

The Little Apron

By AGNES C. BROGAN

The young American officer who had, in a short time, gained reputation as a fearless fighter in the great army, paused before the old inn of the little French village.

These valuable papers were to be passed secretly to the officer, John Standish, by a second American soldier, who would have brought them thus far on their journey.

The very atmosphere of the quaint desolated village seemed eloquent of German spies, as the officer drove his horse to the inn stables.

When he passed into the long, low-celled room of the inn, few were gathered about the small tables.

This officer's eyes followed the girl gratefully. She was like a ray of sunlight in a darkened cellar.

"Coffee, please," Standish requested, "and a roll."

While she placed the things before him, he inquired casually for the soldier he was seeking.

"Monsieur will give you the information," her French was softly perfect.

Shamblying monster of the place came across the room.

"What is it?" he asked.

John Standish repeated his question. He was looking for an American soldier.

"The man nodded slowly. A guest giving that name had appeared last evening. He wore the uniform of an American soldier and it was not until Tolnetie had prepared to serve his coffee that she noticed the stain—a dull red stain, on the man's coat.

"Perhaps," she suggested gently, "it might help the poor man to have it suspended in a sling."

"Why think so?" he stammered, wondering. His free hand searched for his handkerchief, but with her gay laugh the girl forestalled him.

"My apron," she said in of the stout linen—see, with the long strings an excellent sling. Monsieur," she called to the man, "this soldier's arm also is wounded. Will you help me to bandage it with my apron?"

"Ungraciously, but as though not daring to refuse, the sturdy one obeyed.

"You are stopping over tonight?" he asked.

Standish arose abruptly. "No," he replied, "I must now be on my way."

As he stood in the doorway, Tolnetie called to him. She waved something white in her hand.

"You had dropped it on the floor."

"Thank you," he said. Even as he spoke, the girl breathed a swift, low English sentence.

"The papers are in the hem of my apron," she said—be careful." She was gathering empty dishes from the table he had occupied, and leaving with the old man, as Standish passed out into the twilight.

Before a rough shack at last he halted, its flying flag pointing the way. A uniformed figure anticipated him at the doorway, impatiently led him inside.

TWO EX-PREMIERS IN CABINET

Situation in British Politics That Has Never Before Occurred Is Among the Possibilities.

Herbert H. Asquith, former premier, is often mentioned as a possible addition to the present cabinet.

The classical case occurred about the middle of last century, and is furnished by the game of seesaw which was played by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston.

It was Lord John Russell's exceptional fate to be prime minister from the age of fifty-four till that of sixty, to be in and out of subordinate office, under Lord Aberdeen and then under Lord Palmerston, from sixty to seventy-three, and at that age to be prime minister again.

As if Lord George gets Mr. Asquith as well as Mr. Balfour he will have all the living former premiers except one, the exception being Lord Rosebery, whose period of office—15 months—was so short as to compare with the meteoric premiership of the age of Chamberlain.

FLASH LIGHTS IN UNISON

Fireflies seem to have an understanding as to when to begin an illumination.

Various observers testify to the fact that myriads of glow worms very occasionally indulge in synchronous flashing with very beautiful effect.

John V. Purcell of Washington, D. C., records that in the town of Cotabato, island of Mindanao, P. I., a few years ago there were two trees about the size of apple trees and perhaps a hundred yards apart, and every evening these were filled with fireflies which flashed in unison, first one tree lighting up and then the other.

"To the best of my recollection the illumination period lasted about two or three seconds and the dark periods perhaps twice that long. I can positively vouch for the accuracy of the foregoing, for it seemed so strange and produced so beautiful an effect that I thought it one of the most remarkable things in the Philippines, and it made a deep impression on me."

War Brings Peace to New York. All is peace in New York's toughest district since the war. A year or so ago any person who wandered through the "Gas House" district, on First Avenue from Seventeenth to Twenty-second street, at night usually came away minus his watch and roll and with a battered countenance.

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Quickly John Standish tore the sling bandage from his arm. Excitedly he bent over the square of heavy linen, ripping at its hem; the papers were safe and intact, the papers with their network of plans.

"Brick orders were issued in the shack. For awhile Tolnetie's little apron was forgotten. But later when moonlight flooded the valley, the officer picked it up and folded it tenderly against his breast. In his heart was a purpose, strong as his desire, to seek out again the girl who had held for Parsons his trust and had passed it on to him.

To his memory came one swift English sentence spoken as only a girl of his own country would speak it. And to Standish there in the moonlight came a sudden realization, that Tolnetie was not really French at all, but just a clever woman, self-sacrificing, and devoted in the service of the faraway land they both love.

PARIS "ALL RIGHT"

"Doughboy" Fairly in Love With the French Capital.

Politeness of the Men and Pleasant Manners of the Women Impressed American Soldier—Saw Little of Gloom in City.

I know you are crazy to hear what I thought about Paris, it being the first time I ever seen it. Well, Joe, all I can say is that Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on it.

The people here are so stuck on their home town that they won't even go indoors to eat, but sit right out on the pavement at little tables for all their meals, so's they can keep right on lookin' at dear Paris all the time, not to say the dames which parades up and down.

The girls is pretty near all knock-out, and none of them is too stuck up to give a guy a pleasant smile and pass the time of day. I must say that anybody which gets lonesome here ain't got no one but hisself to blame, Joe!

Joe, a Frenchman is the politest guy on earth. If you go into a place of business here and ask a guy how to get to a certain street and number, he closes his desk, calls a taxi, stops on the way to buy you a shot of vin ordinaire and delivers you personally, right outside the door, the while beggin' your pardon for not gettin' you there sooner!

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Rosebud Bungalow

By JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN

When Wade Hawkins was sent for by his Uncle Robert Walters, he had high anticipations.

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BURMESE GIRLS' EAR PLUGS

Ceremony of Boring Loops Performed by Professionals After Consulting Fortune-Teller.

All the girls here wear ear plugs. They cannot enter society without them. As a maiden approaches the age of coming out, which is usually at twelve or thirteen, her ears are bored, and the ceremony is as important to her as the first long dress is to her American sister.

The ceremony is formal, and it must be done when the stars are propitious. The family consults the fortune teller for this occasion, and a big feast is prepared. All the relatives and friends attend in their best clothes to witness the piercing. This is done by a professional earborer, who uses needles of pure gold for the rich and silver ones for the poor.

When the exact moment has arrived the girl is laid down upon a mat in the back of the room and her relatives hold her there while the earborer thrusts the golden needle through the lobe and twists it around into a ring. This he leaves in the ear. The other ear is treated likewise.

While this is going on the hands play, and after it there is a feast. It takes the ear some time to heal. When it is quite well the process of enlarging the hole begins. The needle is pulled back and forth until the sore heals.

It is then taken out and a little cylinder of finely rolled gold is pressed in. This is gradually opened from week to week, stretching the hole larger and larger—Burmah Correspondence of the Cleveland Leader.

BIGGER PRIZE THAN TIGER

Natives Who Set Trap for Jungle Monkeys Satisfied With Bagging Smugglers of Opium.

A singular tiger tale comes from a village in Java, where the tigers had been committing havoc for some time. One day two contraband opium smugglers, while passing through the forest saw two tigers following them. They were armed only with knives, and so they ran as fast as they could, but the tigers, as may be supposed, rapidly gained on them.

When almost overtaken they spied a tiger trap, a sort of box-like affair, and both gladly rushed in, carrying their burdens with them. The trap shut down very closely, but that pleased them mightily, as they could hear the tigers scratching and snarling on the outside. The night passed in this way, and at dawn the tigers scampered off and the smugglers essayed to do likewise, but all their efforts were unavailing. They were in a trap, sure enough.

In a few hours the setters came to have a look at the trap, and rejoiced to see it closed, thinking a tiger had been caught. Their joy was redoubled, however, when the prize proved to be the unlucky smugglers with a valuable load of opium, and the unlucky fellows were marched off to jail in triumph.

The length of time that a woman has been married can be told approximately by the manner in which she eats her refreshments at an afternoon party. If she excuses herself, just before the refreshments are served, and founces out in a righteous, you-neglect-your-husband-shamefully look at the other guests, she is a bride of not more than two months.

When a woman sits nervously on the very edge of her chair and eats absent-mindedly with her eyes on the clock, she has been married at least six months, but has not yet become calloused to suffer because her husband is kept waiting for his evening meal.

After women have been married from one to thirty years they settle down to a thorough enjoyment of what the hostess's best efforts have produced in the eating line, which no vision of cross, impatient and starving husbands can dim.—Atchison Globe.

Academic Dress. In academic dress the bachelor's gown has long, pointed sleeves, the master's has long, closed sleeves with a slit through which the forearm protrudes, and the doctor's velvet bars on long, open sleeves and velvet facings down the front. The caps are mortarboards with black silk tassels. Doctors may wear gold tassels. The hoods indicate the degrees by their size and their velvet trimmings, and show the institution granting the degree by the college colors. In their exposed linings, the velvet trimmings are two inches wide on masters' hoods and 4 1/2 inches wide on doctors' hoods. The doctors' hoods are also widened by panels edged with cording of the college colors.

Manners Can Be Acquired. An English critic says that the athlete girl has no manners and has other faults. But after the brilliant showing of a little Baltimore girl lately in receiving several children single-handed from a burning house, a rescue made possible by her practice at athletic exercises, the lack of polish more or less can be easily forgotten. Manners can always be acquired, but it demands very quick action and ability to save lives. The mistake of such critics is to lay the blame on athletics when that blame is due to entirely different causes. The old idea that gentleness went with weakness and womanliness with timidity is now exploded.—Baltimore American.

TAKE PRIDE IN UMBRELLAS

Indo-Chinese Workers in France Never Fail to Carry Them on Sundays, Rain or Shine.

Hiding along through France on a Sunday in these times, one is reasonably certain to meet many Chinamen under umbrellas.

They mostly hail from Indo-China. The French imported them by thousands for service in the labor battalions behind the lines. During the week, dressed in nondescript mixtures of native garb and cast-off uniforms, they work at road mending or at ditch digging or at truck loading jobs. On Sundays they dress themselves up in their best clothes and stroll about the countryside. And, rain or shine, each one brings along with him his treasured umbrella and carrier it unfurled above his proud head. It never is a Chinese umbrella, either, but invariably a cheap black affair of local manufacture.

Go into one of the barracks where these yellow men are housed, and at the head of each bunk there hangs a black umbrella, which the owner guards as his most darling possession. If he dies I suppose it is buried with him.

Nobody knows why every Sunday the Chinaman sports an umbrella, unless it be that in his Oriental mind he has figured it out that possession of such a thing stamps him as a person of travel and culture, who, like any true cosmopolitan, is desirous of conforming to the custom of the country to which he has been transported. A Frenchman, if careless, may leave his umbrella behind when he goes forth for a promenade; a Chinaman never does.—Irvin S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

Should women be whipped? Just a century ago wisacres, politicians and noble lords of Great Britain were debating the point. It was quite a new idea to worry about what was happening to women, but after some discussion it was decided that they ought not to be whipped—that the best way to handle them was on the "gentle-but-firm" method—and in 1820 the wisacres, politicians and noble lords passed a bill known as the whipping act, prohibiting the corporal punishment of women.

Having made this exertion on women's behalf they returned to the discussion of things which interested them.

Fifty years passed. The seed which had been planted in 1820 began to take root in 1870, and the question of special legislation for women again bobbed up. This time an act was passed allowing women to be possessors of their own property—a unanimous document known as the married women's property act.

Those two acts, small in themselves, were of great portent to women. They were the first admission that women had any rights or legal status.

In the last fifty years women have come to the foreground in leaps and bounds. By the interpretation act of 1889 the government went so far as to allow that "words in any act of parliament passed after 1850 imputing the masculine gender shall include females unless the contrary intention appears"—London Mail.

Open Avowal. There is one family in Washington that has a German name. There are many more families with cognomens smacking of Teutonic extraction, of course.

This particular family has a very little boy in it, who, in playing with the other boys of the neighborhood, has been glib more or less on account of his name. The battles are small affairs, of course, since the participants are very small.

Perhaps the young man saw the futility of war. Perhaps he is a philosopher. Anyway, his latest reply speaks of genius.

"You're a German! You're a German!" a playmate yelled at him.

The four-year-old grinned peacefully and drawled:

"I'm a German spy, I am."

Material for Paving Bricks. The slag of British blast furnaces contains 26 per cent of silica and 22 of alumina and makes excellent paving bricks of stony texture; but bricks from American slag, which has 34 per cent of silica and 14 of alumina, are glassy and brittle. The American bricks quickly solidify in a thin outer skin. In the process patented by J. B. Shaw a product of improved texture is obtained by immersing the hot bricks in red hot sand and cooling slowly for twelve to eighteen hours, to solidify the interior as rapidly as the outside.

American Kindergartens Abroad. From New York city a body of kindergarten workers has started for France. They will strive to bring happiness into the lives of French orphans and to start anew the streams of young folks who must fill the schoolhouses of France. The unit will be under the direction of the Red Cross, with the National Kindergarten association behind it.

No News. "Oh, I knew that the moment I saw the big eagle he has tattooed on his arm."—Baltimore American.

TO HONOR GOLD DISCOVERER

Project for Establishment of Museum at Placerville, Cal., in Memory of James Marshall.

Miss M. A. Kelley, instructor in El Dorado county schools, has undertaken the establishment of a Hangtown museum at Placerville, and a similar institution to be erected surrounding the blacksmith shop of the late James A. Marshall, discoverer of gold in California, as it now stands in Kelsey. The Hangtown museum as contemplated is to contain exhibits of the days of '49 and the various articles used in gold production during the early days of Hangtown.

A large assortment of these exhibits is available from old residents or descendants of the pioneer families in El Dorado county. Placerville will support the location and maintenance of the museum. At Kelsey, where the old blacksmith shop of Marshall now stands almost ready to fall to pieces, it is desired to build a stone wall and covering around the old shop to preserve the remembrance of Marshall.

Miss Kelley knew Marshall intimately. Many people have it that Marshall died a pauper. This, Miss Kelley says, is untrue, and that he not only possessed the hotel where he died, but had two gold mines known as the "Big Sandy" and "Gray Eagle," both of which are productive mines and now owned by the Breyman estate at Toledo, O.

TOY DOG HAS HIGH VALUE. Brussels Griffon, Practically Unobtainable Just Now, is Likely to Become Popular Favorite.

The Brussels Griffon is popularly known as "the monkey-faced toy dog," and he is one of the brightest, sharpest and gamiest of all toy breeds. The Griffon is a cross between Irish terrier, Yorkshire terrier and Yorkshire spaniel and only the fortunes of war and the difficulties of getting any dogs out of Belgium have prevented the Griffon from becoming a leader among the toy breeds that are so fashionable just now.

American breeders of Griffons have a bit of advantage over their European confreres, inasmuch as cropped dogs are allowed to be shown in this country and there is no question that it does improve the appearance of this breed when the ears are carried erect.

The smaller these dogs are the more valuable. A Griffon weighing three or four pounds, that is to say, so small that he can be carried in a lady's muff, is worth almost anything the fortunate possessor wants to ask for him. At the present time it is almost impossible to obtain such a dog.

What Emptiness May Do. When a large shell is fired into the air it leaves a wake more or less like that of a boat rushing through water. Immediately behind the projectile, as it moves many miles a minute through the atmosphere there is a vacuum. The air family is a quick mover at filling such space, but of course it is more or less confused and frustrated by the unexpected arrival and passage of the projectile, and the vacuum is real for a fair portion of time. If there is an airplane going full tilt across the wake of that fired shell immediately behind the projectile, it must run into the vacuum. Then it may be more seriously damaged than if it had been struck by the shell. The air shuts together with a force that hurts all without reach. Such a clapping of the hands of air in a similar vacuum made by a bolt of lightning makes the thunder. It is better to hear it than to feel it. Airplanes have been brought down in the world war by that means. Those long American navy guns did that to German two-seater planes, and it came crashing down into the Yankee lines. The pilot was dead.

The Quaker Leaf Insect. It is called the leaf insect, and until it starts to crawl it is quite impossible to tell where the leaf leaves off and it begins. It comes in all sizes from three inches long to the length of a little finger nail. And it is not a leaf come to life, though that is what it looks like. It hatches out of tiny, square, brown eggs. What would be the leaf stem is its backbone, and the point where the leaf attaches to the twig is its head. Its legs look like bits of decayed and ragged leaf, and not two of them are identical in length, size or shape. Its wings are irregular and veiny, and have small discolorations on them, as though they had been touched by early frost. You could not tell the creature from the leaf if it was sitting on to save your eyes. Most extraordinary thing I ever saw! It gave me the creeps and made me think of horror stories I have read about vampire orchids and bioconstructive vines that yearn for human blood.—From "The War in the Cradle of the World," by Eleanor Franklin Egan.

Australia's Wool Crop. For the first time the whole of the Australian wool clip has been valued on a scientific basis. Some 604,000,000 pounds have been handled, and the result, based on the all-round flat rate of 15 1/2 pence per pound, is said to be 14,680. Last season the appraisements worked out at 14.10d, which shows an increase for this season of 55 per cent. The new clip has already commenced to move into Sydney, 3,355 bales having been received. Freight is still a problem and no, much relief