

## HARD ROLE TO PLAY

By JANE OSBORN.

To be the youngest male professor in a girl's college would be trying enough, but, added to that distinction, to possess a pair of boyish blue eyes and a snubish sort of freckled nose that just naturally made girls of the college age treat you like a younger brother was a role that few men would like to play. But Tom Newbury had his reasons. It was not only because the post of professor of mathematics at Mendham was the first available means of earning his living that presented itself two years ago, when he left his alma mater. The real reason, although no one knew it but Tom, was that Sally Phelps was about to enter Mendham, and, although Tom hadn't mentioned the fact to her, he rather liked the idea of being near her.

It was a springlike day in February when Sally had been in college a year and a half that Tom Newbury at last decided that he could wait no longer to make his declaration. Second semester had begun, and he had decided never to begin another. In fact, he had accepted a position as mining engineer and had decided to persuade Sally to leave school with him in May.

He had decided to make his long-deferred declaration down the lane that leads from the campus toward the woods at Mendham. The dormitory reception room is so frightfully uncompromising, so unsympathetic toward such an adventure. Even on a cold day, the lane toward the woods was a warmer spot.

But planning was one thing and getting Sally to stroll down the lane was quite another.

"Really I'm dreadfully sorry," she told him, looking out of brown eyes that were as frank and honest as his own, yes, too, that looked at Tom almost on a level, for Sally was every inch as tall as the youngest professor. "You see, tonight's the night of the sophomore banquet—down in the boat-house across the lake. We have had fires laid in the fireplaces and the caterer is going to manage somehow. You see, we had to have it some place that the freshmen would not suspect. Don't breathe a word of it."

There was no use asking Sally to see him after the banquet, or to give him time before, for Sally was class president and there would be no room in her busy evening for thoughts of aught besides class matters. And before Tom could speak of a possible stroll down the lane the following evening she was off on the pretext of having to spend the afternoon working over the speech she had to make that night.

It was in no very cheerful frame of mind that the youngest professor strolled down through the campus before going to his boarding house for dinner that evening. What if Sally wouldn't accept him after all? Had he been wasting those two years when he might have been working at a man's job in the man's world instead of cloistered away in a woman's college?

He walked slowly down to the exact spot in the lane that he had chosen in his earlier plans for asking Sally. He leaned over the footbridge that spanned the little stream and took in long breaths of the crisp, bracing February air, in which there was ever so slight a hint of approaching spring. The setting sun sent long shafts of red-golden light through the mass of tangled brush that bordered the little stream below.

Then in the recently-melted waters of that very stream he saw Sally's reflection, even before he realized that she was standing at his side.

He turned and would have spoken when Sally clapped her hand abruptly over his mouth.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Hide me! They'll see us. Here, down under the bridge in the brambles. They will never think of looking there."

And before Tom had a chance to ask for an explanation he and Sally had secreted themselves under the bridge on the woody growth of branches and vines that grow at the side of the stream.

"It's a little soggy here," Sally whispered at length, seizing Tom's hand to keep from slipping on the thawing ground. "But I think I am safe. They won't think of looking here, will they?"

"Who won't?" asked Tom, clutching the brambles in an effort to keep his footing.

"The freshmen. You see, we tried to keep it a secret about that banquet, but it leaked out and now they are trying to kidnap me. The idea you know is always to get the class presidents on banquet nights. Well, I started out and I thought I'd get around to the boathouse all right if I went this way. I put on Peggy Adams' coat. You know what a giant she is. I'm tripping on the coat now. But they must have found out that I got her things because just when I got this far I heard them calling. I heard one of them say:

"She's making for the little lane. Bind her hand and foot and tie the bag over her head." You know, they aren't very careful what they do to class presidents on banquet nights. I'm perfectly safe here, of course, only I've got to get to the banquet."

It may have been highly inopportune, but with Tom there was no time like the one planned for the deed. Why tempt Providence by not proposing to Sally on the spot?

Sally answered his appeal not quite as sedately as Tom had expected. In fact she actually laughed. "If that

isn't like a man. You have kept me guessing for months. I was just crazy to know whether you really and truly liked me a little, but you wouldn't give me an inkling, and now when either of us may slip down in the mud any minute, down here under the bridge and the brambles, with me all smothered up in Peggy Adams' coat, you ask me. But you know I care. Ask me again tomorrow night. I've really got to get to that banquet now. Tom, if you really love me show it now. You give me your coat and hat and I'll fool them. It's getting dark. They'll never know. You're an angel. You must wait here a little while so they won't think it is funny that there are two of us if they are still watching. You know it would mortify me to death if those snippy freshmen really got me."

In a second, Tom, shorn of his coat and hat, was watching from his retreat the departing figure of Sally, who was taking long strides and strutting off in apparent imitation of his gait.

He waited patiently for five minutes. The darkness was settling and a cold wind was springing up. He looked down at the bundled coat and hat that belonged to Sally's Amazonian roommate.

"It may be a queer fit," he said, "but I'm not going to catch pneumonia for anyone." And with that he pulled on Peggy Adams' spacious coat and pulled her sport hat down over his head, and then, forgetful of his strange disguise, he strolled through the woods in the direction that Sally had gone.

Suddenly he heard footsteps behind him and then a torrent of high pitched voices. Then the youngest professor suddenly felt himself borne down upon by unseen hands from the rear and in another minute he was struggling against what seemed to be a bag that was drawn over his head and was being tied securely about his waist and bound in gag-wise, at his mouth. Then the youngest professor felt himself being pushed by some dozen firm young hands and arms into what apparently was a bag of enormous proportions.

"Now lift her into the wheelbarrow, gently, 'cause we don't want to hurt her." That was as much as Tom could stand. It did not take much of an effort to wriggle his way out of the gag tied about his mouth, and with a few more struggles his hands were free. The outer bag seemed to be more securely tied. He could at least use his voice and his fists. He pitched his voice as low as possible and assumed an air of deep importance.

"Young ladies, this is going too far."

There was a chorus of mingled screams pitched in as many keys as there were freshmen and in a moment more the youngest professor stood forth in the semi-darkness, facing his embarrassed captors. He doffed his borrowed cap and bowed low.

"I suppose I am a surprise to you. You know, I suppose, that hazing such as you were attempting is strictly penalized by the faculty."

"But we didn't know it was you. We thought it was Sally. How did you get into Molly's coat and hat?" a dozen voices asked.

"If I were to tell you young ladies, with a brave attempt at dignity, "that this was all part of a faculty plot to discover and bring to justice the ring-leaders in this hazing conspiracy, I suppose you would have to admit that we had been a little shrewder than you." He watched with pleasure the looks of dismay and consternation that came over the faces of the freshmen. Then he smiled with all the candor of the self-importance of the professor that he had been trying to be, as he said:

"But that is not the case. I was not scouting for the faculty when I was caught, though I'm sure they'd like to get a report of the encounter. Now here's a fair bargain. I won't report you if you won't report me. Perhaps some day you will know why I was strolling around in a sophomore coat and hat. For the time being the joke is on all of us."

And the youngest professor continued his way to his boarding house coatless and hatless in spite of the chill winds of February.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

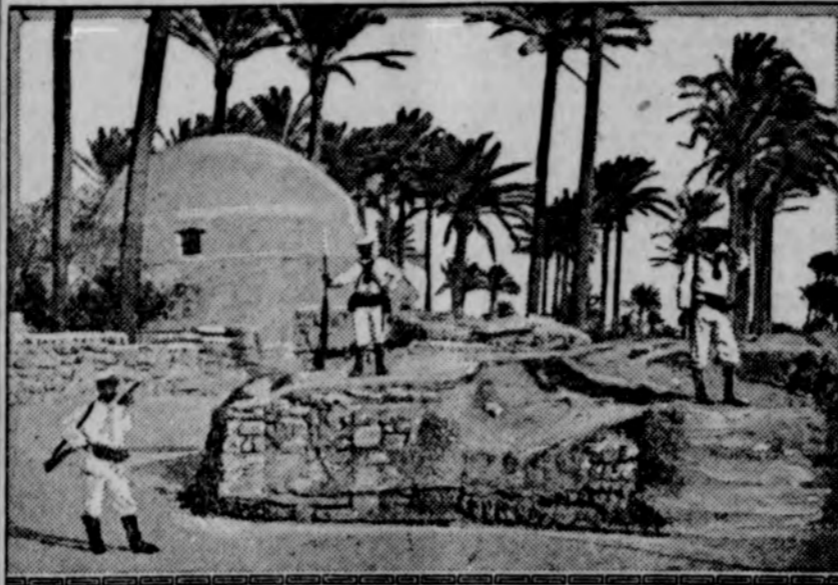
**What is Ugliness?**  
This question of ugliness is our greatest difficulty in discussing post-impressionism. We may as well face it immediately. If beauty were only defined we could get along better. Certain qualities, such as honesty, coordination, balance, workmanship which unerringly hits the mark aimed at, may be recognized as essential to great art. But beyond these, beauty is so much a matter of opinion as merely to follow a fashion. Through the past century, painter after painter has seemed to both public and critic the very embodiment of ugliness. Turner, Millet, Manet, Monet—all took their turn. And thirty years ago Cezanne first met the same charge. If the pictures of Cezanne, or any other innovator, have enough of spiritual or sensuous content to hold man's interest, we may be sure we shall end by calling them beautiful in one or another of the many senses that criticism is forced to give the term. Those who understand Cezanne find in him a depth of insight, both technical and spiritual, which they inevitably call beauty.—H. M. Luquens in the January Yale Review.

**Superabundant Fame.**

"When a man does anything well he ought to get credit for it," remarked the generous-minded man.

"Not always," replied Bronco Bob. "Me an' Flute Pete got the reputation of bein' such good poker players that it completely spoiled business."

# TRIPOLI IS FLOURISHING



IN OUTSKIRTS OF TRIPOLI CITY

TRIPOLI, the highly-inflammable land of Arab and Berber, has exchanged its peace-time industries for the industry of war, and according to a statement prepared by the National Geographic society, the newer industry adds little to the normal hazard of Tripolitan life.

Danger is the daily bread and meat of the dweller in Tripoli, and in this country flecked with occasional oases and fringed with narrow strips of coastal vegetation, even the principal pursuits for wealth and happiness are accompanied by hidden terror and grave risk. The principal sources of income to Tripolitans are those of sponge gathering, of esparto picking and of carrying on the trans-Saharan caravan trade.

Whether the native son seeks to make his "pile" searching the slimy bottom of the Mediterranean for sponges, or gathering esparto grass in the morning mists of the desert, or following the caravan of a thousand camels back from the coast through 1,500 miles of Saharan desert to the distant Sudan, he takes not only his labor and capital for profit but also his health and life. More often than not he reaps disability or death as his reward.

**Perils of Sponge Gatherers.**  
The wild seas that now and again boil over the northern coast of Africa are the smallest part of the sponge diver's hazard. Paralysis is always just ahead of this venturesome laborer who, day by day making foolhardy rapid ascents from the sea bed under press of keen competition, sooner or later experiences the return to shipboard in terrific dizziness, which forms the usual prelude to partial or complete paralysis. Strange as it may seem, many partially-paralyzed divers are able to continue their calling, and the unfitted, helpless cripple in the upper air feels normal circulation return to arms and legs when lowered into the sea on the sponge grounds. And the Arab divers of Tripoli, believing the disease indispensable to the vocation, and inured to hazard in their peculiar fatherland, dive phlegmatically through a few fat seasons until crippled or killed by their chosen trade.

Back in the plateau lands of the Sahara, behind the coastal greens in the silent, treeless, untenanted desert wastes, where the alluring mystery of the desert broods under the blighting heat of day and beckons in fanciful shapes over the dunes at night, stretch vast fields of wiry esparto grass, from which paper is manufactured in great mills in England. In these fields, working for the starvation wage of twenty cents a day or less, picking the grass and tying it in large bales to be loaded on camel trains for Tripoli City, the port of Tripolitania, is another corps of workers who adventure their safety in their work.

**Picking the Esparto Grass.**  
Day begins for the esparto picker in the moonlight of early morning. In the chill of desert morning the picker leaves his nearby shack for the field, and begins his rapid task of breaking the longest wiry blades, leg high, from the most matured clump. And in the heart of these clumps ever and again lurks his danger in the form of his arch enemy, the deadly viper. In the clumps, also, are hidden the venomous North African rock scorpions, whose stings now and again prove fatal. It is the poisonous vipers, however, that make the work of esparto picking a sporting game with death.

Of the \$2,000,000 of export trade enjoyed by Tripoli before the war, one-fifth of it was produced by the sponge divers, more than one-third of it by the esparto pickers and considerably more than one-sixth was brought over the wide, treacherous desert from the Sudan. Many caravans, some of a few and some of thousand camels, fitted out in Tripoli, undertook the danger-fraught journeys to the great marts of Sudanese trade—Timbuktu, Kano, Kanem, Kuka, Bornu and Wadi. These journeys sometimes lasted two years around, and brought their undertakers into every species of danger that the desert affords. Robbers infest all the lanes across the desert, and, besides these, all the inner desert lies subject to the vengeful caprice of the masked Tuaregs, the strange people who are at war with all who cross their paths and do not pay a sufficient tribute.

The bones of the camels and men of a myriad of caravans of the past bleach along the desert trails, caravans that mostly came to harm at the hands of marauders; but there are some among them destroyed by thirst, by the sand storm or by the water of wells poisoned in inter-tribal wars. Of all three risky Tripolitan trades, the caravan trade is the most risky; and the old caravan men will find little in the newer industry of war for which their peace-time labors have not fully prepared them.

myriad of caravans of the past bleach along the desert trails, caravans that mostly came to harm at the hands of marauders; but there are some among them destroyed by thirst, by the sand storm or by the water of wells poisoned in inter-tribal wars. Of all three risky Tripolitan trades, the caravan trade is the most risky; and the old caravan men will find little in the newer industry of war for which their peace-time labors have not fully prepared them.

## HELD ACT WAS JUSTIFIED

Judge Put Himself in the Prisoner's Position and Felt He Would Have Also Slain.

If there was one thing Ossup Mango was partial to, it was a good moving picture. So he settled down in an aisle seat with a sigh of expectation as the eighty-seventh episode of "The Hazards of Hannah" began on the screen.

Just as the note explaining the villain's motive was flashed on, a stout man with all his hair in his whiskers wedged himself in front of Ossup on his way to an inside seat.

"Pshaw, I missed the note!" thought Ossup. "Ah! He's going to blow up the bridge!"

Half a second before the dynamite went off, a thin woman with three babies in her arms got in front of him on her way in.

"And I love explosions, too!" muttered Ossup. But a few minutes later he brightened, for the aeroplane chase started.

All during the chase Ossup was gazing at the back of a fireman who had got wedged between Ossup's knees and the seat in front.

"I know!" thought Ossup. "I'll wait for the second show and see the parts these people have made me miss!" And he did, and during the note scene the thin woman stood in front of him on her way out, the fireman blocked the bridge explosion and the stout man hid the aeroplane chase.

It was then that Ossup Mango killed the two ushers who came down to chide him for complaining aloud. But later, the judge who tried him, being a movie fan himself, discharged him with words of commendation.—Indianapolis Star.

## New War Game.

Playing war got three small boys into the Columbus (Ind.) city court. They had been reading the newspapers. They knew eggs were cheaper and also about the latest things in gas bombs. They armed themselves with eggs, playing that they were hand bombs, then lay in ambush to await the coming of the enemy. Just any sort of an enemy would satisfy them. John J. Hosea, manager of the Citizens Telephone company in Columbus, happened to come along with his newly-washed touring car. Clarence Kepley, a friend, was riding with him. The boys decided the car was a battleship or a Taube or something like that, and they opened fire. Eggs splattered the sides of the car. Kepley jumped out of the machine and gave chase. He captured one boy, who confessed and gave the names of his confederates. They were loaded in the car and taken to the city court, where Mayor Volland lectured them.

## Bluffed the New Conductor.

He stood at the corner waiting for a car. Several cars had stopped to let him get on but he made no move to get aboard.

Finally one stopped and a man got off.

"Did you pay your fare to the end of the line?" inquired the waiting man. "Yes," said the man who got off. "Can I have your seat?" he asked. "Sure, it's the last one on the right-hand side, cross seat."

The man clambered aboard and hurried to the seat just left vacant. "Fare please," said the conductor shortly afterwards.

"Fare nothing," responded the man. "I just took the other fellow's place who got off and he said he paid to the end of the line and said that I could have his seat."

The response evidently was a stunner for the new conductor and he was so surprised he passed up the fare.

## New Life Preserver.

A novel life preserver has been devised to supplement the ordinary cork jacket in rough water. By its use the person in distress is able to breathe, even when the waves sweep over his head. The appliance adds to the cork jacket a light metal chamber which floats high, a spout leading from it rising two or three feet above the water level. A tube leads from this chamber to a face mask, through which the wearer of the jacket breathes. Even if the water sweeps over his head the spout of the air chamber is still clear and the air supply unimpaired.

## Uncanny Knowledge.

The Charlotte Observer says that "there hasn't been a red peticot in North Carolina since the big sleet." That's entirely too much for any one editor to know.—Nashville Tennessean.

## POWER OF THE HUMORIST

Tercentenary of Cervantes Recalls to Readers of History Memory of Other Satirists.

The British are not the only people who this year may celebrate the tercentenary of a great writer. Madrid is erecting a monument to the author of "Don Quixote." Cervantes was more than a man of letters; he was more than a great humorist; he was an epoch. Master of ridicule, he laughed the defunct age of chivalry out of existence.

People often forget the social function of the humorist, a New York Tribune writer states. He restores sanity. He clears the atmosphere of extravagance and humbug. Bergson says that laughter has "survival value" as a corrective of social abuses. Certainly some of the world's most effective reformers have been its masters of ridicule and satire. There are humorists, like Mark Twain, in whose laughter there is no sting, and there have been bitter satirists, like Jonathan Swift and La Rochefoucauld, who have simply mocked the "all too humanness" of mankind at its noblest. But in almost every age there has been some bold nonconformist spirit whose laughter in the face of some traditional scarecrow has ended the tyranny of a truth which had outlived its usefulness and become a lie. Knighthood in the days of Chaucer had still its noble aspects, but knighthood after Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" could never quite escape a touch of the burlesque. Therefore, men turned to less antiquated and more real avenues of human service.

Similarly, the laughter of Aristophanes wrought confusion among the ancient Greek sophists. Lucian's mockery corrected much of the sentimentalism of the effete Greco-Roman society. The sound laughter of Erasmus, the humanist, spread the influence of the Renaissance in northern Europe. Butler's "Hudibras" helped correct the extravagances of early English puritanism. Voltaire laughed the last remnants of medievalism out of the eighteenth-century France and cleared the ground for modern democracy. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" made nineteenth century romanticism ridiculous. The sly humor of Thackeray brought common sense into early Victorianism, and the sardonic spirit of Bernard Shaw in these times has left little in modern commercial society unchallenged.

May the Cervantes monument stand as a reminder to moderns that there have been reformers with a sense of humor!

## Their Fear Not Realized.

The great fear of those whose act here in Philadelphia 140 years ago made this a nation was that the state would not remain a nation, a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger says. History has proved in their case the falsity of the epigram:

"The thing you fear will get you." What they feared never happened. We are a young country, but a very old government, as governments go.

Call the roll of the nations and you will see that a majority of them are babies beside the United States. Japan's present imperial regimen is not half a century old.

The house of Hohenzollern is fairly ancient, but the German empire is not yet fifty and the French republic is no older.

Austria and Hungary were yoked together long after Franklin told the signers of the Declaration of Independence they must all hang together or be hanged separately.

Italy's kingdom is not half so old as the United States. Portugal's republic is a thing too young to vote, and the Chinese republic has not yet been weaned.

All the score of Central and South American republics are much younger than is this greatest of world republics.

Nearly half the human race has now copied that lesson which was announced by the Liberty bell.

## How Mrs. Bean Met the Crisis

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## Most Eminent Medical Authorities Endorse It.

Dr. Eberle and Dr. Braithwaite as well as Dr. Simon—all distinguished authors—agree that whatever may be the disease, the urine seldom fails in furnishing us with a clue to the principles upon which it is to be treated, and accurate knowledge concerning the nature of disease can thus be obtained. If backache, scalding urine or frequent urination bother or distress you, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, gout or sciatica or you suspect kidney or bladder trouble just write Dr. Pierce at the Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; send a sample of urine and describe symptoms. You will receive free medical advice after Dr. Pierce's chemist has examined the urine—this will be carefully done without charge, and you will be under no obligation. Dr. Pierce during many years of experimentation has discovered a new remedy which he finds is thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia in removing uric acid from the system. If you are suffering from backache or the pains of rheumatism, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Auric" put up by Dr. Pierce. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the blood have been favorably known for the past forty years and more. They are standard remedies to-day—as well as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the liver and bowels. You can get a sample of any one of these remedies by writing Dr. Pierce.

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are unequalled as a Liver Pill. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cure Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Bileziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

## BUTTERFAT GONE UP

If you are looking for Prompt Returns, Good Prices and a Square Deal, make your next shipment of Cream to

**HAZELWOOD CO.,**  
PORTLAND.

"The Home of the Satisfied Shipper"

## Learned Something.

"What's the matter with Flubdub? He used to claim that our politicians were the most unscrupulous in the world."

"He has been traveling abroad. I think it was a great blow to his civic pride when he found they were not."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Vindicated Self-Esteem.

"The Woggeses seem to have a high opinion of themselves."

"Yes. You see the same cook has consented to remain in their employ for three or four years. So they feel entitled to think that they are rather nice people."—Washington Star.

## He Knew That.

"What is the chief mineral wealth of the Alleghanies?"

"Dunno, mum."

"Yes, you do. What do you carry in a scuttle?"

"Suds, mum."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Thread of Interest.

"This cookbook ought to be popular."

"Why so?"

"There's a love story mixed in with the recipes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Foolish Man.

"Can't say I like that new hat of yours."

"Yet you liked it in the store."

"Well, it did look pretty when the girl tried it on."

Then the trouble started.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Sticks There.

The man who drops his anchor in the Slough of Despond never gets any farther.—Answers.

## HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.

If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.