Factory Safety Device.

The management of a machine tool works in America has during the last several years kept a careful record of all accidents and made a study of them in the endeavor to ascertain just where danger is greatest and what accidents can be prevented by means of improved safety devices. One recently installed device particularly interesting is an electrically operated control by which the power at the engine room can be stopped by pushing a button anywhere in the works.—Exchange.

The Tramp's Golf Ball.

A tramp and a golfer met on the green.

"My good man," said the golfer in anxious tones, "have you seen a golf ball hereabouts? It's my last ball, and if I lose it I shall have to give up my day's game and return to town."

The tramp, a villainous looking individual, answered:

"No, boss, I ain't seen no golf ball, but I've got one in my pocket that I brought from home what I don't mind sellin' you for a couple of dollars."—New York Times.

Persia's Turquoise Mines.

By far the largest part of the world's turquoise comes from the mines near the Persian city of Nishapur, where Omar Khayyam was born and lies buried. The mines are situated in a range of mountains rising to the height of 6,655 feet. The highest point at which turquoises have been found is 5,800 feet above sea level and the lowest 4,800 feet. The geologic formation of the Nishapur mountains is porphyries, greenstone, limestone and sandstone the turquoise being found in veins in the rock. The methods of the Persians who operate the mines is quite antiquated, for only ladders and pulleys are used in the rough shafts.

Swords Bent Double to Test Them.

If you have an opportunity at any time of examining a sword such as is used in naval and military services you may notice that just below the hilt, an inch or two down the blade, there is a small disk of brass welded into the blade. The meaning of this brass might well escape any one not possessed of a well developed sense of curiosity. Swords are subjected to very severe tests before being issued, and this brass piece indicates that one of the tests to which the sword was subjected was to have its point bent right back until it touched the hilt at the brass spot. Swords that have successfully withstood this severe test are trustworthy.—London Chronicle.

Remorse.

"For two years after I was married I was ashamed to meet the preacher who united my wife and me in the holy bonds. You see, in my excited condition I made a blunder and gave him a five dollar bill instead of $20 which I intended to hand him. I suppose he thought I was a cheap skate, but I couldn't very well explain it without making myself ridiculous or causing him to suspect that I was lying about it."

"You say you felt that way for two years?"

"Yes. After that I began to be sorry I had given him anything!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nero and His Voice.

The Emperor Nero took remarkable care of his voice. At night Nero lay on his back, with a thin plate of lead on his stomach. He abstained from fruits and all dishes which could hurt his voice. In order not to damage the purity of its sound he ceased haranguing the soldiers and the senate. He attached to his service an officer specially deputed to take care of his voice. He talked only in the presence of this singular official, who warned him when he spoke too loudly or forced his voice, and if the emperor, carried away by some sudden fit of passion, did not listen to his remonstrances it was his duty to stop his mouth with a napkin. —Modern Medicine.

Floating Prisons.

Of the five ships used as floating prisons for the confinement of refractory convicts in the penal colonies of Australia, but one, the Success, remains as a memorial to the hundreds of unfortunate wretches who suffered pain and death in the narrow, damp cells of the hulks. When a convict rebelled at the treatment accorded him in the quarries he was "sent to the hulks' for at least two years, there to be fastened with ball and chain and fed on bread and water only. The irons and flogging whips may still be seen on the Success, which is anchored in the harbor at Sydney.—New York Sun.

A BIT OF KINDNESS.

"The greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children." I wonder how it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back, for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love.—Henry Drummond.

The New Girl

She Found a Friend In Need

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The orchestra wailed into silence as the curtain dropped for the last time. The audience rustled and chattered and elbowed its way out amid the bang of chairs.

Behind the scenes the chorus girls were sleepily discarding their gorgeous raiment and slipping into commonplace street clothes. By ones and twos and threes they disappeared down the narrow, dimly lighted hall that led to the street.

Last of all went Anne Shaw, a new girl with dragging feet. She was tired and homesick and hungry, and the stage manager had reprimanded her for the listless manner of her dancing. She would not receive her first week's salary for five long days, and her wretchedly shabby little purse was empty. A dreary hall bedroom at the top of three flights confronted her.

How she hated it all! But it was too late now to retreat from the position she had taken in defiance of the wishes of her family. She was proud and had assured them that she would come back to them a great actress. They would wait and see.

This position in the chorus of a new musical comedy was the best she could do after several weeks of hard rehearsals, during which time she spent the money she had managed to save from her salary as a bookkeeper in a downtown warehouse.

When she opened the outer door the fresh air revived her drooping spirits, while at the same time it unfortunately sharpened her healthy young appetite.

THE MAN LEANED FORWARD AND PEERED INTO HER FRIGHTENED FACE.

A coffee cake and a glass of water do not supply the nutrition that is required by a girl who has exercised violently for three hours.

As she stepped to the sidewalk a man emerged from the gloom about the doorway and spoke. "You're late," he said reproachfully. "I've been waiting fifteen minutes," and then, before she could utter a word of explanation or protest, with a quick movement he hustled her into a waiting taxicab, followed her, and instantly they were rolling over the asphalt, while the lighted street swept past them on either side like streams of fire.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said the new girl hurriedly.

"The deuce I have!" The man leaned forward and peered into her frightened face. The passing lights revealed a mist of dusky hair framing a small featured, pensive oval, out of which shone a pair of soft black eyes. As he drew back she dropped the white chiffon veil over her face again.

"I thought you were Margery Sare," he said impatiently.

"I'm sorry, but you did not give me a chance to explain," she said in her low, sweet voice. "I think Miss Sare went home at once. Something was said about a telegram containing bad news. If you will set me down"—

"Of course I will take you home," he said courteously. "Where to?"

She named a street given over to theatrical boarding houses. "I would rather walk, if you please. I—I have an errand."

"At this time of night? Something to eat. You girls are always hungry." He laughed good naturedly.

"I'll get out here, right here, please!" she cried eagerly.

He signaled the chauffeur to stop, but something in her tone caused him to follow her glance to where three gilded balls swung over a lighted entrance. He looked at her gloved hand clasping a small locket suspended from a chain about her neck.

"You'll have some supper with me first," he said almost roughly. "I know a quiet little place. It's respectable enough, don't you worry, where we can get something to eat, and, by Jove, I'm ravenous myself!"

"But," began Anne when his signal to the man to drive on cut her words short.

"That's all right. Of course you don't recognize me. When you do you'll not object to eating a bite with me now that Miss Sare has failed to keep her appointment with me."

Something very like a sigh of relief preceded her murmured thanks. Presently they found themselves seated at opposite sides of a small table in a deserted little restaurant far from the poular eating district.

The girl sat with drooping head studying the menu. Her cheeks showed crimson through the gauze veil that was wrapped about her hat. The man, big and handsome, with a youthful, alert air about him that belied his middle aged gray hair, watched her keenly, knowing all the while that she was shy and ill at ease and that her instinctive frugality kept her eyes away from the higher priced articles of food.

"I will order if you will permit me," he said gently.

"If you will, please," she said gratefully, not lifting her eyes.

He ordered a steak with its hearty accompaniments and a pot of tea, which was obviously not for himself.

"I'm not—I've never been out to supper like this before," said the girl, with sudden emphasis, her eyes still on the printed card in her hand.

"Of course not. Anybody would know that," he returned, with a mellow little laugh that ended abruptly. "The same old story, I suppose—tired of the village life and hoping to win fame and fortune on the stage."

Anne shook her head slowly, and he could see the quiver of her red lips.

"Then I'll bet you're the stage struck daughter of a millionaire, and now you're sorry because you ran away from home, where they have three square meals a day even if you have to eat 'em off gold plate and have a butler hanging around your chair."

"You are all wrong," she said, with a note of impatience in her voice. "There is nothing romantic about it whatever. It's all horribly sordid. I've lived in New York all my life, and I've worked in an office for three years. My father is a butcher, and I have a sister and a mother, the dearest in the world." Her voice shook dangerously. "I've always had plenty to eat and everything comfortable to wear. We live in a flat, but everything was so deadly commonplace and dull I thought things on the stage would be different It looks so from the front."

"Of course it does. That's what we aim to make it. You've been foolish, but you're mighty lucky to get back your good sense before it's too late. If your father is a butcher you needn't pine to be a theatrical star or even the daughter of a millionaire, because at the present high price of meat you can outtop 'em all!" He laughed heartily at his own joke, and Anne smiled faintly.

"Eat your supper, quick now, because I'm going to take you home to your folks. Where do they live?"

"On the east side, but I couldn't give up my place without seeing the manager. He has engaged me, you know."

For the first time since their encounter she lifted her eyes to his amused face. "Oh!" she gasped confusedly.

"Yes, it's nobody else!" nodded the manager kindly. "If you'd had courage to look at me before you would have recognized me. You have my permission to leave at once, and we will call this"—he waved the dinner check gayly—"we will call this part of your wages. That preserves your independence, eh?"

"Yes, and thank you so much, and can I go home at once?" she asked eagerly.

"Not until after you've finished your supper," he admonished her. "It's a reflection on the profession for you to return home half starved. If you'll give me your name and address I'll send you the rest of your salary."

After he had noted it in a little book that he tucked away in his pocket his glance was attracted by the pale face of a young man who was staring angrily at them from the sidewalk outside the open door.

"There's a young man in the case, too, I'll be bound," he said as the waiter flew away with the money he had laid beside the check.

He was unprepared for the swift blush that crimsoned her lovely face and the tears that filled her startled eyes. "Yes," she said unsteadily, "you've been so kind to me that I don't mind telling you that there is somebody. He follows me from the theater every night to see that I reach the boarding house safely. He is so angry with me that he won't speak to me."

"Works in an office, too, eh?" he ventured.

She nodded wearily.

The manager arose from his chair. "Well, he's waiting at the door for you now," he said coolly, "so if you'll just introduce me so that I can tell him that I have discharged you from the company—why, he can take you home in the taxi, and I'll catch another cab."

Anne stumbled eagerly to her feet and looked toward the door. Her happy glance encountered the fierce glare of her jealous lover, and she had to beckon several times before he left the sidewalk and slowly approached them.

"Will you take me home, Jim?" she asked simply after she had introduced the manager. "I was tired and homesick and half starved. I was going to pawn this locket with your picture in it when Mr. Monroe insisted upon my eating a good square meal. After that he was going to take me home to mother and the rest of them and you."

Jim's hand flew out to meet the extended palm of the manager, and when that genial gentleman had seen them depart in the taxicab he stood on the curbstone looking down at the hand that Anne had pressed warmly in farewell.

On his hand was splashed a tear that had fallen from her happy eyes, and he looked long at the drop.

"Old man," he thus addressed himself, "I'm prouder of that than if it was the Kohinoor."

Have you paid the printer?