

MARTHA'S MINIATURE

Alan Fought for His Own Happiness—And Won.

By CATHERINE COOPE.

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Alan Doble sighed heavily as he hung up the telephone. He had rung up his fiancée's studio, only to find out from the maid that Martha was out and would not return until dinner time.

"Which means," Alan told himself half bitterly, "that my sweetheart is at the matinee worshipping at the shrine of her idol."

For many weeks Alan had been aware of the fact that Martha had been drifting away from him. She did not love him in the deep, true sense of the word or she could not have fallen a victim to the undoubted charm of John Ward, the fascinating actor of the day.

Alan's love for Martha was as undying as the day itself, and it hurt him to realize that the girl whom he had expected to call his wife and for whom all his future had been planned was finding her happiness elsewhere than in his love.

Martha had flirted from time to time during their brief engagement, but never before did Alan feel that his position in her affections had been jeopardized. Now, however, it seemed that Martha had really been lost to him.

So completely absorbed was Martha in the worship of John Ward that she had painted a most beautiful miniature of the actor from a magazine photograph and wore it almost every hour of the day. The exquisite little locket lay against her heart, a constant source of pain to Alan Doble.

Martha did not know that Alan had stolen a glance into the locket during a chance moment, nor that he wished with all his heart that she could meet the actor. Perhaps the disillusionment would follow, and if not then certainly his fate would be sealed in regard to Martha's affections.

But a meeting did not come about even in the atmosphere of the studio. Martha worshipped in secret and in secret Alan grieved. He felt, as time wore on and there seemed no lessening of the interest his sweetheart was showing regarding the actor, that he must do something to precipitate an outcome to the situation.

Alan had never from the beginning taken the position of adviser to Martha, nor had he felt called upon to dictate her actions. Perhaps had he been more strict, in a sense, Martha's affections would have been secure. She might have feared to arouse jealousy in the bosom of her easy-going Alan. As it was she went her way flirting where she chose and only feeling a certain sense of security about Alan and her future. She did not trouble especially to weigh her emotions nor to speculate as to what another day might bring forth.

Through genuine talent Martha had made for herself an enviable position among miniature painters. Had she been a mere nobody in the intellectual world Alan would have considered himself capable of guiding her, but she had won success entirely unaided and he felt it unnecessary to advise her, much as he thought she needed it.

Alan realized, with a sinking of the heart, that Martha's interest in John Ward was developing rather than waning. A crisis was surely at hand. Alan was not the man to marry a girl who only half loved him. He must either break with Martha or win her entire self.

It was during one of Martha's popular Sunday afternoon teas that she first discovered the loss of her prized locket with the miniature of John Ward in it. Her heart pounded against her side when she discovered that it was gone and in imagination she saw herself taunted by her secret admirer for an actor. All of her friends would learn of her infatuation, for no one could fail to know that the miniature was her own. Her famous touch was not to be denied. For once in her life Martha shrank from the fame that was hers and the disclosures following in the wake of the finding of her locket.

Instinctively she realized that Alan Doble would not want to take up his life path with a girl who wore another man's picture. She shrank, too, from his scorn and for a second blamed John Ward for the entirely unconscious part he was playing in her life maneuvers.

which had been sent anonymously to him led the actor to make his way leisurely toward that address. He had donned his most becoming habiliments and his most entrancing manner. Surely a girl, who had so lost her heart to him was worthy at least a call of inspection. She would be quite overcome upon seeing him. Of that Ward was certain. He thought, deep in his heart, that perhaps the girl herself, wishing to know him, had sent the locket in the hope that he would present himself at her studio door.

Martha, being guiltless either of the flattery or the indiscretion of seeking an introduction to her idol, controlled the wild beating of her heart when his card was presented to her, and went in to meet him.

When he had introduced himself, which was quite unnecessary, and had held Martha's hand an unnecessary length of time—the while she smiled softly into her eyes—John Ward drew forth the locket.

"I am flattered that one of our greatest miniature painters should have chosen so unworthy a subject for the expression of her art," he said, and smiled that peculiarly fascinating smile. "This locket containing my likeness was sent to me anonymously, and, finding an address engraved within, I took the liberty—"

"Address! What address?" exclaimed Martha, while a spot of red flamed in either cheek. The actor drew unparadoxically near to her and showed her the line engraving within the locket. Martha's name and address had been deliberately carved therein.

She drew a swift breath and her steady eyes held off the flowery speech that was on John Ward's lips. "I have no idea how my address came to be engraved there. I have painted miniatures of all our well-known actors for a friend of mine who is an inveterate collector," Martha lied glibly. She knew that the situation required drastic measures if she were to extricate herself gracefully. "I will have to take that ivory out of the locket now." She looked quickly at John Ward and laughed softly as if at a good joke. "How very funny," she added. "It almost looks as if some person was trying to make trouble between my fiancé and myself as well as putting you to a great deal of trouble to return the locket."

John Ward bowed himself not ungraciously out of Martha's studio. He felt, and not without reason, that he had made a great mistake in thinking the girl capable of a hopeless passion for himself. Martha had played her part well.

When the elevator had descended with her caller Martha dropped into the nearest chair and pondered with all her might. Who had taken her locket from her studio with the deliberate intention of bringing John Ward and her together? Someone who desired to see her engagement to Alan Doble broken. Of that Martha was certain. She never quite knew what prompted her to go immediately to the telephone and call up Alan.

"Do you happen to know anything about my miniature of John Ward?" she asked with the frankness that had first endeared her to Alan.

"I am like George Washington," Alan's voice laughed back at her. "Did he turn up? I was anxious to hear how my little scheme worked out. I have known all along, Martha, that you wanted to meet him. You are not angry, are you?" Alan had controlled his voice so that Martha felt only that he was desirous of her happiness and not that he was fighting for his own.

"Do you want to—to get—to break our engagement—so badly?" In spite of herself Martha shrank from what Alan's loved voice might say. She gripped the receiver with hands grown suddenly weak. After all there was no one like Alan in the whole world, and all the actors on Broadway were not worth one hair of Alan's head.

If Alan, big, generous Alan, who had found his happiness to the wind and striven for her own, did not love her enough to come straight up and tell her so, then—Martha ceased to think rationally and found that she was putting her thoughts into words over the telephone and that Alan would be with her as soon as a taxi could bring him.

It certainly was. "And you are afraid of the dark, Tommie?" "Yes, ma'am." "But there's nothing in the dark to hurt you?" "Well, what's pop limping around for?" "Oh, he fell over a chair when he came home late last night." "Well, that was in the dark, wasn't it?"

Starting the Trouble. Mr. Bacon—When it comes to fighting you'll always find women at the bottom of it. Mrs. Bacon—I think you are all wrong. "Why, look here, this paper says 75 per cent of the work of manufacturing rifle ammunition for the United States army and navy is done by women."

Good Guess. Redd—Been out in your new automobile? Greeno—Yes. Had trouble going out. We stopped several times, but coming back we didn't make a stop. "I see; you were towed home."

She Quit. Mr. Styles—Whom were you speaking to so sharply just now? Mrs. Styles—The cook. "Did she sit up and take notice?" "No; she stood up and gave notice."

CONEY ON A HOLIDAY



BATHERS AT CONEY ISLAND

THE American who would know his country must know its most characteristic summer playground, Coney Island, which is thus pictured by a writer in the New York Evening Post:

There was an endless, surging tide of people, a crowd which would be described next day as "record-breaking" for it was a Sunday afternoon in June, and thousands had escaped from their hot city apartments and were spending it at Coney Island. There may be some persons left who want to rest on the Sabbath day, but not so those who journey down to this fascinating place, where the sights and the sounds are enough to keep them perpetually stimulated. Many of the people you pass upon the street look as if they had worked hard for the other six days of the week, but now they are determined to have some fun to make up for it, and have chosen the noisiest, most crowded, and the gayest place within reach.

"Wow," shouts a man in red coat, who stands before a side-show, the placards of which declare that it will reveal the wonders of the Orient. "Wow, come in and have a look. Never saw anything like it, ladies and gents. Wow, come in and have a look."

And he is only one of ten in his immediate vicinity, each of whom is blessed with strong explosives, strong lung capacity and a marvelous inclination toward hospitality.

Subtly Versus the Obvious. If you were a place of silence or of merely mild sound, the visitor would never be inspired to do the things which he finds himself nerved to do when excited by the roar about him. It bears him along, he is deafened by it, and soon finds himself shouting with the others, laughing uproariously at the spectacle of a solemn man wearing a small red felt hat as big as his ear, or a teacup over one ear, although as a matter of every-day choice, he prefers a somewhat subtler appeal to humor.

The crows take you along; you laugh with them, you push and shove with them. You feel yourself closer to human nature than ever before, even in the subway at rush hour. This crowding and pushing mob is very different from the subway crowd, tired after a day's work, cross and hot and lackadaisical. This is a gay and sociable and contented, uproarious gathering which bears you along on the wave of its enthusiasm. Even if you come alone and join the crowds, you feel at once accompanied and befriended.

In such a mood of comradeship and boisterousness you love to watch the man who is passing out bags of popcorn to those who proffer the necessary nickel, while the popcorn itself pops white inside a glass case, showing on there is the attraction of the smoking plate, on which hot dogs are being cooked till their skins burst, as they are laid between two rolls and laved with mustard. And certainly it is the most natural thing in the world for the person who at other times and in other places has a care of what he eats, to order one with the

rest of the crowd, and to work his way along the street with it in his hand, eating it as the others are doing. Sometimes the faces above the hot dogs seem incongruous enough. They are the faces of those who are intelligent as to dietetics, but have been swept on past the bounds of caution by the enthusiasm of Coney's sargina multitude.

Bob Spirit and the Ticker. The mob spirit in the place is contagious. What else would have persuaded that dignified, elderly man to buy a ticket for the Mammoth Ticker or for this contrivance which hurls you about at a break-neck speed, racking your nerves as you sit crouched in seats just large enough for two. Sometimes the watchers see some of the merry-makers come off that roller-coaster with a white line about the mouth and a strained look in their eyes. It is not their instinctive idea of pleasure to be rushed down a steep slope with such terrible force that their breath is beaten out of them and they gasp and cringe. But what if they are pale and shaky as they step off, there is an expression in the line of their closely drawn lips which shows that they have determined that what must be must be, and they are on pleasure bent, suffer what tortures they may.

The fact that this was the playground of adults came over me after seeing some hundreds of children on this particular Sunday afternoon, who were plainly there just because their fathers and mothers had wanted to come. Never have I seen such utter boredom and weariness written on any faces as was depicted on those of the many children who pushed their tired way along, down among the knees of the crowd, while their elders, with their heads in the air, took in the delights of the place. Some were being carried, too utterly exhausted to do anything but droop heavily over their father's shoulder, not caring to open an eye to see the snake-charmer as the parent stopped fascinated before her.

You couldn't help seeing on the train coming home that it was the parents, not the children, who must have wanted to come and for whom Coney Island was a wonderland. The former lay limp in their parents' laps, sound asleep, while the grownups talked and laughed over their heads. It was the children who had been patient and long-suffering, and it was the parents who had really enjoyed themselves.

A small boy, with light hair, a snub nose, and a freshly freckled face, buries his head deeper in the curve of his mother's arms and gives a long, sleepy sigh as his parents' crunch crackle-jack over his unconscious little head.

English Superstition. It is a favorite superstition in England that the bacon of swine killed during the waning of the moon will waste away in the process of curing or cooking much more than bacon of hogs killed while the moon is growing. This superstition is akin to that which impresses upon farmers the necessity of planting root crops "in the dark of the moon."

A Curious "Risk." Nearly every business or occupation contributes bits of specialized knowledge to the common fund. It will strike most people as a curious piece of information that plate glass insurance companies class windows with black lettering on them as "extra hazardous" risks. The explanation given is that a black surface absorbs the sun's rays. By this means, it is pointed out, an unequal expansion is produced throughout the plate, and under the influence of a sudden gust of cold or any other quick change of temperature a strain is developed which may break the glass.

Asbestos. Most of us know little more of asbestos, the strange rock fiber that is almost as soft and pliable as cotton or woolen fabric, than that it is used in making fireproof theater curtains. In other ways it is fast coming into use as a "safety first" building material. Not only does it protect against fire, but it is also a nonconductor of heat, and is therefore useful in preserving an even temperature. Most of what

we use in this country comes from Canada, but Arizona is now beginning to produce asbestos of excellent quality.—Youth's Companion.

One Nuisance New York Lacks. Which is London's noisiest noise? It takes a tram strike to afford us the necessary tranquility for such a reflection. For where the tramless rails glint in the spring sunshine an almost sylvan calm reigns. In the distance we can hear the rattle of the motorbus and the insistent "honk" of the motor horn. But even these base discords are less offensive to the Londoner's ears than the shrill noise of the cab whistlers who haunt day and night the porticoes of flat and hotel. Oh, for a prolonged strid of cab whistlers!—London Daily Chronicle.

Remarkable Clock. A clock made entirely of straw and willow withes has been completed recently in Switzerland. The chimes are made of straw put through a special process to give a ringing sound. Not a bit of metal was used in the unique clock.

HE WOULDN'T BE DISTURBED

White Mabel Petted and Coaxed Him Jack Was Listless—Footsteps of Father Arcused Him.

Mabel moved closer. "Jack, what's the matter?" she asked softly. Jack looked at her languidly and gazed again into the fire. "Jack!" Jack turned listlessly. "I think you're very rude," pouted Mabel. Jack looked at her inquiringly. "You haven't paid the slightest attention to me this evening," she said, drooping her shoulders dejectedly. "I hate you!" Suddenly it occurred to Mabel that perhaps Jack was not well, and she reproached herself for her attitude toward him.

"Dear," she said contritely, running her hand through his hair, "are you ill?" Jack leaned slightly. Mabel sighed. The front door opened, and there was a sound of heavy footsteps in the hallway. Jack was off the sofa in an instant. "It's only father," said Mabel. Jack barked and jumped up beside Mabel again.—Judge.

The Reason. "Eh-yah!" confessed J. Fuller Gloom, the prominent pessimist. "I have changed entirely the plans of the house I am going to build in spite of the fact that the architect, my wife and various other sensible and well-posted people agreed that it was as near perfect as it could be made and I myself was thoroughly pleased with it."

"Then why—?" "Oh, it didn't suit the neighbors!"—Judge.

NEW VERSION.



"A man is as old as he feels." "But how about a woman?" "Oh, she is generally as old as other people feel she is."

It Didn't Work. "I can't get by with anything." "What's the matter?" "I invited a girl to go to the theater. When it came time to buy the seats I was broke, so I told her the house was sold out for that night and promised to take her next week." "Well?" "Her aunt took her down on the very night we were to go and they and two other couples were the only people in the parquet."

Took the Hint. "At 11:30 the beautiful Miss Flibber rose with stately grace and put a record on the phonograph. The strains of a famous aria filled the room. "Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Boresum. "Magnificent! What piece is that, may I ask?" "That," said Miss Flibber, significantly, "is Tosca's 'Good-by'." Shortly thereafter Mr. Boresum was saying "Good night."

Gentle Saracem. Blondine—Isn't Gerty Giddigap keeping company with young Beambrough any more? Brunetta—No; she decided he was altogether too extravagant and she asked him up. "Is that so?" "Yes; one evening he wanted to take her to a moving picture show in a jitney bus."

Blighted Ambition. "So your daughter has decided to marry the count?" "Yes," replied Mr. Wadly, with a dejected air. "You don't seem pleased. I'm surprised." "You needn't be. I was hoping to get a son-in-law who would be an asset instead of liability."

Not Encouraging. "I have called," said the hungry-looking party with the unbarbered hair, "to see if there is a vacancy in your joke department." "There will be," replied the overworked editor, "as soon as the office boys get time to empty the waste basket."

What We All Think. "I'm glad to know that you liked my sermon," said the minister to an enthusiastic member of his flock. "Indeed I did. It was so true and so to the point. I wish a neighbor of mine could have heard it. I know it was intended just for him."

Such Is Life. Mrs. Styles—I see the average ostrich lives thirty years and yields from two to four pounds of plumes. Mr. Styles—And yet it does not put on as many frills as the woman with one solitary plume.

And So Many Animals. "Pop!" "Pop!" "Here there two of each kind in the ark?" "Yes, my boy." "Only two fleas, pop?"

Its Kind. "So the practical politicians manage to get a plank in the party platform to their own interest." "Yes; what you might call a gang plank."

FLAGS IN HISTORY

Symbols Have Been Subject to Many Changes.

Those of Today the Result of Slow Growth Through Centuries—Saracens Given Credit for Introduction of Banner.

The Union Jack, the banner under which Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, East Indians and men from other parts of the great empire on which the sun never sets are now fighting on the bloody fields of France, was designed 307 years ago, in 1604. The original flag of England, the banner of St. George, white with a red cross, was incorporated then with the banner of Scotland, which was blue with a white diagonal cross. This combination obtained the name of "Union Jack," in allusion to the union between England and Scotland, and to the name of the monarch who brought about the consolidation of the crowns. This was James I of England and VI of Scotland, the word "Jack" being a corruption of Jacobus, the Latin word for James. The original arrangement of the Union Jack continued until 1801, when following the union with Ireland, the banner of St. Patrick, white with a diagonal red cross, was amalgamated with it. The red Maltese cross of St. Patrick was placed over the white cross of St. Andrew, so that a thin white line on either side is all that remains of the Scottish cross.

The many nationalities comprising the empire of Franz Josef fight under a common flag of red and white, the colors of the Hapsburg dynasty. There are red stripes at the top and bottom of the banner, and on the central white stripe appears the Austrian coat of arms. The German, Austrian and Russian banners, like the English, represent a slow growth through many centuries and with frequent changes. Since ancient times men have carried distinguishing emblems in battle, but it was not until the sixteenth century that the flag acquired its present form in Spain. Before that it was just a small square of cloth carried on a lance. The modern flag is said to have been introduced in Spain by the Saracens.

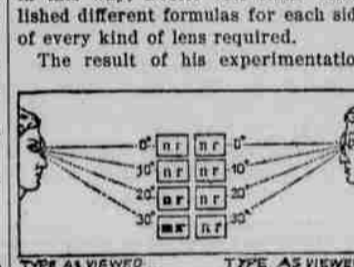
CLAIMS MOST PERFECT LENS. German Optician Says He Has Produced a Glass That Has No Equal in the World.

In the "Punktal," Dr. Moritz von Rohr of the scientific staff of the Carl Zeiss works, a famous German optical establishment, claims the invention of the perfect lens. It is said to be superior to either the Toric or Meniscus lenses, both recognized as great improvements over the old style fat glasses.

In old-style lenses, when the eye is rotated to one side, the line of sight passes through the lens obliquely. This defect was only partially done away with by the Toric or curved lens. In working out the new lens, Doctor von Rohr computed formulas for grinding lenses which differ from every different power.

Heretofore all lenses have been ground on one side with one or another of a set of established base curves. Believing it was impossible to produce a perfectly corrected lens in this way, Doctor von Rohr established different formulas for each side of every kind of lens required.

The result of his experimentation



and work is the "Punktal" lens, in which the line of sight passes through at the correct angle, no matter to what position the eye is rotated in its socket.

Nothing in Them. "William," said the good wife, looking up from her paper, "here I see an article that says a man out in Kansas is suing his wife for divorce, simply because she went through his pockets after he was asleep. Goodness knows, William, probably the poor woman never got a cent from the brute of a husband in any other way."

"Th. huh," replied William. "William," came from his better half, "don't you dare sit there and 'gh-h-h' me in such a manner! What would you do if you woke up and found me going through your pockets?"

"Who—me?" asked the sleepy husband, who had already turned over his pay envelope to the boss of the house. "Why, I'd get up and help you search, of course, my dear!"—Judge.

Nonsmokers' League Is Slow. The Nonsmokers' League of America in national convention assembled at San Francisco unanimously decided that "wives should not permit their husbands to smoke in the house" and suggested a matrimonial boycott on smokers. Every town in Kansas has its anticigarette band, girls who have taken oath never, never to have anything to do with young men, or old, who smoke. Why was Kansas, whence all good reforms come, not represented at the San Francisco convention? Old Bill White is neglecting his duty again.—New York Sun.

Can This Be True? The Bachelor—I wonder why the average married woman is always so anxious to be seen with her husband in public? The Spinster—I don't know, of course, but I imagine it's because a public place is the only one in which a woman can induce her husband to treat her with due consideration.

When the sweet girl graduate casts her bread upon the waters she expects it to come back in the shape of a wedding cake.

CAP and BELLS



STEWED APPLES AND CREAM

Waiter Followed Instructions to Letter and Maker of Bad Joke Had to Settle the Bill.

The joker who makes a bad joke deserves it turned on him, as it very often is. A man who dined at a restaurant was asked in the ordinary way for the waiter what he would have for the next course. "You may bring me stewed apples and some cream," "Yes, sir." "Only let me have them without the cream."

"Yes, sir; most certainly, please." "And without the apples, please." The waiter disappeared and soon returned with a plate on which lay a spoon and a little powdered sugar. The customer looked surprised. "It's your stewed apples and cream, sir, without the stewed apples, and without the cream," said the waiter. The item figured on the bill just the same, and the customer had to pay it.

Feminine Consistency. "What's the matter, Hawkins?" "Matter enough! You know some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife to—er—to keep it out of the hands of people I owe, you know." "Yes." "Well, she's taken the money and gone off—says she won't live with me because I've swindled my creditors."

No Gardener. "What are you fooling with there?" "Asparagus. First, you trunch it, next you get it started, then you transplant it. In a couple of years you will have a fine crop. Better plant some." "Not for mine. I don't see why anybody should go to all that trouble when you can buy it for 13 cents a can."

Juvenile Imagination. "Don't you know that you ought to be careful not to leave finger marks on your books," said the teacher who was trying to encourage neatness. "Yes," replied the small boy. "Bill Jenkins told me about that. Some day the habit is liable to put the detectives on your trail!"

Needed a Silencer. "What will you have next?" asked the waiter. "Why, I gave you the whole order," replied the lady. "Yes, but the gentleman with you was taking his soup, and I couldn't hear you."

Doubtful. "Arthur seems a bright, capable fellow. I think he'll get on." "Well, he's certainly a worthy young man, but I doubt whether he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

DOGGING TROUBLE.

Miss Bignitt, the Stenog—Did you fire me just 'cause I misspelt a few words now an' then an' sometimes get balled up in my notes? Mr. Littleton—By no means. You see, I have an unreasonably jealous wife, and she won't allow me to keep a pretty young stenographer in my office.

Fond of Sweets. "Didn't I see you kissing my daughter in the conservatory?" said the enraged parent. "No, esir," stammered the young man. "I wasn't kissing her. Somebody told me she had a sweet voice and I was only tasting it."

Unfeeling. Judge—This is the tenth time you have come before me, Kelly. Prisoner—I'm sorry, judge; but the cops don't seem to care how much work they make you.—Puck.

Euphemistic. "Here's a dealer advertises a sale of hereditary mahogany furniture." "Just what does he mean by that?" "That's merely a polite way of saying 'second-hand.'"

On Probation. "Have the Boulderboys got into society yet?" "Well, they've taken their wraps off, but there's no telling how long they'll stay."