SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

Copyright

"It Was Fate."

Synopsis—While his train is held on a siding Tom Davenport, engineer of the Pacific Limited, becomes interested in the furtive movements of a small brown man, evidently a foreigner, and investigates. What he discovers sends him back to his cab in a hurry. Buchanan Williams, mining man, boards the train and makes the acquaintance of the stranger, Jalsingrao Jitendra, who proves to be an East Indian. The limited is wrecked.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

—2—

Involuntarily he picked it up and read, drawn by an impulse which he could not fathom:

"Beloved:

"Until long after I had crossed the sacred water of the Ganges, with its burden of true believers progressing to their next incarnation, and lived among the people of this far-off country, I never understood the meaning of true love; but now, after your many sacrifices for me, I believe I do.

"As I have knelt before the shrine of the Blue Buddha, I have learned the meaning of such devotion as yours; come, therefore, to me and speedily. I write in English that you may see how I have improved.

"INDIRA."

Buck thrust the missive into his pocket and turned to the twisted tangle of the wrecked diner. He regretted that he had read the note through on the impulse of the moment, for the intimate affairs of a chance traveling companion were surely no business of his.

The texture resembled that of the paper which Jitendra had been reading at the beginning of their conversation. The peculiar style and idiom of the communication left little doubt that it was the same and had somehow escaped from him at the instant of the crash.

A sinister jet of flame spiraled up from the splintered fragments. The trainmen were already hewing frantically at the debris, and presently a negro crawled painfully through the orifice they made, dragging a broken leg.

Another followed, then another, his face grimed with the smoke of the fast rising fire which, in spite of desperate efforts, seemed destined to consume the demolished car.

But of Jitendra the mining man saw no sign, and he smothered an imprecation at the exasperating slowness of the crew, as he wrenched an ax from one of them and attacked the pile at another point.

CHAPTER II.

Rescuing a Hindu.

"Everybody's out, Buck!" protested Conductor Martin, running over to him.

"No!" shouted the fair-haired, blue-eyed giant. "There's a passenger stuck somewhere beneath this mess—the little dark chap who was sitting across the table from me in this car."

The blaze, fed from the incandescent coals of the diner's cooking range, obstinately refused to be extinguished.

The varnished fragments of the car yielded eagerly to the darting tongues of flame which ran along the ground under the debris or hissed against the pitifully inadequate water which was futilely poured on the wreckage from above, as volunteers hurried back and forth from the engine with pails.

Hewing desperately, Williams at last cleared a small opening above which the wreckage piled itself in such shape as to form a triangular orifice. Buck dropped to his knees and peered beneath. The fast increasing fire volleyed forth a great cloud of smoke through the new hole, which only appeared to create a better draft for its more rapid progress.

The American wormed himself into it, twisted, and writhed forward.

"Come back, Buck!" cried Martin, grasping his leg. "He's only a guinea, anyway—not worth the risk."

But the American obstinately jerked himself free and disappeared into the mass of steel and splinters. A little way ahead, to the right of him, he could discern a small, inert, chocolate-colored body, unconscious of the reeking smoke which already thinly enshrouded his calm face.

Buck grasped him.

The body yielded easily, as if destiny itself had arched over it a protection. Very slowly he worked his way back through the dense, stifling atmosphere. A shower of sparks swept down his neck, burning him bitterly; but Buck was heedless of it.

Obstinately propping himself now on one hand and knees, and again pushing himself backward as he flattened out, he never relaxed his grip on the unconscious diminutive figure. Eager hands dragged them both from the opening.

As the American emerged and the others caught sight of the limp body he had rescued, the passengers broke into a cheer.

"Cripes!" gasped Williams, beating at his scorched neck until the smoldering around the collar of his coat was extinguished. "Somebody get me some vaseline or engine oil!"

He laved his burns eagerly, then knelt to examine the motionless body he had dragged to safety.

"Give me some water, will you?" he commanded, reaching for his hip-pocket with the words. With his own hands he washed the blood from the little man's head and bound it round with his handkerchief, after tearing it in twain and knotting the ends together.

"Only a scratch," he muttered.

He forced the neck of his flask between the lips of the unconscious doll-like figure. The fire was nearly out, and the section men from Separ were already over the edge of the steep bank. A whistle was sounding faintly down the road in front.

The head brakeman came wearily back to the group around the dead and injured and handed a telegram to Conductor Martin.

"Extra twenty-seven sixty-nine's engine and a wrecking crew have been sent back from Deming; that's her whistling now," explained the trainman.

Jitendra stirred.

Never before in all his life had a fiery, potent liquid like the one now trickling down his throat passed his lips. The thud of the wrecked car as it toppled at last into the ditch seemed to aid in his awakening.

He sat suddenly erect, looked stupidly around. Friendly hands helped him into the Pullman.

"Feeling better?" Buck Williams had already forgotten his own trivial injuries in the solicitude he felt for this timorous little alien peering up at him with apologetic eyes.

"Yes, sahib," breathed the brown man. "'I do not understand—"

"Oh, it's all over," cheerfully interrupted Williams. "We had a breakdown on the locomotive and came to a quick stop. The old wooden diner crumpled up—that's all. Couldn't expect anything else, hitting the hill the way we were, with a big hog like that in front and the steel Pullman behind. A couple of niggers killed—and you got the worst deal of any of the passengers, I guess."

The somber look in the eyes deepened as Jitendra scanned his face with a quaint intentness which was altogether new and a little uncanny. Williams shifted uneasily as he went on:

"Wrecking crew's got the engine on the track again; we'll only be a few hours late into El Paso. Do you think you'd better get off at Deming and let a doctor look you over?"

Jitendra shook his head. "I am not much hurt, Sahib Buck," he gravely replied. "But how came I to escape the fire? Was I not overwhelmed by the disaster?"

"Oh, you were penned in under that old hulk of a diner until we dragged you out," laughed the mining man. "But that's done now. You'll be in Chicago, almost the same as if nothing had happened, in two days. It was lucky for both of us that we were toward the back end of the car."

"It was fate," affirmed Jitendra, with an emphatic positiveness contrasting strangely with his wee figure. "But you, Sahib Buck—were you, too, immersed in the shatterings?"

"Nix," grinned Williams. "I backpedaled right over tables and chairs till I landed in the vestibule."

"I seemed to be looking down upon you the last I remember," mused the Oriental, fastening his eyes searchingly upon the other man's.

"I missed you," admitted Buck unhesitatingly, "and grabbed an ax and chopped down to where you lay. But I am sure that you would have done as much for me. Do you remember what we were talking about when the smash came?"

Jitendra nodded.

"Yes, Sahib Buck. You were inquiring of me concerning certain powers of my people. But Vishnu willed that I should not reply. So my lips were sealed, as you saw. It may be that I shall never reveal to you, sahib, the things of which I was about to speak."

"Why not?" demanded Williams curiously. The finality in the voice of the Hindu interested and, oddly enough, disquieted him.

"Sahib Buck," patiently began Jitendra, "it is not easy for me to explain the powers which rule us in spite of our complacent self-confidence. But I saw you running for this train—which was late. Tell me if you can, did you make it late?"

"No."

"Nor did I," affirmed the Oriental. "Nor did either you or I check its mad rush toward the places whither we are traveling. Therefore, how shall I make clear to you that what I may call fate bears rule over all? It is not well that men should know too much of such things, sahib, else they would lay the blame for their evil deeds on destiny or fate. So is it not wiser to deal warily with such matters, that, being in ignorance, men shall have the more fear of that which is hidden and kept secret?"

"Perhaps," laconically admitted Williams.

"This morning," imperturbably went on Jitendra, "I did not know that such a man as you lived, nor did you know me. Fate wills that we meet and journey on together."

"To El Paso?" interloped the other.

"To whither the same fate shall decide that bade you drag me from the burning car. I did not ask it, for Vishnu had sealed not only my lips, but smothered my thoughts. Fate spoke, sahib, and you obeyed. And now the same fate whispers to me, bidding me turn aside from my journey and go on with you until it permits me to preserve you as you have this day preserved me."

"Oh, I say, Mr. Jitendra, I can't let you interrupt your trip to bother about me or my affairs," protested Williams. "Really, it's very thoughtful of you, but its wholly unnecessary."

He straightened his strong, young and leaned back in the Pullman is typical oriental method of ap tion. One touch of nature makes hole world akin, and Buck Wi vaguely grasped the spirit of re s gratitude that burned in the igure before him.

blesse oblige" it enunciated as y as if spoken in actual words audibl above the roar of the train, now ra ing again toward El Paso.

"Who shall say?" cryptically replied Jitendra. "Sahib, I have said that the ways of your people are not the ways of mine. But I have also said that fate or destiny bears rule over all peoples. And I may not journey far upon the Seven Paths if I try to step aside from the Karma which fate lays upon me. Only by obedience may I progress. Otherwise I am in fetters until another incarnation of sorrow and pain has set me free."

The quick grind of the brakes diverted Buck Williams from a reply. The belated limited came to a stop. A boy leaped up the steps of the Pullman bearing a telegram.

"Mr. Williams!" shouted Conductor Martin. The young man hurried to the end of the car, received the message, and the train picked up again as he tore it open to read:

"Culiacan, Mexico, June 15, 1913.

"Buchanan Williams,

"Clifton, Arizona.

"Forward Train No. 6, East-bound.

"Manuel Pacheco and mine crew take to the hills after plundering company store. Meet me Sheldon hotel, El Paso, quick. More trouble brewing around El Tigre.

"WILLIAM SCOTT."

Four and a half hours late the limited slipped into the Union station at El Paso. Buck Williams had forgotten the wreck, Jitendra, and everything else in the chaos of new thoughts regarding the peril to his mine.

He climbed into a taxicab and was whirled to the hotel. Scott leaped across the lobby with extended hand.

"Buck!" he cried, delightedly. "Great guns, man, but I'm glad to see you! The whole province of Sinaloa is shot to h—— again—another revolution started. Pacheco and those lazy Mexicans have robbed you of nearly everything you own on top of the ground. From the looks of things, they're planning to cop the El Tigre itself."

"So?" drawled Buck, stiffening a little, the light of battle flaming in his blue eyes, suddenly grown cold. "I picked up a rumor of this at Clifton yesterday. One of the mine bosses overheard some Mexicans discussing El Tigre. He told the superintendent, who repeated it to me. I had just time to pack my bag, and by sheer luck I caught No. 6 east-bound at Lordsburg."

"We can't do much without an army," gloomed Scott, kicking in a dubious fashion at the tiled floor. "I had a mighty hard two days getting through—came by way of Chihuahua after striking overland from the coast—and got the last train out. Americans are thick enough along this side of the border; but a mosquito with a gun that would fit him couldn't pack it across into Juarez—no, sir! The commander at Fort Bliss says we ought to stay at home."

"He hasn't a five-million-dollar mine to lose," sententiously observed Williams, turning to the register. He stumbled against a diminutive figure, whose head just topped the onyx-framed desk.

"What—you here?" he cried. "I told you that I didn't want you to reciprocate my small assistance this afternoon, Mr. Jitendra."

The brown man salaamed low.

"What says the Ancient Wisdom, Sahib Buck? 'The longest way round is oft the shortest way home.'"

Williams threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"Scotty, look at this!"

He jerked a derisive thumb toward the chocolate hued, undersized atom of humanity standing humbly but firmly at his side.

"I pulled him out from under a wrecked diner this afternoon. Now he insists on trailing me until he has paid the score by doing as much for me. Do you think he'd make one bite for Manuel Pacheco and his regiment of thieves?"

"Good Morning, Sahib Buck."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NO NEED FOR FURTHER TALK

Argument Had Convinced Man That Arctic Expedition Was Just the Place for Him.

A middle-aged man, with what appeared to be a load on his mind, visited the arctic steamer just before it started on the expedition, and seemed greatly interested in what he saw.

"Say," he said to the officer on deck, "I'd like to go with you on this expedition of yours."

"It's awfully cold up there," remarked the officer, discouragingly.

"I don't care for that."

"You have very little to eat and you might starve to death."

"That wouldn't be pleasant," observed the visitor.

"I should say not," returned the officer. "And you might be eaten by your comrades."

"And then," continued the officer, "you wouldn't see your wife for three years, and possibly longer. You know you can't take her with you."

"Oh!" returned the would-be explorer, after a long pause, "then you can put my name down on your books. Your last argument captures me."

Heat Bursts Gravel.

The bureau of standards has found that if the concrete is made with gravel, particularly siliceous gravel, there is a tendency for the stones to burst in extreme heat, which disintegrates the concrete. Accordingly it is recommended that gravel be avoided wherever possible, but if impossible the gravel concrete may be protected from extreme heat by coating it with an inch of cement, held in place by a wire mesh. Plasters may also be used in which asbestos is the principal constituent.

Gowns for Formal Dress



The outstanding feature in this season's apparelling is brightness. Everything is colorful, not always vivid, but always glowing. The metallic cloths, silk and satin surfaces, brocades and metallic laces, assure the liveliness of evening and afternoon dress. Milliners and bootmakers, taking their cue from gowns and wraps, see to it that headwear and footwear carry out the brilliance that would otherwise eclipse them. Beads, sequins and rhinestones stand ready to aid the artist in any sort of apparel who is compelled to add his glowing bit to the costume that is animated and joyous. It is just a question of more or less glow.

In afternoon gowns we look for and find less than in those to be worn under artificial light; but in many of these there are metallic laces and brocades introduced, veiled with crepe georgette or chiffon. The advantage of an afternoon frock made in this way is that it is brightened up by artificial light and becomes quite equal to holding its own in the brilliant company of regulation evening gowns. There are many women who have little use for formal evening dress and there are women who do not look well in it—it is not suited to their style or personality, as anyone knows who has a chance to observe. But the afternoon dress is universally becoming.

A fine example of a frock that will do double duty is shown at the left of the two figures above. It has a skirt of silk in a heavy crepe weave, with an insert of metallic brocade, in subdued colors, veiled with georgette crepe like the skirt in color. The underbodice is made of the brocade and the overbodice of georgette. The upper sleeve is of the crepe, with a very deep cuff of silk joined to it with a band of brocade that lies under the crepe. The cuff is open in the underseam. A wide, shaped girdle is made of the silk used in the skirt, with flat cords and tassels finishing the opening at the right side.

Metallic brocade and satin make the lovely evening gown at the right. After the manner of evening gowns, it reveals plenty of material, cleverly draped below the waist, and very little above it. There are narrow bands of satin over the shoulders, with small blossoms set close together in them. A very wide tulle scarf, ending in silk tassels, adds an allurement to the shoulders and arms it serves to veil.



There are not many women who are not deeply interested in making their houses attractive, and in changing the countenance of the various rooms once in awhile. Especially they like to freshen up and make dainty their own quarters. But there is nothing that has soared in price to heights beyond that reached by new furniture, and one can live without it, so it is the part of the economic housewife to keep her money in her pocket until things are normal again and a dollar will buy more than 30 to 50 cents' worth of merchandise.

In the meantime, it is worth while to spend a little money to keep the house and oneself looking attractive. In spring or fall, when walls are done over, cover them with plain—that is, unfigured—paper, or other covering in light tones of gray, tan, buff or barley. If a new rug or two is to be bought, let it be plain, also, or nearly so, and in a dark shade of the color on the wall. With a background of this kind draperies, bed coverings, cushions, scarfs for dressing cases and chiffoniers, in figured cretonnes, will make attractive interiors at little cost.

Cretonnes are shown in unending variety of designs in light and dark colors, skillfully patterned, so that they may be used in living rooms and bedrooms to furbish up old-style or unsightly furniture. Couches in the living room covered with it, chairs covered to match, with hangings and cushions, will dress up the heart of the home for winter or summer, with a small outlay. One must practice restraint, and not overdo in the use of figured materials. Often a plain material bordered with the figured cretonne will help out in the matter of using just enough and not too much. Quieter colors also are to be chosen for living rooms than for bedrooms.

In bedrooms head and footboards of unsightly beds, or of brass or iron beds, are transfigured by coverings of cretonne with a valance to match, box-plaited along the side. A coverlid of plain cotton in one of the colors, or the predominating color in the cretonne, side curtains of the same, bordered with cretonne, and lambrequins to match, will transform a bedroom into something charming—a joy for a season or two at least. There are so many soft tones in beautiful colors that are gay and cheerful for the bedroom.

In this day of bare hardwood floors and rugs, the beautiful colonial or rag rugs merit more consideration. For bedrooms, they may be made in darker shades of any of the colors in the cretonne used, and they are of the same character of furnishings.

Cretonne is used for making any number of smaller accessories of bedroom furnishing, as laundry and shoe bags, lamp and candle shades, glove and handkerchief boxes, screens, window-seat coverings, pin cushions and all other cushions, and for covering shirtwaist and hat boxes or chairs. It is saving table linen in many a dining room, where it appears at breakfast or lunch in centerpieces and doilies, instead of white linen table cloths. When it comes time to fit up the porch for summertime, cretonne is indispensable. Willow furniture in gray, green, tan or brighter tones must have cretonne cushions, and swinging or stationary couches their cretonne coverings. Some colors and patterns stand laundering very well, which is another item in favor of this cheerful fabric.

Julia Bottomley

Belts and Girdles Important.

Novel sashes, belts and girdles play a very important part in making otherwise plain blouses qualify as things of beauty. Some very handsome flexible metal belts are worn with good effect with blouses of velvet and the sheer blouses often have girdles of gold or silver cloth or of metal insertion cleverly handled.

An Unusual Blouse.

A blouse recently seen was of apricot-colored duvetyn, the entire surface of which was couched over in navy blue floss.

Linen for Brides.

Why not give the bride something that will be useful in her new little home for many years—something that will represent a real luxury perhaps a little out of the range of the average newlyweds' modest allowance for setting-up-housekeeping expenses? In other words, why not bestow upon the bride fine linens for her dining-room?

Velveteen Popular.

Velveteen has always proved a satisfactory material for a frock which is dressy and yet will cover a multitude of needs. This season especially delightful frocks have been made of this material. The chemise dress with simple cord sash, and perhaps lace collars and cuffs, has won favor, as also the guimpe dress, which is worn with a waist of georgette, pongee or other silk, or of voile.

Cloth and Furs.

Brown and dark green are colors extensively featured for hats of cloth and fur combination.

SEVENTY-FIVE AND BOARD

By M. P. MERRYMAN

(©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Yellow October sunlight poured through the west windows of the library. Myriad dust particles floated along the slanting sun paths that slid abruptly into shadow at the table's edge. The assistant professor of biology sat humped over a book that lay upon the table before him, but he was not concentrating, at least not upon the text. With a thump of his fist that set the book jumping he raised his head and looked about the big, quiet room.

The assistant professor took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes and stretched. Then he shoved his hands into his pockets, tilted back in his chair and surveyed the shelves of dog-eared volumes opposite him. It gave him an immense satisfaction, this bare, low-vaulted room with its brown walls and solid, brown tables and its rows and rows of books.

The assistant professor pulled out a crumpled bit of paper from his pocket and smoothed it out upon the book, after which he continued to regard it with an expression of ironical amusement. It was a check made out to him for the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents; a sum he had received in payment of a scientific article which it had taken him two months to write. It was a good article, too, but according to more than one editor "not sufficiently popular in tone."

He had been trying to make a decision. This last contemplation of the scrap of paper in his hand had served to topple the scales. He closed the book with a bang, uncrossed his long legs, rose from the table and ambled down the aisle to the door. Outside he stood for an instant blinking in the strong light. When he closed his eyes they still registered printed book pages. With something of the feeling of a stranger he turned and scuffed along the leaf-strewn path to the lake. Now that there was no longer any doubt about his departure the intimate landscape seemed all at once unfamiliar and different. He felt already detached from it—and sorry.

* * * * * * *

The moment the tip of her canoe veered round a bend in the shore line he recognized it and whistled. The assistant professor of English whistled her answer and waved an undignified paddle in greeting as her small craft slipped into sight.

"Want to come?" she called, invitingly.

"Sure!"

"All right! Climb in!"

The canoe nosed landward and slushed into the sand. With a lunge which shot the boat into deeper water and himself miraculously, into the boat, the new passenger embarked and took charge of the paddle.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," she replied and smiled at him.

He selected the most distant spot on the lake, laid the paddle across the canoe and rested his elbows on it.

"Takes longer this way," he explained.

She laughed and leaned sideways to watch a swirl of red and yellow leaves that went scudding along the surface of the water like a fleet of toy sailboats. The red of her tam-o'-shanter, however, held more fascination for him. At length the leaves whirled out of sight and she settled back in her seat to feast her eyes upon lake and trees and sky.

"I'm so sorry for all the folks who live in cities," she said.

"Why?"

She looked up inquiringly at the question. He had snapped it out so abruptly it puzzled her a little. He had begun paddling, too, furiously.

"'Why?'" she repeated. "Why, because they miss all this!" She waved a brown arm toward the rusting woods that shadowed them. "Wouldn't you hate to miss it?" she queried. The blade in his hand cut a long swath before he answered.

"I—I expect to miss it—after next Sunday," he said.

"You—you mean—?" Her question hung unfinished.

"Yes, I'm going away—to the city," he said dryly with a pucker of his mouth as if even the taste of the words was bitter to him.

"Oh!" She bit her lips and tried to go on speaking naturally, but her brain appeared to be turning a somersault—and no words came.

"Yes," he went on dully. "I'm going away. Decker has a fellow here now who can take my place. They've given me these last two days till college opens to decide. Well, I've made up my mind. I'm going to the city to live in a hall bedroom and work in an office—and sell rubber. I'll loathe selling rubber, but I've got to stick to it till I can make a decent enough living to ask a decent girl to marry me. I'd rather stay here and go on with my work than anything else on earth, but I'll be hanged if I'll ask my wife to wear second-hand clothes all her life or wear 'em myself. This digging along forever on seventy-five a month and board is getting my goat. Today this came. It was the last straw." He drew his offending check from his pocket and flipped it into her lap. She read it and met his eyes when she had finished. "I—I don't know that I blame you much," she said.

They skimmed along for a time, each waiting for the other to speak. When she had made up her mind that he never expected to open his mouth again, she gave in. "And—and how does—the girl—feel about it?" she inquired. "That would make—some difference—of course." Hours passed for her before he replied.

"I—I haven't—asked her—yet," he said hesitatingly.

With a little shiver of relief she sank back in her seat and caught back the smile in her eyes so that he might not see. He went on blustering, manfashion:

"It isn't unreasonable, is it, to want enough to live on decently? I'm not aspiring to plumbers' wages, you know, or anything like that; but hang it, even a teacher's got to live."

She began speaking then and her voice grew softer and fuller as she went on. "I know," she replied. "It's unfair and it probably will be for a long time to come, but you can't have everything, you know, Bob. You have the work you like best in all the world. Not many men can say that."

"I know all that," he said, shaking his head in reply. "I've talked that way to myself, too, but all the same steam-heated apartments in town rent for $50 a month."

"So you have been house hunting?"

He had not even the grace to blush. "Sure!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I? Even a poor devil of a pedagogue can look, can't he?"

She leaned forward, her eyes dancing, but for the moment she felt a little like his mother, nevertheless.

"Boy," she explained slowly and emphatically, "when you're a school-teacher you don't rent a steam-heated apartment in town; you get a cottage in the country and buy a good second-hand stove. For that matter, all the furniture is second-hand but you needn't look like that—it's nice! You buy a few pieces at a time and put on three coats of paint and then you enamel it and if you want to you paint little flow—"

He could not wait for her to finish. "And for an engagement ring," he jeered, "you buy some pretty little tin thing at the five and ten."

She shook her head defiantly till the red tassel bobbed. "No, you don't! You hunt up that lovely old amethyst ring of your mother's that you once showed to—to me."

He was still stubborn and unconvinced. "And then," he demanded, "when the house is rented and furnished and—and everything—who pays the bills?"

Her patience reached its limit. "Can't you figure out anything for yourself?" she demanded angrily. "Some land goes with the cottage, of course; enough to raise garden truck for the—the family, and besides that you do whatever you can. Raise chickens or rabbits or bees or thoroughbred dogs or mushrooms or anything that sells—how can I tell exactly? Personally, I've made several hundred dollars writing 'detekettif' stories. Maybe your—your wife could do something like that—after the dishes."

The assistant professor of biology began to believe he had died and gone to heaven. He felt as if he were treading on balloons that bore him higher and higher, yet strangely did not break. The prospect of remaining at his work made him giddy enough, but added to that the idea of wife and home was still beyond his rapidly expanding imagination.

"Do you—do you suppose—it could be done?" he demanded, and tried to swallow. The red mouth beneath the red tam-o'-shanter was quivering, but the round little chin was firm. "Of course it could!" she said.

"God!" murmured the assistant professor of biology fervently. "I—I almost believe it could, too! And you don't believe I'd be a low-down cad for asking the best little girl in the world to marry me and live like that?" His hands moved forward, eagerly awaiting the touch of the two steady ones that slipped into his own, while the paddle, unnoticed, slid into the water and floated away.

"I—I'm sure you wouldn't," she answered, "if—if you mean—me!"

Knew One of Papa's Duties.

Nellie was showing some of the family photographs to her little friend of four. When she came to one of the male members, Dorothy exclaimed: "Is that your papa?" Nellie said: "I have no papa." Dorothy looked at her very seriously and said: "Well, then, who saws the wood?"

CAMERAS ON AFRICAN HUNT

Unique Expedition That Is Larger Than That Headed by Colonel Roosevelt in 1912.

An expedition, unique of its kind, recently landed at Cape Town, South Africa, from which point it will penetrate the jungles of the dark continent.

This expedition is the first to go on a similar errand since the beginning of the world war. The expedition is larger than that headed by the late Col. Theodore Roosevelt and many members of the present party were with the deceased ex-president. A full cinematograph equipment was taken on the expedition and photographic records will be made of all discoveries and will be brought back to America for portrayal in an educational campaign which is to be instituted by the government.

The director of the expedition is Edmund Heller of Washington. Heller is a famous scientist connected with the Smithsonian institution and is an experienced explorer, having been with Roosevelt on the latter's 1912 expedition into Africa. Heller was also with Paul Rainey when that explorer delved into East Africa. The Smithsonian institution chose Harry C. Raven as field naturalist of the expedition. Raven spent many years in the jungle without seeing the face of another white man. The botanist of the expedition is Homer L. Shantz of Washington. Shantz was selected by the department of agriculture.

For the first time in scientific history, the motion picture will play an important part in the exploration of Africa. Motion pictures of known and heretofore unknown forms of animal, insect and reptile life, of races and tribes, will be brought to America.

Bad for the Debtor.

People of Siam are cautious about getting into debt. When a debtor is three months in arrears he can be seized by the creditor and compelled to work out his indebtedness. Should the debtor run away, his father, his wife or his children may be held in slavery until the debt is canceled.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3543-0014.jpg