Thanksgiving

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to our own,
When love and *only* love could understand
The need of touches we had never known.

LET us be thankful for the longing eyes
That gave their secret to us as they wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,
Love's kiss upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

AND let us, too, be thankful that the tears
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,
That through them still, for all the coming years,
We may look on the dead face of To-day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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SHOW KINDNESS WHILE YOU MAY

Expressions of Gratitude Timely Made Denote Proper Feeling of Thankfulness in the Heart.

IF far down in your heart you are thankful about anything, will you show the kindness to everybody connected with you and to your own personality by giving an honest, sincere expression of your gratitude? The man who dies with all the thank-you's in him is as deserving of pity as the one who stifles all the music. Don't be afraid to say "Thank you," and say it loud.

—

I HAVE in mind a family that allowed the mother of the large circle to wear herself out with unceasing work. She worked so long and hard that she never had time for considering a rest. The members of her family regarded mother's work as a habit. They accepted her working and never thought that she needed relaxation or a change

from the monotonous grind of keeping a home. They added to her burdens by bringing others home with them. Mother smiled and worked a little harder. Then one day mother did not come down to shake the fire and prepare the breakfast. She had closed her eyes and they were so tired that she never opened them.

I wish you could have heard the belated gratitude at the funeral. I wish you could have seen the consternation and despair when the children and father looked at each other and said: "What are we going to do without her?" They were filled with regret. The ears could not hear the thanks that they poured out. They should have shown their gratitude every day of the year and in time. Look over your own life. Are you speaking and acting in time?

—

YOU are living in a great country and are indeed fortunate in having freedom, the right to think and to act, opportunity, countless chances to forge to the top if you have it in you. You have libraries, playgrounds, schools. You have your mind, your dear, sympathetic souls in relatives or friends and the ideals which are necessary to any human being's happiness. Do you fully appreciate the good fortune that cast your lot over here? Are you taking the trouble to express your thanks every once in a while? You ought to do this. It is good to get it out of your system.

—

HAVE you health? Be thankful in the right way. Do not throw to the winds of indiscretion your precious heritage. Do not insult your goo' health by eating, drinking, breathing the wrong things. Cut out dissipation and lead a sane, balanced, clean, normal life. Prize that good health. Sometimes it leaves in high dudgeon and never returns. And all the poulticing and nursing may not bring back to you that which should be appreciated every hour of the day. The way to thank your good health is to be kind to it.

—

I MENTIONED ideals a minute ago. Have your ideals suffered from disuse? Where are your ideals? Are they stowed away in camphor to be brought out on Sunday when you go to church? Why are they not being cared for in the way that is the only valuable treatment for these wonderful things? Give your ideals a chance! Let them have daily influence on your thoughts and acts. Bring them into the light of day and make them important contribution factors of your happiness and success as a human being. You may not be getting so much money as your next-door neighbor or your hat may not have the label of an exclusive maker in its crown, but as a human being filling a niche in the great scheme, your ideals should be thanked every hour. Thanking them is really shaking hands with them.

—

IF you are a woman who rides in a street car, do you thank the enlightened gentlemen who rise to give you a seat? Or do you make them very scornful of the weaker sex by taking it as your due? I have seen many men converted to the paper gazers and the seated masculine row by the neglect of women to thank the men. Say it graciously and as if you meant it. Good heavens! The cause for a thank you of this kind is growing more remote. Let us cherish it.

—

A STRANGER is entitled to a thank-you when he has rendered you a service. Do not be an insufferable snob and accept help silently because you have not been introduced or because his forefathers might not have come over in the Mayflower. Say thank you smilingly and be human!

—

DO not forget to thank in the right way the children. It is only in the respectful use of a courtesy of this kind that children will admire and emulate.

Indeed, the thank you of every day is that which makes things go smoothly. It is such a little thing that it should never be forgotten. Try saying thank you once every day. Look around. You will find something which should elicit your gratitude.

—

AND thank you for listening.

BARBARA LEE.

Humble Thankfulness.

Do you give thanks for this or that?—No,
God be thanked,
I am not grateful
In that cold, calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, four—that would be hateful!

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that on the road of life true love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,
I think it follows
The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark or light,
Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

Whatever gift the hours bestow, or great or small,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure.

PREPARING FOR THE FEAST

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George Macdonald.

WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and Pacific Northwest Condensed for Our Busy Readers.

It is reported that Villa's men are deserting at the rate of 100 a day.

The use of whipped cream for any purpose has been barred in Germany.

A naval aeroplane has been successfully launched from the deck of a battleship at sea.

Draft of an initiative petition for the repeal of Oregon's Sunday closing law has been filed with the secretary of state.

A Nationalist member of parliament openly charges Lord Kitchener and Field Marshal Sir John French with gross incompetency.

The National Guard association of the United States refuses to endorse President Wilson's plans for a continental army of 400,000.

Thomas Kelly, a millionaire contractor of Chicago, has been extradited to Canada for alleged fraud in construction of parliament buildings.

On account of the restrictions on the use of meat which have gone into effect in Germany, England believes her enemy is in dire straits for food.

Mrs. Margaret K. Armour, aged 80, widow of S. B. Armour, the packer, died in Kansas City Friday. Since her husband's death Mrs. Armour has been active in charitable campaigns.

What is believed to be a piece of time fuse was found among the cargo of the steamer Rio Lages, which started from New York for Queenstown, and was forced to put in at Halifax with her sugar cargo on fire.

A petrified tree, probably 15 or 20 feet in length and eight inches in diameter, and standing upright 15 feet below the surface of the crest of a hill, was uncovered in Portland, Or., by laborers making a cut on Upper Drive, near Montgomery Drive.

A Vienna dispatch received in Amsterdam asserts that the Nieue Weiner Journal, of Vienna, has been suppressed for one week for criticising the censorship. Fifty-five Austrian provincial papers have been suppressed within a month for discussing food conditions.

American railroads are confronted with one of the most serious car shortages of recent years, owing to the huge grain crop of this country and Canada, and the heavy tonnage from steel and munition plants, coupled with the inability of the railroads to get new cars fast enough.

The executive committee of the Presbyterian general assembly outlined an emergency message on "preparedness" for extraordinary conditions expected to follow the close of the European war, which is to be sent to 10,000 pastors, President Wilson and 49,000 other elders of the denomination.

Expenditures of $1,700,000 by the Union Pacific system and the O.-W. R. & N. for ties and other equipment and in the reconstruction of the main line of the O.-W. R. & N. between Blalocks and Coyote, Or., was announced in Tacoma by J. P. O'Brien, vice president. For the first time the roads have placed orders for Douglas fir ties in the Northwest.

Because they say they feel the life of the Indian race depends on clean habits of the young men of this generation, 83 boys in Cushman School at Tacoma, Wash., have voluntarily signed a pledge to abstain from tobacco in any form. Two weeks ago the 83 boys and 17 more pledged themselves to abstain forever from intoxicating liquors. The 17 who did not sign the tobacco pledge have never used tobacco.

Latest reports say only 225 were saved out of the steamer Ancona's passengers and crew of 428.

Lord Northcliffe predicts a crisis in America, after the European war is over.

It is declared that America is far behind other nations in giving aid to the Belgians.

A large meteor falls near El Centro, Cal., causing a shock similar to an earthquake.

The new premier of Greece gives assurances to the allies that her neutrality will be sincerely benevolent.

A girl student of Berkeley college discovered the art of living on good diet at a cost of only 15 cents a day.

Portland police have discovered that a woman burglar has been operating in the fashionable Nob Hill residence district.

Eight American soldiers on the Mexican border are fired on from ambush. Three fingers of one soldier were shot away.

Great Britain is considering laws to enforce domestic economy.

After being a fugitive for 36 years a man aged 80 years in Springfield, Ill., has confessed to the charge of murder.

Medford, Ore., voters defeated paving bonds of $1,030,000 by 108. Fourteen hundred and seventy-eight votes were cast.

The plight of the Serbian army is said to be more acute since the Germans and Austrians have gained an inroad to Constantinople.

OREGON STATE NEWS

Summary Government Crop Report for Oregon and U. S.

Washington, D. C. — A summary of preliminary estimates of crop production and prices, for the state of Oregon and for the United States, compiled by the bureau of crop estimates, and transmitted through the Weather Bureau, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is as follows:

WHEAT—State: Estimate this year, 17,364,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 16,604,000; price November 1 to producers, 84c; year ago, 95c.

United States: Estimate this year, 1,002,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 891,000,000; November 1 price 93.1c; year ago, 97.2c.

OATS—State: Estimate this year 15,456,000 bushels; final estimate last year 12,740,000; price November 1 to producers 36c; year ago 40c.

United States: Estimate this year is 1,517,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 1,141,000,000; November 1 price, 34.9c; year ago, 42.9.

BARLEY — State: Estimate this year, 4,788,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 3,660,000; price November 1 to producers, 52c; year ago, 56c.

United States: Estimate this year, 236,682,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 194,953,000; November 1 price, 50.1c; year ago, 51.7c.

POTATOES—State: Estimate this year, 6,120,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 4,753,000; price November 1 to producers, 52c bushel; year ago, 64c.

United States: Estimate this year, 359,000,000 bushels; final estimate last year, 405,921,000; November 1 price, 56.8c; year ago, 52.8c.

APPLES — State: Estimate this year, 1,040,000 barrels, final estimate last year, 1,134,000; price October 15 to producers, 88c bushel; year ago, 70c.

United States: Estimate this year, 76,700,000 barrels; final estimate last year, 84,400,000 barrels; price October 15 to producers, $2.14 barrel; year ago, $1.79.

More detailed data concerning crop production, quality, and prices will be published in the "Monthly Crop Report" of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Big Timber Deal Is Reported From Eastern Oregon Section

Prineville—The development of the lumber industry in Central Oregon is expected to cause an immense increase in the business and population in Prineville. Reliable information confirms the rumor that the Roger Youmans Lumber company has practically completed its trade with the United States government, by which the lumber company will exchange a large amount of scattered lands and get a solid block of about 40,000 acres of valuable timber in what is known as the Ochoco forest reserve.

The company will have in the neighborhood of 300,000,000 feet, which will have to be milled within 20 years and will necessitate immediate construction of a sawmill and railroad. Two mill sites are under consideration, one of which is in Prineville, which the business men of Prineville no doubt will donate to the company, and the other is about 20 miles above Prineville on the Ochoco river.

Pension Allowed Widow.

Salem — The claim of Mrs. Hazel McCune, whose husband, Claude McCune, was killed in Portland August 20, while he was in the employ of the Shaver Transfer company, has been settled by the State Industrial Accident Insurance commission. The widow is 21 years old and to provide for her at the rate of $30 a month throughout the period of her expectancy of 41 years, the commission set aside $7231 at 4 per cent interest. If Mrs. McCune lives 41 years and does not remarry she will receive $14,935 from the state. One daughter, aged 4, will receive $6 a month until she is 16 years old, $661.11 being set aside for this purpose.

Ask Swine Breeders' Aid.

Oregon swine breeders can help the problem of good breeding stock for girls and boys of the pig clubs by sending to the club leader at O. A. C., Corvallis, a list of brood sows and gilts that they have for sale. This should also help the breeders find a market for their surplus breeding stuff. When these lists are received by the agent he will send them to club members making inquiries. Lists should be detailed enough to give intending purchasers an idea of the quality and other necessary points. Either pure breds or high grades may be listed for sale. Address lists to L. J. Allen, Pig Club Leader, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.

May Send Display to Portland.

Hood River—According to plans announced to members of the Commercial club by C. N. Ravlin, the huge apple displayed by the Hood River Commercial club in the Palace of Horticulture at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, may be placed on permanent display in Portland. Through a large window in one side of the apple, which stands about 15 feet high, is shown a panorama view of the Hood River valley with Mount Hood in the background. The Columbia river in the foreground is shown.

Klamath Elevator Busy.

Klamath Falls—One of the most recently established enterprises of this city is the new Farmers' Warehouse company elevator, built this past summer. It is connected with the Southern Pacific by a spur. It has a capacity of about 50,000 bushels of grain, and is a fireproof structure of three floors. It is equipped with a hydraulic elevator used in conveying the products from one floor to another. The purpose of the plant is to enable ranchers and farmers to store products they may wish to hold for a better market

LOVE in a HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS

ILLUSTRATED by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

—12—

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him $4,000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royalton calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plots with Flodie to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. Carolyn, Rosamund and Mrs. Royalton come in and much feminine fencing ensues, in which Flodie used her own foil adroitly. Hall comes in and the ladies retire for conference. Alfred, the janitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"'On or before,'" said Carolyn, frowning. She looked over Rosamund's shoulder.

Flodie looked up with a quick fling of her head. Her eyes snapped.

"Four millions!" Rosamund put down the paper.

For a moment the three women looked at one another in silence. A wave of bitterest enmity seemed to sweep around the circle. Each face was set and hard, as each guarded her secret thought. Then each stirred, restless and nervous, in fear of betraying herself.

Carolyn spoke, almost in a whisper. "So that's why Hall proposed to us all today!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Royalton. "He evidently wanted to be sure of getting at least one of us." Her lips curled in a sneer.

"No wonder he was in a hurry," said Rosamund. "Four millions!"

There was another tense pause, while Flodie watched, fascinated, taking gasping breaths. Then the three spoke almost simultaneously, one to another.

"You promised!" It was a threat, question, entreaty, all in one.

Carolyn and Mrs. Royalton stared at Rosamund. Rosamund faced the two defiantly. In that crisis the three women were swept millions of miles apart, then clashed fiercely together. Little Flodie was forgotten; she turned from one to the other in alarm. Then came the forced confession, with a sigh from each of the three. "Yes, we did promise! Yes, we did! Yes!"

Carolyn again took command. "This is a serious thing, girls. We must keep our word, every one of us. Rosamund, you can't go back on us, now!"

"Go back on you? Why do you pick me out. How about you and Mrs. Royalton, I'd like to know? Are you going to stand by me?"

"Yes, you proposed it in the first place, you know, Carolyn!" Mrs. Royalton broke in. "I think you had better speak for yourself, before you accuse us!"

"Well," said Carolyn, hesitatingly, "I don't intend to back out of it." She suddenly turned suspiciously to Flodie and forced a laugh. "Oh, Miss Fisher," she said, suavely, "don't think we're insane or anything, but this is a little joke we had planned for the party tonight. A sort of surprise, you know—"

"Oh, yes, I didn't quite understand what you were saying, I was so busy," said Flodie. "About the costumes, isn't it?"

"Yes, about the costumes," Mrs. Royalton interupted sweetly, "you see we're all going to wear—"

"Oh, don't give it all away!" Rosamund exclaimed.

Mrs. Royalton took a step toward the door. "Well, Carolyn, I've got to go," she said. "I've been here an awful while."

"Well, I've got to leave myself; mercy, it's awfully late! I think I'll go with you!" said Carolyn, moving off nervously. "You've got your car here, haven't you?" Mrs. Royalton nodded. "All right, then; come on!"

"Say, I think I'll go along, too." Rosamund was now conscious of her equality with these society ladies, and proposed to display it—in her own way. "I'd just as lief go uptown. I have an errand on Ninetieth street, anyway."

Mrs. Royalton resigned herself to the inevitable. Truth to tell, she was no little afraid of this picturesque blonde. "Oh, then, very well—I'll be delighted to give you a lift in my car, I'm sure!"

Carolyn gave her a glance, and smiled acridly. "Oh, yes, do come, Miss Gale, we'll be so glad to see more of you! That will be charming."

"No," said Rosamund, bluntly, "I think I'll walk, after all." The three went out with over-polite "good afternoons" to Miss Fisher.

CHAPTER X.

Flodie's account book slammed shut. Her head fell on her arms, face down upon the table. She gave way to a burning torrent of tears. It was all up, then! Not one of those three women but would fight for Hall now, to the death. Oh, Flodie could read their faces! Hadn't each one of them, even while demanding the others' loyalty, been sleekly planning to betray her own pledged word to gain the coveted money? What chance had poor neglected Flodie, who hadn't even been asked? She dried her eyes and looked up at the clock. It was three-fifteen. As she watched the dial, her face changed subtly. Dropping her eyes she began to think in real earnest. Her time was short. If she were to play Cinderella at the party tonight, it behooved her to find a fairy godmother as soon as possible. Wouldn't that have to be Hall—who else?

She dabbed her eyes in water, then went to the door of the studio.

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" she called.

He came in looking anxious. "Lord, I've been worrying myself sick!" he confessed. "What in the world were they up to, anyway?"

"Oh, they seemed to be talking about some club, or society, or something that they were interested in. They wanted Rosamund Gale to join, I think."

"Well, I'm glad it was no worse than that." He looked at his watch. "Lord, I must be off. I've got to hock this timepiece and pay an installment on the ring. I don't care much for rings on a woman's hand, especially if it's pretty. Now yours, Flodie, is perfect." She tried to hide her hands, but he took them, and held them up and looked critically. Flodie closed her eyes, that the tears might not come out.

"Say, Flo—I s'pose I'll miss you like the devil, after I'm married," he went on, dropping her hands. "I've got kind of used to you, you know. It'll seem funny not to have you round to talk to and laugh at. What's the matter? You don't really mind my laughing at you occasionally, do you, Flo?"

"Oh, no, I love it, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Say, Flo, remember that first time you ever came in here? D'you know I liked you the moment I set eyes on you."

Flodie cast down her head. "So did I you," she said.

"It always makes me smile, just to look at you, somehow. You're such a queer little tyke. Always happy, aren't you, Flo?"

She looked up bravely. "Oh, yes!"

The telephone bell rang. Hall snatched up the receiver savagely. "Hello! . . . Who is this? . . . Oh, yes! Of course . . . Oh! You will? By jove, that's great! . . . Why, yes, I'm delighted . . . But I am, Rosamund, why—why, I'm the happiest man in the world! You've no idea what a relief it is . . . Sure! That's just what I was going to suggest. Yes, we'll do it tonight. Fine! All right, we'll talk it over when you come. Good-by, dear!"

He hung up the instrument slowly. "Rosamund's accepted me. Flodie, I'll be a millionaire by tonight. What d'you think, she's promised to marry me immediately; we'll have it over this evening."

He arose thoughtfully. "Well, I guess that's settled, then. Rosamund's it!"

Flodie, unable to control herself, had risen and was making for the stockroom, when he called her back. "Say, Flo, wait a minute." He went up to her kindly. "Perhaps after I'm married we can arrange it somehow—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bonistelle," Flodie shook her head decidedly. "I shall go over to Deerfield. You know he's wanted me to come for months."

He turned to her suddenly. "D—n it, Flo, I don't want you to go to Deerfield! He's a beast! I can't bear to think of his ordering you round."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, now. The only thing I'm afraid of, Mr. Bonistelle—well, never mind."

"What?"

"Oh, well, nothing; only—I'm so afraid that when you get your money you won't ever do anything more. You're so lazy you need to be poked all the time. Do you think Mrs. Royalton, or Carolyn Dallys, or Rosamund will care a snap for your art, or for your talent, or anything but your money?"

He went over to her and patted her on the back affectionately. "Say, Flo, I believe you do like me, after all. Don't you worry, little girl, I'll pull through all right. You see, when Rosamund is my wife—" Again the telephone bell rang.

"Hello!" he shouted, and then again, more gently, "Oh, hello! . . . Oh, yes, the phone was busy; someone just rang me up . . . too bad. Oh, nothing important . . . What is it? . . . Yes? . . . What, not really? . . . Why, I'm tickled to death, Carolyn, of course—but—well, why—why, don't you see, it's so sudden, you know, and—well, I hadn't expected to hear from you so soon. You see I had no idea—what is it? . . . Oh, don't say that, please! . . . I'm perfectly delighted—it takes my breath away, that's all . . . Why, yes. No, only I was just going out. Really I have got to hurry . . . Well, all right, then. Yes, good-by . . . No, good-by!"

He hung up the receiver and whirled to Flodie. "Did you get that, Flo? Carolyn Dallys! She's accepted me, too. What the devil am I going to do."

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrg! Another call. Hall picked up the telephone grimly. "Rena, I'll bet a thousand dollars!" he whispered. "Hello! Yes, yes, yes, who is it, for heaven's sake? Oh! Oh, hello, Rena! What's that? Confound this phone! Speak louder, can't you?"

He covered the mouthpiece and scowled at Flodie as he listened. "Rena's saying 'yes!'" he announced. Then, into the telephone he cried angrily, "I can't get a word you say! Poor little who? No, it's no use. Oh, yes, I get that—yes! Fine! No, I'm horribly busy, anyway. Call up later. All right, then, I understand. Tonight!"

Bang went the receiver on the hook. "Well, I've settled her for a while, anyway! Then he rose. "Say, for heaven's sake, what's happened to all those three women all of a sudden? Why couldn't they say yes this morning, when I asked them? Lord, it takes a woman to make trouble, every time. I guess I'm in for it, now, anyway, and there's millions in it, Flodie!" He looked at his watch again. "Gee!—half-past three already. Only—let's see—nine—no, eight hours and a half. Lord, I've got to chase!" He put on his hat.

"Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie rose and put her hand down the neck of her blouse. "I think I ought to give this back to you—now!" She drew forth a little gold locket, unclasped the chain and handed it to him.

He looked at her in surprise. "Lord, I should think you were going to commit suicide or something rash, Flo. Don't be so silly! Imagine your being sentimental!" He refused to accept the token.

"But your wife might object, Mr. Bonistelle!"

"For heaven's sake, let her object, then!" he exclaimed. "Don't be a fool! Why, I gave you that as a friend, that's all, didn't I? No one could possibly misinterpret that. You know there's never been any nonsense between us, Flo; we're just pals, aren't we?"

Flodie turned away and sat down hopelessly. "Yes; just good pals. No nonsense whatever." She smiled wanly.

"Funny thing, too, when you come to think of it, isn't it?"

"Why?" She looked up, startled.

"Oh, I don't know—here all day alone, working together, and all that sort of thing—it's a wonder we never fell in love or anything, isn't it? Propinquity, you know—supposed to be dangerous."

Flodie looked up, frightened, and clutched her heart. Hall was gazing

"You've No Idea What a Relief It Is—Sure!"

out the window listlessly. She saw his face in profile; and, as she watched it, it changed. From a light carelessness the look on his countenance grew more and more intense till he fairly frowned. Suddenly he turned to her with an exclamation that made her jump.

"Flodie!" he beamed on her, now, strangely illuminated from his inner thought.

"What, Mr. Bonistelle?" Flodie knew well enough what was coming.

"By Jove, I've got it!" He pounded his fist. "It's the solution of the whole problem. Hooray!" He walked over to her, and shook his finger. "Flodie, d'you know whom I'm going to marry? You!"

She jumped up as if he had struck her, and retreated a few steps, almost in fear. Manlike, he had unconsciously done the wrong thing at just the right time. He had struck her secret sorrow, and the pain was, for the moment, unbearable. Flodie cowered, shrinking away from him, staring, unable to speak a word.

He followed her up with all his egoism. "Why, see here, Flo!" he exclaimed. "It's all as simple as daylight. Why in the world didn't I think of it before? Here we are bully good pals—get along fine, don't we?—never had a single quarrel. You're right; you're the only one that does care enough for me to make me work and keep me up to my best. I believe you could actually make something of me. Flodie, I'm going to make you a lady of leisure! Say, Flodie, I'm going to kiss you! For the first time, too!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lamp-Trimmer's Signal.

Arc-lamp trimmers frequently find it difficult to lower the arc lamp on a busy street without danger of having the lamp crashed into by passing vehicles. A man in Minneapolis has devised a signal consisting of a tripod with two white signal wings on which red circles are painted. This the lamp trimmer places on the street under his lamp, and then he may lower the lamp without fear of a collision.

SURELY A MEAN REJOINDER

Seems to Prove Truth of Assertion That "We Keep for Our Own the Sharpest Tone."

The talk topic in the lobby of a hotel the other evening turned to the mean things occasionally remarked by hubby, when this incident was recalled by Winston Churchill, the author.

Sometime ago a party named Brown sat in the living room of his bungalow pulling away on a Kentucky meerschaum and reading the evening paper. Near by little wifey was juggling an embroidery needle.

"Here is another evidence of it, Mary," remarked the old man, glancing up from his paper. "If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will regret it."

"During our courtship, John," reflectively rejoined little wifey, "you used to steal kisses from me quite often."

"Well," was the brutal rejoinder of the mean husband, "you heard what I said."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Inducing Hypnotic State.

According to Mangold, the hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion or psychical inhibition, but in both cases sensatory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optic (fixing the gaze on some object), or tactile (stroking the skin), or otherwise. Sometimes an absence of wonted stimuli may induce the state, as in the case of absolute silence.