

## "HE TRAVELS FASTEST—"

By ELIZABETH Y. MILLER

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Arthur Brooks was an ambitious young man. When he married Theodora he took her to live in one of the Jersey suburbs. The rent was low and the neighborhood not too fastidious. For he understood that Arthur's ambition ran not to luxuries, but to the accumulation of wealth.

He was the type of man—the thrifty, saving type—who keeps a couple of dime banks in constant use, one on his desk at the office wherein he dropped the ten-cent pieces which rightfully belonged to the waiter who served him at lunch, the other on his chiffonier at home. On the chiffonier there was, too, a large papier mache orange for the devouring of stray pennies.

Theodora, who was not "allowed" in the orthodox, theoretical way, conceived the idea that the dimes and pennies which were dropped into the home banks rightfully belonged to her. And having discovered that a slim-bladed penknife was a safe ally, she filched from them sometimes so much as a whole dollar at once. Naturally enough the home savings did not accumulate very fast.

But they had been married a whole year before Arthur Brooks detected his young wife in her pilferings. The lecture which he read her was magnificent of its kind. In a way, however, the force of it rolled off Theodora like water off a duck's back. She was not thrifty by nature; she needed money, and helping herself to it was by far an easier and surer way of getting it than begging it of Arthur.

"And why," he continued, ponderously, "should you need any extra money? Aren't you fed? Haven't you enough of everything?"

"Twenty," said Theodora placidly, "of everything but money."

"But what did you need money for?" he persisted.

Theodora flushed. Then she threw back her head defiantly.

"Since you must know," she burst forth indignantly, "I stole from you in order to buy baby clothes!"

In this manner was Arthur Brooks made cognizant of his impending fatherhood.

The revelation came to him in the nature of a distinct shock. He had reckoned upon marriage, had fully counted the cost of taking a wife, but he had left baby clothes and all that pertains thereto out of his calculations.

Indeed, it had been part of his in-born thriftiness which tempted him in the first place to get married. He had heard many times how a wife helped a fellow to "get on." The wife, it seemed, always scrimped and saved, baked, brewed, sewed, washed, and ironed for her board and keep. Perhaps in the interim, even she took in a little dressmaking from the more extravagant of her neighbors.

That was the wife of Arthur Brooks' bachelor dreams. Somehow, the dream was mixed up with a disconcerting reality. It was a case of not looking before he leaped; of loving, perhaps not wisely, but too well.

Physically, Theodora was lovely enough to tempt any man into marriage. Possibly young Arthur lost his head, and forgot to question her antecedents. For Theodora's upbringing had been quite different from his. In her father's household dime banks and papier-mache oranges were things unknown. So was a bank account.

Her family had lived luxuriously from hand to mouth, and there was always a huge pile of bills waiting to be paid. But this irritating fact in no wise lessened the number of gowns that Theodora and her mother bought, nor forced the family to dine on corned beef in preference to chicken. There were theater trips in Theodora's antenatal days, cabs, restaurant dinners, and wildly extravagant times at Christmas.

Theodora's wedded life was quite different. They lived well within her husband's income—unnecessarily so, it sometimes seemed—and to her credit it is said, that she did her best to take kindly to the new regime. Indeed, considering all that had gone before, Theodora did remarkably well. She loved her thrifty husband and, in a way, she was happy.

Arthur, too, was happy in a way. He would have been happier, perhaps, if matrimony had been less expensive, but saving was with him a constitutional instinct, and his regrets did not reflect measurably upon Theodora.

There were times when his love for her swept him like a tempest.

Her clear brown eyes; her hair, satiny and smooth like the brown wing of a bird; her slender figure, moving so lithely to household tasks; her pretty white hands, which no amount of toil seemed to harden, were all-powerful lodestones to draw him to her.

And yet it could not be denied, Theodora, with all her physical attractions, was a horrible expense. There were times when Arthur Brooks took to brooding over what might have been. If, for instance, he hadn't married, or had put off marrying until a more "suitable" time. He figured up how cheaply he might have lived, if he hadn't married! Heavens! How he could have saved!

Even a cheap flat, with a wife who

had no sense of money value, and an impending baby—how it ate into one's income! Arthur Brooks realized that he had made a foolish mistake in marrying so young. Naturally, however, he did not tell this to Theodora. He was not unkindly enough for that, and besides, it was he who had asked her to marry him. She had not been overly anxious at first. Arthur, though economical, was just.

And then, as by a horrifying miracle, the thing happened.

The little baby, for whose wardrobe Arthur's precious dime and penny banks had been rifled, at last arrived. It hovered for only one brief hour in this unlovely world, and then, clasping Theodora's hand, wandered back again into the great unknown from whence it came.

They buried Theodora with her baby hugged to her bosom.

The lips that he had loved were curved in their wonted smile; her hair, smooth and satiny like a bird's wing, was brushed smoothly back, and the clear brown eyes were closed forever.

It was Theodora's mother who gave the money for a simple monument. She wanted to do that much, she said, for her daughter's memory; but she did not tell Arthur that she took money which should have gone instead to pay a long-standing grocer's bill. It was easy to see where poor Theodora got some of her shiftless habits.

And so it happened that Arthur Brooks commenced life anew with much wisdom and no incumbrances.

It was a snowy night, and there were gathered about the wide fireplace in the library at the club several men, rather good friends, all of them. The club itself spoke eloquently of the wealth which supported it. There were long mahogany reading tables lighted by red-shaded electric lights, great leather easy chairs, and thick rugs which cost fabulous prices. Only a rich man could afford to seek entrance here.

Yet, as it often happens even among rich men, these friends, grown communicative under the gentle stimulus of their after-dinner cigars, were discussing the cost of living and the financial aspects of married life. One, a robust, red-cheeked old fellow, expanded gently for the benefit of his attentive audience.

"I was poor as Job's turkey when I got married," he asserted earnestly. "We had up-hill work of it for twenty years, my wife and I. Just as soon's we'd get a little something, there'd be sickness or a new baby to swallow the savings."

"I've been in debt—many and many's the time—and my wife had to work hard—harder than I wanted to see her. But we've been happy. I haven't regretted a day of it—no sirree, not one! I'd do the same thing over again. I'd advise any man to marry young, if he finds the one girl he can love. You see, it makes all the difference in the world when you have each other."

A young man sitting near the fire laughed suddenly. He rose, stretched himself lazily, and yawned.

"I don't believe it," he interrupted. "A man—especially if he's poor—has no business to get married. What is it they say? 'He travels fastest who travels alone.' There's sense for you."

"What's your opinion, Brooks? I'm right, am I not?"

He turned for confirmation to another one of the party.

But the man whom he addressed did not answer.

Arthur Brooks pillowed his head in his arms on the polished mahogany table and uttered a stifled groan.

### GRANTED BENEFIT OF ORDEAL

Native African Accused of Witchcraft Not Condemned Before Given So-Called "Trial."

A clear distinction must be made between fetish and witchcraft, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. The former is regarded by the black man as perfectly legitimate; the latter he looks upon with hatred, and all over Africa summary methods are used, as in olden days in England, with witches.

One or other of the law-god-cult societies—these secret societies bearing such names as Purro, Ora, Ebo, Ukwike, etc.—intervenes, and a trial by ordeal follows. In fact, anyone can claim that right. A says to B: "You're a witch." "I'm not," ejaculates B, who immediately takes a calabash bean and swallows it. B dies, or is very sick; therefore he is the guilty person, and this long before the elaborate mechanism of the law society has heard of the dispute.

If B wants to have a big palaver, and run himself and his accuser into a lot of expense, he has a right to call in the aid of the society; but he needn't.

Witchcraft is a dangerous word to use in an African village. Miss Kingsley relates that you have only to shout "Fet" at a man or woman in Calabar, or "Ndo tchi" in Fjortland, and the whole population, so good-natured the moment before, is turned blood-thirsty. But, mind you, the ordeal must prove the guilt first, before the witch is literally torn to pieces.

### Age of Wisdom.

He—Old Grosby told me today that he sincerely regretted his mis-spent youth.

She—I'm delighted to hear that he's repented at last.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

### Well, They Had Fingers.

As late as the revolution of 1688 in England few English noblemen owned more than a dozen forks.

## Tells Italians to "Tighten Belts"

No Hope of Better Food Situation Seen by Food Controller at Rome.

### STILL EATING WAR BREAD

Strikes and Riots Are Bred by Steadily Increasing Cost of Everything—Causing Deep Anxiety to Government.

Rome.—Italy's food situation is worse now than it has been since the armistice and almost as bad as it was during the dark days of the war. The feeling that all is not well has weighed upon housekeepers for weeks, when life's prime necessities grew rarer and dearer. But now the country has been told the bitter truth by Food Controller Muraldi in a speech before the chamber of deputies.

This year's harvest of grain has yielded 200,000,000 hundredweight less than last year; the government must import 250,000,000 hundredweight for bread, which is sold at 20 cents for a two-pound loaf, and means \$400,000,000 on hard grain alone; on soft grain the loss equals another \$400,000,000; on olive oil the state loses several hundred million dollars.

Italy is the only allied country whose inhabitants must still eat war bread. Its price, the government says, must shortly be raised 5 or 10 cents for a two-pound loaf, because the budget cannot stand the loss of \$800,000,000 a year on grain alone. The public must bear part of the burden in dearer bread.

Rice is scarce, too; this year's harvest shows a shortage of half a million hundredweight; the oil harvest is so poor the public has less than one-third the quantity doled out last year. There is less than half the quantity of cheese, lard, butter and milk of last year; there is a serious sugar shortage, too.

And the food controller has no remedy to suggest. The public blames him and his food ministry. He blames the food ministry too, saying that such chaos reigned when he took it over last summer that he has been unable to straighten things out and will resign as soon as possible.

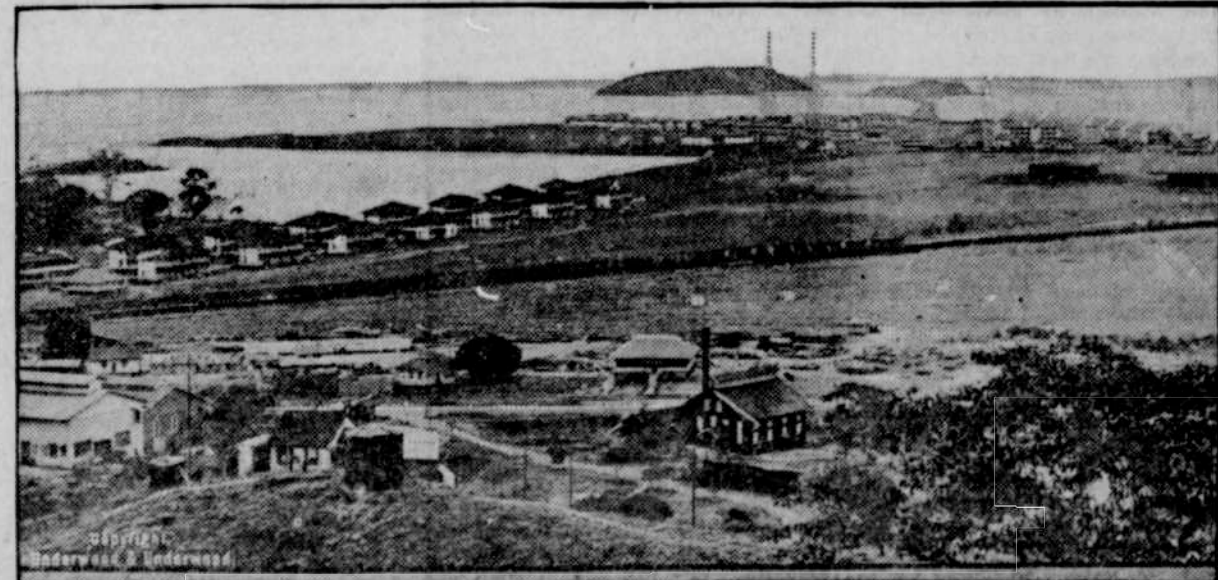
He told an astonished chamber that he found his ministry buying cheese at 50 cents a pound, to resell to wholesale dealers, who doled it out to the public at \$1.50 a pound. He added that one great trouble is the lack of food experts to advise the government in buying foods, especially perishable kinds. And he said he saw no hope for a better food situation in the near future unless people eat less and pull their belts tighter over empty stomachs.

The perpetual upward flight of food

### Lumber Jacks to Tramp Over John Brown's Grave.

Troy, N. Y.—The grave of John Brown, the abolitionist, at North Elba, in the Adirondacks, is included in the sale of 1,200 acres of timber land in Essex county near Lake Placid, which has just been bought by James Hurley, Lake Placid, for \$300,000. Lumbering operations will be carried on. When Brown was executed in 1859 his body was taken to North Elba, where he had founded a refuge for fugitive slaves. Several years ago a monument was placed over the grave.

## PACIFIC ENTRANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL



THE PACIFIC ENTRANCE TO THE PANAMA CANAL, showing the 300-acre dam made by damming the Gatun cut. A village, wireless station and army quarters are now located on this dam.

### ALLOW FOREIGN SHIPS BOOZE

Palmer Decides Prohibition Can't Be Enforced Except on United States Vessels.

Washington.—Foreign seamen hereafter may have their liquor with their meals while their ships are docked in American ports, according to announcement by Assistant Secretary Shouse of the treasury. After numerous foreign governments had protested against the order sealing stocks

prices in Italy causes deep anxiety to those responsible for the country's good order. Recent strikes and civil strife were almost wholly due to discontent caused by the still increasing cost of life's prime necessities and more trouble is yet to come unless the upward trend is curbed.

Sample increases.—Cotton goods cost 384 per cent more than they did in 1916, woolen goods 250 per cent, hats and shoes 200 per cent, shoddy clothes 250 per cent, glass goods 360 per cent. Home-grown produce has increased more than foods imported from America. For instance, eggs are now 55 per cent dearer than three years ago, potatoes 450 per cent dearer, beans 426 per cent, fresh pork 379 per cent, Italian lard 286 per cent, beef 311 per cent, butter 279 per cent, cheese 250 per cent, milk 300 per cent, wine 525 per cent. The food control office reports that wine growers made such big profits this last year that they paid for the land their vines are grown on from the one year's gain alone.

The evergrowing cost of living in

Italy, once the cheapest country in Europe, the paradise of the poor man, seems to be in a vicious circle. Dear food and discontent go hand-in-hand, breeding strikes, riots, bloodshed. They again react on local production and cause prices to rise higher than before. Then follow fresh strikes and disorders; the screw is turned yet again and the vicious circle must be rounded once more.

### ARCH FOR 100-YEAR PEACE

Memorial Urged for Friendly Relations Between Canada and United States.

Blaine, Wash.—Erection of a huge memorial arch on the international boundary here to commemorate the century of peace between Canada and the United States is being urged by good roads men of Washington and British Columbia.

Tentative plans call for the erection of the arch in a big park to be established on the Pacific highway on both sides of the boundary. The city of Blaine is willing to purchase the American share of the park if the British Columbia parliament will buy the Canadian side.

Samuel Hill of Seattle, president of the Pacific Highway association, is leading the movement. Premier John Oliver of British Columbia has promised to consider the matter.

## Enemy Rattled by Five Tanks

Ruse That Kept Germans Guessing on Eve of Argonne Disclosed.

### STAGE ONE-NIGHT STANDS

Their Bluff Attacks Divert Two German Divisions—U. S. Army Gets First Two of Improved Type of Battle Tank.

Washington.—The story of five little American tanks and the part they played in the great Argonne offensive is told as follows in a statement issued by the war department:

"Gen. Pershing with the first American tank had just finished awakening the German high command to a healthy fear of the American soldier by reducing the St. Mihiel salient, and the plans for the Meuse-Argonne offensive were about to be carried into execution. In these days of the airplane and wireless telegraphy, it seems impossible to deliver a surprise assault. Nevertheless no pains are spared to deceive the enemy as to the exact point of attack. As a means of covering the true point of attack, the chief of tank corps presented a scheme which received the approval of the high command.

Cut Up Like an Army of Tanks.

"Accordingly, after the withdrawal of the tanks from the St. Mihiel sector, Lieut. Higgins with his platoon of the Three Hundred and Thirty-fourth battalion tank corps, was directed to proceed from this point in a northerly direction along the lines via narrow gauge railway. He was to stop each night, and make a reconnaissance in front of our positions with his tanks and immediately load up and repeat the operation the following night further down the line.

"On Sept. 19, the five tanks and their crews were loaded and the expedition started. That evening they stopped in the rear of a little wood, many kilometers west of St. Mihiel. Off the little narrow gauge flat cars tumbled the tanks and nosed into the woods for concealment. About 11

o'clock all was ready and the miniature army started forward on its mission. Everything went off as scheduled. The tanks rolled through our positions and into No Man's Land.

"They were operated back and forth for half an hour. After this they were quietly withdrawn, crawled back on their little narrow gauges and started merrily on their way. They timed their work perfectly, and as they pulled out a terrific barrage hit the wood they had left.

"The following evening the procedure was repeated. Again the barrage descended too late to hurt the jaunty band. For six successive nights the troupe staged their one night stands, and the reports all along the sector showed that the Hun was up in the air. All day long the sky was full of planes searching for the army of tanks which the enemy was sure was concentrating on this front.

All suspicious looking places were bombarded with the usual Hun thoroughness and intensity. All night long the darkness was dispelled by hundreds of flares and rockets, and all indications showed that Helms was not going to be caught napping.

Diverted Two Divisions.

"Best of all, just as the little band was preparing to entrain to get into the big show in the Argonne there came a message from the intelligence section stating 'two German divisions withdrawn from Argonne front. Entrenching for your sector.'

The tank corps has just received at Camp Meade, Md., from the Rock Island arsenal two Mark VIII tanks. This type, the largest yet placed in quantity production, was especially designed for use against the Hindenburg line and similar defenses. Not so fast nor so easily handled as the lighter types, it possesses the ability to cross much larger ditches, crush more formidable obstacles, and carries a much heavier armament.

The great difficulty with the large British tanks was that they were underpowered and, on account of the arrangement of the machinery within, did not afford the proper room for the crews. A commission of British and American experts has corrected faults largely through the adoption of the American Liberty motor.

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### FEW REALLY UGLY PEOPLE

Many There Are Who May Be Unattractive, but Not a Lot Definitely Ill-Looking.

Looking for beauty in the faces and forms passed on the street is such a fixed habit with people in general that it was a bit startling to hear of a man in London who was looking for some one ugly—the ugliest female, in fact, that he could find. This man was an American theatrical man and he desired the ugliest woman to contrast her in a production with a girl said to be beautiful.

The showman found his ugliest woman after looking over eight contestants. The prize winning "clock-stopper" was thirty-two years old and a music teacher. She entered the contest because her mother told her "there would be no harm in trying." On winning she at once insisted on taking a stage name, as she "did not want all the neighbors to know about it." The runner-up in the contest, whose name was not given out, had an unfortunate nose and an "out-size" in mouths.

The contest really was of concern to the theatrical producer, but it served to impress upon Londoners in general the old truth that few people, after all, are really ugly, that every individual looks good to some one.

Two people, who came upon the advertisement of the ugly contest, began to amuse themselves in the genial way of human nature by examining their friends and acquaintances to discover which of them had the best claim to the job.

To their disappointment, says a writer in the London Telegraph, they could not think of anybody, not even their pet abomination, who was, considered impartially, very ugly. Plain people—oh, yes, hosts of them; disagreeable-looking people—quite a lot; silly-looking people—any amount; but people definitely and conspicuously ugly—not one.

### VANISHED WITH THE BUFFALO

Few Left of the Pronghorn Antelope, That Once Roamed the Plains in Vast Numbers.

Next to the buffalo, the most numerous animal in the United States not more than 50 years ago was the pronghorn antelope. About half the size of a deer, but a bit more compactly built, it ranged the plains from the Missouri river westward to the Pacific in places.

Antelopes were dry-country animals, and were always found wherever sagebrush, bunch grass and the short, curly buffalo grass existed. Their favorite range was the plains country just east of the Rocky mountains, where they migrated with the seasons, from Alberta to Mexico, and between the Rocky and the west coast ranges from the Big Bend of the Columbia in Washington, southward to the Gulf of California and the Mexican west coast. It was the best runner of all the plains animals, and had endurance for long-distance running, being well able to take care of itself when in danger. Its meat is not very attractive to the white man's palate, being stringy, tough and dry, and having somewhat the taste of goat meat. Some are still found, but only in widely scattered areas.

### Soap Bubbles Puzzle Dog.

A humorous happening is to get a dog to chase soap bubbles. He will be highly interested if one is placed on the floor, and if the breeze forces it to move he will follow it, keeping a respectful distance, however, at first. After several bubbles are blown he will gradually draw closer and very soon will touch his nose to one of them. Then is when a genuine look of astonishment comes over his face as the bubble vanishes and perhaps he gets a tiny bit of soap in his eye. The dog gives ample evidence of his perplexity whenever he sees anything that excites his curiosity, for who of us has not seen them pucker up their foreheads and stare in a quizzical manner at something they had not seen before?

### What Doctors Laugh At.

In the last 50 years the science of medicine has advanced more than in the previous 50 centuries. But the average man still thinks he knows an infallible cure for a cough.—Journal of the American Medical Association.

### Reason for Snake's Hissing.

The hissing of a snake is caused by the long, sac-like lung being inflated with air, which is forcibly expelled through the glottis and nostrils. The puff adder makes the loudest and most prolonged hiss of any snake. When alarmed, snakes hiss with the object of frightening off their enemies. If snakes were not able to make their presence known they would be frequently trodden upon and injured by the various creatures of veldt, forest and mountain.