

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

THE AMBER BEADS

By ELDREDGE HOLT.

He was a traveling salesman for a toothpowder concern.

She was prescription clerk in a cut-rate drug store. Besides that, she had a creamy, fair complexion and light-brown eyes, shaded, it is true, by a pair of rimless, gold-bowed spectacles. But that was because the light in the pharmacy of the cut-rate drug store was not of the best and there were many prescriptions to fill.

He had met her at the school where they make young men and here and there a young woman into druggists, so they both had their diplomas and would some time have a little drug store of their own, and they would not have to keep a clerk, because, no matter what happened, Alice—that was her name—could manage to tend store for a few hours a day. You know there is a regulation that says that every drug store must have a graduate pharmacist in constant attendance during the day and part of the night to put up prescriptions.

Of course one man cannot be at the post all of the time. Alice and Paul—that was the toothpowder agent's name—had it all arranged that they could save money from the first, for since she was a registered pharmacist she could substitute in the store for the few hours that Paul would need to take off. Oh, yes, they were very matter of fact and businesslike about it and had talked over their plans for the future quite frankly.

In the meantime Paul was vending toothpowder, trying to save enough money to buy his own little drug store and by careful skimping, with what savings Alice could add, it would take two years before this purchase could be made. A long time, you think? Yes, but if you had seen the steady, soft light in Alice's spectacled eyes and the lovely blush that came into her creamy, pale cheeks when those eyes met Paul's, you wouldn't have wondered that he was willing to wait.

Moreover, to Alice and Paul, marriage was but a simple thing.

off with his suitcase full of samples for the next train.

At noon that day Alice hurried her sandwich and hot chocolate, hastily taken at the fountain counter of the cut-rate drug store, and with her beads in her hand she went to a neighboring jeweler—not the best in town, but one who was reliable.

"I am pretty sure they are real amber," she said, "still if it would not be too great a favor may I ask you to examine them and tell me what I should have paid for them?" The jeweler looked at the beads, but apparently shared none of the joy in their golden radiance that Alice's eyes reflected.

"Where did you get them, may I ask?"

"Oh, not in town. It was in some pawnshop in New York. I suppose we should have known better than to trust such a place. But they were so bright and pretty I thought they were real amber."

The jeweler eyed her narrowly. "Your idea is to sell them?" he asked.

"No, I just wanted to see what they are worth. I thought you would tell me."

The jeweler lowered his voice. "I can't tell you just the maximum price that you might be able to get for them. Of course in Europe they would pay more, but traveling is dangerous. I would be willing personally to pay you five thousand dollars for them, perhaps a little more. Of course, if you went to New York you might get more, but then there would be the risk, and you might find a dishonest dealer."

Alice thanked the jeweler and fairly staggered out of the store, clasping her precious beads in her hand. She hardly knew whether the man had been teasing her, making fun of her glass beads, or whether she had been insane, or at least dreaming. She made her way to the most conservative and most expensive jeweler in town, unmindful that the clock on the corner pointed five minutes to the time that she ought to be back at the prescription counter.

Ten minutes later she was in the darkened examination room with two jewel experts. She seemed to come to

Volcanoes of the Antilles

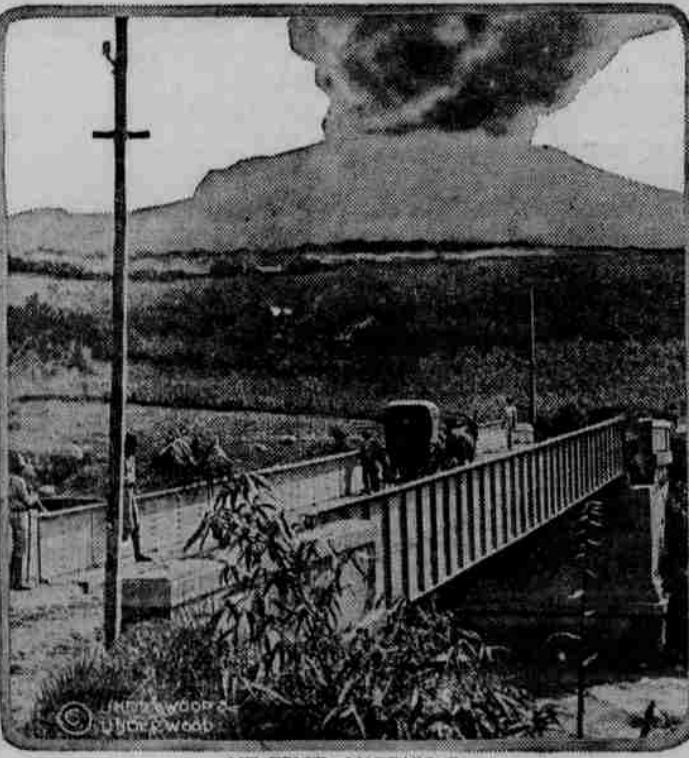
DR EDMUND OTIS HOVEY, curator of the department of geology and invertebrate paleontology of the American Museum of Natural History, has returned from a three months' expedition to the Lesser Antilles. He spent most of his time on the islands of Guadeloupe, Martinique and St. Vincent, where he continued the studies of the active volcanoes of the West Indies, which he began in 1902, during the great eruptions of Mt. Pelée, Martinique, and the Soufriere of St. Vincent.

Doctor Hovey spent 16 days on the island of Guadeloupe, three of which were spent on the summit of the Soufriere, where temperature observations on the fumaroles were made and samples of escaping gases collected. These fumaroles have been active, with varying degrees of strength, during all the historic period of the volcano. A marked increase of discharge of sulphurated steam took place at the time of the eruptions of Martinique and St. Vincent, and an area several acres in extent was then added to the active region. The vents maintain the force of their discharge, but the temperature does not in any case exceed 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.). The eastern member of the twin islands forming Guadeloupe is sedimentary in origin. Doctor Hovey spent much of his time studying its geological relations with reference to their bearing on the general history of the Antilles.

On Martinique he devoted most of his time to Mt. Pelée itself, and spent the ruined city of St. Pierre, and spent

was the route traversed by hundreds or perhaps thousands of destructive eruption clouds, still in drear and desolate, because the soil was completely swept away by the blast, and the material left behind as well as that added by the eruption is too porous for the retention of the water necessary to restore it to fertility. Furthermore, the rainfall of the west side of the island is much less than on the east side, and the region is dried by the rays of the afternoon sun.

From Martinique Doctor Hovey proceeded to the Island of St. Vincent, where more than three weeks were devoted to the study of Soufriere, twelve days of the time being spent in camp on the volcano. Here, as in Martinique, the vegetation has re-established itself more thoroughly on the windward than on the leeward side of the mountain, the windward side being that which receives the greater rainfall, and the leeward side not only receiving less rainfall but also suffering from the heat of the afternoon sun. Considerable portions of the Soufriere received immense deposits of gravely ash from the recent eruptions, and these are largely barren at the present time. Other areas received a finely comminuted ash which retains water better than the coarse material, and suffers more rapid decomposition. This fine ash is now coated more or less thickly with moss and lichens, and often bears, in addition, bushes, trees, and tree ferns. The outer limits of the original zone of annihilation showed merely a destruction of the vegetation then exist-



MT. PELÉE, MARTINIQUE

several days in camp on the old summit plateau of the volcano, which is 450 feet above the sea, and which formerly bordered the pool of fresh water known as Lac des Palmistes. The new cone, which stands as the enduring monument of the great eruption, nearly fills the old crater adjoining the plateau, rising some 800 feet above it. The famous spine, or obelisk, which rose some hundreds of feet further into the air, disappeared entirely nearly ten years ago through disintegration, and the cone, as viewed from the sea, presents a flat top, whose apparent smoothness does not prepare a visitor for the actual ruggedness of surface which he finds on climbing the mountain.

Mt. Pelée Quieting Down.

At the time of Doctor Hovey's last previous visit in 1908 the new cone was scamed with fissures which discharged great volumes of steam and gave temperatures as high as 800 degrees C. (1472 degrees F.). The present condition found considerable steam still issuing from these vents, but no temperatures exceeding 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.) could be found.

On the east or windward side of the volcano the vegetation has re-established itself to the summit of the mountain, and even the forest is beginning to reassert itself. The whole aspect of this side of the volcano is verdant and peaceful and gives no indication of the devastation of thirteen years ago; even the rocks of the new cone are more or less thickly coated with moss, while the side and top of the old cone are covered with grass, ferns and bushes, in addition to the moss and lichens. On the summit plateau the campers found an abundance of red raspberry bushes bearing flowers and green and ripe fruit.

Sugar plantations on the west side of Mt. Pelée have been reinstated as far as the Roxelane river, within the border of the original zone of annihilation, while the ruined city of St. Pierre now contains about thirty new buildings of durable construction and a resident population of between two and three hundred people.

One Side Still Desolate.

The zones stretching down the south-west side of the volcano lying between the Sèche and Blanche rivers, which

ing the mountain slopes and did not suffer destruction or deep burying of the soil.

Palms and tree ferns have regained their pristine development and beauty in this region, and forest trees are growing. On the east side of the mountain the sugar cane plantations which flourished before the eruptions are now largely restored to cultivation and present a heavier growth of cane than before, while on the west side the peasant proprietors are already taking up "provision ground" on the lower slopes of the volcano itself.

Soufriere Crater is Beautiful.

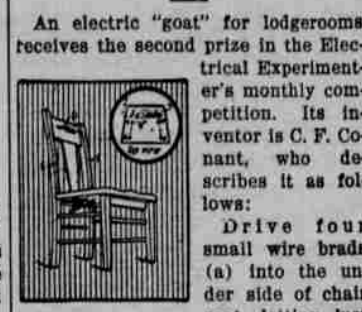
The great crater of the Soufriere is beautiful enough to repay the lover of scenery for a special trip to the island. It is about nine-tenths of a mile across from east to west and three-quarters of a mile wide from north to south, and a lake approximately half a mile in diameter now occupies its lower portions as its predecessor did in the days before the eruptions which changed the whole appearance of the mountain. In 1902-3 there was a little pool of muddy water in the bottom of the bowl through which disturbing columns or puffs of steam were continually rising. In 1908 the pool was much larger, was yellowish green in color, and was not disturbed by any eruptive discharges, but did not fill the bottom of the crater.

Now the lake is apparently some hundreds of feet deeper than it was then, and occupies the entire bottom of the crater, rising well up on the vertical walls in most places. Doctor Hovey was able to make careful measurements with the theodolite which established the surface of the lake as being 760 feet below the point where the trail from the western side of the island reaches the rim of the crater, or approximately 2,140 feet above the level of the sea.

The interior walls of the crater are coated with moss and tufts of grass wherever there are slopes of volcanic ash, and tree ferns and bushes are re-establishing themselves in the ravines cut by the rains while the vertical faces of the old lava beds making up a large part of the mountain add tones of red-dish and yellowish gray to the color effect.

FOR FUN IN LODGE ROOM

Electric "Goat" Has Been Devised to Furnish Amusement to Members Inclined to Levity.



An electric "goat" for lodgerooms receives the second prize in the Electrical Experimenters' monthly competition. Its inventor is C. F. Conant, who describes it as follows:

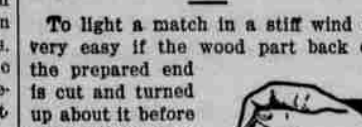
Drive four small wire brads (a) into the under side of chair seat, letting just the points appear on the upper side of seat. With a fine nail set drive them back so that they remain just below the surface.

Fasten a small induction coil (c) and a battery (b) under the seat, soldering the secondary wires (f) to the ends of the brads (a). The parts of the switch (d) can be made from small strips of brass or copper, and screwed to the back of chair, as shown.

Run the wires (e) down the back of chair to coil and battery, keeping them out of sight as much as possible. The switch (d) is concealed by a pad or drape of some kind thrown over the back of the chair, as aforementioned, and the chair is ready for the first victim. When said victim leans back against the switch (d), closing the battery circuit with the coil (c), the fireworks begin. The coil may be a one-fourth to one-half-inch spark coil, and it is well to cover over the bottom and legs of the chair with cloth, etc.

TO LIGHT MATCH IN WIND

Not Such a Difficult Matter if One Knows the Right Way to Go About It.



To light a match in a stiff wind is very easy if the wood part back of the prepared end is cut and turned up about it before striking the match, writes E. K. Marshall of Oak Park, Ill., to Popular Mechanics. The curled up shavings about the striker will catch fire easily and hold a flame, where in the ordinary way it is easily blown out when the composition of the striker has burned up.

New Zealand Victoria Cross.

New Zealand has its own Victoria Cross—one of the rarest medals ever awarded "for Valor." This cross is very similar to the one so much coveted by the officers and men of the British army and navy. The center, however, bears the wording "New Zealand" instead of "For Valor" and has no lion. This medal was instituted in 1869 by the governor of New Zealand, Sir G. F. Bowen. He exceeded his authority in doing so, but Queen Victoria signed the necessary order for the medals, adding a note, however, that it was not to be taken as a precedent. Altogether only 18 of these crosses were awarded.

Kindly Consideration.

"What is your objection to me for a son-in-law?" asked the energetic young man.

"I don't object to you," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If I seem kind of diffident when you are around, it's because I like you. I'm just wondering how it's going to be when mother and the girls quit welcoming you as a distinguished visitor and begin to treat you like one of the family."

Word of Encouragement.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm so glad that you have gone in for marksmanship instead of horse races. It's much more patriotic."

"What're you talking about now?"

"Your recreations. You don't know how pleased I was to hear you say that hereafter you weren't going to bet on anything but long shots."

Essential Endeavor.

"Do you think there is any way of bringing your constituents around to your way of thinking?"

"My way of thinking hasn't anything to do with it," replied Senator Sorghum. "My job is to keep up with their way of thinking and see if I can change my mind every time the majority change theirs."

Rebuffed.

"I hope you are prepared to discount the follies of humanity and look for the good beneath the surface," remarked the altruist.

"Oh, yes," replied the man whose curiosity is never satisfied, "but every time I ask people a few simple questions they act as if they thought it was none of my business."

Explained.

"Women step off a street car and apparently pay no attention to where they are going," growled the cynical observer.

"You are wrong, my friend," answered his fellow strap-hanger. "As a matter of fact, they are thinking so hard about the places they are going to that they forget where they are."

"Doubling Up."

"The Twobblers say they are living very simply now."

"Oh, they have merely reduced the number of their servants."

"But it must be so. Why, I've actually seen their chauffeur raking leaves on the lawn."

BOYS FOREORDAINED TO FAIL

Youth Who is Spared All Work by Indulgent Parents Is on Wrong Road to Success in Life.

We can only wonder at the silly way in which some men waste their lives.

One day it is a man in Cincinnati who enters a bank, shooting this way and that, scoops the money into a bag while the employees hide, leaps into a stolen motor car, enacts the robbery again in another bank, and at last, when cornered, kills a policeman and is himself killed.

Enough of adventure, excitement and tragedy to last a lifetime crowded into a few hours, with murder at the end.

But what for? The chances of the man getting away were so remote that only a fool would have undertaken the job.

The next day it is Kansas City. Two men rob a shopkeeper of diamonds and money and try to escape by running through crowded streets, a silly and futile thing to undertake. The end of their folly will be years and years of hard work, hard living, lonesomeness and heartbreaking monotony in prison.

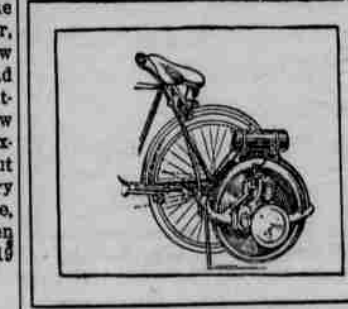
The man who undertakes to live by his wits, to get money without working for it, is foreordained to failure. And yet there are always men starting on that road.

In general they are men who failed in youth to learn the lesson of industry. They got the idea that the end of life was to get on with as little effort as possible. The boys who are spared all work by indulgent parents, who expect everything to be done for them and to do nothing for anybody else, are on the wrong road. They are getting the demoralizing ideas that are responsible for such wrecks as come daily to the criminal court.

MOTOR WHEEL FOR BICYCLE

Power Plant Mounted in Substantial Frame Which is Carried on Rubber-Tired Wheel.

The application of a gasoline motor to an ordinary bicycle is not new, but it is extremely doubtful if many of the attachments of this nature are of much practical value. As a rule the attachment involves some more or less serious and expensive change in the frame of the bicycle. The motor wheel illustrated herewith, on the other hand, is quite a departure from the conventional attachments of this nature, as it comprises a complete power unit in itself and requires no changes whatever in the frame of the bicycle for its successful attachment



Bicycle Power Plant.

and use. The power plant consists of a small gasoline motor mounted in a substantial frame which is carried on a rubber-tired wheel that serves as the driver. Above the wheel is mounted the gasoline tank. A glance at the illustration will show that the device is entirely self-contained and that it is attached quite easily by means of clamps to the framework of the bicycle, of which, however, it is quite independent.

CLUBS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Movement Fostered by Department of Agriculture Has Spread to Every Section of Country.

One of the most notable movements in agricultural education has been the boys' and girls' clubs organized in agricultural communities for the purpose of learning to farm by actually farming. Fostered by the department of agriculture and taken up in various forms by state, county and even private agencies, the movement has spread to almost every section of the country.

The boys and girls who belong to any of these clubs are building a foundation for future success in farming which was beyond the dream of the last generation. They are learning to do by doing. They are finding out the fundamental principles of crop production in their young and impressionable years, and are learning to work with their heads as well as their hands.

The Way Out.

"I'm just about ready to give up trying," declared a girl who found the record of a year a discouraging one. But no matter how numerous our failures may have been, to give up will only make a bad matter worse. If we fall short of our hopes when we stop trying, instead of giving up because the year has not been a success, try harder.—Girls' Companion.

A War Observer.

"What's the matter; scared o' that boy that's chasin' you?"

"No."

"Then what are you running away from him for?"

"I'm not running away. I'm just retreating for strategic purposes."

MADE RECORD SPEED

Annette Kellerman Tells of Her Race With Death.

With Human Companion and Miscellaneous Collection of Fish She Shot Through Broken Wall of Their Glass Inclosure.

Annette Kellerman tells an interesting story of the accident that occurred in Bermuda when the production of "Neptune's Daughter" was being photographed. "I wouldn't go through that experience again for anything short of an absolute certainty that I would come out a perfect Sarah Bernhardt," Miss Kellerman says. "Herbert Brenon, the director, and I were in that enormous glass inclosure with an octopus, a baby shark, lobsters, and tropical fish. He took the part of one of my enemies in the play who tried to kill me, and we were struggling like mad in the water. The photographers outside were operating their machines at full speed. We would work under water, and then swim up and begin speaking lines. I remember coming up almost out of breath and shouting, 'Oh, Katherine is dead!' Then, in an aside, 'Oh, Mr. Brenon, one of those lobsters is sticking me in the back; go hurry!'

"Keep up your courage, we'll soon be through," he replied.

"The next moment there was a noise like the report of a cannon. The water pressure had torn a hole in one end of the tank, and we started in that direction at a mile a second. You must keep your feet, I thought to myself. I straightened up and dived forward, preceded by Mr. Brenon. He behaved like a hero. He shot through that awful, jagged opening first, carrying with him a shower of glass splinters. This saved me, of course. My instep was terribly injured, but he was cut in 100 places about the arms and legs. Behind us came the octopus and the whole tankful of fish. It seems absurd, but the first thing Mr. Brenon and I said the moment we could get breath enough to say anything was, 'Is the picture ruined?'

POPULAR NOVEL IN PICTURES

Harold MacGrath's "Hearts and Masks" is Produced, With Remarkably Strong Cast.

Harold MacGrath never wrote a more interesting story than "Hearts and Masks." It has been read by many thousands and has been thoroughly enjoyed. A production has



Wheeler Oakman.

been made of "Hearts and Masks," with Kathryn Williams in the leading role; Charles Clay, Wheeler Oakman, Fred Huntly and other stars depicting other personalities in the well-known story. It is a most exciting picture and holds the interest of the spectator from beginning to end without a break. The picture is in three reels and is full of "punch" all the way through.

Part Suite Her.

Mabel Trunnelle is well known and admired among the motion-picture fans for her portrayals of the young girls in the Edison films. She, however, had never played the role of a Japanese girl when she learned that her part in the film, "Greater Love Hath No Man," by Mary Inlay Taylor, would be that of a Japanese maiden. Miss Trunnelle was delighted, because she had previously depicted practically every other character. She became deeply interested and spent every spare moment in embroidering a pretty Japanese gown.

Returns to Picture Game.

Announcement is made that David H. Thompson is to appear in moving pictures again. A year ago a leading company decided that it needed some one to handle its "extra" people and cast the pictures, so Mr. Thompson was selected because of his good judgment of actors and general knowledge of the business.

little at the necessity that made him wait so long, and when sales were not as good as usual—that meant smaller commissions for him—he would write a letter of impatience to Alice.

One particularly lovely autumn day Paul sauntered into the cut-rate drug store. He had unexpectedly come to town and he wanted to surprise Alice. Alice dropped the test tube she was holding when she heard his voice, and, slipping out of her all-enveloping linen apron, ran out to the counter outside.

"I've had a hurry call to New York, Alice," he told her, "and I've only a few minutes between trains. But I stopped over to see you. And, say, Alice, I've had a specially good run of luck. That new patent cap on the powder makes a big hit. And I am going to be extravagant. I want to get you something from the big city. I can't afford the engagement ring I ought to have got you, but tell me what piece of jewelry that doesn't cost so very much—say ten or fifteen dollars—you would most like."

Alice clasped her hands before her and thought for a second.

"A string of amber beads," she said at last. "I have always wanted them."

Paul's face showed his disappointment. Somehow he had always associated amber beads with the fact that some old woman he had known about wore them around their necks to ward off chills and fever. If Alice had said a gold-link bracelet, with a heart-shaped padlock and a key, he would have been entirely satisfied with her choice. But Alice stuck to her plea for amber beads. "I love the color of amber so," she said, "and all my life I have dreamed of having them some time."

In ten days Paul returned one morning, and, going straight to the cut-rate drug store, found Alice and gave her the beads. Again there was short connection between trains, and in a few minutes he was off again. "I don't really like those beads," he said, "and I can take them back and get the money if you say so. I'll tell you frankly that they cost twelve dollars. I got them at a pawnshop I happened to be passing. I tried to Jew the man down, but he wouldn't listen to a cent less. You might take them to some regular jeweler and find out whether I was buncoed or not. Maybe they are only glass."

Alice held the beads up to the light and revelled in the soft, golden radiance that shone through them. "I am sure they are real amber," she said. "They are beautiful. But perhaps you had better take them back. Twelve dollars would be just so much more toward the store."

"That's right," said Paul, "but I'm an Indian giver. They're what you wanted and they're what you shall have." And in another minute he was

through the form of consulting the treasurer of the concern. He is out at luncheon at present.

Somewhat Alice got back to her post. She was 15 minutes late—unheard-of breach of office regulations—but she did not explain. That afternoon she sent a telegram to Paul asking him to return at once to hear the good news.

And that is why Alice and Paul didn't have to wait two years. In fact, they waited only long enough to find just the coldest little drug store for \$5,000 that you could imagine. And the amber beads—when they have been restrung and properly mounted—will be on exhibition in one of the big museums, although to any but an expert they look much like any other string of amber beads.

Preparation Hard to Beat.

The two commercial travelers were boasting to each other of the merits of the respective fireproof safes for which they were agents. "I guess," said the first, "that we've given our safe 'some test, and I reckon that our best trial was when we heaped up a collection of combustibles round it which took a week to burn out. Inside the safe was a little dog provided with food and water. At the end of the week we raked away the embers and opened the door of the safe which had been in the middle of that blazing bonfire for a week. Out jumped the little dog, well and happy, wagging his tail with delight. 'Yours is a good safe,' said the other, 'but it isn't in the same block with ours. We adopted the same test precisely, and when we raked away the embers and came to the safe at last we opened the door and our little dog—' He paused dramatically. "Was dead," interrupted his rival. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "You've hit it. Frozen to death!"

The Inevitable Quarrel.

"I'm glad I was married in June instead of October," said the bride.

"Why?"

"Because if we'd married in October we'd have scrapped over whether or not we were going to spend Thanksgiving with my people, and then our honeymoon wouldn't have lasted a month."

Not Interested.

"Who was it," inquired the student, "that said 'after me, the deluge?'"

"Don't ask me," rejoined the superficial person. "I never did pay much attention to weather prophets."

Fitting Food.

"Great Scott, Maria, I told you to give me some suitable food, and I'll swear every dish on this table is something pickled."

"Well, so are you."