

WITH 26 LETTERS

By JANE OSBORN.

"May I sit in your nice patch of shade, Mr. Farmer?" The girl, pink-clad, delightfully tanned and laden with magazines and fluttering papers, had already spread herself under the shade of the lone apple tree that was allowed to grow unmolested in the middle of the newly-mown hayfield.

"It's not my tree and it's not my shade," the man in overalls drawled, with the unwillingness to answer a question directly that was characteristic of that section of the country. "But if it were mine I'd give you a deed for life on that particular spot of shade. You see, Mr. Owens owns the farm. I'm just—"

"Of course, Mr. Owens doesn't object," the girl laughed, gathering a neat collection of stones from the ground where she was sitting. "You are Mr. Owens's new help, aren't you? And your name is Tom Fenn," said the girl pleasantly, opening a portfolio that was part of her equipment.

"Yes, and you're Miss Betty Brown and you are visiting your aunt at the next farm. I heard the Owens folks talking about you this morning. But may I ask what you are going to do with those stones?"

"Certainly," the girl smiled, "and I'll tell you. I am about to begin my morning's writing out here under this tree and I want the stones to keep down the papers. The chief trouble with writing outdoors is that the papers blow about, but I simply can't get my thoughts to work in one of those stuffy farmhouse rooms. I can't even read in there."

The farmer had dropped the bucket that he was carrying and had stooped to pick up the book that lay at the girl's feet.

"You wouldn't care much for that," she explained. "I don't imagine Ridgeway Norris is read much in this part of the country. In fact, I couldn't understand him myself at first. But he is all the rage with real writers. I try to read a little before I start to write. He is so stimulating."

"What did you say his name was?" The farmer had dropped the book and stood looking eagerly at the girl. "No, I guess we don't go in for anything like that up here. He's what you'd call a highbrow, isn't he?"

"Oh, decidedly," smiled the girl, beginning the morning's operations by putting long, tapering points on the collection of pencils she had brought with her.

"The Owens folks didn't say that you were a writer."

The girl laughed. "They don't know it. I never sold anything—that is, anything to brag about—and I don't talk much of my ambitions. But I'm crazy about it." The girl pressed the book by Ridgeway Norris to her and gave a delightful little laugh of happiness. "Just think of what a wonderful thing it is! Just think what a man like Norris can do with just those twenty-six little letters of the alphabet—makes you laugh or cry, fills you with dread, suspicion, joy or remorse to suit his whim, and all with those funny little twenty-six letters."

"Tis queer," said the farmer meditatively. "I never thought of writing that way before. I have sometimes thought"—he was cautious in the suggestion—"that I might do a little writing myself. There is one story I could tell that I think would make folks sit up and take notice. If I only had someone to help me. Say," he added with a smile that fascinated Betty, "may-be you'd help me? You are a beginner, too. Well, suppose we begin together. I can't get much time off, but I'll ask Mr. Owens about giving me two or three hours every morning. Work is a little slack anyway. I guess he'll let me."

Betty knit her brows ever so slightly and then something in the keen young face of the farmer reassured her. "I am sure I should enjoy it," she said. "Even if we don't get very far, it will at least give me a new point of view."

The next morning at the appointed hour Betty found her farmer collaborator seated under the tree in the shade. He was neatly putting points on the assortment of pencils that he explained they let him have cheap at the general store.

"You see," he told Betty, as she spread her cushion down on the grass and arranged the folds of her dainty frock about her. "I have got the stones collected." He pointed to a pile of the most symmetrical stones he had been able to gather in the field. "So far, I think I am learning well. Now, what is the next thing to do? Have you got that highbrow book that you were telling me about?"

Betty explained that she had decided Ridgeway Norris ought to be left at home. "We must forget that anyone ever wrote a story before we did. We must fill our minds so full of the characters and the plot we are writing about that we'll just have to tell our story well. If we sell it we are to go fifty-fifty, aren't we? Now you tell me that plot of yours."

The farmer man was reticent. He told Betty that it was the first time in his life that he had ever spoken to anyone of the strange stories that came into his thoughts. And as he told it—a story weird in its combination of commonplace events of a country neighborhood and tense, emotional situations, simple in the actual events it related and in the characters it handled, yet making a whole that was tensely dramatic—Betty forgot about the apple tree and the meadow. She even forgot that she was Betty, pink clad and pretty, and that she

was listening to the faltering voice of a poor country laborer.

"If we can only get it into the story as you have told it to me!" she exclaimed, when the man had finished. "But that's where the art comes in. That is where experience and training count. If a man like Norris could only handle it."

A shadow of disappointment came over the young man's face. "I thought you were going to forget those highbrows. I thought you and I were going to do something original, going to beat them at their own game. Now here goes. I don't know how to begin stories or how to end them like those regular writers, so don't let's have a beginning. Just let's start right in at the places where you begin to catch your breath and wonder what's going to happen next. Here, I've got it—" The young man's eyes flashed with excitement. His manner of diffidence and reticence had vanished. "Get the paper and write what I tell you. We can do the polishing later. You can show me how to do that."

Every morning Betty Brown and her farmer sat under the apple tree. Some days the farmer would be all animation, all ideas, as he had been the day they began. Other days he would be dull and discouraged. He would be in a murderous frame of mind, when he wished to go back over the fabric of the story and weed out the characters he had created. Then Betty would be at her best. Then she would take the thread of the story where the man had left off, adding touches here and there and bringing order and plausibility out of the chaos in which the man had left the tale.

It was small wonder that Betty and the farmer man, sitting day after day in the shade of the solitary apple tree, working together over the thing in all the world that interested them most, dreaming and planning together, and groping away to bring to a realization their dearest dream—it was small wonder that Betty, who was very pretty in spite of the fact that she wore pince-nez and had ambitions, and Tom Fenn, who in spite of his overalls and his swarthy skin possessed a pair of frank brown eyes and a deal of rugged charm, should have got to the point where the dearest treasure in life seemed to be the enjoyment of each other's society.

"But how shall we manage," Betty asked one day after the usual preliminaries—always more or less the same and yet always a little different from anything else since the world began—"how shall we manage? I'd share your life with you anywhere. Tom, but I would be too much of a burden—at present. If you had a little farm of your own it might be different."

"We can buy a farm with the money we get from the story."

Betty explained how hopeless it was to expect a sale from their first story or to expect, even if it were sold, enough to make a first payment on a farm. Tom's optimism would permit no doubting. And so it was agreed that if the story were sold, even at a very low figure, Betty would consent to wed the farmer man and trust to good fortune for the rest.

So the story was finished and Betty typed it on her little portable machine at the farmhouse and, handing the precious manuscript to Tom to carry to the post office, she resigned her lot to the decision of the publisher's readers. And Betty knew by experience that when publishers return manuscript they are not very prompt.

But within ten days Tom flourished an envelope from the publishers gleefully before Betty's face as they sat at the old trysting place under the apple tree.

"You see, I had the audacity to open the manuscript before I posted it and slip in a little note for myself. That's why they sent it to me instead of to you." But Betty was reading:

"In our opinion, it is quite the best thing you have done. You have got more of the real smack of the soil, more of real flesh and blood, into this than ever before. It is just what was needed to make your stories as successful with the average reader as they already are with the critical. Please accept our humble congratulations."

Then, as Betty's eyes dropped to the lower left-hand side of the page, she read the name that told the story—"Mr. Ridgeway Norris."

"They are right, too, dead right," the man in farmer's garb was saying. "What you said about my other stuff being hard to understand was right. That's why I left the crowd and got into these jeans and followed the plow. But that wouldn't have helped at all, dearest little collaborator in all the world. What I wanted was a real flesh-and-blood woman to show me the way. And we'll sign the book Betty and Ridgeway Norris."

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His Observation.
Timee—Do you believe that bleaching the hair will drive a person insane?

Parker—Sure thing. I know two fellows who are crazy over a bleached blonde.

Shutters on His "Windows."
Omar—I hear Bickins and Bluffem had a scrap yesterday.

Heiny—Yes, that's right. I saw Bluffem this morning.

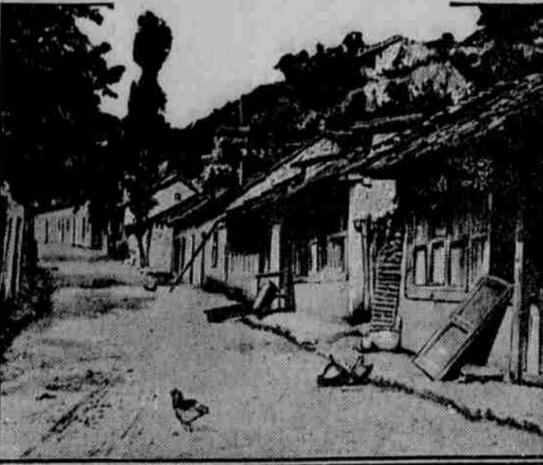
Omar—How did he look?

Heiny—Hub! He couldn't look.

Not in Harmony.
"Why is it we can't sing that round harmoniously?"

"I guess it's because you're accompanying the round on a square piano."

In Constant Battle for Freedom



MONTENEGRIN VILLAGE

MONTENEGRO is one of the smallest members of the family of nations, and freedom has made her sturdiest stands among its dreamy crags and unproductive rock-strewn, gravel slopes. Now, true to traditions of centuries of incessant warring, she has joined in the world war, with eagerness to expand in the tobacco and grazing lands of Herzegovina. A picture of the strongly individual characteristics of this nation, nurtured and contained upon a mountain, whose entrance into the war scales caused hardly a tremor of the balance, has been prepared for the National Geographic Society by George Higgins Moses, United States minister to Greece and Montenegro during 1909-1912. Surveying the history of the miniature country, against which powerful Islamic waves broke in vain for centuries, the writer says:

"For 500 years they have maintained freedom, which of old has sat upon the heights; and, with sufferings indescribable, with courage illimitable, won from the great English apostle of Balkan freedom those words of undying praise, in which he gave it as his 'deliberate opinion' that 'the traditions of Montenegro exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world.'" Everywhere within the little kingdom, the writer says, one can see memorials of the grim, unbroken struggle of Montenegro's people against the power of the Turk, a struggle in which the Turk, master through the Balkans, battered against the mountain heights to no avail.

Montenegro has little to invite except the majesty of the vista from its higher crests, and the little band of Slavs who fled hither had freedom more than luxury and ease in mind. At the creation, so runs a Montenegrin legend given by Mr. Moses, an angel was sent forth to gather the superfluous stones on the earth's surface. He placed these stones in a bag which burst as he was flying over Cernogora, and Montenegro's richest dower is still the rocks which the angel spilled upon it.

Webbed With Fine Roads.

The approach to the kingdom, a winding way up a hill, is spoken of by the writer as a splendid piece of engineering, which weaves up the gaunt, gray cliffs, finally threading a narrow, easily-defended defile and crossing a pass mostly swathed in clouds. Montenegro, Mr. Moses continues, is webbed with fine roads, the expression of the present king's restless spirit or improvement. The capital itself, Cetinje, is hardly more than a knot of cross-streets in two roads of this system. There are no pretentious buildings in the city, only two being of more than two stories in height, the Russian and Austrian legations. The external life of the capital is simple in the extreme.

Montenegrins, declares the writer, are mostly of greater than average stature, and the men have come to feel their principal calling to be that of war. The women of Montenegro are economic producers, and, to quote King Nicholas, who has married his faithful daughters to some of Europe's leading houses, the women are the land's most important export. In men, Mr. Jones says, are good workers when put to it, and whenever a Montenegrin applying for a job is asked what he can do, he invariably answers, "Superintendent."

There is little commerce and almost no manufactures in the kingdom, whose lands are barely rich enough to support the needs of the people in the most simple manner. Good tobacco is raised in the country, and a few coarse stuffs are woven in Podgoritz. Nearly everything in use, however, is imported, and duties and prices are very high.

King Nicholas, a democratic monarch, more a patriarch than a king, is an astute politician and a capable administrator. Throughout his long reign of more than fifty years, he has accomplished much in the development of his land. He has increased his territory many times; adding two Adriatic ports to his possessions, and thoroughly organizing all departments of his government.

Smallest of Capitals.
Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, is the smallest of the war capitals, and is the smallest capital city in the

world; and, moreover, it is the most snugly placed of war-zone cities, for it is practically only assailable by the airship and aeroplane. In order to get into this city, an army would have to ascend a narrow mountain road beyond the clouds, and after it got there would find nothing in particular to do other than to go sightseeing. There is nothing around Cetinje to hold on to. There are plenty of stones, fresh air and bleak fields. From the latter fruits are won only by undimmed pampering and cajolery.

Cetinje consists of a main street and a cross street. On the cross street is the king's palace. This is a fair-sized, whitewashed Italian villa, with an audience room about fifteen feet square and a red tiled roof. The main street is well kept and it is enclosed by two regular lines of whitewashed, stone houses, of one and two stories, many of which have stores on the ground floor. There is a fac-



TYPE OF MONTENEGRIN WOMAN

tory for arms and ammunition in the village, and a higher school for girls which was founded more than twenty years ago by the empress of Russia.

Ivan the Black, forced about the end of the fourteenth century, to abandon Jabllak, the former capital to the north of Lake Scutari, founded Cetinje. The Turks have taken the town several times, the Montenegrins retreating to the surrounding heights of barren limestone, from whence they have kept up their struggle until the Turks sickened of their dreary, bootless conquests. Cetinje is difficult to menace; little there is to harm, and small reason there can be to undertake its capture.

No Collusion for Him.

An English laborer was being tried with a supposed accomplice for poaching, which he stoutly denied. The magistrate retorted that the evidence went to show that at least he was in collusion with the other prisoner. The laborer here interrupted and said he "warn't in collusion; li war in X—that he met the other man." The court explained the meaning of the word "collusion," but it did not deter the other from proceeding with his defense. "There war no collusion 'tween us, as that fellar always wanted the whole profits, and I never collude with that sort o' man if I knows it; and when there's no chance to git nothin' I never colludes Not me!"

Magnesia in Fishes.

Chemical analyses of starfishes, sea urchins and crinoids, collected from all parts of the world, show that the skeletons of these animals contain much magnesia. The percentage of magnesia is highest in those specimens that lived in tropical waters and lowest in forms from the icy seas of Greenland and the Antarctic, with a regular gradation between which even shows the local effect of cold ocean currents upon life at the sea bottom.

MEANT YES ALL THE TIME

Kitty Feared Last Answer of the Previous Evening Might Be Taken Literally by Her Lover.

"I am in too much of a hurry to write a superscription, or whatever it is you write at the beginning of a letter, and I am going to send this off at once by a delivery boy; because it suddenly came to me what a risk I was running—with life so uncertain, and all. You see, it's like this:

"Last evening, when you told me you loved me, and I was so startled and surprised (and all the time I'd known more about it than you) and when you begged me to marry you, and I said No, I never could, and no, and no over and over, all evening—O, dear, how can I explain? Well, it seemed all right, and all—but then this morning it suddenly came to me—what if you should die or something before you come over again, and never know!

"Because, you see, everyone of those 'no's' was as black as the trey of clubs, not little white lies at all, but regular ebony. Because it isn't 'no' at all. It's 'yes,' O, a great big 'yes'; only I wanted to make you wait, and make me say it! O, why are girls made like that? I don't know—I'm as ignorant of the machinery inside of me as I am of the little crawly wheels in my watch. And I just did what my diabolical ancestor grandmothers did, I suppose, when I said 'no,' and I meant 'yes.' But I was scared this morning when I got thinking of what if I never had a chance at all to change it, and tell you the truth.

"So I just took a pencil stub out of my smallest brother's pocket and a piece of mother's best stationery and sat down here on the floor, with my door locked, to scribble this off to you. Good-by. And—yes, yes, yes! Kitty."—Chicago Tribune.

FIRST TO PERFECT REVOLVER

Colonel Colt Has a Place in History for His Invention—American Makers of Ordnance.

Col. Samuel Colt has a world-wide fame as the first man who perfected a practical revolver. His first important patent was taken out in 1835, but he had to face a skeptical public and army and navy officers refused to grant permission for an official test of his weapon. However, the effectiveness of the Colt revolver was shown in the Seminole war, in 1837. A company was formed to exploit the invention, but soon failed, as no market was found. Gen. Zachary Taylor, who witnessed the work of the revolver in the Seminole war, at the outbreak of the Mexican war persuaded the government to order a thousand for the use of Texas rangers. Stories praising the American revolver soon began to come back from Mexico and the "fortyniners" made it well known. Colt shortly afterward found a market in England and orders were placed in America for the Crimean campaigns. The revolver of that period, however, was a clumsy weapon compared to the types in use today. Gatling, Maxim, Remington, Parrott and Dahlgren are names of other Americans who won fame as rifle and ordnance makers.

Jokes Taken Seriously.

Doctor Huxley, the great English scientist, who (being a good judge of men) both admired and trusted Doctor Ward of Oxford, once made a joke about Ward having a stake for heretics in his back garden. That joke is probably known more widely, and taken more seriously, than all the serious debates of these two great men.

The same sort of people who can only remember about Huxley a miracle which he regarded as a legend, can only remember about Ward, a phrase which he took as a joke.

Why hearty levities of this kind are ever discussed seriously afterward has been a mystery to any man who has had any friends; but they are so discussed—about W. G. Ward as about Doctor Johnson.

Process of Making Blood.

Nature's process of making blood is interesting. Briefly, it is on this wise: When the stomach and other alimentary organs have completed their digestive work the blood-forming material is absorbed by innumerable little mouths, and conducted through a maze of assimilating glands to a storage pocket in the regions of the kidneys. From this receptacle the refined blood material passes upward through a long goose-quill-sized tube emptying into a great vein between the neck and the heart. The heart receives this crude, rich blood and pumps it into the lungs, where it is oxygenated and purified. Then the life-sustaining stream returns to the heart to be forced out to the remotest tissues of the body.

Proper Lighting.

Add immensely to the attractiveness of your home by diffusing the lights instead of focusing them on one point. Eye strain will be relieved and shadows and outlines will be softened, especially when amber lights are used. The new indirect lighting fixtures are replacing old-fashioned ones, making the lighting problem more artistic and less expensive.

Much the same effect may be produced with less expense by frosted bulbs and globes. There are various types of this indirect lighting suitable for all rooms, from the kitchen to the parlor, and it is to be recommended as a blessing to the busy eyes and the tense nerves of today.

FAMED AS REFORMER

WOMAN HAS DONE SPLENDID WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Twenty Years of Active Labor Crowned With Magnificent Result—Systematic Efforts Have Enabled Her to Do Wonders.

In San Francisco's Chinatown Miss Donaldina Cameron is honored with two unusual names. Among the Chinese highlanders she is known as the "Female White Devil," among the girls of her rescue mission she is called the "Little Mother." Miss Cameron has been doing rescue work among the Chinese of California for nearly twenty years, and during that time has rescued 1,500 girls ranging in age from little tots given away or sold as slaves by their parents or natural guardians to grown girls who had fallen into the clutches of highlanders.

She has gone at midnight into the farthest corners of the rookeries that were the Chinatown of old San Francisco. She has chopped down doors, crawled on her hands and knees along secret passages, and in several instances rescued at the point of the pistol the miserable slave girl who had appealed to her.

In her rescue work Miss Cameron does not go after the girls who are content to live such lives, but to those who appeal to her or who she learns wish to get away from it. She has taken more than one girl as they were passing along the streets and forced the Chinese "owner" to go to court. On several occasions she has been followed and threatened by mobs of Chinese and their friends.

Of Scotch parentage, Miss Cameron was born in New Zealand. She came to America as a young girl and for twenty years has been employed by the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church for rescue work among the Chinese of San Francisco. She is paid only \$50 a month, and insists that she thinks it quite enough.

Once she gets a girl she does not try to Americanize her or keep her away from reputable people of her own nationality. On the contrary, the girls study Chinese books along with English and are encouraged to hold to their own religion.

Since Miss Cameron has learned that all Chinese girls wish to be married she does her best for them as a matchmaker. She sees that they meet reputable men who are able and willing to give them good homes and proper treatment. Nor does her interest cease with their marriage. Her short vacations are usually spent visiting girls who have been under her care and who have married. She is entertained as an honored guest and husbands are said to be careful to put their best foot forward.

Hindenburg's New Carpet.

A translation issued by the German Information service concerns the presentation of a remarkable carpet to Field Marshal von Hindenburg. It reads:

"The city of Konia, in Asia Minor, recently presented Field Marshal von Hindenburg with a magnificent carpet. On it is woven an exact map of East Prussia, the seat of the field marshal's great victory. In the left corner of the carpet, surrounded by a laurel wreath, is a portrait of Hindenburg, and below an inscription in German and Turkish containing the words: 'To his Excellency Gen. Field Marshal Paul von Benckendorff and von Hindenburg, to express thanks for the great victorious battles at the Masurian lakes, presented by the inhabitants of Konia, in Asia Minor.'"

Prayers for Horses.

Marcus Horton, author of the recently published novel, "Bred of the Desert"—the story of a horse and his owner—has approached in fiction what the Russians have done in fact. He recognizes the great service of the horse to man in peace and makes one of his characters repeat an imaginary prayer of the horse to his master. The Russians have put into their war liturgy the following petition for horses: "And for those also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who, with us, bear the burden and heat of the day, and offer their guiltless lives for the well-being of their countries, we supplicate thy great tenderness of heart. For thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is thy loving kindness. Lord have mercy!"

Ideal Diet for the Baby.

An ideal diet for children of twelve or thirteen months was announced by the children's bureau of the department of labor, which has been studying the problem of the "Baby's Second Summer." The bureau recommends the following: Six o'clock a. m., milk, eight to ten ounces; eight o'clock, orange juice, one to three tablespoonsful; ten o'clock, cereal, one tablespoonful with milk or stale bread and zwieback with milk six to eight ounces; two o'clock, broth with stale bread or beef juice, one ounce with bread crumbs; six o'clock, same as ten o'clock, and ten o'clock at night, milk eight ounces.

A Tourist.

"If I dismiss the case against you this time, what guarantee will I have that you won't appear before me again in less than a month?" asked the judge.

"Dat's a cinch, yer honor," said the prisoner. "If I gits out o' dis I'm goin' sout' fer two mont's."