

"Lady Hard Luck"

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

It was with an iron hand, but a genial, patient heart, as was her splendid nature, that Inez Walton took up the distracted threads of destiny amid the wreck and ruin of a great fortune.

"It's incredible, but true," spoke the old family lawyer, Gideon Blake. "Your father, it seems, was the victim of the most fantastic and unreasonable experiments and speculations. A Rothschild couldn't afford it."

"As I understand you, then," spoke Inez steadily, although her lip trembled, "the estate, as we have called it, has dwindled down to the little farm place at Bridgeton?"

"And the wet meadows a mile beyond, a worthless waste stretch."

"But the sale of the estate equities will pay all the debts?"

"Just that, with possibly a few hundred over."

"Then I am satisfied," said the clear-eyed young lady. "The debts can be honorably liquidated at least, there is shelter and the pensioners are sure of a home."

"I fear you will have to give up your philanthropic ideas, Miss Walton."

"Never!" came the firm, simple reply. "When I fancied I was rich I adopted old Uncle and Aunt Daniels and their two helpless orphaned grandchildren. They are my sacred charges. Much or little, they shall share what bounty I have till the end."

The good old lawyer viewed his handsome client indulgently—and



Boldly Waded After Her Hat and Restored It.

with a certain shade of sadness, withal. In his estimation she was "a splendid lady!" He respected her force of character and admired her beauty. He wondered why, with all her capabilities for attracting attention, she had not chosen a life mate and evaded the harsh rigors her acceptance of four helpless charges was certain to bring to her.

But Inez was loyal and sincere. She was naturally disappointed to see what had been considered a great fortune practically fade away into nothingness. There was one mighty consolation, however: all the debts were paid, within a week she and her pensioners were quite comfortably domiciled in the old house at Bridgeton. She sold off the horses and carriages. The lawyer saved a motey from the sale of the real estate and Inez found herself the possessor of a liquid capital of about nine hundred dollars.

"We're not so bad off, after all," she observed cheerfully to her aunt and uncle. "We can all do some garden work. There is a cow, some chickens, and the twenty acres ought to provide for us with a little drawn from the ready capital. The children must go to school, Aunt Huldah can knit and I can sew, and we shall get along charmingly."

"Yes, indeed," readily chirped in her uncle, "and I am not so old that I cannot do a little work now and then for neighboring farmers."

It depressed Inez when for the first time she went to look at "the wet meadows." They covered a few acres and were a foot deep with swamp grass and water. There seemed to be a spring in the center which bubbled up irrepressibly, the waste water having made a sort of river bed, and draining into the creek half a mile away. Surrounding it was a noble stretch of landscape—woods, valleys, a little lake, and quite recently most of this land had been taken over by a city syndicate. Inez heard that the enterprising speculator controlling it was planning to buy up all the land available and start an up-to-date summer resort.

"It's ideal, that is sure," reflected Inez—"all but my poor little damp patch of bog. Oh, dear!"

The exclamation was caused by a sudden gust of wind taking her new

hat flying. It was a dainty creation, and it skimmed the long waving grass and gently sailed down across the top of a stunted bush.

Inez glanced at her low slippers and the treacherous glint of water under the grasses knee deep in some places. She was about to turn from the spot and find some barefooted farmer's boy to help her out in her predicament, when she noticed, appearing from behind some bushes near the spring, a young man. He wore high boots, lifted his cap to her, boldly waded after her hat and restored it to her. In the interim Inez had noticed that a second man directly at the spring was filling some bottles with the water.

She thanked the stranger very much, impressed with his courteous, manly ways, and left the spot wondering who he might be, but surmising that he was one of the group who were visiting the site of the new summer resort regularly.

It was about a week later that, as Inez came in from the garden, her aunt announced a visitor waiting for her in the little parlor. She was surprised to find that this was the young man who had rescued her runaway hat.

"I represent the new syndicate which is to operate the summer resort here, Miss Walton," he stated. "We have been looking over your spring property. The truth is, we find that its water is of rare medicinal value. To add a spring equal in its virtues to the famous spas abroad is to have a very valuable feature in our general equipment. We wish to secure the right to use it and to build a pagoda, park the surroundings and establish drinking fountains and baths. The negotiation has been left entirely in my hands. I have decided to offer you five thousand dollars."

"Oh, what a blessing!" cried the delighted Inez. "With that I can better provide for my dear ones."

"Five thousand a year on a ten-year lease," concluded the young man, and Inez sat fairly stunned with amazement.

"You cannot mean it!" she gasped. "Why, I offered the land for one thousand dollars outright when I first came here."

"That may be true," spoke Alvin Hughes, "but its value was not then known. I might have bargained if I had been dealing with a man, but you—"

He paused; he did not go on to tell of all the good he had heard of this sterling young woman and the chivalric and noble in his nature that bade him protect her interests.

And so Inez was no longer "Lady Hard Luck." And later she became Lady Thoughtful, and Lady Interested, when she learned that the syndicate managers, when they found out that their representative had acted like a man of honor instead of taking easy advantage of an inexperienced young lady, promptly turned him adrift.

She could not get the sufferer on her behalf out of her mind. She located him at last through a friend, filling a rather poor position.

He had brought her comparative opulence, surely comfort and a competency. He was the one in hard luck now, and all for her sake.

A woman's wit brought about a meeting. A woman's love ruse, genuine and supreme, Alvin Hughes would not share her fortune. Her loyal affection was sufficient, and he was the kind of a man who could make his way rapidly when the smile of a brave, encouraging woman was his—all his own.

So Lady Hard Luck became old Lady Bountiful, her sweet life filled not only with the love of a loyal man, but scattering its perfume among all those with whom her radiant nature came in contact.

Peruvian River of Horror.

There is a river of mystery and horror in Peru, and the legends of rich rubber regions and untold wealth in gold are accompanied by tales of those who went up it never to return. Casimer Watkins, a naturalist, recently returned from South America, tells of the stream.

"This river," he said, "is the Colorado river, the richest river in Peru. Great groves of rubber trees lie along its course, and gold has been found in it. But the Mascoos, a tribe of cannibals, infest it. They still practice cannibalism, and will kill a man on sight. Expeditions have been fitted out and been heavily armed to go exploring for rubber and gold, but none of them has ever returned. The savages have killed the men and eaten them and turned the canoes adrift. They have come down the river empty, bottoms up, or filled with supplies which the savages did not care to remove."

Profound Essay on the Duck.

A little schoolgirl in Michigan has written the following essay on the duck:

"The duck is a low, heavy-set bird. He is a mighty poor singer having a coarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck and he likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking; the duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they come pretty near missing his body, some ducks when they get big curls on their tails are called drakes and don't have to set or hatch but just loaf and go swimming and eat everything in sight if I were to be a duck I would rather be a drake they have a wide bill like they use it for a spade they walk like a drunk man they bounce and bump about side to side if you scare them they will flap their wings and try to make a pass at singing."

Young Man Must Fit Himself For Life Work If He Is to Advance

By CHARLES S. BOHART

A man of twenty-six years, in seeking for a position, was asked to name the trade or profession for which he had fitted himself. He could give no satisfactory answer. He had never thought of nor fitted himself for a life work, but after leaving high school had taken the first job in sight and then floated from job to job. When asked whether he thought that method would ever get him anywhere, he indicated that he had been taught to believe that a worthy young man with a high-school education would eventually reach a creditable goal if he patiently followed a path of careful, conscientious and concentrated effort in any position—but still he had arrived nowhere and was willing to work for \$15 a week.

What's the trouble? Who's to blame? What is wrong with his logic? Can anyone get far in this world without a well-laid plan and a firm will to follow it?

Who should have instructed and counseled this man at the beginning of his career?

Would classroom talks and counsel by a trained and experienced vocational instructor during certain school years help?

Should the state take the responsibility (in order to alleviate unemployment) of instructing those who graduate from our grammar and high schools regarding vocations and choice of life work?

If the man in question had wisely chosen a fitting life work and secured a position at the beginning, which might have been a stepping stone toward his thus developed life ambition, would he not have today been nearer a larger place in life?

Passing of Virginia City Recalls Its Old Glories

Despairing of a revival of Virginia City, Nev., the Enterprise, a newspaper on which Mark Twain once worked, has given up the ghost. In dying it recalls attention to a city once as familiar on men's tongues as Verdun is today, but for reasons quite other. The city of fabulous riches, the city where millions came and went in an hour, the city whose earth yielded the coveted metal as in geyser floods, the city that had a life and a luxury which today amid its sagebrush seem mythical, is now a collection of shacks, no longer able to support a newspaper. Only yesterday, it seems, Virginia City was the most populous in Nevada, though Carson City, as we all learned in our geographies, was the capital. Few things in American history are more romantic than the rise and fall of Virginia City. The state of Nevada survives—a sovereign state is indestructible. In area it equals all of New York and New England combined; Staten Island is more populous. Nevada has had its Reno and its Goldfields, for one thing or another famed, as it has the husk of the once dazzling mining camp, now bereft of its newspaper. But Nevada, with all its vast extent, has not yet learned to graft cactus with cabbages, and until it does its Bedouin cities will fold their tents like the Arabs.—New York Globe.

The Dream Ship

By H. STANLEY HASKINS.

Sleep is the gangplank for me, it seems,
From the everyday world to my ship of dreams,
And faith as I cross it I leave my mind safe with its thoughts, on the wharf behind.
Pixie and goblin and fairy and elf,
All are aboard for a voyage, like myself,
And each has for baggage, the journey to start.
A happy go lucky, go plucky gay heart,
'Tis often we sail by the light of a moon
That hangs in the sky like a paper balloon,
Yet sometimes the harbor is dappled and bright,
And never we leave it for all of the night.
The ship has no crew and no helmsman to steer,
No compass to guide from the Where to the Here,
But always, at morning, our journey is o'er,
And it's over the gangplank of sleep to the shore.

What Women Are Doing.

Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, head of the department of corrections in New York city, has charge of over 5,500 prisoners.

Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish authoress and only woman to ever receive the Nobel prize for literature, makes nearly as much from her herd of Jersey cows as she does from her books.

Miss Frances Weiser, who is employed as a paleontologic draftsman in the United States geological survey, makes most of her drawings under a microscope, as accuracy is essential.

Dr. Anna Manning Comfort is the only surviving member of the first graduating class of the New York Medical college for women. The first batch of doctors were turned out just 50 years ago.

Mrs. Fred A. Busse, wife of the late mayor of Chicago, is now working for that city as a collector at a salary of \$30 per week.

Investigations among the three great industries—the Southern cotton group, the glass industry and the Pennsylvania silk group—show that more than two-thirds of the girls employed are under twenty years of age, while the proportion of married women runs from 10 per cent up to 60 per cent.

WHEN SUN WAS WORSHIPED

Baalbec, Now in Ruins, Was the Center of Religion That Once Had Many Adherents.

Baalbec is the city of the sun. Here the sun god was worshiped thousands of years ago, here the ruins of his great temple still stand, monstrous and majestic, a wonder and a mystery to another age and another race. Here, too, the sun today still seems to smile with particular warmth and fervor, as though regarding his faithful capital now that his place in the hierarchy of deities is gone.

In the ruins of Baalbec you can trace the rise and fall of almost every creed that the near East, rich in creeds, has known. The very stones still lie about that were raised by the worshippers of Baal, whom the Israelites overthrew. Then came the Greeks and the Romans, with temples to Apollo and Jupiter, Bacchus and Venus. The warlike Arabs left their mark in a circle of fortifications, temples to a religion of the sword. Today the Turk holds dominion, and his modern mosques raise their frail domed heads, like the transient structures of children, beside the mighty monuments of the past.

In plain terms of the guidebooks, Baalbec is a little Turkish village of 5,000 people situated near some of the most remarkable ruins on earth. So there are two Baalbecs—the city of yesterday and the city of today. Modern Baalbec has its mosques and its churches and its schools, sends its recruits to the sultan's armies, and makes pilgrims to the temple of Bacchus, where its young men and maidens hold hands in the twilight. Ancient Baalbec is a confused colossus, a heap of mighty blocks of cunningly carved stone, earthquake tossed and time eaten, piled haphazard and buried in sand, with here and there some frieze, some wall, some shrine or altar still raising its head through the tide of destruction to hold aloft the symbol of the sun or the Roman eagle.

The old stones have taken on a peculiarly rich and golden color with the years. Fragments that archeologists unearth from underground are pale and colorless, but the sunlight of centuries has touched what it could reach with its own sunset hues. Few sights are so beautiful as Baalbec on a clear spring evening. The five great columns of the sun rear their slender height heavenward like the trunks of giant palms. The tumbled temple stones glow golden in the level rays, while below stretches the tender green of young grain, the delicate bloom of wide orchards. The rock of the columns crumbles with the passing of ages, but the bloom of growing life that blights at a frosty breath returns ever fresh and new, spring after spring, eternally.

Sculptor's Prophecy.

Suddenly, in the midst of his work, Arnold Ronnebeck, who was designing the decorations for municipal bridges in Berlin, was overwhelmed by a strange and unaccountable feeling of sadness. It was not like a mood, but rather like a deep shadow cast over him and his work. He was under contract to do the work, but he could not keep at it. Finally he yielded to what was for him a mysterious impulse, and let his feelings have their way with him. No one was more astonished than he when he had finished, roughly but with simple power, a figure of the crucified Christ and the mourning women.

He could not explain it. He wrote to a friend: "I felt I had to do it. I could find no other symbol to express my sense of tragedy. But as soon as it was done I felt relief, and I am working again."

Did the war fling the shadow of the cross over the sensitive soul of the artist, and was his mood born of the inner knowledge that there was to be another crucifixion, and that again throughout the world there would be women mourning at the foot of the cross upon which humanity was bleeding?—Christian Herald.

Great Names Die Out.

It is curious how rarely our military and naval supermen leave direct posterity in the male line. In the three cases of Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley and Lord Kitchener the succession has passed out of the usual direct male line. Lord Nelson was succeeded by his brother, for whom in fact the earldom was created in recognition of the hero's last and greatest exploit. Lord Howe, victor of the "Glorious First of June," left no son, and the barony of Howe descended to his daughter. The title conferred on Lord Strathairn is extinct, and there is no longer a Lord Clyde. Lord Anson, the great sailor who gridded the world, left no children, and the title was recreated for his great-nephew.—London Chronicle.

Sugar Cane in Arizona.

Sugar cane is being raised in Arizona for the first time to any extent. Some 1,200 acres of the Salt River valley are under cultivation, and next season this acreage will be increased to 5,000. This innovation is predicted to be the beginning of an extensive industry, as the valley lands of both Arizona and New Mexico are considered well suited for the growth of cane, and the higher lands can also be cultivated where irrigation may be had.

Deer-Hunting Accident.

Figures of the United States bureau of biological survey for the period of 1908-1912, inclusive, show that there were 62 deer-hunting accidents in states that had no buck law, and only 11 in those that had.

MADE BIG MISTAKE

TRAVELING MAN "GOT GAY" WITH THE WRONG MAN.

Meant His Remarks as a Joke, but Sleepy Individual Whom He Had Abused Could Not See It That Way.

A Columbus traveling man tells of an unusual and humorous experience on the road down in south Georgia a few days ago.

A salesman had been working that section and found business fine. Cotton sales had been good and the folks had money to buy his commodity and did buy. So, his work over and an envelope stuffed with orders mailed in the post office, he felt in extraordinary fine spirits when he boarded the train to go to the next town.

The train started off and the salesman stood on the back platform, smoking a good cigar and surveying the scenery with great satisfaction. A rather shiftless looking individual was leaning against a post near the track, a hundred yards or so from the depot. The train had gathered considerable momentum and was going fast when it passed the post.

The salesman was in extraordinary high spirits and his good humor had to vent itself some way; and it expressed itself in this most unusual manner. When the rapidly-moving train passed the shiftless-looking man the traveler leaned off the platform, shook his fingers in the other's face and in the course of two or three hilarious seconds gave him his complete industrial and personal history in terse, crisp phrases. The traveling man was smiling, and if the citizen had but known it, his apparently derogatory remarks were really an expression of overflowing good nature and satisfaction with the world, but the sleepy-looking man couldn't see anything in it but malice of the most astonishing and unexpected kind.

To the traveling man's astonishment, the sleepy-looking man, galvanized into life, started down the track at full speed after the train, now going quite fast. It was apparently an unequal race and the man on the platform was lightly amused, although admiring the other's pluck and endurance. In two or three minutes, however, he was surprised to find the speed of the train lessening, and as it did so the runner made another spurt. In just a little bit the train came to a dead stop—the engine always paused to get water there, although this passenger was, of course, unaware of that fact. The Marathon runner in the rear arrived in time to jerk the traveler off the platform. The classiest kind of light followed, but when the traveling man managed to climb back on the platform as the train started off again, he had two well-blacked eyes and his new suit was sadly torn, while the gentleman whom he had decorated with several titles a quarter mile back down the track, had found and was utilizing another post and seemed in a state of perfect content.—Macon Telegraph.

Predicts a Simple Religion.

"When the war is over we are going to have a simple religion, a religion without frills," the bishop of Stepey said, addressing those who took part in the second procession of prayer and intercession service arranged by the Church League for Women's Suffrage in Hyde Park. "No frills," he added, pointing, amid laughter, to the frills on his own steeves.

"We shall want a religion that will hold us together. We have had a great deal too much of individualism in religion. We have had too much of theology of the jolly miller who lived on the banks of the River Dee, who said, 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me!'"

The boys when they came back from the front would not want mere singing, or billiards, diluted with religious thought, but something stronger and firmer, he asserted, and with all his heart he believed we wanted more religion, but a real, living, simple religion.—London Observer.

Speed of the Turtle.

The slowness of the turtle again is proved, but he gets there just the same. While hunting on Dantz run in Delmar township, L. R. Van Horn found a large mud turtle. He noticed a steel plate on its back, which bore the inscription "V. D. G., 4-15-13." It was supposed that these were the initials of V. D. Gross of Tyadaghton, and Van Horn wrote him a letter.

He replied that he had found the turtle in Pine creek at Tyadaghton and put on the plate and turned him loose. In two years and seven months his turtle has traveled 18 miles. Van Horn has had a copper plate made with his initials and address, and he will send the turtle to some point in the North Tier and have it liberated.—Wellsboro (Pa.) Correspondent New York Sun.

In Darkest San Francisco.

A superb marble figure of Christ typifying "Christianity Emerging From Paganism," the work of a famous foreign artist, exhibited at the Panama exposition, was offered as a gift to the city of San Francisco. The women of that city raised \$4,000 to meet the cost of transportation and material, but the park commissioners refused the gift on the ground that "the subject was a religious one."—Leslie's.

Be Sure Fire Is Out.

Are you going camping, or for any purpose make a fire in or near the woods? If you are—be sure to put out the fire when you leave.

STAR OF FILM DOM



Mary Fuller.

Young actress who has risen high in the movie world.

Poultry Pointers.

(By H. L. KEMPSTER, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

As the chicks grow they need more room. It does not pay to let them crowd.

Beware of musty, moldy, sour or decayed food. It is sure to cause trouble.

Tough grass is of no value as a green food. Better sow some quick-growing crop.

Feed hoppers greatly reduce the work. If they are kept filled, the chicks will never go hungry.

If your chicks are not doing well something is wrong. Look out for lice and for worms in the intestines.

Two-year-old hens had better be sent to the market. They seldom pay for their feed if kept over a third season.

Grit and oyster shell should be included in the ration for both young and old. To neglect this would be poor economy.

Young stock will do better if not compelled to pick their living with the old. There will also be less trouble from lice.

Shade is one of the most important essentials during the hot months. Get the chicks into the orchard and cornfield.

A growing chick will not thrive on short rations. If the right kind of food is fed, there is little danger of over-feeding, especially if they are given plenty of range.

Supplement the regular feeds with a wet mash—fed crumbly. Feed all the chicks will clean up before going to roost, but none should be left in the trough, for it will sour.

Mark the pullets this fall so that you will know just how old your hens are. A leg band on the right leg one year and on the left leg the next will assist in culling the flock. A hog ring will serve the purpose.

Big Agricultural Warehouse.

New Orleans has the largest agricultural warehouse in the world. It has a capacity of 2,000,000 bales of cotton and is adapted to the storage of all other packed commodities, such as sugar and coffee. It was built at a cost of \$3,500,000 by the state of Louisiana and is said to reduce the cost of handling any agricultural commodity 40 per cent. There are 23 acres of ground under roof, while the entire plant occupies 150 acres.