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Love and Alice May

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

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Alice saw him coming down the platform toward her. She would have known him anywhere, the way he carried his dark head, the humorous glint in his brown eyes, the sudden smile that showed his very white teeth.

She wondered whether she could avoid him.

"Why, Alice May! I haven't seen you for a blue moon!" he cried, dropping his bag and taking her little gloved hand in his.

"A blue moon four years old," she answered.

Then she could have bitten out her tongue for admitting it.

"What are you doing here?" Billy Rogers asked with that engaging way of his.

"I live here now."

"Oh, yes. You're married, of course?"

"Yes," she answered. Crimson swept over her cheeks.

In that moment she had covered over all the hurt of four years of remembrance with a "yes." Somehow she could not have Billy pity her, have him think that she still remembered.

"And how is your wife?" Alice May asked.

"Oh, very well," Billy answered abruptly.

He turned to her with his old eager way.

"I want to hear all about you. I've got to wait here for two hours for the next train. You couldn't—you wouldn't—that is, would you have tea with me?"

"My—my husband is very broad-minded, but what about your wife?" Alice asked quickly.

"Oh, my wife's heard all about you. She'd be glad," he answered.

They walked up the main street together. Alice hot and cold in turns at the monotony of the lie she had told. And yet at the moment it had seemed the only way to save her pride, the only way to be on equal terms with Billy again.

For she wanted to hear about him, what he did, what he thought, what he felt. Surely it would be no disloyalty to the woman Billy loved—his wife—to spend just two hours with him on their old terms of comradeship and understanding.

Alice looked up at him shyly. How good he was to look at! She liked the seriousness of those brown eyes, the clean-cut mouth, the brown cheeks, even the way his hair grew.

He smiled down at her suddenly. "Where are you taking me, Alice May?"

"Here," she said.

"Here" was a tea shop with crispy fresh dotted swiss curtains at the window, and once they had pushed open the door Billy cried, "How jolly!"

It had a wide, white fireplace with shining andirons, oval rag rugs, a spinning wheel and round tables with a pot of primroses or wild violets centering each.

They chose a table by the window, and Alice watched Billy shrug out of his coat with that old familiar gesture and fling himself down in the settle beside her.

"I believe," he said with that glint of humor in his eyes, "that you brought me here because you knew how becoming it was to you!"

It was becoming to Alice. The neutral-colored walls, the pleasant old-time furniture, seemed to be her background. She was not exactly pretty, but something more than pretty.

"Alice May," Billy said thoughtfully, when their tea and crumpets and marmalade had been brought and Alice poured with that dainty precision of hers, "I want to know all about that house of yours and those chubby-cheeked children!"

She blushed again.

"Yes, two lumps; how did you remember? I know you have sunny rooms and that flowered stuff beside the windows—and a piano overflowing with music and flowers everywhere—now, haven't you? And two rosy youngsters in what-do-you-call-'ems'?"

"I'll tell you all about that," she said quickly, "but first I want to know all about you! How's your work and—your wife?"

"Oh, my work?" his eyes lighted up. "I'm going down to Mexico shortly. Think of it, Alice May—the adventure—putting a new bridge across the wilderness. A company's sending me down there, but it's at my own risk. I've been about it—" he stopped.

"There, I'm boring you to death."

"And your wife?" Alice persisted.

He stirred his tea absently and forgot to drink it. Alice knew all at once that he wasn't happy, that this woman who had married him was not the woman for him. She hated her in that moment.

She thought suddenly of her friendship and Billy's. They had walked and skated, danced and tensed each other. They had exchanged books and opinions; Alice had made chafing-dish suppers and Billy had brought her ribbon-looped boxes of candies. Yet strangely enough they had never verged on love making.

Alice knew she could never forget as long as she lived—the night Billy had told her he was being sent to Alaska.

"Think of the adventure of it, Alice May!"

But she had only thought of the loneliness of it.

She had smiled to him bravely enough, told him how glad she was—until she had seen his train pull out of the station. And his letters that had begun so lengthily had finally stopped altogether. And—then she had heard he was married.

"What are you thinking of, Alice May?" Billy asked, breaking into her thoughts.

"I am thinking," said Alice softly, "that if you're going to get that train you'd better begin to go for it!"

"And you haven't told me about your husband and those two kids?" he said a little wistfully.

"Would you really like to know?" she asked.

"I'd like to know anything about you," he answered.

His voice sent her heart beat hurray-ing. She stood up and gathered up her gloves. The waitress, coming to look for her tip, observed with gratification that the tip was large—and the crumpets untouched.

There wasn't any use of pretending any longer. Alice realized how weak she had been to come with him. She loved him still, she always would, and now she would have to begin all over again—to put him out of her thoughts.

"Hello, Miss Hill," a little girl called as they came out of the tearoom, "did I pass my examination in geography?"

"I'll tell you Monday," Alice Hill answered.

A furious crimson swept over her white cheeks.

Billy Rogers stopped still.

"What does she mean? Why did she call you Miss Hill? Are you still teaching?"

"Yes, I am teaching. And I'm not married. And I never will be—" her voice caught in a little sob—"and now will you let me go, Billy Rogers?"

He caught her hand and tucked it into his arm and his voice was something she could never forget.

"Let you go now that I've found you again? Do you think I'm crazy, Alice May Hill? I'm going to take you off with me now—to Mexico. We'll be married this afternoon by the little preacher in the town where we used to live—"

Alice tried to draw her arm away. "But—your wife?" she whispered.

"My wife and your husband belong in the same boat. They were both made up on the spur of the moment—at least my wife was."

"But are you sure," Alice persisted, "that you want me?"

"And why, if I didn't, did I stop off at Hill Center on my way to Mexico?"

But, after all, it wasn't his words that silenced her, but the kiss he gave her behind the dreary waiting room, when she forgot everything but that she loved him, too.

EACH FLOWER HAS PURPOSE

Many Peoples Are Intensely Superstitious About Uses to Which They Shall Be Put.

The Japanese are very superstitious about many flowers, and will have none of them. The orchid, gentian, daphne and azalia, are utterly prohibited for felicitous occasions. There is also with them an aristocracy of flowers most sharply defined. The iris is of princely dignity, but because of its purple color must not be used for weddings. Some flowers in themselves are regarded as being of ill-omen. Such is the camellia, for instance, which is neglected because its red blossoms fall off whole in a manner which reminds the Japanese of decapitated heads.

In Mexico the Indian carnation bears the name of the flower of the dead, and when a virgin dies it is customary for a young woman to carry a garland of flowers and sweet herbs in front of the coffin. The high priest of the ancient Mexicans gave nice leaves, traced over with sacred characters, to people going among volcanoes, to protect them from the incident dangers.

In China the peony is regarded with superstitious reverence and pride. The natives of Samoa, in order to secure the admission of a departed spirit to the joys of their paradise, wreath the head of the corpse with flowers.

Prodigals.
William H. Allen writes in "Civics and Health":

The man who is prodigal of his health may work along all right for years, never realizing until the test comes that he is running behind in his vitality. The test may be hard times, promotion, exposure to cold, heat, fever or a sudden call for all his control in avoiding accident. His career may be ruined, because of no health bank account to draw upon in time of need; because of vitality depleted by alcohol, tobacco, overeating, under-exercise or too little sleep.

Critical Criticism.
The young editor had just founded a new magazine—one of those highbrow things with pale gray covers and uncut pages—and was eager for applause.

"What do you think of it?" he asked the celebrated literary critic to whom he took a copy for examination.

"Well," replied the other, warily, but warmly, "the stuff you rejected must certainly have been rotten."—American Legion Weekly.

Modest.
"Alexander wanted to conquer the world."

"I have done that," said the popular movie actress. "What I would like now would be for the constellations to arrange themselves so as to spell out my name in the sky."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

BEING NEIGHBORLY

THE first and final requisite of civilization is that the people shall be neighborly. There is no better remedy for temperamental indigestion than good-fellowship—nothing so productive of amity between individuals and nations.

When neighbors call to one another from opposite doorways they are unconsciously strewing the rough path of life with flowers, making the home atmosphere brighter and easing one another's burdens.

The wealth of the world cannot buy such friendliness.

Such civility as this usually emanates from the middle classes who compose the great majority. They sing at their work, accept their position in society with complacency. Among such people the destitute never starve nor remain unattended in illness.

The women folk, besides keeping their homes neat as lilies, mend clothing, darn stockings, and as likely as not make their own dresses, if they find by so doing they can save a little money to help in sending their Williams to college and their Marys, who have wonderful voices, to the conservatory of music.

And the husky men build barns, dig ditches, plant gardens, prune trees, fight potato bugs and crank up their automobiles with punctilious regularity for a family ride.

Bridge parties and five o'clock teas are not so popular with them.

They prefer neighborly confraternities, the great outdoors, the buds and blooms, the lovely scents of earth and air, where their joy can gush out without restraint.

They are not human counterfeiters. They admit their frailties, but if you will observe them closely, you will discover that their redeeming qualities, which sweeten their cares, are far in excess of their faults. For that matter, if you turn to them in trouble you will find their kindly deeds and encouraging words, hand-in-hand.

Comfortably happy themselves, they delight in giving happiness to others. Their souls are awake to the growing need of a friendlier relation, a closer alliance and a stronger bond of sympathy among the various sons of men, whose greater troubles come from not being neighborly.

Even if we regard such concord as no more than a sort of primitive friendship, it has in it divine principles of excellence which neither querist nor analyst can argue away.

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A MAN WHO BECAME FAMOUS

Doctor L. V. Pierce, whose picture appears above, was not only a successful physician but also a profound student of the medicinal qualities of Nature's remedies, roots and herbs, and by close observation of the methods used by the Indians, he discovered their great remedial qualities, especially for weaknesses of women, and after careful preparation succeeded in giving to the world a remedy which has been used by women with the best results for half a century. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is still in great demand, while many other so-called "euro-aids" have come and gone. The reason for Dr. Pierce's phenomenal success is because of its absolute purity, and Dr. Pierce's high standing as an honored citizen of Buffalo is a guarantee of all that is claimed for the Favorite Prescription as a regulator for the ill peculiar to women.

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Damage by Forest Fires.
Most forest streams are slightly acid—a condition known to be well adapted to trout—but forest fires often cause a deposit of ash which gives the streams an alkaline quality most destructive to fish life.

Enjoyment in Employment.
The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—Emerson.

"The Root of All Evil."
"Do love of money," said Uncle Eben, "is do root of all evil. Jes' do same, we keeps routin' harder for money dan we does for football."—Washington Evening Star.

Hard Life of Unmarried Girl.
In Papua, the unmarried woman lives in a tree high above the other natives, in a shanty little hut made from bamboo.

Wrinkles and "Wrinkles."
"By the time a woman has reached middle age she has picked up a good many wrinkles," says an exchange. Among them being some which enable her to hide the others.

Just Like the Men.
London doctor now comes forward with the cheerless news that women are too weak for housework. Well, the men are not strong for it, either.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

At the Afternoon Tea.
Mrs. Newlygit (to daughter)—"Jane, dear! Sing the song the French professor charged \$50 an hour to teach you!"

Wonderful Fiber of Silk.
Silk furnishes the longest continuous fiber known. One cocoon has been known to yield nearly three-fourths of a mile.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

Oh, life is full of pitting things Of frayed ends and knotted strings. The garment we live in, is much, as we make it. So care for it, nourish it, keep it fit. —Heien Hunnewell.

COOLING DISHES

EXTREMELY hot weather is usually our lot at this season, so we need food that appeals, is nutritious without being too great a tax on the digestion.

Melon Ice Basket.
Remove the edible part of a cantaloupe, leaving the melon in basket shape. To three pints of the pulp add one and one-half cupsful of sugar and the juice of five lemons. Press through a sieve and freeze. Serve in the melon basket, garnish with cherries or with Canton ginger. Place each basket on a grape leaf or any pretty green leaf from the garden. Cucumber leaves will be appropriate.

Peach Delight.
Take a quart of ripe peaches, cut fine and put through a sieve. Boil two cupsful of sugar and two cupsful of water for ten minutes; add the peaches, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and the unbeaten whites of three eggs. Freeze as usual.

Nougat Ice Cream.
Make a custard, using five eggs, a cupful of sugar, three cupsful of milk, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; cook and cool. Add one-third of a cupful each of chopped pistachio nuts, filberts and almond meats. Freeze.

Marshmallow Pudding.
Cut half a cupful of walnut meats into bits, quarter a half-pound of marshmallow and cut into bits one-fourth of a cupful of maraschino cherries. Beat one cupful of heavy cream, fold in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and a pinch of salt. Now add the nuts and cherries, mold and pack in ice.

Raspberry Surprise.
Crush a cupful of raspberries, sweeten with sugar to taste, fold into a heavy whipped cream and pour into a cake shell. Use a pound cake, cut off the top, scoop out the crumbs and fill the cavity with the raspberry and cream mixture, adding gelatin if it is to stand any time. Cover with the top piece and serve at the table.

Nellie Maxwell
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Only fifteen states definitely forbid marriage between divergent races.

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