

The Quick Asset

By
MAY DALLARMAND

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"Sorry, Mr. Walters, but my orders are definite—you must pay the bill within 48 hours or I shall have to close you up."

"You are subjecting me to a severe hardship, sir."

Mr. Thomas Biggs, senior partner of Biggs, Bluet & Co., opened eyes and palms expansively, shrugged his shoulders, arose from his seat and took up his hat.

"You are asking of me impossibilities," spoke Sidney Walters. "Every dollar I have in the world is invested in this business. Actual orders far overplus my liabilities. In another month we will have not only a free deck, but a surplus. I beg of you to alter your hard decision."

"Business is business," spoke the other blandly. "The house went all over your case before I left the city. You owe us \$2,000. It is 30 days past due. Our rules are invariable. I came down here to look into affairs. I find that your quick assets are shy over 40 per cent, where in every healthy business they should stand in the proportion of two to one as to active debts, I find almost the reverse. What in the world ever made you bulk all your capital in fixed assets? It is ruinous. It means slow liquidation in case of a failure. Commercially your business proposition is not solvent. We shall have to have our money by Saturday morning or file a bill for an accounting."

"Which means ruin for me," said Walters dreadingly. "If you would give me time to go to the city and apply to some of the banks—"

"Impossible. You would have to delay me here for several days, and my time is precious. Can you not get your friends here to assist you?"

"I am practically a stranger," replied Sidney in a low, strained tone, "and the community, as you know, is a poor one."

Sidney, indeed, spoke the truth. When he determined to start in business—the manufacturing of fine contact metal points for intricate vehicle equipment—he had discounted the elements of bulk as to shipments. An abandoned plant at Acton was offered



"Impossible."

for a mere song. He purchased it. He paid cash for his machinery outfit and overbought as to raw material.

It was with a great sense of comfort that he finally opened the little factory, giving employment to some 20 men. Expenses and wages were low. It was true that Acton was 20 miles from a railroad. It did not even boast an automobile. The town was isolated—shut in to itself—but once a week a slow lumbering side-wheel steamer came up from the city with passengers and freight and took back the product of the plant, packed in neat boxes, not many of them, for the points brought a high price, were manufactured under an exclusive patent and sold readily.

Sidney had settled down to a humdrum routine, glad to be apart from the jar and bustle of the city. He figured out a growing business based upon light overhead expense. His help was not overworked; he was modest in his style of living. He brought work and comfort to many a poor workman. His ambition was satisfied.

And now, suddenly, terrifically alarming, came the advent of Biggs. Many a time Sidney had realized that he was straining his credit, but the orders ahead were sure future income. The plant and equipment represented solid values. He had not been business man enough to comprehend that the ironclad rules of business demanded quick assets that could be swiftly realized on in case of exigency.

Mr. Biggs left for his hotel. Sidney sank into a chair dejectedly. He caught the echo of a sob in the next room and went to its open doorway and peered in. His office girl sat leaning over her typewriter, a handkerchief applied to her eyes.

"Will you please let me go home,

Mr. Walters?" pleaded Arline Tracey. "I—I have a dreadful headache."

"Surely," acquiesced Sidney. "Something has come up where we will suspend business for a day or two."

He watched her dainty form and colorless face sadly as Arline left the office. It was of her and the workmen he was thinking. If he had to give up business what would they all do. For the girl he had always felt a great interest. She was an orphan, living with some relatives in the village and had come to him asking for employment the day the plant had opened.

He had told her kindly that there was little bookkeeping to do, he could run a typewriter himself and had planned to start out on an economical basis. Arline had told him that she required a very small salary, as her father had left her an investment in the city which brought her a cash return each six months. She would "grow up with the business," she could surely be of some service to him, and Sidney hired her.

Since then he had been glad of it. Arline proved a treasure. She took an interest in every detail of the business. She seemed happiest when the work was hardest and most pressing.

The man from whom Sidney had purchased the plant was wealthy. Sidney wondered if he could not get him to help him out. He went late that afternoon to his home, to find that he had gone to visit a farm he owned at some distance and would not return until the following evening.

Was it fate, or did a sense of regard for Arline, the longing of a lonely, troubled man influence Sidney to lessen his pace as he neared the house where Arline lived? She happened to be at the gate. He was glad to be invited into a cozy parlor. Arline was cheerful, anxious to entertain him. A little elf of a fellow—her cousin—prattled about Arline's pet carrier pigeon.

"She sent it away today," he confided to Sidney, and Arline flushed hotly and had to explain that it was through this medium that she regularly corresponded with a very dear girl friend in the distant city.

Sidney met with a severe disappointment the next evening when he called on the man from whom he hoped to secure a loan. The latter had no ready funds. Sidney longed to stop for another pleasant evening at the home of Arline, but it was late as he reached the house. He passed restless hours alone at home and consequently overslept himself the next morning.

"What is this?" he voluntarily exclaimed, as entering the office the first thing that attracted his eye was a signed receipt in full from the Biggs firm.

"Mr. Biggs left it," explained Arline, and flushed and paled, and began to tremble.

"Why, I don't understand this!" "I paid it," confessed Arline, almost pleadingly. "Oh, Mr. Walters, don't be cross about it, please! I overheard you talking about quick assets. I sent a quick message to my friend in the city and got my investment changed into a certified check, and the carrier dove brought it safely here, and I paid Mr. Biggs," and Arline broke down there under the intense strain of the moment. The astonished Sidney stared at her, spell-bound.

Arline had saved the day. Arline had won the heart of a true man. And the outcome of the episode was life's noblest, most treasured asset—mutual love.

Hypnotizing Animals.

Hypnotizing a hen is a trick known to most country boys. It is an old experiment, first described by the Jesuit father, Athanasius Kircher, who laid a hen on a table, held it firmly for a little while, and drew a chalk line in front of its eyes, with the result that it remained as if in catalepsy.

In India it is known that a cobra caught by the neck and gently pressed will soon become stiff and remain so for a considerable time. A frog fastened to a board and turned suddenly upside down goes into a trance.

If you pick up a crab and wave it in the air it becomes immobile, a female bending her legs over her abdomen, a male sticking them out straight. The same is true of the fresh-water crawfish.

Among the insects "death-feigning" is common, and is often a means of saving the life of the insect.

The hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion of physical inhibition, but in both cases sensory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optic (fixing the gaze on some object) or tactile (stroking the skin) or otherwise.

Archer's Advantages.

The eye cannot, of course, follow the progress of a bullet, and the rifleman may miss his game by the measure of one foot or five, yet never know the amount of his error. But the flight of the most swiftly sent arrow may be easily followed, and a "close" miss gives the shooter a self-congratulatory thrill almost equaling the happiness of a center hit. There is a gratification in watching a shaft flash past the head of a justly indignant, much-astonished squirrel. And there is real excitement, too, in watching a steep-pointed arrow leap into the blue, there narrowly failing to intercept that rogue of the woods, the heavily flying crow. The archer's great advantage rests in the comparative silence with which his hunting may be carried on. A shot means the soft twang of a bowstring and the low whisp of an arrow—and these sounds seldom greatly frighten game.—Outing.

Appareled for the Boudoir



Feminine daintiness and love for beautiful color may be indulged without restraint within the walls of the boudoir. There is no excuse for any sort of ugliness there. Lingerie grows more and more airy and dainty, and in negligees the prettiest fancies of designs are interpreted in an extreme of style. Satin and chiffon, thin crepe and fine laces, are the alluring mediums with which the artist works out her dreams. Ribbons and little made flowers add touches that betray her delight in the work she undertakes.

Color is such an important factor in apparel for the boudoir that the less expensive sheer fabrics, in the same colors as silk stuffs, are used with as good results. Voiles, mull, lawn and thin mercerized cottons are made up with laces and trimmed with ribbons to make negligees that are as captivatingly colorful and dainty as any others. But they cost a fraction of the price of sheer silk materials.

A negligee worn over a combination with pantalettes, is shown in the picture.

Julia Bottomley

Recently Launched Summer Styles



It makes one long for midsummer, for the glory of June weddings, or even for graduation days, to view the new thin white dresses which have recently been launched upon the sea of summer fashions. They are a froth of frills and flounces and look as cool and unsubstantial as white clouds in the spring sky. These models of the utterly feminine in summer clothes are repeated in pale tints that are mere reflections of pink or green or blue. Occasionally illustrative figures appear on them, usually in the form of lace applique in motifs that are applied to an under petticoat or to the underside of the skirt.

Organdie and other sheer crisp materials are better adapted to dresses of this kind than softer fabrics. Lawns and voiles are used for them, and it almost goes without saying that the flounces and frills are made very full always but fullest in the softer goods.

A frock of white organdie is shown in the illustration given here. It reveals the cleverest sort of management

Julia Bottomley

Back Yards Show Character

By SAMUEL G. DIXON, M. D.
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

Bret Harte once wrote a story in which he pointed out that for an insight into the occupant's true character one must look at the back of a man's house.



Here was knowledge of human nature. If we want to estimate character accurately we must have an all-around view and not accept face values.

This brings us again to the question of back yards. Is yours as clean and well kept as you can make it, or is it littered with trash, cans, kindling and other rubbish? Is the garbage and waste properly covered and free from flies? Is the stable and outhouse a fly-breeding center for the neighbor-

hood? You have work ahead for you for your health's sake and for the sake of decency if any of these conditions exist.

It is a privilege to have a back yard, even a small one. There are thousands of dwellers in cities where land is sold by the square foot, who yearn for a little space to call their own. Those who are so fortunate as to have back yards should care for them and make use of them.

If there are children in the family the back yard should be their playground. A doll house, turning pole, a swing or a tent will provide almost unlimited entertainment and help to keep children off the streets.

If there are no children in the family, a shovel, a rake, a hoe and a moderate-sized back-yard garden should afford a reasonable amount of healthful exercise combined with pleasure and profit.

Under the Country Sky.

Tenderly sweet the days go by,
Lovingly still are the nights that flow

Under the spell of the country sky
Far in a land of Long Ago,
Stars and moon and the silver lake,
Hills and vales and the sparkling sun—

Under the country sky, oh make
Heart and the soul of us one and one!

Noise and hatred and all things vile
Sink and fade as the hours go by;
Dreams at the gates of the valley smile

Under the spell of the country sky,
Whistle of quail where the young wheat swings,

A hermit thrush in the western wood—
Love in the gates of the valley sings,
And the spell of the country sky is good.

Wandering winds from the balmy south,
Fairly feet on the hills go by;

Love with a red rose in her mouth,
Under the spell of the country sky,
Keep me tight in your arms of rest,
Oh quiet land of the dreams of men—

The grassy hill and the valley's breast,
And the spell of the country sky again.
—Folger McKinsey in Baltimore Sun.

SCIENTISTS MAY TALK TO OTHER PLANETS IN FUTURE

Interstellar Wireless Communication Not an Impossibility, in the Opinion of Astronomers.

That interstellar wireless communication may be a possibility of the future is a belief now held by not a few scientists.

M. Guzman has promised to pay \$20,000 to the astronomer who first establishes communication with any planet or star other than Mars.

M. Guzman's elimination of Mars as a wireless station in the competition he is promoting is based upon his belief that experiments made by American astronomers in Arizona prove that a wireless expert who talked with the Martians would be overpaid if he received 100,000 francs. This performance, to his mind, is too easy, too lacking in romantic and sensational features to be worthy of the modest fortune he has dedicated to science.

But, if the Martians have learned how to build canals without inviting landslides, have made of irrigation processes an exact science, and have, as various authorities contend, learned how to fly by their own motive power, there are numberless specialists in this country who would be pleased to call them up by long distance at once.

Famous War Horses of Old Replaced by Automobiles

One probable result of the introduction of mechanical vehicles into warfare will be the abolition of the old custom of cherishing the memory of famous war horses. When generals conducted campaigns on horseback, before the advent of the field motor car, their favorite chargers used to receive many honors.

Wellington's famous charger, Copenhagen, when he died was buried with full military honors. The Iron Duke's horse was a magnificent chestnut, and he carried his master many hundreds of miles in Spain, and at the battle of Toulon.

The remains of Napoleon's white stallion, Marengo, are preserved at the Royal United Service institution, while another of Bonaparte's steeds, which he purchased at St. Helena, and bore the name of King George, figures in many famous paintings.

The horse which Lord Ronald rode in the Balaklava charge was cherished by his family until its death, when a tombstone was erected over its grave.

Traveler, which gained fame in the Civil war as the favorite charger of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is now a popular exhibit in a museum at Virginia, its skeleton having been carefully preserved in a glass case.

Some Things That Are New.

To facilitate night photography a flashlight gun has been invented that operates a camera shutter at the instant the light is at its brightest.

According to a Vienna throat specialist yawning is a beneficial exercise as it brings all the respiratory muscles of the throat and chest into action.

Polarizing apparatus has been invented in Germany for examining glass intended for scientific purposes for defects due to improper or irregular cooling.

The principle of the spring shade roller has been employed in a device that almost automatically keeps men's idle neckties clean and smooth.

Most of the carpets made in India are woven by boys, who are told by men watching them how many knots of each color to tie to the warp, a single row at a time.

Individual fenders for each front wheel of a motorbus, so mounted as to always be in position for use, have been invented by a resident of London.

Sleeping car berths have been invented with end sections that can be lifted to give occupants room enough to stand erect when undressing or dressing.

To enable a man to work in smoke or gas for a short time there has been invented a combination mask and hat, the latter acting as a fresh-air reservoir.

STAR OF FILMDOM



Lillian Gish.

Popular actress who has reached high place in the movie world.

War Brings Inventions.

The perils of scouting and reconnoitering during the present war have caused the Germans to devise a pocket flashlight which is less dangerous to use than the type employed early in the war, which shed its rays straight ahead and so attracted the enemy's fire. This new lamp has a hood so designed that the incandescent bulb, the lens and the reflector all move in unison when the hood is raised or lowered. It can be hung from the belt or held on the breast by a loop on the coat.

Another type of light, for officers' use, includes a compass in a recess below the bulb and also dividers, fire-making equipment, maps and dispatch tablets, for all of which a special compartment is provided. By dropping the compass from the recess into a horizontal position it is clearly lighted by the lamp. The cover of the compartment holding the maps, etc., when thrown back, partly shields the bulb's eye.