when they have learned to return to the source of heat, poultry specialists in the United States department of agriculture say.

Young chickens should be closely watched to see that they do not huddle together or get chilled. They should be allowed to run on the ground whenever the weather is favorable, as they do much better than when kept continuously on cement or board floors. Weak chickens should usually be killed as soon as noticed, as they rarely make good stock, while they may become carriers of disease. Brooders should be disinfected at least once a year, and more frequently if the chickens brooded in them have had any disease.

### FOR SUCCESS WITH POULTRY

Good Stock is First Fundamental for Best Results on Farm—Dual-Purpose Breeds Best.

The first fundamental of successful farm poultry keeping is good stock. Of course, it is well known that farmers may at times get fairly good results from ordinary stock, but at the same time it must be remembered that with the same care and attention better results will be obtained from good stock. By good stock is not necessarily meant stock which has been bred for exhibition purposes. It means standardbred stock, which by virtue of its pure breeding has been systematically developed and which is better fitted therefore to give the results expected of it and to yield a more uniform and more desirable product.

On the average farm the poultry flock is expected to furnish eggs and



Plymouth Rock is Good for Eggs and Table.

poultry for the farmer's table as well as to produce a surplus for sale. For that reason the so-called general-purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, and Rhode Island Red, which are good layers and at the same time make excellent carcasses for the table, are recommended by poultry specialists of the United States department of agriculture as best suited to the farm needs. A further advantage of good stock is the fact that the owner will take a pride in such a flock which he will not feel in a flock of mongrels, and as a result he will give the hens better care.

### CULL UNPROFITABLE LAYERS

It Will Help Increase Profits for Breeder to Dispose of All Hens in Poor Condition.

While some hens will prove to be profitable, others are kept at a loss and are a drag on the profitable hens in the flock. It is important, therefore, to cull out the unprofitable producers, as this will increase the profit realized from the flock as a whole. Any hens found to be sickly or in poor condition should be culled as soon as discovered.

### INJURIOUS LITTLE RED MITE

Insects Sap Vitality of Hen by Sucking Her Blood and as a Consequence She Won't Lay.

The little red mite saps the vitality of the hen by sucking her blood. Hens have actually been killed, virtually eaten alive, by mites. Hens cannot lay except when their vitality is maintained. Vitality and mites cannot exist in the same henhouse.

### FEEDS FOR YOUNG CHICKENS

Little Fellows Should Be Given Just Enough to Satisfy Appetite and Keep Them Busy.

Young chickens should be fed not more than barely enough to satisfy their appetites and to keep them exercising, except at the evening or last meal, when they should be given all they care to eat.

## The Woods

### THE PLAYGROUND.

The city street, the city street,  
Lies heavy on the town—  
An awful avenue of heat,  
Whose rays of yellow summer heat  
Upon the stones of brown,  
Where little children's weary feet  
Creep slowly up and down.

The houses rise, the houses rise,  
Beside the thoroughfare;  
Their windows look with bloodshot eyes  
O'er huddled roofs to smoky skies,  
And find no promise there;  
And childhood's voice of laughter dies  
In pestilential air.

The city great, the city great—  
It is so big a thing!  
From city gate to city gate,  
From somber dawn to even late,  
It throbs with marketing;  
It has no moment it may wait  
To hear the children sing.

The little ones, the little ones,  
The buds that never bloom,  
(While underneath the breathless sun  
The stream of life forever runs  
Through arteries of gloom),  
Look on your stately Parthenons  
And find so little room!

There is a street, another street,  
Beyond the city's wall,  
Beyond the corridors of heat,  
Where waters pure and waters sweet  
In crystal cadence fall—  
And to the children's tiny feet  
Their liquid measures call!

Its tenements, its tenements,  
Are neither grim nor gray;  
And from each verdant eminence  
Their crimson-throated residents  
Pour music to the day,  
Their choristing inhabitants  
Sing loud a roundelay.

O fairy shores, O merry shores,  
Away from slime and sin!—  
With leafy roofs and grassy floors,  
Where robin nests and swallow soars  
When summer days begin—  
Oh, let us open wide the doors  
And ask the children in!  
(Copyright.)

## The Care of the Scalp

(By United States Health Service.)

HERE are a few very important things for you to know about your hair, and the proper way of caring for it:

First, and most important, is the fact that except for the root the hair is nothing but dead tissue.

It is the scalp and not the hair that must be treated.

"Gray hair" cannot be cured, that is, restored, except by dyes.

Baldness cannot be cured, except on rare occasions.

The scalp is just like the rest of the skin on the body, and should be kept as clean as the face or the hands. In order to do this the head should be washed at least once a week with a good tar or sulphur soap. This will not only help to keep the scalp free from dandruff, but will open the pores of the scalp and permit of the free flow of oil to make the hair glossy. It is folly to have the hair singed, as it is entirely useless. So-called "hair foods" cannot "nourish" the hair and should be wisely avoided.

If you want pretty hair, keep the scalp clean and healthy. Wash the head and hair clean and rinse out all soap. Then dry thoroughly with a hot towel. If the hair should become "dry" from too much washing, apply a mixture of grain alcohol and castor oil, about five teaspoonfuls of oil to the pint of alcohol. This will restore the gloss to the hair, and also act as an excellent antiseptic for dandruff.

When the hair persists in falling out and bald spots appear, the fault is not always with the scalp, but may be some remote underlying cause. Consult a physician instead of a barber, as the falling hair may be a symptom of some disease he could readily recognize and cure. Often when the hair is falling out it is being replaced by new hair.

Gray hair is caused by a loss of pigment, or coloring matter, and small air bubbles getting into the hair and giving it the white appearance. There is no way of curing this condition, although it may sometimes be prevented by keeping the scalp healthy and clean. This is not always possible, however, as heredity plays an important part in the tendency of the hair to become gray.

## MILITANT MARY

My veins are full of red, red blood! I vow I'll live, and THEN I put my elbows on my desk AND PUSH A PUNY PEN!



## A BARNYARD MEETING

THE Turkeys in the barnyard called all the other fowl one morning to a meeting they were to hold behind the barn.

"We are called together," said Mr. Gobbler, "to discuss a serious situation—namely, that of getting rid of Mr. Fox."

"He has bothered all of us lately very much, but my family in particular have suffered great loss, and now I want to talk over a plan for getting rid of him and I shall be glad of your help in the matter."

"I second the motion," quacked Mr. Drake, "and I suggest that we tar and feather him."

"Oh! I think that far too good for him," said Mr. Gander. "I propose that we catch him and pull off his fur, one



hair at a time, and then turn him loose. He will be sure to freeze, and that, I am sure, will be a punishment he would not choose."

"Let us try to think of some way not so distasteful to refined minds," said Mr. Rooster. "I want him punished as much as any of you, but can it not be done with more dignity?"

"What do you all say if we catch

him and duck him in the pond, then pull him out by the tail and drag him around the barnyard for all to see. I am sure he will be quite upset by being brought so low and will never come around here again."

"Siss!" hissed Mr. Gander. "A dignified punishment, indeed. But what will he be doing all this time, may I ask you, Mr. Rooster?"

"Mr. Fox will jump up and eat you or whoever is dragging him about. No, I think the only thing to do is catch him and shut him up in a cage, feed him on stones—nothing but stones—and nothing to drink until he cannot hold out any more, and then let him go to the pond for a drink of water and push him in. That will be the end of him, as you all can see, for he will sink at once."

"I wish you would let some of us talk a minute," said old Madam Duck. "I think we should catch him and tie his legs. That would be the best plan. Then who has suffered most from his visits here can poke him with a briar until he begs for mercy."

"Mercy! Would you be merciful to that wretch?" screamed Madam Turkey, who had lost nearly all her family.

"No; I would not. But I should like him to beg for it, just the same," said Madam Duck.

"The plans are all very good—very good, indeed," said Mr. Gobbler. "There remains only one thing to do, and that is to choose which one it shall be."

"Yes, there is another question which you have not seemed to think of, Mr. Gobbler," said little Brown Hen, who had listened quietly all the time, "and that is, Who is to catch Mr. Fox and how will it be done?"

Everyone stood quiet still, and then they all suddenly remembered that it was time to eat, and off they all ran to the barnyard as fast as they could go. (Copyright.)



Philosopher.

"I have here a great invention," said Bagley, at the club.

"Yes?"

"You notice I have the switch-key of my car and my latch-key tied together?"

"Surely."

"Well, you see when I'm down town in the car and I get ready to start home and can't find my switch-key, I say to myself: 'I should worry! Why should I want to go home any way, when I can't get in the house? And so I just stay down town.'"

FINNIGIN FILOSOFY.

Advice is usually given 't' th' young, be some owd cot that th' same advice was give to whin he was a bye, an' that he has carefully saved be niver usin' at 'maill.

Old Mottoes Remedied While You Wait.

Spartacus—I see the waistline has moved again.

Smarticus—Sure! The motto of the fashion-setters is: "Hew to the style, let the hips fall where they may."

In Merrie New England.

Young Man—Fine morning.

Old Man—(Silence).

Y. M.—I say it's a fine morning.

O. M.—(Ditto).

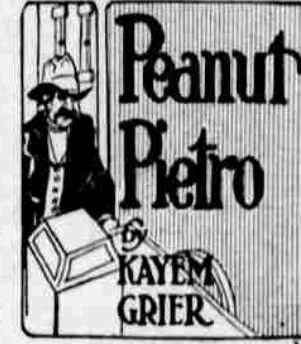
Y. M.—I say, sir, it's a fine morning!

O. M.—Well, be ye wantin' 't' git into an argument about it?

Maybe So, Maybe So.

"What causes the breaking of a man's powers?"

"The bending of his energies."



SEEMA lika everybody desa country gonna bughouse houta baseball game. You know I go vesait dat game little while ago and ees too moocha meex up for understanda ver good. I dunna for sure, but I tink eef anybody go craze over dat game hees mudda gotta foolish keed for starta weeth.

But plenta people aska me wot's matter I no learna how dat game ees play. Some frien come taka me one more game other day and he say he gonna explatna everyting.

When one guy whosa play weeth other town come up weeth greata knoeka ball backa home. But he missa everyting so mooch I getta idee he no leave ver far. For way he sweenga da club I tink he hava hard time beet fees mouth weeth a spoon when eata soup.

I dunno, but seema lika everyting ees talka backward een dat game. One guy knoeka ball over da fence and my frien say he moka home rim. But he jusa run een da rink lika no can finda hees place. And when he come back he seet down and no go home at all.

One other guy run like devil and fall down and my frien say he steala base. I say dat feller run too fast for steala somatting. I sure lika square dent, so I tella my frien I betta seexa bits eef searacha dat guy he no gotta somatting wot no belonga weeth heem.

Preety soon I getta mad and go home too moocha foola da publeec. One feller I know seence was leetle cuss smasha da ball, and everybody say was gooda seengle. And for fiva, seexa years I know dat ees married weeth beega family. I gotta deegust weeth idee man can be seengle and hava half dozen keeds sama time.

Wot you tink?

## Ancient Nostrums.

Among the predecessors of modern patent medicines were such astonishing nostrums as Goddard's drops, a formula in vogue during the reign of Charles II, which consisted of a distillate of "human bones or rather scales"; dried mummy, a gruesome preparation that unscrupulous persons frequently imitated; and a medicine that one Joanna Stephens prepared in 1739 for "the cure of the stone" by calcining egg shells and garden snails. —Youth's Companion.

## What the Sphinx Says.

By NEWTON NEWKIRK.

"If you want a thing done to suit you please have the goodness to explain it in detail to a subordinate—then do it yourself."