

GETTING OUT OF IT

Being the Story of the Courtship of a Widow and Deacon.

By DON LA GRANGE.
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Deacon Strothers and his wife were eating supper when she said to him across the table:

"Moses, if I should die, would you marry again?"

"Bless me, but what a question," he replied as he choked.

"But I should like to know."

"It ain't likely that I would."

"You believe I'll go to heaven when I die, don't you?"

"Straight as a crow flies."

"And how'd I feel lookin' down from heaven and seein' you around with another wife?"

"But the angels in heaven can't look down on earth."

"It is said they can't, but how does anybody know they can't?"

"These are nice mashed taters," said the deacon as he helped himself to some more.

His wife was a Christian woman and a church member, but nevertheless there were times when she found it safer to choke her off than to argue with her. He was hoping he had in this case when she said:

"Yes, I've got a knack of mashin' taters, and you'll miss me when I'm gone. How about my question, Moses?"

"You'll probably outlive me by ten years."

"I probably won't and I want to know if you will marry again?"

"No, sir, I shouldn't!"

The deacon was vexed with her persistency, and he brought out his answer with an emphasis.

"All right," said the wife and began talking something else.

Next day she and another woman were drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the river. The deacon, who was over fifty, was overwhelmed for a time, but gradually his grief wore away and he was like himself again. It is not contended that he was an absent-minded man, but it is stated, and it is quite reasonable, that after the first month the deacon did not think of that promise again for four years. Then it came like a knockout blow. Bit by bit he had come to be friends with the widow Stevens. He had sat on her doorstep; he had sat by her fire; he had hoed in her garden; he had split wood for her cook-stove. Aye, he had called her Sarah, and she had called him Moses. One evening he had had a talk with himself beginning with:

"By the great horn spoon, but that widder can make a custard fit for a king!"

And then: "Deacon, you have been a widower for four years—for four long years. You have been sad and lonely. It has come mighty hard."

And again:

"There's folks winkin' and blinkin' around and sayin' that me and the widder will make a match of it, but let 'em wink and blink. It hain't none of their pesky business, and I have told 'em so."

Then, with a chuckle:

"It wouldn't be a bad match for either one of us. Home is where the husband and wife is, and we've neither one of us got a home 'ordin' to that. I wonder if I had better hint around?"

Three minutes elapsed and then the deacon brought his first down and exclaimed:

"Hint? Hint? No, I won't hint a hint! I'll just ask her outright!"

And he was going over in his mind what he would say when a thought struck him and he fairly leaped from his chair and gasped out:

"My promise to my wife that I wouldn't marry again!"

For five minutes Deacon Strothers was as weak in the knees as if he had seen a ghost. He had promised, and that promise was like a wall across his future path.

"What did Martha ever pester me into making that promise for?" he asked himself. "It wasn't right—no, it wasn't. Did I ask her not to marry again in case I died first? No, of course I didn't. I jest left it to her feelings in the matter."

Was there any way out of it? Couldn't that promise be dodged?

It was an hour after the deacon's usual bedtime, but he was still as lively as a fox. He went over the matter for ten minutes and then said:

"Why did I promise? Because Martha was in the best of health, and appeared good for fifteen years yet. Did she give me the slightest hint that she was goin' to be silly enough to get into a boat the next day? No, she didn't. Did she say she might get drowned? Not a word. Wouldn't a court hold that it was deception, and that I wasn't bound by my promise. When Jabez Reed sold me a cow for \$30 and never said a word about her jumpin' fences didn't the court make him take her back. It said he suppressed a fact. Didn't Martha do the same?"

The deacon went to bed feeling better, but when he awoke next morning his conscience began to trouble him again.

"By heck, but sunthin' has got to be did!" exclaimed over his breakfast; and soon as the meal was finished he clapped on his hat and went out to look up Robert Roebuck.

Mr. Roebuck was known as a very pious, God-fearing man, and he would

see both sides of the case and render a fair decision. He was given the facts, and, after chewing on them for five minutes, he said:

"Deacon, you was a fool for makin' any such promise."

"I know I was."

"My old woman has asked me more'n forty times to promise the same thing, but I never have done it and never will."

"But I wish I hadn't."

"But you did, and now we must see how you can get out of it. Was your wife ever in a boat till that day?"

"Never."

"Was there any call for her to go on the river?"

"Not a call."

"Which of the women suggested that they take the boat?"

"My wife."

"Deacon Strothers, if that don't come under the head of conspiracy, then my old white cow is a red one! If any one conspires to force a promise out of another then that promise won't hold."

"I believe you are right, Mr. Roebuck," replied the deacon with relief in his voice.

"Of course I am. An agreement that benefits only one side does not hold. Did your wife speak up and say that she would not marry again if you died first?"

"She did not!"

"Well, there you are, as free as a bird, though you'd better go to the parson and see what he thinks about it. He may hold sentimental views."

The deacon walked over to the parsonage, and not wishing to be too brusque about it he began:

"Parson, do you hold that an angel in heaven can see what is going on here below?"

"If they could they wouldn't be angels very long," was the grim reply.

"But did you ever preach that they could?"

"Not that I remember of. Heaven is a long way off, deacon."

"My wife kinder believed that after she got to heaven she could see what was takin' place down here."

The parson was silent.

"She wanted me to promise not to marry again in case she died, because if she looked down and saw me with a second wife it would make her feel bad."

"If anything could make the angels feel bad in heaven, it would not be heaven, would it?"

"By George, parson, it wouldn't! Martha was mistaken about it. If I was to marry half a dozen times over the couldn't know anything about it."

"But did she ask you to promise?" queried the parson.

"Yes, she kinder asked."

"And you promised?"

"Yes, I kinder promised, but it was because I did not want her to, feel bad as an angel. Now that you say she couldn't feel bad if she tried her hardest, I guess that promise needn't bother me much."

"But look out next time, deacon."

"Yes—ahem—yes!"

"It's the widow Stevens, I suppose?"

"Yes, kinder."

"Thrown out any hints yet?"

"A dozen, I guess."

"You may find that she made a promise to her dying husband."

"Jewhittaker! I'll see about that the first thing!"

It was a new scare for the deacon, and he made the two blocks to the widow's house on the trot. He found her in the garden coaxing the pea vines to climb their best, and he didn't wait a minute before asking:

"Widder Stevens, did your husband expect to go to heaven when he died?"

"I don't see how he could. He was a man that cussed and gambled and drank."

"Did he ask you to promise not to marry again?"

"No, he didn't, and if he had I should have told him that was my own business. Why are you asking these questions?"

"Widder, hain't I a good man at the woodpile?"

"Fine."

"And a good one in the garden?"

"Sure."

"And hain't I lonely and you lonely?"

"We are."

"Then—then let's get married!"

"La me! Bring on the parson and have it over with and off our hands, for them string beans have got to be poled afore sundown!"

Tree on Tree.

A singular tree in Cuba is called the yaguy tree. It begins to grow at the top of another tree. The seed is carried by a bird, or wafted by the wind, and, falling into some moist, branching parts, takes root and speedily begins to grow. It sends a kind of thin, string-like root down the body of the tree, which is soon followed by others. In course of time these rootings strike the ground, and growth immediately commences upwards. New rootings continue to be formed and get strength until the one tree grows as a net round the other. The outside one surrounds and presses the inner, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At length the tree within is killed, and the parasite that has taken possession becomes itself the tree.

Scares One So.

"What kind of doctor would you prefer, a cheerful one or a solemn one?"

"A cheerful one, I guess. At least, I hate for a doctor to get solemn after he looks at me."

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

TRAINING RULES FOR YOUTHS

Old-Fashioned Movements Supplanted by Program of Hygienic and Corrective Exercises.

Notable among the achievements of the board of education of New York city has been the introduction of the new course of study in physical training for boys. This supplants the old-fashioned one-two-three movements with a consistent program of educational hygienic and corrective exercises. New boylike athletic movements are brought into the gymnasiums and the boys engage in a course of moderate athletic training, including hygiene, which is the basis of all athletics. Thus natural enthusiasms are utilized for constructive school purposes.

The 10,000 boys who assembled last June in Central Park to exhibit physical training work were given the following set of training rules:

Go to bed at nine o'clock after a thorough wash and a cold splash over chest and trunk; teeth and gums well scrubbed. Clothes and books ready for tomorrow.

Bedroom windows open top and bottom.

Rise not a minute later than seven o'clock. Go through two-minute drill and hygienic exercises for demonstration. Clean face and neck and scrub hands. Finish up with a big cold splash and hard rub all over. See that feet and legs are clean and rub them hard to get them into condition. Brush teeth and gums thoroughly.

Breakfast and all meals:

No coffee. No tea. Drink milk, a little at a time. Chew all foods to a pulp. Ask your teacher what foods to avoid.

No smoking. Cut out all habits you know are bad.

Exercise in the fresh air, equivalent to a slow mile run a day. Walk ten miles a week. If you lose weight you lose vitality; stop work.

Before school look yourself over. "Am I clean from head to toe? Are all my clothes clean and in order down to the skin? Do I stand like an athlete?"

The boy has no use for hygiene, but he has for athletics, and the school interested in hygiene makes use of this fact to gain its end.

CHILDREN KNOW GOOD CORN

United States Department of Agriculture Outlines Twelve Lessons Covering Important Points.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

School teachers in the corn states, or, for that matter all over the country, who wish to encourage their pupils to take part in the spreading movement for better corn growing are provided with the outlines of 12 lessons in a new publication of the United States department of agriculture, Farmers' Bulletin No. 617, "School Lessons on Corn." These lessons cover such important points as kind of corn, the best way to plant and cultivate corn, diseases that the crop suffers from, selection of good seed corn, and the ways of telling good corn from bad. To help the children to become good citizens, the following scorecard is suggested:

The pupil should bring to school samples of corn and under the super-

PLEASURE FOR THE CHILDREN

Figure Toy Attracts Attention and Creates Amusement by Simulation of Cage of Wild Beasts.

In illustrating and describing a figure toy, the invention of J. W. Murray of St. George, N. B., the Scientific American says:

"This invention relates to toys and has particular reference to devices in which certain figures, such as, for instance, figures of ferocious animals are employed. Among the special ob-

Howrah for Jane



"Now if I linger in the Hall," said Jane, "I can not think at all. So in Room I'll go and sit. And try and Ruminat a bit!"

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Figure Toy.

jects of this invention is to attract attention and create amusement by the simulation of a cage of wild beasts having a keeper, certain mechanism being employed whereby the animals and the keeper will be given certain movements."

KIND WORDS ALWAYS TIMELY

This Struggling World Would Be Happier and Better If Expressions of Good Cheer Were Used.

It is often told that Eugene Field, one day wandered into a basement restaurant, sat down at a table, put his chin in his hands and gazed moodily into space. A waiter came to him and after the manner of his kind enumerated the long list of dishes that were ready to be served.

"No, no," said Field, dejectedly. "I require none of those things. All I want is some sliced oranges and a few kind words."

Whether or not the incident be true, it is suggestive. Unquestionably, deeds weigh far more than words, and yet it is almost tragic to think how much happier and better this struggling world would become if kind words were more often heard. We all, every day, come in contact

Score Card for Corn.

Points.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1. Trueuess to type.....										
2. Shape of ear.....										
3. Purity of color in grain and cob.....										
4. Vitality, maturity, germinating power.....										
5. Tips of ears.....										
6. Butts of ears.....										
7. Uniformity of kernels.....										
8. Shape of kernels.....										
9. Length of ear.....										
10. Circumference of ear.....										
11. Furrows between rows.....										
12. Space between kernels at cob.....										
13. Proportion of corn to cob.....										
Total.....										100

vision of the instructor mark each ear in accordance with the scale indicated. For example, an ear, the shape of which was absolutely perfect would be credited for this with ten points out of a possible hundred. If the shape was somewhat defective the credit would be less, the exact number of points depending upon the pupil's judgment.

In order to understand fully the meaning of all the points listed in this scorecard teachers are advised to write to their state agricultural college for an explanation of the official scorecard used there.

The vitality or germinating power of the seed must only be judged after tests have been made in accordance with the methods outlined in Farmers' Bulletin No. 253.

John Did His Duty.

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday school teacher. "Now have you done so, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny, promptly.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I went home."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Those Foolish Questions.

"Can you swim, little boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you learn?"

"In de water; where d'yer suppose?"

WAITS CHANCE TO GET EVEN

Popular Film Actress Is Thinking Up Schemes for Dire Revenge for Practical Joke.

Lillian Walker, the athletic girl of the Vitagraph company, and Billy Quirk, the boy comic, are now sworn enemies, the enmity dating from October 1. Billy, knowing Miss Walker's antipathy for snakes, played a joke on her that resulted in the present cessation of friendship between the popular pair, and now, Miss Walker says, that until she can think up something severe enough to warrant a retaliation, and carry it through to success, they will not speak as they pass by in their automobiles.

Billy secured a property snake, which was as lifelike as human ingenuity could make it. He placed the imitation snake in the new pump in the studio yard and, by alluring tales of the cooling and refreshing properties of the water, induced Miss Walker to pump herself a glass.

It took only a few motions of the pump handle for the snake to appear and as it came wiggling from the spout, Miss Walker emitted a piercing shriek and, woman-like, fainted. Billy, frightened at the result of his joke, ran for help, but just as he returned, Miss Walker revived, and waving aside Billy's proffered assistance, walked majestically to her dressing-room, where she spent the rest of the day pondering on the exact form of vengeance to be meted out to her tormentor.

DEALING WITH THE OCCULT

Picture Fantasy, "If I Were Young Again," Expected to Prove One of the Season's Successes.

Released November 16, the Selig company has a powerful reel in "If I Were Young Again." The story is much that of "Faust," in that it deals with the wish, common among the old

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Scene From "If I Were Young Again."

and the middle-aged, for a return of the days of their youth. The illustration shows the scene where Professor Wise, the hero of the play, discovers the vial containing the magic fluid which renews his youth. Pathos and comedy intermingle in the various other scenes of the production.

Marguerite Clayton's Fad.

Marguerite Clayton has a new diversion and one in which she is intensely interested. It was by mere accident that it became known the other day. The pretty little woman who has gained worldwide prominence by her mannerisms on the screen, while playing opposite Mr. G. M. Anderson, in the Western Essanay dramas, it is said, tells fortunes by tea-leaves.

Heretofore she has been known to spend hours over books written by the best authors. Her artistic bungalow at Niles is lined with them. A saddle horse is at her disposal and the loves tennis and the fishing rod, out of late all these things have been temporarily laid aside to seek new pleasures in the visions peering at her, so she says, from amid the tea-leaves.

Mayor Was Taking No Chances.

Carl Louis Gregory, who is the underwater photographer of "Thirty Leagues Under the Sea," is whipping the 20,000 feet of film he took at Yellowstone park for the Thanhouser-Mutual company into shape for early release. Mr. Gregory is the first motion picture photographer to receive a permit from the government to take the views. A Denver newspaper recently printed an article about Carl getting the mayor to perform a "movies marriage." Gregory asked asked him to kiss the bride, but the mayor refused, saying that his wife went to the "movies."

Mary Pickford Honored.

Mary Pickford's fame has traveled far and wide. Her admirers are located in the remotest corners of the globe. Recently she had the unique distinction of being presented with a silver loving cup and an album containing the names of thousands of her admirers in Australia. The album is reported to contain the official signatures of the lord mayor and the town clerk of Sydney. The presentation was made at the Famous Players' company studio by Millard Johnson of the Australian Film company of Sydney, who now is visiting this country.

Old Favorite Still Popular.

George Ade's old play, "The County Chairman," is proving the endurance of its reputation in the crowds it attracts.

GEMS OF OLD WORLD

FRENCH CATHEDRALS MARVELS OF ARCHITECTURAL ART.

Rich in Historic Interest, and of Surpassing Beauty, Their Damage in Present War Is Matter for Keen Regret.

Reims cathedral, partly destroyed during the recent bombardment, was regarded as the Westminster abbey of France. On its site, according to legend, Clovis was baptized in the fifth century, and there Joan of Arc saw the consecration of Charles VII. There also, the kings of France were crowned and anointed.

Two of the chief features of the cathedral, which dates back to 1211, were the most famous rose window of the world, almost forty feet in diameter, and the 530 statues adorning the portals and facades, including 42 colossal statues of French kings. Near the north portal was one of the masterpieces of Gothic sculpture, representing the "Last Judgment," with a figure of Christ in the attitude of benediction.

The interior was world-renowned for its exquisite stained glass, its sixteenth-century tapestries and great organ, one of the finest in Europe.

Although not quite so rich in historical interest, the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is more ancient than that of Reims, the main building having been begun in the twelfth century. It is said that if the pillars of Notre Dame could speak they might tell the whole history of France. The only coronation celebrated there was that of Henry VI of England in 1431.

Perhaps the finest feature of Notre Dame in Paris is the Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis in 1246-8 for the reception of the various relics which he brought from the Holy Land. This chapel is perhaps the greatest existing masterpiece of Gothic art.

Amiens cathedral is another of France's thirteenth century churches to which the world pays visits. This was the church which Ruskin and other people have described as "the finest existing medieval structure." Its incomparable facade, galleries filled with the statues of kings, its superb windows and tapestries, and above all its beautiful choir-stalls and chapels, make the Amiens cathedral incomparable in many respects.

Of special historical interest to the English is the cathedral of Rouen, for it was there that the heart of Richard Coeur de Lion was buried prior to its being removed to the Museum of Antiquities. Another interesting fact regarding the Rouen cathedral is that the notable south tower was built at the end of the fifteenth century with what was termed "indulgence" money, received by the church for permission to eat butter during Lent.

The glorious cathedral of Chartres built chiefly between 1194 and 1200, is noted for its solidity as well as beauty, one of its two spires being generally regarded as the most beautiful on the continent. Like most other famous French cathedrals, it has some magnificent windows.

Doubly Rewarded.

During a performance in which I appeared some years ago a very famous actress who was starring in the play lost a diamond necklace, relates a veteran actor. She searched carefully for it everywhere, but with no success, and was on the verge of collapse when another actor in the company found the necklace and took it to her. She received it with great joy and instantly offered him a reward of \$50, which he politely declined. The actress insisted, however, that he accept some sort of reward.

"Well," he answered very modestly "since you press me, I should consider a kiss an ample reward."

Needless to say he was paid in full as soon as I could get him alone I said:

"Why were you so foolish? You're only getting a small salary. Why didn't you take the fifty dollars?"

"Why should I," was his cool response, "when I bet a hundred that I'd kiss her before the week was up?"

Heaven's Germicide: Fresh Air.

Right living, rather than medicine; fresh air as the best of germicides. That is the new therapy. Every day it becomes more generally recognized in the medical profession and more widely spread by the official agents of health. Director Harte of the department of public health contributes Philadelphia's mite to the propaganda with a weekly bulletin urging fresh air as a preventive of all the "colds" of winter. Not only tuberculosis, influenza, Grip, bronchitis and pneumonia can all be staved off through the winter months if only people will sleep and work with the windows open. They can have the health of summer time if only they will heed Jack Frost.

British and German Empires.

The population of Great Britain (the United Kingdom) is 46,000,000. The population of the German empire is 65,000,000. The population of the British colonies is 374,000,000. The population of the German colonies is 12,000,000. Total population under the German flag, 77,000,000. Total population under the British flag, 430,000,000. With the freedom of the seas, the British empire could, in time put into the field an army of 20,000,000 men. Five or six millions is supposed to be the limit of Germany.