

WOMEN'S AND STORY PAGE

MAKING IT KNOWN

By JANE OSBORN.

"Is this the man who writes up the elopements?"

Daisy Maidstone looked with trustful appeal in her blue eyes at the youngest reporter in the office of the Morning Trumpet. "But don't you see how dreadful it will be? Why, I am really surprised that you would think of betraying a confidence. I never would have thought such a thing if it hadn't been that Mr. Drew suggested it."

"I thought no one but you was in the secret besides the bride and groom," commented the reporter, taking mental notes of the name of Mr. Drew.

"And the best man," assented Daisy. "What Mr. Drew is that? Theo Drew, the senator's son?"

"Yes, that is—I can't tell. I think you are very unkind. Please don't use our names. Oh, you mustn't. Why, I never saw anyone so inconsiderate."

"You never were in a newspaper office before, miss?" grinned the reporter. "Folks don't generally tell their secrets to a newspaper man unless they want them made public. Honestly, I'd like to accommodate you, but we haven't had any real good local first-page stuff for a long time. The public is getting tired of wars and strikes and explosions, and now's my chance to give it to them. And that Mr. Drew being the best man just sets it off. I'll use his picture with the story. Where?" queried Daisy.

"Oh, the place where we file away the cuts. Theo Drew's pretty prominent here, you know, and we keep all those pictures on tap in case of death or something of that sort. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the additional information, miss. Good afternoon."

Daisy's eyes were misty with tears when she met Theo Drew again at the Greeley at seven o'clock that night, but he had the expression of a man who sees his way out.

"I've thought of a plan, Daisy, and it all depends on you whether or not it works out. Come over here while I try to make myself clear. You know, you just said that it wouldn't so much matter if it were you—"

And seated on a deep divan in a quiet end of the Greeley foyer Theo spent ten minutes in explaining his proposition.

"Now come over to the telephone booth with me while I phone to that young news scout. Oh, I know you've got to pack four trunks and fifteen hat boxes before 9:15, but you've got to help me with this message."

"Hello, I want to talk to one of your reporters. Tall, slim, young chap. He wore a gray suit and—what was it?"

"That's Daisy—yes, a blue tie, and tan button shoes and, yes—No, no mistake. Yes, that's the one."

"Oh, hello. I'm Mr. Theo Drew. Yes, I think you are wise to a little elopement that was going to be pulled off Saturday night, and, being on your job, you're going to take the public into your confidence tomorrow morning. Oh, I'm not asking you to do it, exactly. Wouldn't expect you to do that. I know the young lady didn't just understand the ways of the newspaper game. That's why she told you beforehand."

"Now, this is what I want you to do. What you want is a real live local story, a scoop for the Trumpet? Well, I'm in a position to give you a story somewhat bigger than that. My conditions are that you'll keep the other one dark till the Sunday morning paper. You give me your word of honor as a gentleman? Here goes."

"Miss Daisy Maidstone—yes, the heiress to the Maidstone millions. Yes, old Maidstone made it in the mustard business. But I haven't time to give you the dope on it. You'll find it in the morgue. I am sure. Yes, well, Miss Maidstone is about to elope with Mr. Theo Drew. Yes, I am the lucky man. You know all about me, do you? Thank you. I really didn't know I was such a celebrity. They leave on the 9:15 for parts unknown. Quite right. They are to be married—what's the name of the nearest state where you don't have to have a license? Yes, they are going to make tracks for that state and be married tonight there. Thank you for the information. No, there will be no attendants. No, no one knew anything about it. It came as a total surprise. No engagement had existed between the two contracting parties so far as was known, although it was an open secret that Mr. Drew was an ardent admirer of Miss Maidstone, and had been ever since her debut a year ago. That's the kind of dope you're looking for, isn't it?"

"What reason do you have for the elopement? Well, that's the only objection I can see. Miss Maidstone's family, you know, is the one Mr. Drew generally chooses. Yes, that's all right. I'll give you pictures of Miss Maidstone. Mr. Drew that you want to see as far as you like."

"But—remember the condition—that you'll can that other dope till Sunday morning. And if you tamble to the reason why the other elopement was pulled off you'll keep it to yourself. Thank you. You're a true gentleman, and I trust you."

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THROW BALL OUT OF BASKET

ONLY KEY TO GOOD LUCK

Self-Conquest Always the First Step Leading to Real Success in Life.

Is success "luck?" According to the president of the great telegraph company, it depends upon what may be called "stimulated luck," i. e., the art of taking prompt advantage of opportunities. The telegraph man says, for instance, that he has conscientiously kept himself in good condition of body and mind, so that when opportunity came he would know it and be ready, adding: "There have been great sick men, but most great men have been well. Edison is well. Probably none of the many victories of Roosevelt's career was harder won than his victory over physical weakness." Certainly the victory over self is the initial victory, says Collier. He knew this who wrote that the man who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. After self-conquest, the habit of industry is conquerable. William Cobbett, the self-made journalist who came to America in the early days and made a name for himself as "Peter Porcupine," offers testimony to this effect in his diary when he writes at an inn: "Weary of being idle. How few such days I have spent in my whole life." Cobbett thus records another secret of his triumph over circumstances:

"Scores of gentlemen have at different times expressed to me their surprise that I was always in spirits, that nothing pulled me down, and the truth is that, throughout nearly forty years of troubles, losses and crosses, assailed all the while by numerous and powerful enemies. . . and performing labors greater than man ever before performed; all those labors requiring mental exertion of the highest order; the truth is that throughout the whole of this long time of troubles and labors I have never known a single hour of real anxiety; the troubles have been no troubles to me; I have not known what lowness of spirits mean; I have been more gay and felt less care than any bachelor that ever lived. 'You are always in spirits, Cobbett?' 'I'm sure, for why should I not? Poverty I have always set at defiance, and I could, therefore, defy the temptation of riches.'"

We have defined worry as "diseased thought." Cobbett's mind was essentially free from this poison. Is not almost every man whom we describe as "lucky" equally free from it?

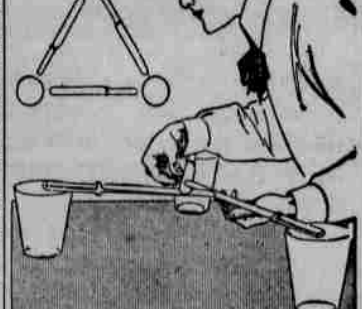
THROW BALL OUT OF BASKET

When a goal is made, it is only necessary to give a pull on the rope for throwing the ball out of the basket.

CLEVER TRICK WITH KNIVES

Puzzle is Not Difficult of Accomplishment as Illustration Given Herewith Will Show.

An interesting trick may be performed with three tumblers and three table knives. Place the tumblers in an equilateral triangle on a table so the knife ends, when the knives are



Knives Placed in Such a Manner as to Be Supported by the Three Glasses.

laid between them, as shown in the plan sketch, are about one inch away from the tumblers. The trick is to arrange the knives so that they are supported by the tops of the three tumblers and nothing else. Most observers will say that it is impossible; some will try it and in most cases fail, writes R. Noland of Minneapolis, Minn., in Popular Mechanics. It can be done, and the illustration shows how simply it may be accomplished.

USEFUL TOOL FOR THE BOYS

Handy Implement in Winter to Push Light Snow From Paths, or in Autumn to Rake Leaves.

Here is something, boys, that you can make, which will be useful either in winter to push or drag light snow from the paths, or in autumn to push or rake large masses of leaves on your lawn. It is made in this way: Get a board half an inch thick, one foot wide, and about three feet long. Lay a steel garden rake on it in such a way that the head of the rake rests flat on the center of the board, and the handle sticks up nearly at right angles. Take three staples of galvanized wire, such as are used to fasten wire fencing to the posts, and drive them through the board so that each will inclose one tooth of the rake. Let two of the staples grip the two outside teeth near the top, and the third hold one of the intermediate teeth near the point. The board will then be less likely to split. Clinch the points on the back.

By driving the rake teeth sharply down as far as they will go into the staples, you will have a handy tool, useful for different purposes; and when you wish to use the rake alone a slight upward tap will at once release the board.

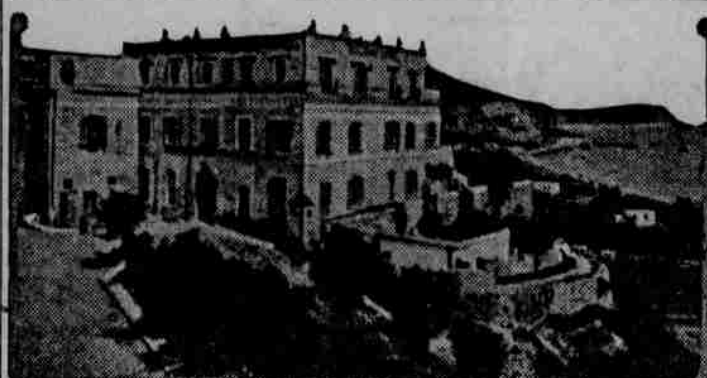
Judging All by One.

Do not imagine that all your companions are untrustworthy because one told you a falsehood. Do not fancy that all are unkind because one laughed when you fell and hurt yourself. To judge all the world harshly, because of the fault of one, is a great folly.—Girls' Companion.

Spoke From Experience.

"Johnny," said the minister, "can you name the three graces?" "Sure," replied the little fellow. "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Puteoli the Degenerate



VIEW IN POZZUOLI

IT IS thought by some that Paul's defective eyesight may have prevented his appreciating natural scenery. However that may have been, it seems impossible that he should not have been impressed by the splendid views that anyone sailing up the coast of Sicily through the Straits of Messina and along the south Italian shore enjoys, says Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in his series, "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," in the Christian Herald. He would have seen at first smiling, vine-covered hills; and before he had gone far, glorious Etna, snow-capped for much of the year.

An ever-changing panorama delights the eye until we come to Reggio, the ancient Rhegium. Alas, a pitiful sight greets the traveler today. Messina on one side of the narrow strait and Reggio on the other were both wrecked almost beyond recognition by the disastrous earthquake of 1908. On the Messina shore one sees great rows of little wooden houses scarcely larger than henhouses. These are the portable bungalows which were transported from America, ready-made, to relieve the sufferings of the homeless and homeless people. They are still occupied, for little has been done to build up the ruined cities.

The authorized version of the thirteenth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Acts says in describing St. Paul's journey after leaving Syracuse, "and from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium." An amusing story is told of an infidel who declared, misquoting Luke's words, that now he had proved the Bible to be a lie, since "in the book of Acts it was said that they fetched a compass aboard Paul's ship, and everybody knew that this was long before the compass was invented." The revised version has taken the wind out of the inaccurate infidel's sails, to speak nautically, by translating the passage in more modern phrase: "And from thence we made a circuit, and arrived at Rhegium." Here St. Paul's ship evidently waited for one day, perhaps to discharge some cargo, or possibly waiting for a fair wind, which soon blew for we are told that "after one day a south wind sprang up, and on the second day we came to Puteoli," 182 miles to the north of Rhegium.

Between Scylla and Charybdis. Shortly after leaving Reggio we pass between Scylla and Charybdis, the fabled monsters of antiquity, the rock and the whirlpool, which have been robbed of all their terrors since steam navigation came to bless the world, and to make the traveler's burdens and dangers light. Soon after, the active volcanic mountain of Stromboli, on one of the Lipari islands, is seen, and all the way along the glorious South Italian shore reveals itself; splendid mountains rear their heads in the near distance, their sides clothed with vineyards and olive and orange orchards far up their slopes.

As we approach the Bay of Naples the scenery becomes constantly more entrancing. We see the promontory of Sorrento across the Bay of Salerno, and soon Capri with its blue groto comes in sight on the left, and towering Vesuvius with its constant plume of smoke on the right.

Sailing across the Bay of Naples, past the spot where the notable city of the present day is situated, a place which was then comparatively insignificant, our travelers came to Puteoli, or Pozzuoli, as it is now called, at present a decadent suburb of Naples.

This miserable and dirty town of some 10,000 inhabitants, as it now is, is connected by trolley and steam railway with Naples, and is often visited by the modern tourist who wishes to see the remains of the ancient temples and amphitheater and the mighty mole, which still tell of the ancient glories of Puteoli.

Nearly, too, is the volcanic field of Solfatara, not a mountain, but a flat plain, the crater of a low volcano, into which one can thrust his cane in many places and find smoke and sulphurous vapor issuing from the hole as he withdraws it. Probably there are few more dreary or despicable places in Italy than this modern suburb of Naples. It has not the ragged picturesque quality which somewhat redeems the worst slums of Naples, but is a squalid, unwholesome town of the worst type.

Was Noted Roman Report. It is difficult to realize that it once might have been called "the Liverpool of Italy," that here was the Lucrine lake, which supplied the pampered Romans with their famous oysters, and that the whole bay was

HATRED THAT WAR BREEDS

Remarkable Changes in Pleasant Relations Caused by Hostilities Between Nations.

Hate and war must go hand in hand. You couldn't go out and shoot your neighbor to death unless you first hated him. If circumstances should force you to such a thing you would do so, by a sort of self-hypnosis, work yourself into a state of mind where you honestly believed that killing was entirely too good for him. This is just what the nations in Europe have done, writes Martin Marshall in Leslie's. We read now how the Germans have despised the English in the past and how the French have for 44 years longed for revenge on the Germans; of how Belgium hated the kaiser with the hatred of fear, and of mutual antagonisms between Tooton and Serb. These sentiments were partly official and conventional, but mostly imaginary. The people got along pretty well together. Frenchmen did business in Berlin and Germans went holidaying to Paris; London's restaurants were largely manned by German staffs and Russian peasants helped to reap the harvests in Prussia. Educated men in each of these nations prided themselves on their familiarity with the languages of the others, and enjoyed their literature, art and music.

Then came war, and all was changed. Some millions of men were going to slaughter each other, and first they had to convince themselves that they ought to do it. The preliminary era was of window smashing, street demonstrations, trade boycotts and imprisonment of inoffensive nationals of hostile nations. Then Wagner's music was tabooed in Russia and France; St. Petersburg must have its name changed to cleanse it from the bathhouse Teutonic termination; English table sauce disappeared from Berlin restaurants; Paris styles were anathema in Vienna; London poured much beer into the gutters; a Paris magazine started a popular prize contest for the best substitute name for Eau de Cologne—in short, Europe ran the whole gamut of silly, sentimental hysteria preliminary to shooting of suspected spies, the bombardment of peaceful villages, the killing of women and children, the "strict military reprisals" that always occur in war—and always shock the victims and the neutrals.

Big Pin Money.

Some of the large dress manufacturers in New York, in whose factories a considerable amount of drapery must be done, find that their bills for pins frequently run as high as \$1,500 a year. Used only once, the pins are removed and permitted to fall on the floor, where they are swept away. Even if gathered up at the day's close they would be too dirty for use again. A company, just starting in business, proposes to effect a saving in the pin item by taking all the used pins, and, having cleaned and polished them, return them at half what they cost the manufacturers originally. The experiments to produce a clean, refined pin entailed over a year's work. It was found that if the pins were gathered together by using a magnet they made a mark on white fabrics, so this method was discarded. A process has been discovered, however, whereby the satisfactory result was obtained.

Shifting Scenes in Public Life.

By the time that Congress has been some months in session, the members form fast friendships, and the impulse to have a little fun now and then will assert itself. The other day one of the large paintings on the stairway was being taken down, rope and tackle were required to handle the gigantic gilt frame, and the senators stopped while going to lunch to discuss it.

One of the Democrats remarked that "if we are going to make real changes in this administration, let us make some that the people will recognize as they come and go. You'll notice that Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft's portraits no longer adorn the executive office," he finished exultantly. We must let the shifting pictures into the story in these "movie times."—"Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chaplin, in National Magazine.

The Road to Successville.

"The road to success—I speak of financial success—is rarely long and arduous," said George W. Perkins in one of his brilliant "Y. M. C. A. addresses in Cleveland." "It is, as a rule, short and easy." "A man nodded toward a handsome young millionaire and said: "He began, I suppose, as an office boy in the establishment, and worked his way up, step by step, to his present management of the whole vast business?" "Not at all," was the dry answer. "Not at all. He began as Harvard's champion baseballer and married the boss' daughter."

Japan in Korea.

Japan has undertaken to reforest the bare hills of Korea, and in the last few years has planted 12,400,000 trees in that country.

This is a piece of far-sighted common sense which is bound to benefit the Korean people, even though not designed for that purpose. No American feels like approving the way in which Japan overrode the rights of a weaker power and annexed Korea, but every candid observer must admit that the mikado's men have carried with them better government and a higher civilization.—Chicago Journal.

Too Emotional.

"The leading lady seems miffed about something."

"Yes, she complains that the leading man makes love to her with too much fervor."

"That's singular. I don't understand it."

"Such cases are not uncommon on the stage."

"But this chap is her husband."

The Right Place.

"Jack is whispering soft nothings to Betty in the conservatory."

"Well, that's the proper place to unload hot air, isn't it?"

Half an hour later Daisy was look-