ROADSTERS TWO

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Helen Moore had broken the speed limit, successfully, on her way out to her father's country home at Great Neck. Her little roadster had eaten up the miles as if famishing until they were all consumed.

Helen had invited a large number of friends, on the spur of the moment, for a week-end party, and there was scant time to provision the closed home before the first guest should arrive. They would all motor out from the city and would get a mighty cold reception unless she hurried a bit.

Arriving at Great Neck, Helen drew up at the butcher's, and her purchases put, as usual, in her car, she went with them to the grocery shop to make another order.

Her little roadster swung against the curb a few yards beyond the door. A delivery wagon was directly in front, so Helen took the next best position.

Inside the shop she made her large order.

"Just put them in the car," she told the grocery boy.

"The roadster?" questioned the boy, as, laden with the huge box, he obeyed orders.

A nod and a smile answered him, and Helen then turned to write a check in payment.

It was a scant five minutes before she emerged ready for the final spin that would lead her, well-stocked with food for the inner man, up to the big driveway to her country home.

Helen sent a swift glance into the car, to make sure her big box was safely there.

There was no box! And the boy had returned empty-handed to the store before she had finished making out her check. She hastened back to demand of the grocer the whereabouts of her order.

"I put it in the roadster," said the boy, and accompanied Helen to the door. There his heart gave a nasty turn. There must have been two similar cars by the curb and he had placed the groceries in the wrong car.

Helen grasped the facts immediately, and scanned the main street for the other roadster. If it were in sight it would be quicker to follow and get her box, rather than wait until a duplicate order was made up.

"That's probably the car turning the bend," she decided, and swiftly jumped into her seat. Being in a tremendous hurry, and trying to follow the direction of that fast disappearing car, Helen did all the wrong things. She flung into reverse gear, stalled her engine, almost banged head-on into the one trolley in sight, and finally got away.

She sped after the receding car as if she longed to kill every inhabitant of Great Neck. It seemed often as if fortune were favoring that other car, for when Helen seemed about to spring alongside it she invariably had to slacken for a truck or the sudden appearance of a child in the roadway.

Wrath was gathering in her eyes and her cheeks were scarlet with excitement. Had she not been the daughter of a well-known townsman Helen undoubtedly would have screamed at the occupant of that twin roadster to stop and give her her groceries. Time was getting shorter, and she realized that her guests would be cooling impatient heels on her massive stone doorstep.

The man, for it was a man in gray tweed cap pulled well over his eyes, was oblivious to the fact that he was being angrily followed.

But suddenly he turned off a long bit of clear road, and in another second it would have seemed as if the Vanderbilt cup race was on, for the two cars careened along that highway as if in hot pursuit of a whirlwind. It was then that the man knew he was being watched, but merely as the occupant of one speedy car trying to pass the other.

They went hood to hood until about the finish of clear road. It was then that the tweed cap driver saw that his opponent was a girl. He had not made the observation before, being well content with trying the full capacity of his engine's power.

Now, with true gentlemanly tact he shut off gas, slowed almost imperceptibly, and let the girl drive well past him. He fell to wondering then if he had been racing with a mad woman, for she was turning straight in the roadway so that a collision was only averted by swift, intelligent use of the brake and steering wheel.

The sudden stop flung Davis with a bang against his wheel. It was then that he heartily gave vent to an expression not flattering to woman drivers.

"You have my groceries!" the angry sentence flashed from one car to the other.

Davis stared at the flaming cheeks and brilliant eyes of his stormy accuser, then dragging reluctant eyes away he glanced down into his car.

Then he did the most unpardonable thing he had so far done. He laughed uproariously.

Helen Moore was furious.

Simultaneously both engines were shut off as if to pave the way for a conversation under less strenuous circumstances. Having quiet now at their command it was Davis who spoke next.

"What makes you think I have your property in my car? My housekeeper was in the village making an order and was going to put the box in here with me."

Helen sank back a trifle appeased, for in her heart she knew the man was in no way responsible for her predicament—yet she could not help a glow of anger. He might have looked to see if the box was his before dashing off like a tornado with it.

This much she told him before even as much as a ghost of a smile was permitted to dawn about her lips.

"Then where are my groceries?" demanded Davis, as if Helen were responsible for their loss. "I have a gang waiting at the house now for food."

"I suppose yours are back in the shop," Helen suggested. "If you don't mind, I would like that box—my guests will have gone back to town if I don't get back soon."

"That lets me out of getting over to Smallwoods' to arrange for the musicians I wanted for tomorrow night." Davis was a bit peevish himself now, and Helen's tone became wonderfully soft.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I have already engaged those musicians for my dance tomorrow night." She was watching Davis now as he removed the box of groceries from one roadster to the other, and as she watched him her interest grew. He was the type of man that any womanly girl would like, and like very much.

"Those coons! And they are the best on Long island. It was because of them I got my bunch out here," lamented Davis. "Those men could make a motorcar dance. Well—you got them first." He was standing close to Helen now, after having deposited the box safely in its rightful place. "I am sorry you had to chase your groceries, but I was really not to blame—was I?" He waited his answer, and Helen knew he would wait until he got it. He was that type of man.

"Not in the least," she quickly told him, and did not regret the color that crept into her cheeks. It told him so plainly that she rather liked him. Then impetuously, she added: "I wonder if it would be awfully unconventional if I were to ask all your house party over tomorrow night to—join our dance? It is really a pity not to all enjoy those musicians—isn't it?"

Davis smiled swiftly and with unmistakable joy.

"By Jove! That's great of you." Then quickly, and with direct meaning, he added: "And does that mean that my party can dance with your party, and—"

"In other words," laughed Helen, "you mean, will I dance with you—isn't that it?"

"I would say it was," admitted Davis frankly.

And as Helen started the motor of the little red roadster that was twin to that other one: "I am so glad the grocery boy—made a mistake."

And then began that other race—the one on the road to love.

Find Old Relics in Scotland.

Several large caves in Scotland, which were used as houses a couple of thousand years ago, have been discovered. Many relics have been left in these dwellings. There are weaving combs, whorls and spindles used by women, enameled brooches, pins and colored glass armlets with which they decked themselves. Women's and children's shoes were also found. Besides these are household utensils, wooden dishes and spoons, some lamps and platters and pottery of various kinds.

The men left tools and weapons, plows, picks and rakes made of deer antlers, wheels and carts, harness mountings and large decorated swords. Prof. James Carl, who made the discoveries, declares that the Romans who were once in possession of the country taught the people to make all these things.

The Last Resort.

An eminent engineer said in our hearing yesterday that in Italy the workers are giving two hours of their time as a free gift to the state. They realize that increased production means ultimately increased wealth. In Germany there are signs of the same spirit among the colliers. But in old England the following story admirably illustrates the industrial situation: Two miners were discussing the minimum wage. "Say, Bill," said the first, "what's this 'ere minimum wage?" Bill spat. "The minimum wage? That's what we gets for goin' down; an' if we wants ter make any more brass, we goes and does some work for it."—London Morning Post.

Change Means Growth.

No man ought to be the same man he was ten years ago. Nature teaches us that we are new creatures by renewing the cells and tissues every seven years. Yet in the midst of physical change it is possible for a man to remain static in the higher things of life. He may be so constant to a youthful ideal that he is looked upon as the embodiment of stability, but he will soon be recognized as a fossil from which life has gone. Life is a growing thing. It must increase. As soon as the sum of its energy is required to keep up the repairs of the human animal he begins to take a place among those headed for the sunset side of life. Man is either growing into a bigger self or he is growing into his fossilage. Man must change.—Exchange.

Growth of Cremation Idea.

Available statistics compiled less than a decade ago show that in the United States the total number of cremations had risen to over 60,000 distributed among 38 crematories. The growth of cremation has been very rapid on the Pacific coast. In 1913 a contract was let by the government for the erection of a crematory in the Canal zone.

Heard in a Cafe.

Impatient Diner — "Waiter, one would think that salad was a woman, from the time its dressing takes."—Boston Transcript.

Sod Filter for Sewage.

French experiments have found ordinary sod an efficient filter for sewage.

OUR EMPLOYEES ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS

IN THE STATE OF MARYLAND we have 3100 people on our payroll. Together they make up the telephone company, and all of them are your neighbors. They are regular people, just like you, your friends and family.

THESE EMPLOYEES OF OURS spend their wages right at home. They eat food, wear clothes, live in houses, talk, laugh, sing, cry, get peevish—and get over it—and enjoy the movies, just like you. They are good citizens, and we are proud of them.

THESE FOLKS ARE making every effort to give you good telephone service. They comprise the organization whose business it is to see that always there is some one on hand to keep the service going in spite of accident, flood, epidemic, storm—any one of a hundred emergencies.

THEY TAKE PRIDE in their work and in their company. They deserve your co-operation and your support. And they will be greatly encouraged if they know you are willing to pay a necessary slight increase for telephone service.

NOW THAT WE ARE asking that the company be allowed to make a living, we believe it is timely and appropriate to remind you that the more support you give the telephone company the better it can serve you.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE CITY

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HELD IN MOCKERY

"Kangaroo Courts" Instituted by Australian Convicts.

Prisoners at Botany Bay Said to Have Invented Idea to Relieve the Monotony of Their Existence—Spread to United States.

Kangaroo court is an expression which, however strange it may be to the layman, is familiar to most United States marshals, post office inspectors and the police forces of large cities, remarks a writer in the Detroit News. What it really stands for is explained by a post office inspector who has had much experience with offenders and criminals.

It appears that in a number of the larger prisons in this country the prisoners, from time to time, are accustomed to hold what they call kangaroo court, and that every notorious criminal in the United States is probably not only familiar with the term, but has no doubt presided often enough as judge or prosecuting attorney in this relation, or perhaps has been tried for some of the numerous mock charges that are preferred against those who have the misfortune to be haled before such a tribunal.

Such a court is held only in the great prisons of the country, being entirely unknown in the country jails.

The institution of kangaroo court seems to date back some 40 years in the United States.

In the days when Australia was a penal colony the convicts at Botany Bay, by way of amusing themselves and relieving the monotony of prison life, used to organize a sort of mock court at which the shrewdest and often the worst criminals of the lot presided as judge, while others acted as jurymen, prosecuting attorneys, bailiffs, criers and the like.

At such trials the prisoners were wont to take on recent arrivals from England on all manner of mock charges, such as snoring too loudly, washing their faces with soap, and so on. If it was found that among the batch of new-comers, convicts just from the old country, there were several who possessed money, court was immediately convened and the ones suspected of having funds were haled up on the charge of having red hair or wearing box-toed shoes.

The trial was held with mock gravity and decorum, and in the end the prisoner would be found guilty and fined whatever amount he was known to have on his person for the offense charged. The money thus obtained would be divided among the old, long-term convicts, who would buy tobacco and other luxuries with it, while the victim of this form of extortion would have no recourse except to await the time when he himself got a chance to preside as judge or sit on the jury at the trial of some new arrival.

It was called kangaroo court because in those days the Botany Bay convicts spoke of themselves as kangaroos, an animal very abundant, as everybody knows, in Australia.

The institution, as well as the term, traveled from Australia to England, whither it was brought by returning Botany Bay convicts, whose terms had expired. It had a short life in England, however, where it was speedily discovered by the jailers and turnkeys and broken up; but it was not long afterward that it found its way into the prisons of the United States, where it has remained ever since.

Girl Advertises for "Dates."

An advertisement which, the advertising department of Columbia university's daily newspaper, Spectator, says is the legtimate appeal of a young woman, appeared recently in the publication as follows:

"Are you bound by convention? A Columbia girl from out of town, cultured, well bred and fairly good looking, wishes to make the acquaintance of several men in order to be introduced at Columbia functions. She is entirely unconventional and is willing to meet the men half way by paying all expenses. Strictly confidential. Address B 36, Spectator."

The students who publish Spectator, the New York World says, profess ignorance of the identity of the young woman or whether the number 36 had any reference to the age or figure of the advertiser.

Hundreds of masculine students are awaiting replies from her, the advertisement having been well answered.

First Sight of a Pig.

Along the hard, dry, wind-swept road in a suburb came a drove of pigs—a most unusual spectacle in London of recent years. From the by-streets the children of the poor came hurrying to see, and it was clear from their comments that many of them had never seen a pig before.

"Look, Lizer!" cried one of the smallest among them. "Look, there's a piebald one."

"Course there is, stoopid," said Lizer, who was clearly well versed in natural history. "Where else do yer think they get streaky bacon from?"—London Chronicle.

China's Industrial Future.

In 1918, regardless of the great world war and unsettled internal political conditions, China's foreign trade increased, keeping the grand total well above the billion-dollar mark. Observing commercial investigators agree that, industrially, and as a manufacturing center, China has a great future.

One Good Result From War.

The production on a commercial scale of helium, second only to hydrogen as the lightest gas, is not least striking of the industrial effects of the war. Though 2.13 times as heavy as hydrogen, its lifting power is only 8 per cent less in the air, and, as it is inert and non-inflammable, it supplies the means of making the airship safe. Though detected spectroscopically in the sun by Lockyer in 1868, helium was first discovered on the earth by Ramsay in 1895. It exists in all radium minerals, such as cleveite and thorianite, but the small quantity that had been extracted before last year cost some thousands of dollars per cubic foot. Through the experiments now being made, the 1 per cent of helium in natural gases will be gained at about $[illegible] per cubic foot.

PROVED THAT COURTESY PAYS

New York Business Man Dates Beginning of Success From Little Act That Seemed Insignificant.

In System Leopold Wertheimer describes the methods that helped his business grow from a tiny shop to a chain of five big department stores in New York city. Speaking of his start in business, he says:

"One of the merchandising plans that I learned the first day in my little store is that the unusual courtesies which a merchant gives his customers are often the most appreciated. As a corollary to that, the man or woman who actually spends the money is not always the most profitable person toward whom a merchant can direct his good-will-building efforts.

"One of my first customers was a nursemaid who hesitated in front of the door; just what to do with the baby carriage seemed a puzzle. I stepped over, held open the door and said: "Madam, baby carriages are very welcome in my store. Wheel it right inside."

"The girl it turned out was nurse in the family of a successful young lawyer. Soon the lawyer's wife began to buy in my store; a very few days after that her husband stepped up to the men's furnishings department, introduced himself and bought a nice bill of goods. The whole family soon came to be listed as perhaps my best customers—all as a result of my courtesy to a maid.

"Soon I put a sign in the window: "Baby carriages welcome." My baby carriage trade increased so much that there was not room in my store for the carriages at times. I hired a girl, dressed her up as a maid and had her take care of the carriages that were standing outside on the sidewalk. The mothers and nurses did not have to worry about them, you see.

"Special courtesy to maids and children—that is now one of my big important policies. For I have been shown time and again by experience that when a store controls the trade of the children and the servants the whole trade of the family is likely to go there."

Waltzing Mouse Going.

And what about waltzing mice?

There was a time when they were as common as goldfish, the Minneapolis Journal states.

Pet lovers would house dizzy families of them. They would whirl around, in pairs, on any small space, such as an inverted tumbler, till they looked like spokes in a black and white wheel.

But nowadays, if you decided to make a jolly present to your youngest nephew, you couldn't find a Japanese waltzing mouse in the country.

It is true that their dervish dance is out of date in this age of shimmy shakers. But that doesn't account for their extinction.

The war, which took so many lives reached even to the mouse world. Breeders no longer raise these eccentric little creatures, according to Mr. Hooey, the bird and fish man. Perhaps they still live in Japan, where they are kept through immigration laws. But as far as this country goes, these busy pets of children are now but a memory.



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(From a photograph taken November, 1919)

LEONARD WOOD'S FOURTEEN POINTS.

1. AMERICAN—100 PER CENT.
   Devoted his whole life to service of his country, and knows intimately every section of the United States and its possessions.
2. EQUIPPED FOR NATION'S HIGHEST OFFICE
   Mentally, morally, physically fit. Courageous and unbiased, he insures a square deal for all.
3. A MAN OF DEEDS, NOT WORDS
   Cuba, the Philippines, the Plattsburgh Camps, and the whole of his national preparedness campaign are imperishable achievements.
4. STATESMAN
   The rehabilitation of Cuba, the building of a modern independent republic from the ruins of a four-hundred-year old Spanish Crown Colony, constitutes one of the greatest feats of statesmanship in modern times.
5. DIPLOMAT
   In his mission of civilization, he won the co-operation of Cubans and Filippinos, strangers in race, language and religion.
6. BUSINESS ADMINISTRATOR
   He found Cuba bankrupt, raised over sixty millions of dollars, made enduring public improvements, and left the country debt free.
7. AUTHORITY ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS
   Foresaw and foretold the European war through his extensive knowledge of foreign relations. Predicted its menace to the United States. Launched his program of military preparedness in 1909 and continued it until victory was achieved.
8. JUDGE OF MEN
   Selected Reed to wipe out yellow fever; Olcott, Dodge and Van Horn to construct and develop Cuba's railways; and Hanna and Frye to create the island's modern school system.
9. PEACEMAKER
   Pacified the unruly Moro province in the Philippines, stamped out piracy, slave trading, and internal warfare, leaving the province law-abiding and prosperous.
10. ORGANIZER AND BUILDER
    The Cuban schools, hospitals harbors, lighthouse, railroads, highways, and telegraph system, and the Philippine fortifications are monuments to his labors.
11. PROVED LEADER
    Has had wider and more diverse executive and administrative experience than any other man mentioned for the Presidency.
12. CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER
    Stands for equal justice for public, employe, and employer. Restored order in Omaha; prevented disorder in steel and coal strikes.
13. UNBROKEN RECORD OF SUCCESS
    Roosevelt, referring to Wood's work, said: "It would be difficult to find anywhere a finer record of successful accomplishment."
14. HE DID NOT KEEP US OUT OF WAR BUT PAVED THE WAY TO VICTORY.

BALTIMORE SUN LIKENS WOOD TO CLEVELAND, COMPARES THE POLICIES OF THE TWO MEN.

The Baltimore Sun, in a recent editorial discussing General Wood's outline of his platform as indicated in the opening speech for the Presidential campaign in South Dakota, last week, says: "Many people, we imagine, in reading this address will get the impression that there, perhaps, may be a Grover Cleveland type of man, rather heavy, not greatly imaginative or creative, but one with a firm grasp on certain fundamental principles, adherence to which is greatly needed in this country today, a man of soberness and firmness and character."

Leonard Wood has led by a big majority in all nation-wide polls yet taken, showing his universal popularity.

Marriage of First Cousins.

First cousins may marry in Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wiscopsin.

NEEDED A MASTER

German Official Helpless in the Absence of Orders.

Burgermeister's Case Typical of the Lack of Initiative Resulting From the System of Militarism So Long in Vogue.

The burgermeister of B—— am Rhein was a person who looked like a white rat that had been thoroughly soaked and shaved. And he had the faculty, which all Germans have, of congealing his cords and muscles at a moment's notice, and could assume the rigor of an epileptic in the presence of superiors. To watch him slide into your office, uncover his teeth, espy you, and suddenly straighten himself up in obedience to an unspoken Achtung, was an impressive experience.

The American general's aid, appointed to this particular suburb of Coblenz, often wondered why the arrest of every vital function should be considered polite. He distrusted that German salute. It was too much like playing 'possum.

When the burgermeister came into the ortskommandantur, the aid told him that, in so far as he behaved himself, he would have nothing to fear from the American army; and that in so far as it didn't interfere with the satisfaction of American interests, he was to continue governing the town as usual.

The burgermeister stiffened himself and withdrew.

The aid was pleased. His first official act, he felt, had been kindly, yet firm, just but not harsh. If he had his way, B—— would not suffer as northern France had suffered. He was going to show these boches that the Americans weren't there to terrorize, or to Americanize, but simply to occupy territory according to the terms of the armistice.

But he could not see the scene in the burgermeister's office overhead—the holding of cheeks in hands, the striking of chests, the weary and rapid breathing of bewilderment, the groans of despair. And the next morning, when he went to the ortskommandantur, he was met by a request that he grant an audience to his German colleague. It was 10 o'clock, the exact hour of yesterday's meeting.

He granted the request, and in a moment the shaved rat slid in through a slit in the open door and ran his tongue over his pink lips. His little black eyes shone like shoe buttons, and he kept scratching the palms of his hands.

He wanted to know if the Herr Oberleutnant had any orders for him.

The Herr Oberleutnant wanted to know why.

"Ach!" cried the burgermeister, "before the Americans came we had a government. Now we had none. How, then, can I run the town of B—— as I used to run it? There is no one to tell me what to do. If only the Herr Oberleutnant would express his wishes!"

The aid narrowed his eyes and looked at him in disgust.

"Have the streets cleaned," he said, and turned to his work.

The face of the burgermeister was radiant. He had found a boss.

In less than thirty minutes a platoon of boches was assembled in the street before the ortskommandantur. Every other man carried a broom at right shoulder arms and the man at his side a shovel. The burgermeister stood on the steps of the building, with a pencil in one hand and a long list in the other, and checked off their names.

Then, "Hup!" said the burgermeister.

Out of the ranks jumped four men, saluted, and faced the platoon.

"Hup!" said the first of the four; and a little squad of broomers and shovelers faced to the right and marched off briskly northward.

"Hup!" said the second of the four; and another little squad trotted off, to the east.

"Hup!" said the third, and "Hup!" said the fourth, and soon all points of the compass had received their squads. And the voice of the gefreite was heard in the land. Clouds of dust hung over B—— am Rhein, shovels clanged on the cobblestones, brooms scraped the roadways. The town was being cleaned.

The burgermeister stepped into the burgermeisterei and jabbed his pencil three times into his right ear. "So-o-o," he said with pride and satisfaction.

And from that day on the aid gave him orders punctually at 10 a. m.—George Boas, in Atlantic Monthly.

MICKIE SAYS



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