

DETECTIVE DORIS

By JANE OSBORN.

"Sometimes, do you know, you watch me as if you were a detective," said Doris Jones, as she was crossing the campus of Dudley college with her classmate, Lawrence Smith. Doris was unusually young to be a senior, and Lawrence, who had entered Dudley on advanced standing only at the beginning of the last year, was unusually old. That is, he was at least twenty-six years of age, and in his care-lined face, his occasional nervous gestures, no less than in the way he wore his businesslike clothes, he looked more like a successful young lawyer or broker than a college student.

"Honestly, you do look at me in the funniest way, sometimes," Doris persisted, although apparently Lawrence did not care to discuss the matter. "And I have seen you look at other people that very same way. You must be interested in human nature?"

"Yes, probably it is that," Lawrence seemed annoyed or at least a little disturbed. Later, after they had walked almost to the girls' dormitory where he left Doris, he said, "Some time I shall tell you why I am so interested in human nature, as you call it. You will be surprised, I am sure. And then, lowering his voice—"In the meantime, little girl, don't even for fun say anything to anyone about that 'strange' expression of mine."

There were several things about Lawrence Smith that seemed to make him stand out from the other men of his class at college in spite of his obvious effort to single with the men. In the first place, even the professors wondered why Lawrence was doing undergraduate work at all, there is no postgraduate department at Dudley. For in almost all his classes he seemed, with no apparent effort whatever, to surpass the other men in his class—not so much through actual studiousness, but because of his greater maturity.

Another thing that puzzled his classmates was this: Apparently, from his manner and habit, Lawrence Smith was never without money, still, from his first day in college, he accepted what only the poorest students usually would have considered work while. For instance, he acted as cashier during the late afternoon tea hour at the "Cosy Corner," a tea room where the girls of the college, and occasionally the men, dropped in for refreshments. He got merely a pittance for this work.

But these peculiarities were no stumbling block in the way of Smith's popularity. In fact, he was one of the most active officials of his class. He had been elected treasurer at the first class meeting of the year and treasurer of the athletic association, though he had been put up for vice-president of that organization. That was strange, too, that he should have asked for the lesser honor when he had actually been elected to fill the vice-president's chair. His excuse was that he liked to keep books and that he didn't know the first thing about presiding. Well, anyway, he made a good accountant and never had the books of any college class or any other year's athletic association been better kept.

It was the evening of one of the first class dances of the season and Doris Jones and Lawrence Smith were "sitting out" one of the several dances that Lawrence had been permitted to mark on Doris' order. Doris sighed deeply.

"I do wish you would tell me now all about yourself," she said. "Of course I like you—yes, you know I love you—but it is just not knowing all about you. Do you get it, sometimes feel as if I didn't know your name?" She stopped suddenly and turned away from him.

"Suppose we finish out this dance," he tried to be at ease, but clearly he was not.

"Wait a minute," putting out a small hand which she closed around his wrist. "Lawrence, in that book of Stevenson's that you lent me I found the initials 'J. T.' I really do sometimes wonder whether your name is Lawrence Smith."

"Can't you trust me—enough to know that it is all right—anyway?" "Yes, yes, I can. Promise that you will trust me, too." There was no special significance in the words.

In fact, it was the very next day that Doris passed Lawrence coming out of the office of the president of the college, the latter following the young man to the door with a degree of deference that was not usually extended to mere students.

go back with me. I want you to know and like my father." Lawrence frowned slightly. "I hope the meeting will be a pleasant one. You won't be hurt if I ask you another question. Is your father paying for your education?"

Suddenly Doris blushed and for the first time showed real annoyance. "Yes," she said. "That is—no; he is not!"

"From whom do you receive it?" Doris refused to answer. Lawrence pleaded with her in vain, but no more would she say.

"This is very hard for me," said Lawrence at length. "But since you won't help me by telling all you know about it I am obliged to make a thorough search of your room. The president of the college authorized it. Let me do it informally this way and then I shall be able to help you out of what may be a very serious matter. I had hoped that you would clear the matter without this—but you have apparently some reason why you don't want to tell me the truth. Be sure that I will do everything, even to the limit, to get you out of this."

"More than ever you talk like a detective," Doris flung at him.

"I am a detective in the employ of the federal government. It is a confidential case—" as was still studying her face, but she showed no added embarrassment. "My real name is James Titus. We traced these counterfeit bills to this town, then to the college and I entered college to work it down. I was about four years ago that the bills began to circulate, but we didn't get around to looking the matter up till last summer. A similar issue of counterfeit had suddenly stepped out about eight years before. I've watched every bill that has been paid into the class treasury, the athletic association, the tea room and the drug store. That's how I traced it to you. I have a suspect, you for only a week."

Trembling and with a face now pale, now crimson, Doris led James Titus to her room in the dormitory. She opened her wardrobe and silently brought out a suit case. "Which she looked a gigantic sign in a strange language flashed before our faces. Our eyes wandered to the right to behold one of the most beautiful illuminations imaginable; the venerable and picturesque South Gate of Seoul outlined with hundreds of incandescent lights.

To our left was another great gate delineated in electricity against a dark mountain, and clustered about it and in front of dozens of glittering towers. On the tallest, another searchlight was located; and above, a Zeppelin-shaped captive balloon, gay with colored lights, proclaimed the merits of a popular brand of tooth powder and cosmetics.

At every station in Japan and even on the steamers we had seen the gorgeous posters of a Korean dancing girl advertising the Chosen National exhibition, celebrating the fifth anniversary of the annexation, and we needed no guide to tell us that we were in the midst of it. It is five years since old Korea died and Japan as conqueror took charge of the remains. Japan is unique. Most countries would have cremated the corpse and gotten what they could from the ashes. Japan defies resurrection and, and a veritable resurrection is taking place. Only the other day Dr. Robert E. Speer, at a luncheon given in his honor by the governor general, Count Teruchi, said that Japan's policy toward Korea was unique in two respects.

What Japan is Doing for Korea. Japan is the only country that is subsidizing its colonies to any extent (from four to six millions, gold a year), and Japan is the only strong and virile nation that has offered and is trying to assimilate a weak nation over which it has secured control. Do-

The detective drew the frightened girl toward him as if she had been a child making a confession.

"No one but you and I and the kind-hearted president of the college shall know that. That can be arranged easily. When I make a confidential report of this to the authorities I am sure there will be no further investigation. In the meantime finish out your year here and then—the very first day you are through you must become Mrs. James Titus."

The detective drew the frightened girl toward him as if she had been a child making a confession.

"Suppose we finish out this dance," he tried to be at ease, but clearly he was not.

"Wait a minute," putting out a small hand which she closed around his wrist. "Lawrence, in that book of Stevenson's that you lent me I found the initials 'J. T.' I really do sometimes wonder whether your name is Lawrence Smith."

"Can't you trust me—enough to know that it is all right—anyway?" "Yes, yes, I can. Promise that you will trust me, too." There was no special significance in the words.

In fact, it was the very next day that Doris passed Lawrence coming out of the office of the president of the college, the latter following the young man to the door with a degree of deference that was not usually extended to mere students.

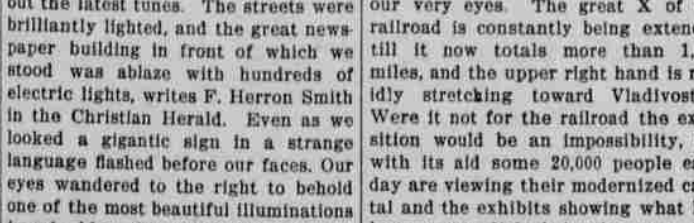
"I shall co-operate with you in every way," she heard him say. "I understand your reason for not taking me into your confidence before."

When Doris passed Lawrence he started with a peculiar pained expression that she had never seen before. But he merely bowed cordially enough and passed on. That evening, after dinner, he called at the girl's dormitory and asked to talk with her in one of the small private reception rooms. Usually they chose a country walk in the afternoon for their confidential talks. These little reception rooms were especially unattractive to Doris.

Making Over the Koreans



TRAFFIC DOOMS ANCIENT GATEWAY



MODERN WATER SYSTEMS IN THE CITIES

ONE MIGHT easily have made himself believe he was on Fifth Avenue, had it not been for the crowds of brown-faced, sailor-hatted, white-clad people about. A hurdy-gurdy was grinding out the latest tunes. The streets were brilliantly lighted, and the great newspaper building in front of which we stood was ablaze with hundreds of electric lights, writes F. Herron Smith in the Christian Herald. Even as we looked a gigantic sign in a strange language flashed before our faces. Our eyes wandered to the right to behold one of the most beautiful illuminations imaginable; the venerable and picturesque South Gate of Seoul outlined with hundreds of incandescent lights.

To our left was another great gate delineated in electricity against a dark mountain, and clustered about it and in front of dozens of glittering towers. On the tallest, another searchlight was located; and above, a Zeppelin-shaped captive balloon, gay with colored lights, proclaimed the merits of a popular brand of tooth powder and cosmetics.

At every station in Japan and even on the steamers we had seen the gorgeous posters of a Korean dancing girl advertising the Chosen National exhibition, celebrating the fifth anniversary of the annexation, and we needed no guide to tell us that we were in the midst of it. It is five years since old Korea died and Japan as conqueror took charge of the remains. Japan is unique. Most countries would have cremated the corpse and gotten what they could from the ashes. Japan defies resurrection and, and a veritable resurrection is taking place. Only the other day Dr. Robert E. Speer, at a luncheon given in his honor by the governor general, Count Teruchi, said that Japan's policy toward Korea was unique in two respects.

What Japan is Doing for Korea. Japan is the only country that is subsidizing its colonies to any extent (from four to six millions, gold a year), and Japan is the only strong and virile nation that has offered and is trying to assimilate a weak nation over which it has secured control. Do-



IN A STREET OF TRAU

The industrious Toad. The toad lives from ten to forty years, and it can lay over 1,000 eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It captures and devours wasps, yellow-jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. In twenty-four hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. A single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage, the toad has saved \$100. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit grower, and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden and berry patch.—Indiana Farmer.

Using Old Bottles. A bottle may be cut off by wrapping a cord saturated in coal oil around it several times, then setting fire to the cord, and just when it has finished burning plunging the bottle into cold water and tapping the end into which

AT THE FOOD SHOW

By JANE OSBORN.

The conversation had begun about the weather. Thence it had drifted to wind storms. Miss Tucker shook her pretty head and said she just couldn't stand wind and, my, how it did blow last Sunday! And speaking of Sunday brought the conversation around to the new minister and the new minister suggested the minister's wife and her freless cooker, and freless cookers suggested the food show, and, having brought things around to the food show, Tom Wilbur felt inwardly much rejoiced because he had come to call on Madge Tucker that evening, for he was particularly anxious to ask her to go to the food show with him.

The fates had been kind, for sometimes just because the conversation didn't bend around as he wanted it to, he left unaided the very things for which he had made his call. He had tried for three whole evenings to get the conversation around to circuses the week that the three-ring show came to town, but in vain. So the tickets he had bought for himself and Madge just went unused. And how many times he had tried to no purpose to bend the conversation in the direction of the subject that was always uppermost in his mind when he called on Madge! He sometimes got it as far as the jewelry store when he had planned to lead up to engagement rings, and there it would stick or else glance off from jewelry stores to the tea store next door and so off again at a tangent. Then sometimes when he thought of leading to it by way of mentioning the fact that he had enough laid aside to build a nice little farm-house it would get as far as the bank where his savings were kept, and again it would drift.

But on this particular evening when Tom Wilbur, robust young farmer of Timlow's Corners, was calling on Madge Tucker, the pretty district school teacher, who boarded with Tom's nearest neighbor, matters progressed as Tom had hoped.

"I guess they've got quite a few of those freless cookers over at the food show in Mapleton," he said. "Do you ever go to a food show? Kind of interesting to go, don't you think so?" Here he was desperately afraid the fates would spoil it all and Madge would change the subject before he could stammer out his invitation. "I see by the paper how they are letting the girls with red hair in for nothing. Sort of a red-haired girls' day and their escorts have free samples of everything at the show. If you'd care to go some afternoon this week after school I guess I can make the trip in my little car in about half an hour. Would you care to go, Miss Madge?" Yes, he had actually asked her. He paused, breathless, for her answer.

"You asked me, I suppose," said Madge, "because I'm the only girl you know that has red hair." And then she laughed in a way that at the same time tantalized and delighted her rustic admirer.

"Well, now, I don't know as I'd say that you had red hair," he parried, and again Madge laughed delightfully. "You needn't hesitate about saying so," Madge assured him, "for nowadays red hair is very fashionable and no girl objects in the least to having it. In fact, in the big cities the girls actually color it red on purpose."

"Yes, but let's talk about that food show," Tom insisted. "Say we go tomorrow afternoon. Oh, well, if you can't go tomorrow we might go the next day—Saturday. That is to be the grand finale and everyone will be there. I guess we can start out a little earlier since you'll have no school that day."

"I haven't read the papers lately," Tom was saying as they sped in his small roadster over the country highways in the direction of Mapleton, "but I guess they are still on the lookout for girls with red hair all right. I expect we'll see a good many of the boys and girls I used to know. It's only at times like this that I see the old crowd I went to school with."

"I should think"—Madge had a note of coaxing in her voice that Tom did not dream was intentional—"I should think that you would go and see the girls you used to know often, although I suppose most of the boys and girls you went to school with are married now."

For one fleeting second Tom thought he saw the way to bend the conversation abruptly to the engagement ring or the bank account or the little new farmhouse he was planning, but the vision of such an achievement was dispelled as soon as it had come. Instead he only gripped the wheel of his car more intently and stared ahead of him in confusion.

As Tom had foreseen, there were many of his old acquaintances at the convention hall, where the food show was in progress and several curious eyes were turned upon him as he appeared at the door with the pretty district school teacher at his side.

"Tickets, twenty-five cents apiece," said the man at the door, and Madge cast a challenging glance at her escort's face, a glance that stopped him as he put his hand in his pocket for the requisite coin.

"The lady with me says," Tom explained to the ticket seller with an embarrassed laugh, "that—that we ought to be in free."

"Here you are," grinned back the ticket seller, eyeing them curiously, as he pushed out two passes. "She sure ought to know if anyone does. Make yourselves at home and have a good time, and just so as the folks at the booths will know that you are among the guests of honor today I'll ask the lady to pin this little white bow on her coat somewhere. There you are, ma'am."

"Well, he certainly was nice about it," said Madge, making her way at Tom's side into the busy hall that teemed with the mingled sounds and scents of a food show in progress. "I never knew that red hair was such a distinction as that, did you?"

"I'd a bit rather have paid our way," commented Tom, "but I suppose it was

REFORM IN SURGERY

Matter of Slow Growth Throughout the Centuries.

Practitioners Were Slow to Abandon the Barbarous Methods Which Had Been So Long in Use—Some Queer Remedies.

In 1536 a great reform in the treatment of gunshot wounds was made by Ambroise Pare, the father of French surgery. For some inscrutable reason such wounds had previously been regarded as infected and therefore in need of cauterization with boiling oil or water. Once, in the absence of these antiseptics, Pare simply dressed some wounds without cauterizing them, and on the following day he was agreeably surprised to find them in better condition than wounds that had been treated with boiling oil. Thereafter he abandoned and opposed the barbarous practice. Soon afterwards he devised the ligature of arteries as a substitute for cauterization after the amputation of limbs.

Bold and successful methods of treating wounds of the head and brain lesions were adopted by Berenger de Carpi a little later.

The advancement of the healing art, however, was slow, and many queer remedies were employed, such as broths made of vipers and frogs, which are mentioned in a medical treatise published in 1778.

General Marbot has described the heroic treatment applied to his foot, in which gangrene had developed after it had been frozen on the battlefield of Eylau. He was held by four men while the surgeon cut out the gangrened parts as if he were removing decayed portions of an apple. The surgeon then mounted a chair, saturated a sponge with hot, sweetened wine and let the liquid fall, drop by drop, into the hole which he had excavated. The pain was excruciating, and the general had to endure it every morning and night for a week, but his leg was saved.

In the Crimean war 75,000 of the French army of 300,000 men died of anthrax, scurvy, typhus and hospital infection. Death followed 91 per cent of amputations of the thigh and 55 per cent of amputations of the arm. The physicians and surgeons did their best, but they were too few, and the organization and equipment were defective. In May, 1855, there were only 78 ambulance and field hospital surgeons for an army of 108,000 men. Similar conditions prevailed in the Italian campaign (1859-1860). At Magenta each ambulance surgeon had 175 wounded men to care for. At Solferino each surgeon had 500 patients, so that even if he were able to work 20 hours continuously, he could not give three minutes to each patient.

The Crimean and Italian campaigns proved the necessity of a radical change in military surgery. This transformation has gradually been accomplished, both in the administrative and in the medical and surgical fields.

Fate had been indulgent to the limit and even Tom had to take the cue. "I'm blessed," he said at first and then, "What's the use of disappointing the boys? Say, Madge, you know what I want to say—but I'm a duffer when it comes to things like this. But you know what I'm getting at." And apparently Madge did.

Activities of Women. The drink habit among women in this country is alleged to be growing. Women are now employed in the money order departments of the Turkish post offices.

English women engaged in munition work receive the same rates as men on piece work. Ethel Barrymore will receive \$40,000 a picture for four pictures a year for three years from a prominent moving picture concern.

Of the 3,514 women recently interviewed by the state factory inspector in Iowa, 39.7 per cent were found to be earning less than \$6 per week. Fifteen hundred friends of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of Chicago's public schools, recently gave a large dinner to celebrate her completion of 50 years' service in the public schools.

Not Wanted. "Buy this set of books and your success in life is assured," said the persuasive agent.

"Hum! What is the title of the work?" asked the busy man.

"A Compendium of Useful Knowledge." "Anything in there about how to get rid of persistent callers?" "W—er—no."

"Then I don't want it. Good day. Watch your step."

Johnny on the Spot. "Excuse me, sir, but I want a job and I'm in a hurry."

"You do, eh?" said the merchant. "And why are you in such a hurry?" "Got to hurry," replied the youngster. "Left school yesterday and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time and if you've got nothing I'll be moving on. The only place I can stop long is where they pay me for it."

"When can you come?" asked the surprised boss.

"Don't have to come," was the quick reply. "I'm here now and would have been to work before this if you'd said so."

Russia Nearly Always at War. According to data collected by Woods and Baitley, covering several centuries, Austria has been engaged in warfare 81 per cent of the time, Denmark 60 per cent, England 52 per cent and France 60 per cent. Prussia stands closely with England, and Russia has had almost continuous warfare.

A Peace Disturber. Mrs. Diggs—I feel so sorry for poor Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Wiggs—Because why?

Mrs. Diggs—Her husband thinks he knows how to cook.

Had an Unpleasant Sound. Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in biology?

Had Dad—Doubtfully—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'd be wanting to buy too many things.

Count—I can't live without you, Miss Monne.

Miss Monne—Don't you mean, count, that you cannot live as you'd like to without me?

Business and Pleasure. "We want to keep business out of politics," said the reformer.

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "you've taken all the pleasure out of it. If you take all the business out of it, too, I don't see what's going to be left."

What would you call a policeman? "A 'copper' or a 'coppet'?"

"I wouldn't risk calling one anything. A chap called one 'dearie' the other day and she arrested him for flirting."

Real Situation. Count—I can't live without you, Miss Monne.

Miss Monne—Don't you mean, count, that you cannot live as you'd like to without me?

Had an Unpleasant Sound. Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in biology?

Had Dad—Doubtfully—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'd be wanting to buy too many things.

A Peace Disturber. Mrs. Diggs—I feel so sorry for poor Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Wiggs—Because why?

Mrs. Diggs—Her husband thinks he knows how to cook.