

Good Neighbors

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

"Could you lend me your stepladder? I want to take out some of the window screens."

The man addressed, next-door neighbor, Robert Mason, nodded simply. He was the owner of the house into which Earle Pelham and his wife had just moved. Pelham had paid a liberal rent for the place. The unusual manner of his landlord displeased him. The latter simply lifted the article asked for over the low dividing fence, bowed and turned away.

"Humph!" commented Pelham, almost irritably, as he entered the house.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired Mrs. Pelham, tracing displeasure in his manner and voice.

"That landlord of ours. Asked him just now to loan me a stepladder to get at the screens and he acted as if he grudged even a decent word."

"Oh, you misjudge him, Earle, indeed you do!" Mrs. Pelham hastened to say. "I feel so sorry for him—all the town does. I learn. His life is a sad, sad history. A year ago his wife, a bride of a year, had a fit of sickness which led to a complete nervous breakdown. She got so bad they had to send her to a sanitarium. Two months ago she escaped. They have not been able to trace her since. It is feared that she wandered out among the swamp lands beyond the sanitarium and perished from hunger or was drowned."

"Poor fellow!" spoke Pelham, his sympathetic heart deeply touched by



She Turned Toward the Intruders.

this recital. "I will be more charitable in my judgments after this."

The Pelhams had not dealt with Mason personally in renting the old home of Mrs. Mason's family, but through an agent. After the death of the parents of his wife, Mr. Mason had moved into the old home. Now he was renting it furnished and had taken up more limited quarters in the adjoining cottage, which he owned.

The Pelhams had just moved in. Mrs. Pelham was busy all day long getting the interior in order. Her husband attended to outside matters. He removed the screens, tidied up the garden and both retired that night pretty well wearied with their unusual labor.

"The house is too large for us, Earle," Mrs. Pelham remarked. "I wish we had taken the one Mr. Mason occupies."

"I don't know that we could get it," observed her husband. "I heard he was going to sell both places if he could and leave the town. The associations of this old house, where his unfortunate wife was born, must be very painful to him."

Robert Mason had given up his wife as dead. In trying to locate her after her escape from the sanitarium the searchers had discovered several clues that led them to believe that the fugitive had wandered into the swamp district. This was a dangerous and interminable swamp spot, and three days after the disappearance of Mrs. Mason a fire had swept the greater portion of it. There was every reason to believe that Mrs. Mason had perished.

A distressing feature of her fate was the fact that the physician in charge of the sanitarium had entertained great hopes of her eventual recovery. She had been improving for some weeks prior to her escape.

It was about midnight when Mr. Pelham, soundly asleep, was aroused from his slumbers by a quick knock from his wife. Her voice was tremulous and agitated as she whispered breathlessly:

"Get up at once, Earle!"

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired her better half drowsily.

"Burglars!" shuddered Mrs. Pelham. "Oh, do be careful! I've been over half an hour trying to wake and listening to suspicious sounds."

"The wind, I suppose—"

"No, I thought so at first, but found I was mistaken," continued Mrs. Pelham in a timorous voice. "First I heard the front door rattle. Then someone tried the side windows. Then there was a window lifted in the garage. Oh, I am sure someone is up there! Now, Earle—do you not hear?"

"You're right, Rachel," assented Mr. Pelham, after a moment of intense listening.

There was no doubting the fact that the door overhead creaked as hurried footsteps crossed it. Then there was a scraping sound, as of someone pulling a trunk or box over the boards. Then a breaking sound.

Mr. Pelham got out of bed, dressed,

and lighting a lamp got a revolver from a bureau drawer. His wife followed his example by throwing on a dress. She was close behind him as they crept up the attic stairs.

"Oh, do be careful!" she implored whispering, as they reached the top of the stairs, and a low, vague creaking sound reached their hearing from beyond the threshold of the attic door.

"Hold the lamp," directed her husband. "When I pull the door open suddenly lift it so I can see where to fire."

Mr. Pelham gave the door a quick pull. With a trembling hand his wife lifted and extended the lamp.

"Don't—don't shoot!" almost screamed Mrs. Pelham. "It's a girl—a woman!"

The flickering lamp fell across a woman, singing softly to herself and taking dress after dress from a trunk she had opened. She turned toward the intruders in a surprised way.

"Visitors," she observed in a soft, plaintive tone. "You will have to excuse me till I get ready to go down and meet my guests. I have just arrived home. Some wicked people stole me from my husband and I escaped—"

"Oh, Earle!" gasped Mrs. Pelham, tugging at her husband's sleeve, "don't you understand? It's that poor lady next door who's come to see you. Oh, quick! quick! run for her husband. She has found home at last—and see, that open window. She must have reached it with the stepladder."

Mr. Pelham, terribly excited, hurried away. Mrs. Pelham advanced to the side of the woman, whose garments were nearly in rags.

"Pick out your dress, dear," she said soothingly. "Your husband will be here soon."

"But—strangers in the house!" began the other suspiciously.

"Oh, we are just guests," assured Mrs. Pelham. "You will find everything in order below."

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"Oh, Robert! those wicked men who stole me away from you—"

"Gone entirely out of our life, my darling," assured Mason. "Come to your own rooms and get ready to join our kind neighbors at a little lunch," he proceeded, and made a sign to the Pelhams, who retired.

Half an hour later Mr. Mason led his wife, neatly dressed and looking calm and happy, into the rooms below. The quick-witted Mrs. Pelham had spread out a small reception. To the letter the program of "visitors" was carried out, and in the eyes of the poor wanderer all could trace a slow but sure return of reason.

"You will have to keep up the pretense of going over to the next house till I can arrange otherwise," whispered Mr. Mason to Mr. Pelham.

"Oh, you mustn't disturb your wife with anything," answered Mrs. Pelham. "And besides—we like the little home best!"

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LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE

Popular Superstition Has Been Traced to an English Demon of Thirteenth Century.

Why is the horseshoe considered a sign of good luck? There is nothing especially pretty about a horse's cast-off iron shoe, and no doubt not one horseshoe believer in a million can tell why he treasures it.

The origin of the superstition can be traced back to the thirteenth century. The monk Gervase of Tilbury informs us that at that time there was a kind of demon in England which appeared as a horse rearing on its hind legs and with sparkling eyes. Whenever this apparition was seen it was a sign that a conflagration would soon break out.

Hence, as giving a kindly warning, this mysterious horse was regarded as a friendly spirit, and the animal in general was believed to be a beneficent mystic power.

A horse tooth carried in the pocket prevented tooth ache; it was a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe, and one was placed under the pillow of a child to cure the colic, or nailed against a building to prevent it catching fire. This led to its general adoption as a protective symbol.—Stray Stories.

New Idea in Eyeglasses.

In an effort to devise a means of mounting eyeglasses so as to avoid the skin irritation sometimes caused by the bows resting around the ears and the bridge pinching the nose, a Nebraska inventor has patented an odd plan for suspending the lenses before the eyes. While the arrangement cannot be called an attractive one as far as appearances are concerned, it may benefit certain persons who are compelled to wear glasses constantly and find the ordinary mountings objectionable. Large lenses, each having a straight edge on the inside so as to fit close to the nose, and secured at the top to an adjustable yoke. The terminals of this are fixed in a headgear, or cap. In this manner the weight of the glasses is supported above the nose, the lenses merely hanging in front of the eyes.

Dubious Praise.

"I stand on my record," said the candidate, pompously.

"Whoop!" shouted a member of the opposition.

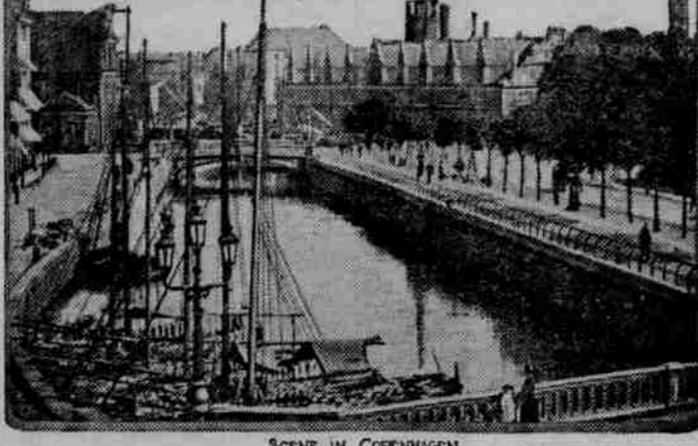
"How now, my brother?"

"If you can do that you are as sure-footed as a mountain goat and as light as a thistle-down."

Boundary Finally Settled.

The old boundary dispute between Michigan and Ohio, which was keenest before Michigan became a state was never settled until the last summer, when a new line of handsome granite markers was set up

Denmark in War Time



SCENE IN COPENHAGEN

It is impossible now to go from Christiania to Copenhagen by boat, writes Mary Ethel McAnley, from Denmark to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. All lines for passengers have been stopped on account of the mines, so one must go through Sweden by rail and then cross the North sea at Helsingborg. If you go at night the trains are taken over on a ferry, one carload at a time. As the ride is 16 hours long we stopped all night at Gothenburg, the great Swedish seaport town and second largest town in Sweden. It is a great, bleak sort of a place, not interesting, but evidently progressive, for it is the first place in Europe where I have ever seen any extensive building going on, and large houses were going up everywhere.

This town is where the great Gothenburg system of controlling the liquor traffic first sprang from. I expected to see a very model place, but alas! we met six drunken men in three squares. Perhaps they were only sailors off duty.

The first thing we saw when we landed in Denmark was the Kronberg castle where Hamlet lived. It is a wonderful old place, standing right on the sea. The people around there say that on dark and moonless nights the ghost of Hamlet's father comes out and stands on the ramparts, and waves his long white-robed arms.

The ride from Helsingborg to Copenhagen takes about an hour and on the way is Fredriksholm castle, where Queen Alexandra of England stays when she is in Denmark. Her suite of rooms is shown to the public when she is not in Copenhagen. Denmark is a country of palaces and the Rosenborg and Amalienborg are among the most beautiful.

Copenhagen is absolutely full of visitors, and when we arrived we went to eight hotels before we could get a place at any price, and the prices at

Next to bicycle riding the most popular exercise is telephoning. Every body telephones all the time, and the little bells jingle everywhere. Every street corner has a telephone booth. These booths look like a cupboard standing on a table. When you want to telephone you step inside the table, put your head in the cupboard, close the doors and none of the outside noises can be heard. If you see a fine building in Scandinavia, it is not a bank, nor a hotel, nor yet a palace, but it is a telephone building central.

The Copenhageners like to think of themselves very Bohemian, especially in their cafe life. The women also boast of being Bohemian, and a great many of them smoke cigars and drink whisky. One can often see a young woman enter a cafe, hang up her hat, flop into a chair and order absinthe and a cigar. The Danes are great drinkers and the wine they drink takes the place of the fruit we eat in America.

The Danish women are not nearly so attractive as the Swedish and Norwegian girls, and the women of Copenhagen are not so stylish as the girls of Christiania. In Christiania one seldom sees a fat man. There the men are all big and rather angular. Here in Copenhagen the men are inclined to be fat, and they are much shorter than the Norwegians.

We asked if there were many people going to Berlin and the bureau said that the trains were crowded all the time, mostly with business men, who had been in Copenhagen trading. The trading that is going on is enormous, and the boats and trains are loading and unloading all the time. There is work for everybody, for besides the trade created by the war, they are turning a big boulevard into a canal. The people are not so gay as in other years with so much to do. The war has sobered them down.



ROSENBERG PALACE

some of the hotels were as bad as in America. Ever since we have been here we have seen taxicabs full of strangers frantically driving around trying to get a place to sleep.

Copenhagen is a very dirty town. The city evidently tries to keep things cleaned up, and everywhere you see the sign "Spitting forbidden." This does not mean spitting as it is at first seems, but merely spitting on bicycles. From the boy of six to the woman of seventy, the bicyclists take up all the street room and part of the sidewalk. They are very much like the taxis in New York city—they don't care whether they run over you or not.

DOG HERO BRAVES FLAMES

Pet Animal Smashes Through Glass Window to Reach Master and Give Warning.

Mr. and Mrs. John Church, Jr., residing on a farm near Sherburne, undoubtedly owe their lives to Shep, their collie, which saved them when their home burned. They were awakened by the dog standing by their bed barking loudly. The room was filled with smoke, and going into the hall, they found the front portion of the house and stairway blazing fiercely. They escaped by the rear stairs. They were in night clothing and were unable to save any of the contents of the house.

As they passed through the kitchen they saw that one of the windows had been broken out. Shep had been locked out of the house when the family retired for the night. Cuts on the dog's forelegs and shoulders support the theory that he had discovered the fire in front of the house and scenting danger to his master and mistress and being unable to get

into the house in any other way, had broken the window by jumping through it, the jagged edges of the glass making the cuts, and then had mounted the stairs to their bedroom and barked until they awakened—Binghamton (N. Y.) Dispatch-New York Herald.

Copenhagen is full of soldiers, officers, privates and generals, and proud is the maid that goes swinging along hanging on to the arm of an officer. While the officers are not so absolutely enchanting as the Viennese officers some of them look very nice. We passed the barracks at dinner time and we saw the privates down in the cellar of the building eating. If that is what they get in time of peace I wonder what the poor fellows would get in Denmark should get into war. They had the roughest kind of food which they seemed to be eating with a relish. Everywhere soldiers are training, but Denmark does not believe that there is any danger of her being dragged into the war.

Dividing the Efforts.

He—Our expenses are exceeding my income, and we shall have to economize.

She—All right. You give up your clubs, cigars, golf and fancy neckties and I'll see if I can't induce the cook to get along with less butter.

Ancient Weapon.

There is an exhibition at Woolwich, England, a bronze gun, weighing eighteen tons and made of two pieces of metal screwed together, which was employed during the defense of the Dardanelles in 1468.

Many Slaves in United States.

There were 2,000,000 Slaves in the United States before the European war broke out.

WHEN DAISY DARNED

By JANE OSBORN.

Like a thief in the night, Harvey let himself into his own apartment an hour before his usual evening arrival. He went straight to his own room—Daisy, his wife, was not in and it was Thursday, Jenny's day out.

He went straight to his own room—his room and Daisy's, and, with furtive glances, to see that Daisy was not in hiding, opened the chiffonier drawer.

There they were, the shapeless piles of unmade, undarned socks, just where they had been for the last month. Harvey seized the afternoon paper he had bought on his way home, bundled the socks into it and then rolled it into a parcel. He cast about for a string to tie it. His eyes caught sight of a piece of Daisy's pink lingerie ribbon lying in her bodkin holder on her dressing table. He seized this and in a minute his bundle was firmly fastened.

Then, with guilty side glances, he hurried out of the apartment, closed the door noiselessly and, avoiding the apartment elevator, passed down the narrow, winding stairs. Once out in the open, he turned the corner sharply, jumped on the nearest street car going downtown and breathed a sigh of relief. Daisy couldn't possibly see him now.

On his way down town Harvey opened his card case to find a clipping torn out of his morning paper.

"For Busy Women and Bachelors—Darning and mending of all sorts done. Anything from a pair of socks to a lace doily mended and renovated by experts. The Mending, 76 Bristol street."

When the car reached Bristol street Harvey slipped off with his bundle, and in a few minutes reached the desired number. It was such a very little shop that Harvey would not have seen it but for the brightly painted sign which dubbed it the "Mending."

It was a charming, silken-voiced young matron wearing an osprey-trimmed hat, with a veil drawn back, who received Harvey's package and, giving him a numbered ticket, promised to have the work done within three days.

Harvey traced his way back to his office. For the first time within the year he had been Daisy's husband he felt as if he had deceived her. He sat staring into the inkwell on his desk and fumbled with the pens. He had broken into his own house when they were away, and still, he mused, they were his socks and his own hands had a right to dispose of any man's socks to suit himself. Still Daisy had given him some of the socks—the bright-colored socks that he wore only with high shoes were all her gifts. Perhaps he ought to have left those. Still, a man couldn't go with holes as big as eggs in his heels. He had bought new socks, but he couldn't go on doing that always. And then there was the sort of the socks—that alone was enough to vex the heart of mere man accustomed to having a mother or wife attend to such details.

But what had come over Daisy—Daisy, who had up to two months before regarded the slightest detail of her wifely duty as a joy and a delight; Daisy, who had sat at his side in the evening as he read, putting the tiniest stitches into those socks of his and telling him every five minutes what a joy it was to do it? Daisy had changed. Daisy had met some old school friends who had filled her mind with new interests. Now in the morning, when Harvey went to search in his chiffonier drawer for socks, Daisy was already in the dining room, dressed half an hour before he was, and was calling him impatiently to come, as Jenny had breakfast all waiting. Daisy always seemed to be eager now to have Harvey leave the apartment in the morning, and only a few months ago she had begged him so tenderly to stay "just a minute" longer.

Harvey pondered over the change that had come in Daisy's attitude toward him. She seemed happy enough, but clearly something or someone was coming between them.

Harvey half expected that Daisy might notice the absence of the socks, but when, after a week of the new arrangement, she said nothing, he realized that she didn't even put the socks in the drawer. Jenny, the faithful maid of all work, probably did that after she had laundered them.

Harvey sent his office boy to the Mending the first time, but the next Thursday afternoon he went himself with the week's installment of work. This time he wore more than socks. Buttons were missing and rents needed staying in an increasing number of other garments. And Harvey took them all. To be sure, the price for mending the socks seemed rather high. Harvey meant to mention this to the charming young woman behind the counter, but this time there was another in charge, a black-gowned, pompous individual, who looked at the offering he brought through her lorgnette with condescension and handed him the numbered card with a gloved hand.

"There must be a good deal of money in mending," he said to himself as he made mental notes on the quality of her rooming.

But the mending was entirely satisfactory and the socks were nicely mended, so that never again did he have to spend ten minutes in the morning trying not to wear a gray-and-green striped sock with a mate of raspberry color—these were both of Daisy's choosing.

For months this satisfactory arrangement continued. One day Daisy approached the subject rather timidly at the breakfast table. "Harvey, dear," she said, "it is a shame. I have been so busy lately that I haven't spent much time on your mending. But I thought if you needed anything done you would tell me, wouldn't you, dear? And I knew you had bought some new socks."

Harvey felt the blood rush to his face as the matter of his secret was suggested

"Of course, Daisy," he said. "It's all right. I know you are busy." He longed to ask her what kept her so busy, but as she volunteered no information he was silent.

It was getting to be a regular Thursday afternoon performance for Harvey to steal home for his week's mending and take it to the Mending, where a succession of distinguished-looking attendants presided over the counter. In vain he attempted to broach the subject of overcharging, but he never got his courage to the sticking point.

"Today I'm going to make a kick," he said one Thursday after the bill for the preceding week had amounted to \$1.95. "I don't care if the dame at the counter does look like a Newport dowager. I'll do it. Those people are making too much money at their game."

This day Harvey discovered to his joy that the woman behind the counter was young and petite. He could tell her about it, he thought, without losing his nerve. He might also ask her why the proprietor made such frequent changes of his employees.

He was fairly face to face with the young woman when he experienced the shock of his life.

"Daisy," he exclaimed, his bundle of socks and pajamas falling to the floor. "I've been waiting here for you for several days. I don't see you when I found in my appointment of mending one of those raspberry socks I gave you before we were married. I could tell those anywhere. You poor dear—"

"But, Daisy," he interrupted, gathering together the scattered garments, "why didn't you tell me? I can give you more money. You told me your allowance was large enough. Oh, Daisy, to think that you had to slave like this! You poor dear, why didn't you tell me? How stupid I have been!"

Daisy was laughing. "Don't you know, silly? I didn't do this for money. I did it for the Belgians. Didn't you know that this place is entirely run by volunteers? Why, some of the most fashionable and wealthiest women in town give their time, and I felt quite honored when they let me in on it. And it is just the richest young bachelors who send their things here." Here Daisy faltered. "I would have told you what I was doing, only you have said so often that you didn't want to go in for the society game, and I was afraid that if you knew I was working with the De Paysters and the Van Dusenpleys you'd think I was climbing. But truly I'm not, I just wanted to help the poor Belgians."

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Wireless Wonders.

Assertions have recently been appearing in various publications to the effect that submarine torpedoes can now be controlled and directed by wireless; and to the effect that torpedoes which can be successfully controlled by wireless can with equal success be diverted by wireless from their objective. Both claims have yet to be made good in contest, but the claim of a well-known motor car company to control a motor car by wireless has been substantiated fully. At the Indiana state fair a car was started every five minutes by wireless from the company's headquarters five miles away. The car was fitted up with a receiving apparatus and the necessary automatic switches and relays for throwing on and off the electric current of the starter and magneto. An automatic switch was regulated so as to allow the car to run for 45 seconds, after which the magneto was cut off. The operation of starting the car was repeated at five minute intervals.

Wood Pulp.

Wood pulp is just what its name implies, and is obtained by disintegrating wood either by a mechanical or a chemical process. The former variety is prepared by grinding it under water. It is inferior in quality, as the fibers are short and the product readily discolours. Under the chemical process the wood is cut up and boiled under pressure with a solution of caustic soda, sodium sulphide, or, best of all, calcium bisulphite, and the resulting soft product is pulped, pressed, washed and bleached.

It was the use of this material that so reduced the cost of paper as to make the one-cent newspaper possible. So rapidly, indeed, did paper cheapen from 1875 to 1885 that the introduction of wood pulp is said within these years to have trebled the circulation of England's newspapers.

Deductive Range Finding.

The Army and Navy English tells how some clever English soldiers found the range of a hostile battery. "Somewhere in France" a detachment was suffering severely from shrapnel fired from a German battery so ingeniously hidden that all their attempts to determine the position of it proved futile. Behind the British position was a hillside field. A shell from the German battery went over the trenches, struck the hillside, plowed the surface for a considerable distance, and failed to explode. That gave the data needed to solve the problem. The furrow plowed by the shell of course showed the direction of its flight from the battery to the point at which it struck. The time for which the unexploded fuse had been cut showed how far off the battery was. The battery was promptly silenced.

Distrust.

"I see that you are warning against speculating."

"I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax.

"But don't you profit by the speculation of others?"

"Of course. My warnings won't stop 'em. They'll merely think I'm envious of their superior smartness and want to keep them from making money."

An Alibi.

"Truth, sir," said the pompous, sententious writer, "lies at the bottom of a well."

"That may be," rejoined the listener, "but you may be sure it's not your inkwell."

CAP and BELLS



HOST WAS PLAINLY RESTIVE

Football Player Wanted to Show High Brow Company What He Could Do in Scrimmage.

"Henry," remarked Mrs. Twobble, "I've been thinking over something I want to say to you."

"Shoot!" said Mr. Twobble, briefly.

"What?"

"Excuse me. Proceed."

"I wish you would try to appear more at ease when we have company in the house. You are not afraid of people, I hope?"

"No," answered Mr. Twobble, thoughtfully. "It isn't that. The people you invite here make me so profoundly uncomfortable with their high-brow talk that I sometimes wish they would try to start something, so I could show them what an old-time football