The Golden Barrier

By A. W. PEACH

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From his window overlooking the village square Attorney John Stephens had seen the springs or 40 years work their magic spell on the gray grass left after the receding snows. He was the only lawyer in the town, and the secrets hidden under his white hair were the secrets of generations. He knew the stories and lives of his people, and their interests were his.

So, when he saw a dapper, stylish, polished man come up the street from the station he became suspicious, knowing the type that spread trouble wherever they go. He saw the man was coming to the office.

He did enter, greet the lawyer cordially and skillfully state his mission. He wished to engage Stephens to act as the local attorney for his firm at a salary that made the old attorney start.

"Just what do you want in return for that salary?" Stephens asked.

With assurance the other explained, and Stephens, old in the ways of men, read the purpose.

"Mr. Amiens," the old lawyer said quietly, "I have read that in your city there is a firm that offered to sell postholes, and the proposition you have is worse than that. You should be jailed for representing it. My advice to you is to go on—leave the people here alone. You will bring nothing but regret."

The other smiled. "Sorry, but I can't accept your invitation. I have other business here. In fact, I was asked to come."

Stephens watched the well-groomed figure cross the street and enter a

Stood in Thought.

store over which was the sign, "William Joslyn." With a grunt of disgust the lawyer leaned back.

"So Will is after another scheme to get rich fast," he said to himself, and lapsed into musing.

The romance of the village was centered in William Joslyn and Emma Adams. Emma had inherited the wealth of her father and lived in the old mansion on the hill. William had loved her, and still did; and she loved him—of that the old attorney was certain.

The one thing that stood between Will and her was her money. Whether she knew that or not, Stephen did not know. He sighed over the matter, had chatted with William, but that firm, quiet, old-fashioned and set individual could not see how he could live upon his wife's money and keep his own respect—and he had little money of his own.

Now, so the lawyer mused, he was probably going into a get-rich-quick scheme to get the money he wanted in order to have the right to speak to Emma.

"It's a queer world and there are a lot of queer people in it," Stephens said as he rose from his chair.

That evening he met the calm-faced, patient Joslyn and warned him against investing in the Starr Investment company. Joslyn thanked him for his advice, and then went on to say that he had invested in it—all he had.

"You stand to lose every cent of it," the lawyer said.

"I stand to win, too. I am tired of waiting for my ship. I am going out to meet it," was the quiet answer.

"Tired of waiting," the lawyer said to himself as he went to his office for his evening smoke. "He'll have a longer wait still."

Three months went by, and then came the shock. He discovered that there was a rumor around the village that Emma had invested all her fortune in the Starr company. The old lawyer, getting the rumor straight, immediately set out for the Adams home.

Like some picture of other days come to life she came to meet him, as simple, honest and beautiful as one of her roses.

He asked her anxiously about the situation—whether it was true that she had invested in the firm. She nodded. Stephens looked at her in despair and wrath. "Miss Adams, your father and his father trusted me. Why did you not come to me for advice? That firm is a gang of crooks operating within the law and just a statute or two out of jail. You will lose every cent—and I know it."

She was smiling into her lawyer's eyes, and she said simply, "I am not worrying."

He stared at her, wondering, but when he was on the way home he guessed the reason behind her madness.

"Of all wild dreams of foolish hearts in love! She wants to lose the money so that chump of a Puritan Joslyn will ask her to marry him; and that fool to get rich, so he can, has invested in the same crazy scheme—good heavens!" the angry lawyer stuttered to himself.

Once more in his office, he slammed down his hat and stood in thought—to be aroused by his telephone. He answered it and heard Miss Emma's sweet voice say, an odd note of pleasure in it, "Dear old friend, I just got my mail; and they write me that for several reasons the investment failed and my money is gone."

He dropped the receiver with a groan. "And you want me to get the word to Joslyn! Never, I'll get the money back!"

To plan was to act; and the evening train carried the old lawyer to the city miles away. The next morning he was hot on the trail of the Starr Investment company.

He found them, and grimly held on until he was ushered into the splendid private office of Amiens, who greeted him with the same smooth manner as months ago in the office in the village.

Swiftly the old attorney told his errand and his purpose—to save for Miss Emma Adams the fortune her father had won by hard toil; and as quietly as ever the lawyer spoke the promoter explained why the money could not be reached.

Stephen rose, his white hair ruffled, his eyes aflame, knowing himself defeated. "You and your kind shielded by the law though you are, should be hanged! You—you—"

"Wait," said the other. "We have some sentiment sir, at least. I was in love once myself. Besides, our business is a big one."

The lawyer stood, puzzled by the words, and watching the while fingers searching through some papers.

"What we have done, my dear sir, is so to arrange matters that, in a word, the money Miss Emma invested with us is credited to the account of Mr. Joslyn, and here is the certified check we are sending Mr. Joslyn. You see, there was a bit of romance in my own life, and I heard the story of Emma and Will while in your pleasant village, and after verifying facts, I thought we might do this. I imagine when the facts come out, there will be a marriage in your town. William's investment succeeded, Emma's failed. You get the idea? And now, would you care to act for us in your village?"

The old lawyer looked into the smiling, inscrutable face. "Act for you? Never! But I'll take your case on the last judgment day! Good day!"

HORSES IN ANCIENT BATTLE

Seem to Have Been Little Used Except to Carry the Infantry Into the Fight.

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles, the charioteers drove their cars in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and, making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers then withdrew, little by little, from the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope, or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later iron age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the west German tribes, as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

The Crow's Voice.

The crow is one of the most widely disliked of birds. His reputation is bad, and is probably deserved.

No matter how long you study the crow, you will always have something to learn, and at the end of all your study he will know more about you than you will about him. At times it seems as if he knew what you were thinking about.

The crow has a large variety of notes or calls, and each one seems to be the harshest in all bird vocalism until the next one is sounded, which is a little harsher. He is an accomplished bird, and intelligent. If tamed, he can be taught many things, but never to be good. He is a natural thief, and cannot be reformed.

Ingenious "Fake" Pistol.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Inventions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a number of electric bells within a-ringing. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he would be caught in a vise by one of the many steel contraptions cunningly placed about.—London Tit-Bits.

Second Thoughts.

Mrs. Justwed—When I married I resolved to yield to my husband in everything.

Mrs. Langwed—So did I. And then resolved never to act on that resolution.

WATCH HIM GROW

Here is a "baby" who will give you no trouble—one who eats extraordinary food. Take habits of Thrift and Savings. Put in Thrift Stamps and Feed Regularly. Then just watch W. S. S. grow. You'll find him a wonderful joy.

SAVINGS MADE SAFE FOR SMALL INVESTOR

Uncle Sam Provides Protection for Thrifty Citizen Who Wishes to Lay Aside Part of Earnings.

This is the day of the small investor. The war opened the eyes of some 50,000,000 Americans to the benefits of investing in government securities; it minimized to the same extent the menace of fraudulent promotions in which many life's savings have been sunk. War Savings Stamps are making investing safe for the small saver.

Every small investor should realize that a dollar saved while money is the cheapest commodity offered will purchase twice as much of almost any other commodity within four or five years, so that, in addition to the interest that War Savings or other government securities yield, the investor really has earned 100 per cent in the purchasing power of the dollar saved.

Small sums certainly are worth saving. Amounts that seem insignificant soon pile up into figures that are impressive.

A great French banker was once asked the secret of French thrift, and he replied, "Compound interest." Just as constant waste, even in little things, may change one's life from success to failure, so the steady saving of money will eventually bring independence, if not actual wealth.

There are very few persons who cannot, without inconvenience, lay aside 10 cents a day. Within ten years one's daily savings of this insignificant sum will amount to $365, in addition to $80.36 compound interest, making a total of $445.36.

By saving 15 cents a day for ten years, with interest compounded at 4 per cent, one will have the comfortable sum of $668.18; 20 cents a day will net $890.99. Save 50 cents a day for ten years and there is $2,227.75. A dollar a day will make a total of $4,455.74 for the ten-year period.

All these figures are based on the savings being put out at 4 per cent compound interest. War Savings Stamps yield more than 4 per cent.

LESSONS WILL TEACH THRIFT IN SCHOOLS

Pamphlets Giving Outline Course May Be Had by Writing War Loan Organization.

The War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District at Richmond, Va., has just issued an outline of a course of thrift for elementary schools. It is designed especially to meet the needs of teachers, beginning with chapters for the smallest youngsters and continuing to those for pupils up to the eighth grade.

"Thrift in the Schools" contains fascinating suggestions for the teaching of thrift to the little ones at the "Mother Goose" age. Then for the older children there are many other ways of bringing the lesson home. Geography, hygiene, English reading, budget making and problems in arithmetic adapt themselves to the teaching of thrift.

Besides these items the pamphlet contains suggestions for morning talks for all grades; tentative reading lists, with the names of the publishers of books included; and, in each chapter, a paragraph on the practice of thrift.

The summary of the aims of the leaflet will probably give the best idea of the outline

1. To give the child a broad understanding of the specific facts and underlying principles of thrift.

2. To train the child in the habits of conservation and the wise use of all his resources.

3. To create through the schools a public sentiment in favor of thrift and economy, and through this public sentiment to cultivate the national habit of thrift.

The War Loan Organization in Richmond will furnish these leaflets in any quantity, free of charge.

If the frog hadn't slid back he would have gotten out of the well. Don't be a frog. Keep on buying War Savings Stamps.

Do you want to take a real vacation? Buy W. S. S.

Best be certain and not guess. You can save through W. S. S.

About the Weather.

In Fairfax county, near the old home of George Washington, a woodcutter without friends died the other day. At the funeral services there was no one to make an address. Volunteers were asked for, and when, after a few minutes, no one responded, a newcomer, who hailed from the Pacific coast, rose and said:

"Well, if nobody else has anything to say, I'd like to drop a few remarks on the remarkable health-giving properties of California weather."

LEARNING TO MAKE MONEY ONLY HALF

Wise Spending Is Also Essential According to War Savings Organization.

Learning how to make money is only half. It is learning how to spend wisely and save judiciously that counts.

Even saving does not necessarily mean wise spending, since the present day offers so many equivalents for our money. It is only by making a careful, systematic study of the household administration that a proper balance may be found between the different items in the average budget of the home.

There are items in every household on which too much money is spent. The fact must be faced that if too much is spent on clothing, for instance, less must be spent for other necessities of life.

Saving, however, is the item that should be most emphasized. Poorhouses are full of people who did not have a savings item on their budgets. Unemployment, sickness, old age and many other demands necessitate a call on the reserve fund, the lack of which will result in suffering and want.

Every going enterprise is conducted on system. If the home is to be a successful institution it must also comply with this wise rule of economics. Systematic household accounting will make a home more cheerful and prosperous. Household accounting alone, however, will never return its full benefit until it is backed by an intelligent family budget.

One must consider the problem of whether it is wiser to pay rent or to build a home. In a large measure this depends on local conditions as well as the size of the income.

Amusement and recreation are essential in family life. The child and the adult should have an allowance for this, though the total be very small, averaging from 4 to 5 per cent of the income of the family.

The wise spender plans the needs of the family so that the amount spent in the "miscellaneous" items will be as small as possible. This item should not be a "catch all" in home records.

MUCH JUNK FOUND BY VIRGINIA COMMUNITY

Thrift and junk business are booming at Emporia, Va. "It keeps me busy running to the post office to get Thrift Stamps to pay for all the salvage that is coming in now," said the proprietor of one of the junk shops. "Where all the junk comes from is a constant wonder. No one would have believed that so much stuff could have been hidden away in a town of this size."

Under the voluntary organization of Mrs. W. B. Goodwyn, of Emporia, all the housewives of the town have been conducting an organized salvage campaign, in accordance with the plans outlined by the War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District.

Salvage so collected is sold to the local junk dealer for its full value in Thrift Stamps. According to arrangements already made with most dealers in waste materials in the Fifth District, wagons will call for junk wherever a "Salvage" card is displayed. These cards have been distributed all over the State.

Not only has Emporia found that this organized campaign is resulting in a highly beneficial town "clean-up," but a source of economic welfare hardly known before has thus come to light.

The salvage campaign has proved so satisfactory in Emporia that junk wagons are now being run out to the surounding towns.

MONEY MAKING MONEY.

One dollar put aside every week for five years will give you over $287; for ten years it will make $638. Of course, $2 a week will give you about double that, or for five years $575.09; and so on. Buy a lead pencil and figure on that. It will be one of the best investments you ever made.

Safety, increase and ready money are all provided by W. S. S. They can always be convertetd into cash on ten days' notice at the nearestt post office

Rival of the X-Ray.

A physician has contrived a simple camera that seems to rival the X-ray in a limited field. Into a light-proof box, containing the member to be examined, he admits light from a tungsten lamp, filtered to pass only red rays. Passing through the hand or foot the red light strikes, at the bottom of the box, a photographic plate highly sensitized with an eosin solution. An exposure of one-half second makes the shadow picture.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Surrender of Sybil

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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"I often wonder," said Mrs. Baldwin, one sunshiny Saturday afternoon to her husband, "how Sybil manages to retain the friendship of Harvey Pendleton."

"What is my girl up to again?" smiled Mr. Baldwin, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Nothing, dad," laughed the girl, who in a demure frock of checkered organdie with its large Quaker collar seemed to personify innocence of any accusation of coquetry. "Just because Harvey has asked me to marry him, and I didn't say 'No,' Mother says I cannot go anywhere with any one else.

"Mother is right," responded Mr. Baldwin, the verdict coming in so mechanical tone, as if of habit, that Sybil laughed again.

"That's the trouble with you men," she affirmed with a determined manner in the wisdom of her years. "As soon as you win your wish, you believe the battle is over. And furthermore," this with a very decided shake of her pretty head which nearly upset the carefully arranged hairdress, "I'm not so sure I really care for Harvey."

Mr. Baldwin frowned. Guilty of having humored his only child from the moment she was old enough to grasp the fact that she could get anything she desired provided she teased long enough, he now found difficulty in restraining those very factors he had so innocently fostered.

"You ought not to keep the young man in disquieting suspense, Sybil, as he has great cares on his mind."

"Great cares! Pooh! Why, I could sell stocks and bonds," the pert braggadocio announced, pointing a well-manicured finger at her small self.

"Jean Pritchard!" he ejaculated.

"Perhaps." And as Mr. Baldwin gazed with admiring love at his pretty daughter, he thought that, as far as personality was concerned, she would make a most excellent salesman, even if her stock in trade were refrigerators and her territory Greenland. "But in addition to his own business," Mr. Baldwin continued, "Pendleton is also in the government service."

"What is he doing?" cross-examined his questioner, still unconvinced.

Mr. Baldwin spluttered. "I am not at liberty to say."

"Oh, of course," and the highly indignant young lady, with the air of an abused martyr, skipped up the stairway to slip into a charming street costume of tinted voile, which hung in soft folds to her small figure.

A wooden clock over the fireplace, its sides bulging with hideous gargoyles in miniature (Sybil had won it at a war bazaar and insisted on its prominent position), had just struck two when she seated herself at the piano and played the novelty bits of the day is catchy time.

"Where are you bound for?" asked her mother, a feeble note of remonstrance creeping into her voice. The banging melodies she knew from experience were the forerunner of another expedition of her daughter. The superfluous excitement was thus relieved.

"For the matinee at the Studorium."

"Alone?"

"No. With Jean Pritchard."

"Jean Pritchard?" repeated Mrs. Baldwin in amazed ignorance, casting a helpless and hopeless glance of appeal to her husband who sat in aggravating silence. "Who, may I ask, is Jean Pritchard?"

"You may. Jean's a duck of a fellow, just from over there. He's—"

But further details were interrupted by a ring at the bell announcing the arrival of the subject of their conversation, a dapper fellow dressed in extreme faultlessness, whose rapid shifting of eyes did not induce confidence. Sybil sensed a storm approaching, and to prevent hostilities waited but a few moments after the formalities of the introduction and the couple left.

"And she is content to go out with so foreign-looking a person," remonstrated Mrs. Baldwin to her husband. "I do not approve of this treatment of Harvey Pendleton."

"Nor I," he responded, recalling how he himself had danced attendance upon his wife while she made up her mind whether she could love and obey. "Perhaps we'd better forego being suburbanites and move from the village back into town again."

The bell's second sounding ushered in a strapping, bronzed man of compelling appearance. The businesslike severity of his clothes seemed to emphasize rather than detract from his muscular development.

(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

Mr. Baldwin arose with alacrity. "Hello there, Pendleton," and he shook hands cheerily.

"Where's Sybil tonight?" the young man asked as he paid his respects to Mrs. Baldwin.

"Just gone out for a while," was the placating response from the diplomatic mother. "Be seated and spend the evening with us."

"Don't mind if I do. Have had a very strenuous week and am pretty well tuckered out," he added, although his patent vitality belied the words. "Wish Sybil were here."

Mr. Baldwin felt called upon to assist in the conversation to avoid mention of his willful daughter. "Yes, I suppose during this reconstruction period your activities would be greatly increased," he sidetracked with a very knowing look to the young man, who responded to the lead.

"The social unrest does create a little trouble." He paused and seemed to recall the purpose of his visit. "With whom did Sybil go out?"

And to the direct question Mrs. Baldwin was obliged to give a direct answer. "With a Mr. Jean Pritchard."

Harvey Pendleton bounced from his seat. "Jean Pritchard!" he ejaculated. "Where?"

"To the Studorium," came the answer in unison from Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, too startled to grasp the meaning of the young man's abrupt departure as they watched with amazement a leap that cleared the steps and placed him at the wheel of his car. Anxiously they leaned from the window as the engine responded to his shifting of gears and the car lurched down the boulevard toward the central road with reckless disregard for village traffic regulations.

Pendleton was a careful driver, but as he flew along the road full speed ahead he skimmed the wheels of a milk wagon, skirted the tail of a dog and cut the edge of a curb nasturtium bed. Failing to slow down at the intersection point which had been too aptly termed "The Trap," because of the many accidents occurring there, he lacked opportunity to avoid the automobile coming from the opposite direction.

With quick sense of his impending danger, Pendleton turned out with a vicious swing. His coup avoided collision, but brought the fender of his machine in clashing juxtaposition with the running board of the car to his right. Both machines raspingly came to a standstill. And from the inclosed side of the other car there was extended a hand—a woman's hand—fingers wildly clutching the air, and as Pendleton collected his wits, he fairly shouted, "Sybil's hand!"

Like a flash he was within the other machine pounding insensibility into the creature forcing unwelcome attention upon Sybil—his Sybil! The struggle was brief but effective. With an ominous click a pair of shiny handcuffs went on.

Despite fright and surprise at the opportune appearance of her rescuer, Sybil's never-absent sense of humor came to the top. "Do you always carry those bracelets around with you, my bold hero?" she archly asked.

But having spoken, she was quick to realize the moment was not propitious for banter. "Yes," he answered sharply, "ever since I've been in the government secret service."

"But—but what has that to do with Jean Pritchard?"

"Oh, he's just a choice specimen of the pretty bolshevik variety of canker worm the government has long wanted to deport."

Sybil gasped. Her own narrow escape arose before her and the gratitude she owed the man with whose love she had toyed.

"But what can you do with him now in this village?" she asked in anxious fear.

"I shall march him straight to the justice of the peace for safekeeping."

"But what will you do with me?"

"The same."

And he did.

Let's Be Cheerful

Being cheerful is one of the things that sustain the spirit of cooperation between you and the telephone operator. It means much to her and you benefit by it too. The service becomes more pleasant and generally more effective.

When you give a number to the operator, and when you talk over the telephone, let a bit of a smile creep into your voice. The voice with a smile wins —every time.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

B

MICKIE SAYS

Find a Moth Exterminator.

Experiments of the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, have demonstrated that naphthalene is uniformly effective in protecting woolens from clothes moth infection and in killing all stages of the insect. A red cedar chest readily killed all adult moths and showed considerable killing effect upon young larvae. It did not prevent the hatching of eggs, but killed all the resulting larvae almost immediately. Red cedar chips and shavings, while not entirely effective in keeping the adult moths from laying eggs on the flannel treated, appeared to protect it from appreciable damage when used liberally.—Des Moines Register.

Trench Mortar Regiment.

The wartime organization of trench mortar batteries with the divisions is to be abandoned in favor of a single trench mortar regiment, which will be organized as a part of the army artillery to be assigned for duty by the army commander. Trench guns resulted from stabilized trench war fare, and the divisional batteries lost their usefulness excepting under special conditions when the allied attack turned the warfare into an open struggle. For that reason, the trench mortar units of all divisions were among the first to be sent home.

Submarine Not Yet Perfect.

In spite of the fact that the British have some steam-driven 2,700-ton submarines capable of a surface speed of from 23 to 25 knots, the submarine as a weapon of war is too slow and too blind when it is submerged to be considered a serious weapon of naval warfare. When it can see electrically to a distance of ten to fifteen miles while it is submerged so deeply as to be invisible to the air scout, and when it can steam 20 knots submerged it will dominate the naval situation, says Scientific American.

Not a Handicap.

The Americans were not handicapped on the western front by their slight knowledge of the French language. As a matter of fact it was definitely proved—to the German discomfort—that the American soldiers could shoot in any old language.—London Tit-Bits.

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