

## International Romance

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

Old Major Hubbard was a chronicle incarnate—better than a written one, in that he read himself. He could tell you of his own life and the lives of his forefathers, and where, and how, for generations back. And, on the side, he could tell you who ought to have married who, but didn't. He was handy to have about the house, you must admit, except sometimes, when he was a holy terror. The Glimby garden party was one of those times. The tale of it here duly set forth is likely to become a classic of Alamance county.

Mrs. Glimby was impressive, even a bit overpowering, tall, massive, deep of voice and purse, potentially boisterous, but not visibly so, thanks to beauty specialists. Her yoke-mate, once little Billy Glimby, was now Paul Glimby, Esq.—this since the gusher came in. Happily he had been hard of hearing ever since the uprush of wealth came roaring. Much acrid speculation prevailed as to what would have happened if he had been standing ten yards nearer when she blew. "Something" would have got him, coming down," said the inquisitive. And then—where'd Anne-Elizabeth have been? Old land was his for life—entailed on heirs or next of kin. Being childless, passing in his checks, thus on the verge of plutocracy, might a-been rough on Anne-Elizabeth—but a fine thing for some other and better people.

Anne-Elizabeth had not been popular—she was not exactly so, even with her defects so thickly gold-plated. But everyone admitted she had her good points. After she had cleared her brother-in-law, Tom Dady, of debt, so putting him in the way of making a good living, she sent her namesake, Elizabeth Dady, to school, and later on a Cook's tour, not batting an eye over the costs. Then she gave a steeple and new bell to the church, not to name paint—and new benches, and established two endowed beds in the Overstreet Memorial hospital to the honor of her great-grandparents.

"Humph! Nobody ever reckoned before she had any great-grandparents!" Sister Talley sniffed over this climax of benefactions. Sister Talley ran a close second to the major in the matter of who was who—naturally one did not love the other—and if exact truth must be told the major was quite peeved that the sister had beaten him to it in the matter of "casting asparagus" on the Glimby pedigree.

Of a certainty he was not going to back up that pestiferous old gossip—he went, indeed, so far as to say **officially**—what was the exact truth—that Overstreet was one of the best pioneer names. A valuable speech—not that the major could be bought, or even bribed—but after it came to Mrs. Glimby's ears she was notably cordial to the maker of it. She had reason to be—he was the best sort of smoke-screen against inquisitors—especially to those who wanted to help her to the top—of course for a cash consideration, by giving her pages in the county history. These she sent all and sundry to the major. Records had been burned in the old homestead when she was a tiny child, and her people had in consequence gone to another state. Any apt student of social fiction can imagine the rest. The gallant major would not ginsay her outright. What he did was to resurrect Overstreet glories in the dim long ago, without, however, committing himself to Glimby descent from them.

But neither interviews nor scribes minded that—what he did not tell, they easily imagined. In result there was such access of friendliness on the part of the crude-old goddess, he reacted to it by planning ambitiously to match his grandson Harry with Elizabeth. They had been school sweethearts before she was sent away to be finished—if his boy lacked college gloss, he had the better culture of contact. Had somehow got toehold with a big investing firm before he was twenty—was going up so steadily it was only a question of time when he would reach the top.

Any girl ought to jump at the chance of him, thought—even said—the major. There he reckoned without Thomas Cook & Sons. Their personal conducting had broken down a bit in Italy, when the Fascists were getting themselves together.

Enter a knight, in shape of an Italian count—with an authentic title, and hardly a second shirt to his back. Valourously he had shepherded the stranded Americans to safety—and in the shepherding made himself Elizabeth's demigod. Thanks to his title, he had got cabled thanks from Mrs. Glimby—very prompt ones, followed a year later by a cordial invitation to visit America.

Paul Glimby, Esq., could and would make it worth his while. He came, saw, was conquered—this Count Pompey. That was not his right name, of course, but as near it as the Glimbys could speak it. Moreover, he turned out to be rather a good sort, hence a perfectly proper increment to the garden party.

Mrs. Glimby was almost tearful over the fact that the family tree and coat of arms she had ordered from the highest-priced source had not yet come to hand. But—it really couldn't matter so much, with that good old major in leash. Though the count's spoken English was highly Italianate, he understood surprisingly even colloquial American.

Thus Mrs. Glimby was able to get in some of her finest work. Unpretentious though she was, she knew him as pedigree-proud as a bull pup or a fighting cock. Therefore, as people came she sketched lightly for him the mutations of families and fortunes in this fluent new land, the destruction of authentic records—especially stressing the Overstreets and their compeers.

Then she led her ace of trumps, the major, saying as she presented him: "Here is the fountain-head of history. He can tell you all about everybody in the state—that is, anybody of account—particularly the old families, now so sadly scattered."

"More, perhaps, madam, than some of this generation care to know," the major boomed, standing ramrod stiff, ignoring her outstretched hand. If only she had known it—he had on war-paint. Five minutes earlier he had seen and heard Elizabeth stare at his Harry, asking, pretending to be puzzled: "Do I really, truly know you? Away so long, and seeing so many, I really seem not to know anybody."

"Lucky for both of us, 'Sorel Top,'" Harry had flung back, wheeling away.

This alien, alert, dapper, breathing airs of the great world told the major why all this had happened, and showed the proper revenge. Bowing his stately, he said to Count Pompey: "Young sir, I am no gossip, but interest in human history is the province and the privilege of a gentleman, so I am not ashamed to admit rather more than usual knowledge of families hereabout. Is there one among them in which you have special interest?"

"The Overstreets—tell him about them, major—before somebody crowds in and interrupts," Mrs. Glimby prompted eagerly.

"Ah, yes!" said the major. "Oddly, I came only three days back upon an authentic document dealing with them. They were friends and contemporaries of my great-grandfather. Brothers and sisters, you know—never married—settled Shellgrove and coined money there, judging by my ancestor's copy of the will just newly discovered. Everything—land, money, slaves and stock—all left to a brother back in Virginia, except \$500 cash, and a filly colt to Elizabeth Mowsley, minor daughter of Jane Mowsley, spinster. It was this Elizabeth your grandfather Tobias Higgins married just before he went to Illinois."

"Your memory are—wonderful—Signor," Count Pompey here interrupted, warned by the change in his hostess' face. As he led her away, he said detachedly: "For a meillon dollars I will buy, and burn dat d—n will."

"And marry Elizabeth?" his listener asked breathlessly. He nodded. This was cemented another international romance.

## YEW TREE IS 1,000 YEARS OLD

English Writer Says One at Aldsworth is Still Flourishing—Has Girth of 27 Feet.

The Major oak in Sherwood forest, which seems to be showing signs of decay, is a magnificent tree, but why call it the oldest tree in England? writes a correspondent.

It may be the oldest oak, though that distinction has been claimed for other trees, such as the King's oak, at Tilford, near Farnham; the Crouch oak, at Addlestone; the Majestic oak, in Fredville park, near Dover, and Cowper's oak, in Yardley Chase. But none of these is likely to be so old as the huge chestnut tree at Tartworth, in Gloucestershire, known so early as Stephen's reign as "the great chestnut of Tortworth."

The yew, however, is by far the longest lived tree. At Aldsworth, in Berkshire, is a yew more than a thousand years old, and still flourishing. Twenty-seven feet round today, it measured just the same in 1760, when a note was made of its girth. The Bucklebury Yew, also in Berkshire, is of just the same size. A yew at Fountains Abbey is said to have been there when the abbey was built. If it was an old tree then—in or about 1132—we may conclude that it is at least nine hundred years old. There is no record of any oak—when it has been cut down and its annual growth rings have been counted—proving to be five hundred years old.—Manchester Guardian.

### His Guess.

Mr. Hamfat had amassed quick money in oil, has a new house and a library. He had just taken down a volume at random when a caller entered. The volume was Howard Pyle's romance "Men of Iron."

"What have you there?" inquired the caller.

"Seems to be about iron men," answered Mr. Hamfat. "So I guess it's another of them financial stories."

### Fireless Locomotive.

A fireless railway locomotive is being developed in France. It is equipped with a boiler after the manner of the ordinary locomotive, but the water in it is heated to the necessary temperature from a stationary plant. Enough power can be stored in it to operate it four hours for switching purposes in a railway yard. It requires but 15 minutes to charge it.

### Careful.

The cake had been passed to every one at the table but Bobbie, three and one-half years old.

Bobbie—I'll take a piece of cake, please.

Mother—No, dear, banana cake is too heavy for little boys.

Bobbie (after several seconds of thought)—Well, I'll use both hands.

## Mae Busch



Mae Busch, "movie" star, was born in Australia twenty-five years ago. After attending a convent in New York she entered vaudeville, later entering pictures. She has been seen in a number of prominent productions. Miss Busch has black hair and gray eyes. She is fond of golf, horseback riding and dancing. Her father was director of the Australian Symphony orchestra and her mother was a grand opera singer.

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

## JULIANA

ONE of the most interesting of etymological histories attaches to Juliana. The name was one of the earliest to be used in the Roman empire in the days of martyrdom when the Julian gens was at the height of its power. It first found fame through St. Juliana, who was beheaded at Nicomedia under Galerius. In the reign of Gregory the Great, her relics were supposed to be at Rome, but afterwards were divided between Brussels and Sablon.

Through the Flemish duchess Mathilda, she was especially honored in Normandy, and her name was much used in royal circles. The illegitimate daughter of Henry I, whose children he so cruelly maltreated in revenge for their father's rebellion, was called Julienne. England received the name as Julian. It was borne there by the famous hunting prioress, Dame Juliana Berners.

Brittany substituted an "s" for a "j" and produced the popular form Sullana, whose most famous exponent was the nun-sister of Du Guesclin, who assisted his brave wife to disconcert the night attack of their late prisoner. Jade is Juliana's talismanic stone. The Chinese believe it to represent the essence of the soul, and it is said to bring its wearer happiness and imperishable love. Wednesday is Juliana's lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

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## A Line o' Cheer

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### THE TAPER AND THE SUN

NOW disappointed friends of mine, However small that place of thine, Heed this fine fact, and dwell upon Its meaning full when day is done: The Taper is No sun of splendid brilliancies, Yet in its small appointed place With much of goodly cheer and grace To brighten up the way by night It giveth Light, And without plaint does its full share Its own allotted part to bear, And never leaves its task undone Because it cannot be the sun.

HE HAD BEEN.

"Were you ever boarded by pirates, Captain?"

"Yes, I've stayed at several of your summer hotels."

HIS TOIL ENDED.

"So Jack Hunter has captured the helress and is now off on his honeymoon."

"I really don't know whether one should call it Jack's honeymoon or his harvest moon."

## Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

### URNS IN THE ROAD

WHATEVER may be your affluence or influence, your station on this sphere, your power of conquest or good-fortune, there is in the natural progression of things a probability that you may some day come to a turn in the road.

At every swing of the pendulum time is working wondrous changes. Overnight the topography of a country may be so scarred by an earthquake or scoured by a flood that it is unrecognizable.

An empire may crumble; wealth may be swept away; pride subdued and humility exalted. At the dawning of the morning we are amazed at the sudden transformation.

We are in a flash brought face to face with a turn in the road over which we have for years been traveling complacently in fine company and fancied security.

We have given no thought to the future, having been too deeply engrossed in our worship of gold. In the hasty pursuit of wealth we have grown blind to the beautiful things around us and unmindful of others.

We have forgotten that we are but travelers on our way to an enduring country beyond the limits of earth, and where there are no turns in the road.

We have seen others lose their way and given them no attention.

We have seen them shudder, sink and give up hope.

We have turned our backs, stopped our ears and walked on confident of our strength and sure of our step.

But when we ourselves come to the turn in the road all is different. We fall then into that state in which by some subtle transformation we become other things.

We see with new eyes, speak in a trembling voice, controlled by strange and terrible emotions.

For the first time in our lives we realize that we are but sojourners, tossed about like chips upon the sea, at the mercy of the tides and winds.

By some miscalculation we have lost our way. We are swept with tremendous force in a new direction, overwhelmed and awed, just as have been millions of others who have gone before us, and if we lack the faith, we turn sick as we face the vast nothingness and drop out of the running.

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## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says some people seem to take a special delight in mixing new drinks, now they're not supposed to have any at all, and she wonders what this H<sub>2</sub>O that she hears so much about is like.

## Has Anyone Laughed At You Because—

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You like stories with happy endings?

Why not? People may rave and say the unhappy ending is more artistic, yet most people are so geared that the happy ending is the favorite. You only show that you get to like the characters and you want them to be happy. You want every one to be happy. You know how hard the easiest life is, and when you read you want the "folk" to "end" in glorious joy. Read and be happy; let those folk laugh and read all the tragedy they care to devour.

### SO

Your get-away here is: That you never burned a set of Ibsen or Macbeth, or Hamlet, but you like happy endings nevertheless!

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### Strong on Appetite.

Mrs. A—Why did you discharge that splendid cook you had?

Mrs. B—It was the only way to get our guests to go home.

## SCHOOL DAYS



Copyright THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

## YOUR HAND

How to read your characteristics and tendencies—the capabilities or weaknesses that make for success or failure as shown in your palm.

### CARRIAGE AND MOTIONS OF THE HANDS

WHEN a person carries the hands at the side, with the fingers nearly open, and the hands dangling in a listless manner, it is safe to set him down as lacking in decision of character and in fixedness of purpose. Be careful in entrusting such a person with a secret, and also with intrusting him with the execution of any purpose upon which much depends, or on which you have set your heart.

Often the person who carries his hands as described in the foregoing paragraph is easily led, for good or evil purpose, and either cannot or will not take the trouble to wrestle with the problems of life. In money matters he will, of course, be "generous to a fault," parting easily with his substance, just as the man or woman who holds the hand closed lightly, or nearly so, will hold to what he or she has, often to the point of niggardliness. In this respect and in mental matters also, the more open the hand is, the more liberal will be the possessor. But there is such a thing as too much liberality, as shown by the hand that is held too wide open.

## THE PEAKS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHO has not seen some crimson flow?

Whose heart was red as embers? Who has not known some mighty hour One evermore remembers? Among the trees upon the crest One tree stands higher than the rest, One note in all night's madrigals The heart especially recalls.

We live in moments such as these, Our hours of joy or sorrow;

For his yesterdays of ease Will recollect tomorrow? Some love we won, some love we lost, Some mountain, not some plain we crossed,

We shall remember, joy and strife— We live upon the peaks of life.

In hours of pain we learn to cling To something worth believing, And joy perhaps we learn to sing The better after grieving. A heart that never knew a pain Is like a land without a rain, Is like a land that never knows A springtime flood, or summer rose.

So let us thank our God for this, Our Maytime, our December, The first embrace, the parting kiss, The things that we remember, The day with neither rain nor sun Brought never flows to anyone— Thank God for joy, and grief, and strife; We live upon the peaks of life.

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A POINTER.

You may be a wise lad, And a long way from bad; But remember my son, As your journey you run, You can learn a whole lot from your dad.

Help! Help! Jack—Lately I have fallen into the habit of talking to myself. Myrtle—I wondered why you looked so bored.

## Mother's Cook Book

Men's souls are pitched in different keys.

Some like a lark rise strong of wing Above the clouds of suffering And cheerily mount and sing Till gloom grows glad and suffering men Smile, listening, and take heart again.

### GOOD THINGS TO EAT

FOR a company dish try the following:

#### Fillet of Beef.

Trim the fillet neatly and lay into a deep dish with an onion cut into slices, two bay leaves, a sprig of parsley, whole pepper and salt and olive oil to taste it well. Let the fillet lie in this marinade for six hours, turning occasionally, then roast in a hot oven; let it be rather underdone. Serve surrounded by macaroni cooked as follows: Put into a saucepan one-half cupful of tomato puree, three table-spoonfuls of butter and two or three table-spoonfuls of meat gravy; season with pepper and salt to taste. Bring to the boiling point and simmer for a few minutes, then add a little at a time some previously cooked macaroni. Toss all lightly and add three table-spoonfuls of grated cheese just at the last.

#### Creme de Marrons.

Take one-half pound of large chestnuts, cut a cross on each and boil them in plenty of water until the outer skin can be easily removed. Then pound them in a mortar and pass through a fine sieve into a dish; add a few drops of milk to soften the mixture. Beat the yolks of three eggs with one-half cupful of cream and the same of milk, add one-fourth cupful of sugar, a few drops of vanilla, and strain the mixture into a double boiler. Stir the mixture over the fire until it thickens, then add a little less than half an ounce of gelatin, which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved over heat. Pour this custard gradually over the chestnut puree, mix well, then pour into a hollow mold. When ready to serve, unmold and fill the center with whipped cream, sweetened and tinted with pink sugar.

#### Breakfast Mackerel.

Soak a salt fish skin side up, change the water until most of the salt is removed. Place in a dripping pan skin side down and pour over a cupful of thin cream. Bake in a moderate oven until the fish is tender. Season and serve hot with baked potatoes.

Nellie Maxwell  
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## Men You May Marry

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: He has just lately come to your burg, to take a job—he has come from a larger place. Wants to know all about your town. Yet never stops talking of how they did things in Xville, what great fellows they have there, what good lookers the girls are, what rushing business they do and what swell parties they give. He dresses usually in brown from head to heels and his shoulders have well built-in scaffolding to train 'em up. He is jovial. Likes you because you look like the good lookers in Xville. Likes change and variety.

### IN FACT

Change has kept him from changing much.

### Prescription to Bride:

Never appear unless you are all dressed up.

Change your hair dress often—keep all fashion books about.

Be his household "movie".

### Absorb This:

TO HAVE IS NOT ALWAYS TO SCOLD.

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