

A FATHER'S RIGHT

By HAROLD CARTER

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The interview was naturally an embarrassing one, but Roger Lewis had never had a moment's doubt of the result. He was a young lawyer, with a good practice; his antecedents were irrefragable. And old Andrew Bannister was a gentleman.

Roger was therefore hardly able to believe his ears when old Andrew curtly refused his permission for the engagement.

"I've seen this coming for a long time, sir!" he thundered. "And I knew from the beginning that you had wormed your way into my house in order to steal my only child away from me."

"But, Mr. Bannister," protested Roger, "surely it is not stealing to fall in love with—"

"Bah! Don't talk of love to me!" interpolated the old gentleman bitterly. "You shall never marry my daughter, or I cast her adrift. Leave my door, and never darken it again!"

Certainly old Bannister had always been a little queer, but Roger could imagine no reason for this brutal selfishness. Amy listened to his account of the interview in amazement. She went direct to her father.

"What have you been saying to Roger?" she asked.

"Roger? You mean Lewis, that impudent jackanapes that dared to propose for your hand?"

"But, father, I love him. What have you against him?"

"I will not be bulldozed by you, Amy!" stormed the old man. "I will not permit you to think of the scoundrel. He makes love to you without asking my leave. He—"

"If he had come to you first, father, I should have had nothing to do with him," said Amy firmly.

"You will have nothing more to do with him. You can choose between



Old Bannister Himself, Armed With a Gun.

us. You can marry that young scoundrel, or you can remain at home, instead of bringing your father's gray hairs in sorrow to his grave."

Amy began to weep. She left the room and thought her problem out. And it seemed to her that her first duty was to her father. Roger and she were both young; she was an only child, and her father loved her in his way. He had had a hard life until late years. There had always been unfulfilled hopes which had tormented him. He had lived a narrow, straight-cut life. He had made bitter sacrifices to duty. In the end Amy wrote to Roger, telling him that their engagement must be postponed until she was able to bring her father to reason and discover where the trouble lay.

But she pined all that summer, and once or twice, meeting Roger in the street, she was hardly able to resist his entreaties that she consent to an elopement. Her father, too, was growing stranger than ever.

At last Roger called at the house again. He went straight into Mr. Bannister's study. "I am going to marry your daughter, whether you like it or no," he said. "If you have anything against me, let's have it out now."

To his astonishment, he fancied that he saw a look of approval in the old man's eyes. But it passed instantly, and old Bannister raved and stormed at him. In the end he found himself outside, with nothing accomplished, and a deeper enmity between himself and his future father-in-law.

The next day a despairing little letter came from Amy.

"Roger, help me!" it began. "I am sending this by the cook, who brought me my dinner. Father has gone out of his mind. He induced me to enter the attic this morning, and then he turned the key on me. He has had bolts put on the door, and I am a prisoner here—and this is the twentieth century! Save me, and I will marry you at once!"

Roger read the letter in horror, and

then he understood. Of course, the old man's mind had been slowly failing. He must be crazy. It would do no good to start habeas corpus proceedings. He must rescue the girl and take her away.

A reconnoitering visit that afternoon disclosed, first, an eager face and a fluttering handkerchief at a top window; next, old Bannister himself, armed with a gun, and pacing up and down the lawn.

Roger waited till dark before putting his plans into effect. His observations had disclosed to him a garden-er's ladder, left by chance in such a way that it reached up toward the "maiden in the tower." Ascending that unobserved, he believed that he could stretch up his arms and pull Amy down to safety.

At dark he started out in his auto. The house was a little way outside the town limits. It was a lonely neighborhood, and this left him more freedom to deal tactfully with the situation. He left the auto at the back of old Bannister's little garage, and made his way toward the back of the house.

The ladder was still there. Unobserved, as he believed, Roger set foot upon the lowest rung, and soon he was tapping at the window pane above.

Amy opened the window with a little cry of joy. She was fully dressed, and carried a bag in her hand.

"I knew you would come, dearest," she whispered, and her arms clung to his neck. Very carefully he lifted her down to the top rung of the creaking, swaying ladder, and then, rung by rung, down to the ground.

A moment later they were creeping through the darkness toward the hidden auto.

Now the girl was inside, and Roger was desperately cranking when a sudden shout rang out behind him. It was old Bannister, and he was rushing toward them. In his hand was the light of a revolver.

Roger leaped into the auto and started away as the frenzied old man drew near. He sped down the road toward the boundary of the state, ten miles away, where a marriage could be performed without the formality of a license.

But he had hardly left the house behind him when old Bannister's auto was heard chugging along behind him.

Now ensued a weird race through the shadows. Roger let her out to the limit. As he ran his mind revolved about a friend of his, a young minister, who would certainly perform the ceremony, even in his pajamas. But it was hard to throw the old man off the scent. The rattletrap behind never failed to indicate its presence in their neighborhood. Faintly the old man's cries came to their ears.

Now the state line was crossed, and at length Roger, with Amy clinging to him in terror and joy, had thrown the pursuers off the track among the houses and winding streets of the suburban town.

Roger dashed toward his friend's house. He pulled up, left the auto at the doorstep, and hammered vigorously upon the door. It opened, and the Rev. Hugh Hughes—in his pajamas—stood confronting them, while in the distance a rattle, rattle indicated the approach of the enemy.

"How soon can you marry us?" demanded Roger.

"Instantly," said the Rev. Hugh Hughes. "Come in."

"And as the blows of Mr. Bannister's fists upon the door reverberated through the house, Amy was saying 'I will.'"

The Rev. Hugh Hughes opened the door. "You're too late," he said to Mr. Bannister.

The old man strode forward and surveyed the couple with an intensely self-satisfied smile.

"Bless you, then—bless you," he chuckled, gripping Roger by the hand.

"It's hard to lose an only daughter, but, by heck, I've got what every father wants when he lets her go."

"What's that?" demanded Roger in amazement.

"Fatherly privileges—stern refusal—desperate elopement—forgiveness," answered Bannister in a breath.

Lo's Business System.
Old settlers will tell you that the Indians broke the first ground for wheat growing purposes in the spring of 1881. The Indians got their first ideas of settling on land and establishing permanent homes from association with the cowboys. Members of the tribe, including Pocahontas, China Eye and Big Lipped Pete, broke some ground and seeded a few acres of wheat.

When the wheat was harvested and "threshed" in primitive Indian fashion, the growers began to market the grain. The native wheat king would deliver wheat to American Falls, or elsewhere in the vicinity, for 50 cents a bushel. If the customer went after the grain the price was one dollar a bushel. When questioned as to the meaning of their singular business methods the Indians would invariably reply: "You come to my wickiup, you heap want 'um. Me come to your wickiup, maybe so you don't want 'um at all!"—Farming Business.

Where She Drew the Line.
"I didn't object when the servant wanted the right to our piano once a week."
"No?"
"No, I was glad to do that because she was musically inclined. And I didn't mind lending her my hat and opera cape for special occasions."
"Indeed!"
"But when she decided that she and her sweetheart were also entitled to the use of our automobile one night a week I had to draw the line."—Detroit Free Press.

DEADLY ENEMIES OF BIRDS

Snakes Climb Trees and Capture Fledglings in Nest, While the Parents Are Helpless.

Some enemies of the birds are satisfied to take chances on outrunning their prey on the ground or catching them in an air pursuit. In the birds' war for existence these enemies are the land forces and the air squadrons. Other foes make stealthy attacks on the nests in the trees, destroying the eggs and devouring the young fledglings. They are the submarines, and the stealthiest and meanest of the lot is the snake.

The snake's ability to climb trees makes him a deadly foe to birds. The reptile will crawl out on a limb and capture his prey while the parent birds flutter about powerless to prevent the slaughter.

Of all the reptiles the common black snake is the most destructive, and they will swallow a full-grown bird. The skull of a snake's head is put together loosely and will stretch to an extraordinary size. This makes it possible for the snake to swallow a bird much larger than his own head.

Before he devours his prey the snake covers it with a slimy saliva and squeezes the bird out long and narrow with his jaws to make it easier to swallow. Bullfrogs have been known to swallow birds, too, but they are not so destructive as the submarine snake. They cannot trap the birds in their nests in the trees.

Making the Child Beautiful.

Every mother desires that her child shall be beautiful; but beauty on the outside is born of health on the inside. The same is true of beauty of disposition, or of what we are wont to term "goodness" in the child. It is exceedingly difficult for people of mature years, possessed of some degree of self-control, to be bright, cheerful and amiable with a body suffering with ill health. How much more so for the child.

Every child may not be endowed with perfect symmetry of face and figure, but the sunny disposition, the clear complexion, the rosy cheeks, the gleaming eye, the ruby lips, the pearly teeth, the plump form, together with perfect poise of body, which all may cultivate, will lend even a greater charm.

Early beginnings count for much in matters pertaining to health, as with all other things connected with child culture. Upon the right treatment of the little babe during the first year depends much of its subsequent well-being.—Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, in Good Health.

Celtic Revival.

The so-called Celtic revival is practically the attempt to "revive" and keep alive the Irish language. Irish is the classic Celtic language, and we are better supplied with linguistic material for its study than is the case with any other Celtic dialect. The history of the language goes back 1,200 years. The Gaelic league, for the study and revival of Irish, was founded in 1892. It publishes a weekly journal, the *Flaming Sword*, and a monthly, the *Gaelic Journal*. In 1898 a festival was held, on the same lines as the Welsh Eisteddfod, called the Oireachtas, and was very successful, so that it has been held every year since. Most of the counties in Ireland also have their local Gaelic festivals each year. The literary output of the movement has been tremendous, but the language itself is very difficult in spelling and phonetics.

Married in Haste.

The old-time editor of Georgia was usually the mayor as well. He was also justice of the peace, conveyancer and real estate agent, deacon of the church, leading lawyer and head of the building and loan.

As one of these editors was writing a two-column editorial on the tariff a Georgia couple came in to be married. The editor, without once looking up, without once slackening the steady movement of his pen, said: "Time's money. Want her?" "Yes," said the youth.

"Want him?" the editor continued, nodding toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen traveling smoothly and rapidly. "One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Use Trailers as Hospital Cars.

Instead of continuing to convert passenger automobiles into ambulances, as in the beginning of the war, the British military authorities now use almost exclusively trailers, which are attached to the touring cars by means of ordinary drawbars. An anchorage for such trailers is attached to every touring car in military service, at very small expense, so that any one of the cars can instantly pick up an ambulance and convey it to the hospital at the rear. The trailer has been of great service to the hospital corps, and is now manufactured in quantity by the inventor. The first car of this type was made in November last, and thoroughly tested before being submitted to the war office.

Breaks Leg on Tomato Vine.

Tripping over a tomato vine in his garden, where he was working, William L. Hedrick, a California pioneer and a prominent real estate man of Pasadena, Cal., fell and broke his right leg near the hip.

Because of his advanced age and his weight his family and physician had great difficulty in removing Mr. Hedrick from the garden to a truck, a fence having to be torn down first.

METHODS OF MANAGING MIND

Psychology and Its Effects Will Be Found Well Worth Anyone's Patient Study.

Despite the difficult look of the word, psychology is a most interesting and intensely fascinating subject. Briefly, it is the science which deals with the extraordinary effect of the mind on the body, says London Answers.

To make matters clearer, here is a simple instance of ordinary psychological effect. You are cycling, and come to a long, steep hill. If you let your eyes dwell on the hill and its length a feeling of depression and discouragement at once affects you. That is communicated to the body, which instantly tires and loses energy.

The hill, sight, mind, muscles—there's the psychological sequence.

But if you keep your eyes fixed on the road just ahead and pedal on that strange "tired out" feeling doesn't come. It's quite weird.

Soldiers, tired to the point of exhaustion, will revive and march with energy if the band plays.

Why do we prefer a twisting road for a long walk in preference to one which, if shorter, stretches out like an endless ribbon straight in front of us? To avoid the psychological depression of spirits which the long, straight road gives.

Now you can see that a study of psychological effects is practical and useful.

An interesting example of being psychologically "unsensed" is to be found in the attitude of civilians living in the fighting zone of northern France. The effect on them has been such that they have lost the "danger sense."

They go about their ordinary occupations apparently careless of shot or shell. It is not bravery, nor is it resignation; their attitude is a psychological one.

A commercial traveler has stated that he always knew when the psychological moment had come for him to snap the order he had been angling for. That is, he noted the swing of the wavering mind, and booked his order before his customer was "balanced" again.

The best safeguard against being psychologically affected is to maintain your hold over your mind and to keep your feeling in equilibrium. Manage your mind and don't let it manage you!

The best antidote to ordinary, everyday life psychological effects is to have many interests in life—one main one, and the rest side lines, as it were. A busy mind keeps its equilibrium, and where stern common sense reigns psychological effects have no place. The subject is worth studying, is it not? Follow it up. This article touches but the fringe.

Indian Folk Song.

In Philadelphia, a short time ago, I heard the first performance in America of a new composition by one of our great Italian, Busoni. It was played by the composer and by the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra under the baton of Leopold Stokowski, who declared that this new work was possibly the most important step in musical development since Debussy first began to break fresh paths in tonal and harmonic relations. This composition, already played with great success in Europe, is built entirely upon American Indian melodies—not imaginative inventions of the composer, but genuine Indian songs, for whose authenticity I can vouch, as I myself wrote them down from the lips of the Indians in the far West and later gave them to Busoni at his request.—Natalie Curtis in the Southern Workman.

Monument for Hindenburg in the Alps.

The Liskelle mountain in the Carinthian Alps, near the present Austro-Italian theater of war, has been renamed "Hindenburg Height." On the summit of the mountain, one of the highest of the Carinthian chain, an obelisk will be erected in honor of the victor of Tannenberg and the Masurian lakes. The work has already been started under the direction of Architect Arnold of Hanover. The dedication of the monument is to take place next summer and Field Marshal von Hindenburg has promised to be present at the ceremony with his wife.

Waste Mica Now Used.

Mica mining in the United States began in 1893 with the opening of the Ruggies mine, in Grafton county, New Hampshire. Until mica mining began in North Carolina, about 1867, New Hampshire furnished the entire output of mica in the United States.

In 1914 North Carolina ranked first in the value of its mica output, and New Hampshire second.

Mica is still obtainable in considerable quantities from the dumps of the old mines in New Hampshire, at which material for small sheets was thrown away thirty or forty years ago.

Umbrella With Fan Attachment.

To circulate air below the canopy of an umbrella a patent has been issued on the invention of Sylvester Onyskov of Jenkins, Ky., in which a fan with folding blades, so that it can collapse with the umbrella, is arranged directly below the canopy and a suitable motor battery and switch mechanism for driving the fan is also carried by the umbrella.

Tanned.

"Has your summer tan worn off, Jack?" asked one boy of another.

"It sure has, but dad gave me a fall tan last night that'll stick for some time."

FIGHT ON MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS

Italians and Austrians Battle Among Peaks That Are Considered Almost Inaccessible.

Italy's Alpine troops, mountain artillery and several regiments of bersaglieri (sharpshooters) are apparently bearing the brunt of the war with Austria.

These troops have since the beginning of the war been occupying strategic positions, generally the peaks of almost inaccessible mountains dominating the enemy's forts and entrenched camps, hauling up guns and holding these positions against the repeated attacks of the Austrians who are striving to open a way toward a possible future invasion of Italy.

Scarcely any details are available about their hard fighting up in the mountains where the snow is still several feet deep and no eyewitnesses are present.

A company of Alpine was on the march at night along a mountain path skirting a valley 200 feet below. The path was narrow and a false step meant death. The men marched carefully and slowly in Indian file and kept well in from the edge. The officer who marched in front when the path widened ordered the men to halt and lie down for an hour's rest. The Alpine accordingly rolled themselves up in their blankets and settled to sleep, when a dull, muffled noise was heard coming up from the valley.

Three or four Alpine understood at once what it meant. The Austrians down in the valley were mining the path from below in the hope of blowing up the force. They looked down the precipice, but could not see anything. It was pitch dark. Still the noise continued. The Alpine ran on a plan at once and the officer approved it.

One of them, a knife in his mouth and a rifle in his hands, was let down the ledge tied to a rope. When he saw the shadows of the Austrians working on the rock he fired at a distance of less than ten yards. The Austrians fled for cover and then opened fire against the man dangling from the rope, but his comrades hauled him to safety. When the Alpine explored the valley next morning they found three Austrians killed and near them the dynamite charge they were preparing.

British Dominions.

The imperial dominions of Great Britain, as listed in Whitaker's Almanac, are as follows: In Europe—The United Kingdom, Isle of Man, Channel Islands, Malta and Gozo, Gibraltar, in Asia—The Indian Empire, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Malay States, Federated and others; Hongkong, Weihaiwei, North Borneo, Brunei, Sarawak, Cyprus. In Africa—Orange Province, Natal, Transvaal, Cape Free State, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, Gambia, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Northern Nigeria, Southern Nigeria, Somaliland, British East Africa, Uganda, Zanzibar, Nyassaland, Egypt, Sudan, Mauritius, Seychelles, Ascension, St. Helena. In America—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward island, British Columbia, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Northwest Territories, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Bahamas, Leeward Islands, Windward Islands, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, British Guiana, British Honduras, Bermuda, Falkland Islands, South Georgia, In Australasia—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua, and islands in the Pacific.

Paid Big Price for Ram.

The price of mutton has gone up in Australia. When the Red Cross fund was being raised one wealthy sheepowner presented a ram to be sold by auction and the proceeds devoted to the fund. The ram was sold in Sydney. The auctioneer who wielded the hammer made an eloquent appeal to the pastoralists and others present to see to it that the ram brought a sum worthy of the object, and one that would live for ever in the history of these sales. The ram, which was appropriately named "Australia Day," was sold and resold 22 times, mostly in straightout bids, and when 2,600 guineas had been realized he was put up for final sale and knocked down at 200 guineas (\$1,020).

Called Prettiest Judge.

Miss Reah M. Whitehead of Seattle is said to be the prettiest judge in the United States. She is one of the five judges of the city court of Seattle, and though when she was elected it was expected that she would handle cases involving women and children, so far her work has been about the same as that of her four colleagues. The first batch of criminals consigned to her court comprised five men, three of them accused of burglary.

Judge Whitehead began her career as a stenographer in a lawyer's office. Within a few months she began to study law at night. After being admitted to the bar she was chosen a deputy prosecuting attorney.

Old Tree Still Fruitful.

Apples plucked from the oldest apple tree on the Pacific coast, in Vancouver, Wash., have been sent to the department of agriculture by a former horticulture inspector of the district. This famous tree is almost ninety years old and produced a fair crop of apples this year. The department will make reproductions of the apples its size, shape and color, and they will be returned and later handed over to the Washington and Oregon Historical societies, with photographs of the old tree and its history.

CAP and BELLS



STORY OF TWO ENGLISHMEN

Formal Introduction Prevented Any Infraction of Conventionalities During Sea Voyage.

Martin Littleton tells a story of two Englishmen whom he met while crossing from Europe. The Englishmen were both of a serious and conservative turn of mind. Although they shared the same stateroom, had seats at the same table, and sat side by side in their deck chairs, they did not speak to each other, considering it improper to do so, as they had not been introduced.

On the last day, when New York was near at hand, one of them decided it was time to waive conventionalities, and make the acquaintance of his fellow countryman.

They were standing side by side on the rail. The man with the initiative was lost in thought. Finally, when he had decided upon a timely introductory remark, he said:

"Goin' over?"

"Yas," replied the other Englishman.

"I rather thought I would. Are you?"

A Difference.

Mrs. Holdtite—My husband was very angry when I asked him for a new fur coat.

Mrs. Nokoyne—My husband was different. When I asked him for a new coat he never said a word.

Mrs. Holdtite—Fino; and did you get the coat?

Mrs. Nokoyne—No.

On the Veranda.

Dickson—There goes Mrs. Chase. What does she come to Florida for?

Wickson—She wants to get rid of her rheumatism.

Dickson—But why does she bring her three daughters along?

Wickson—Oh! she wants to get rid of them, too.

Carried Away.

First Actor—Yes, our western trip was pretty rough. Frost everywhere except one place. When we left there, the whole town was up in the air about us.

Second Actor—One of those sudden waves of rheumatism, eh?

First Actor—No; a cyclone.

No Lack of Eye Openers.

"So you've cut out the drink since you married, eh, Newpop. Don't you miss your eye openers?"

"Miss 'em? I get too many eye openers."

"Who from?"

"The baby at 2 a. m."

THE DIRECT ROUTE.



"They say she spurned his offer of marriage."

"She did. She found that he was dependent upon a rich uncle, so she married the uncle."

Engagement Ring.

Victor—Yes; I had a terrible battle with Marion's heart before she finally accepted me.

Harold—You don't say! How is she now?

Victor—Oh! she is still in the ring.

Just That.

Max—Jones is the most wide-awake man I know.

Dax—You surprise me; I never heard of his being especially enterprising.

Max—Oh! It isn't enterprise that makes him so; it's insomnia.

So Kind of Her.

Phoebe—Fred asked me your age last night, dear.

Phyllis—The idea! And did you tell him?

Phoebe—Of course not. I merely said you didn't look it.