THE LADY OF THE CARDS

By FLORA A. MONTY

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A look of quickening interest brightened the middle-aged face of Andrew Graves as a long gray envelope slipped from the pile of letters through which he was glancing.

He tore it open eagerly and drew out a card on which was a water-color sketch of a woman's head. The faintest odor of apple blossoms clung to the interesting trifle.

Graves studied it intently. It was the fifth he had received that week. Beginning Monday morning, one had arrived each day in the first pile of mail brought to his desk. When the first one came he had been but slightly concerned. The second made him curious, and the third had aroused a deep desire to learn their source. The face appealed to him, rousing vaguely some dormant and disconnected memories of his youth.

Opening a drawer in his desk, he took out the ones he had received earlier in the week. Spreading the cards in a row, he made them the objects of his most attentive consideration. The same face was sketched on all, but each represented a different expression and pose. No word of any kind accompanied them.

He settled back in his chair and sat in quiet thought for some moments. The perfume rising to him recalled the



"You Have Come."

early days of his boyhood, the happiest of which were spent in the old orchard at springtime, when the trees were laden with the fragrant pink and white blossoms. And always the lady of the cards seemed to be with him, romping with the group of children who were his companions.

His usually disciplined mind revolted from its training many times throughout the day, and the hour of closing found him poring over the mysterious pictures once again.

He finally glanced toward the window and the evidence of coming twilight swept away his dreams and reminded him of things to be done before he could keep a dinner engagement that night. He reluctantly arose, replaced the cards in the envelopes and laid them carefully away in the drawer, then hurriedly left the office.

Throughout the evening he had a sense of disappointment. It was as if he had been very near a pleasant discovery and had been suddenly drawn back.

Before he left his hostess said: "I had hoped to have you meet an artist this evening, Mr. Graves. She is an unusually clever woman. At the last moment she was detained."

Andrew Graves frowned.

"Perhaps I am fortunate, Mrs. Bowers. Really, since my new home is in process of building, I've been pestered at all times of the day and night by artists who want to do the decorations for that American room of mine. I've taken to refusing to see any of them. I'll look up my own," and he turned abruptly away.

As his car was speeding homeward there flashed into his mind an idea, preposterous, perhaps, but insistent. It connected the cards in the gray envelopes with the artist who had failed to appear. He leaned forward, half yielding to an impulse to go back and demand her name from Mrs. Bowers. Then he decided to go on home, secretly ashamed of himself for allowing his head to be turned by a pretty picture.

But the idea remained and kept first place in his thoughts, with the result that Saturday morning found him at his desk a full hour earlier than he had been for years. Impatiently he ran over his letters. No gray envelope was there! He was chagrined. To have gone so far out of his usual routine as to get down at that hour and then be fooled! He looked his mail over again, but with the same result.

The morning was full of trouble for all the force of employees. Nothing suited, and Tommy, the office boy, dropped his jaunty bearing whenever he carried a card to his employer.

The tenth caller had been turned away despite the urgency of his errand. Tommy once more entered the sanctum. Graves looked up angrily.

"Didn't I tell you," he began, but suddenly stopped as his eyes noted the gray envelope the boy carried. "Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"Lady outside, sir, sent it in."

"A lady! Send her in at once."

He opened the envelope the boy handed him. The same face was on the card it enclosed, but somehow the expression was almost triumphant.

As he studied it the caller entered, and he started to his feet. He stared, but justifiably, for there was the lady of the cards and the scent of apple blossoms was filling the room. She was tall and slender, and wore a gown of silvery gray. There was a touch of pink about it that matched the bloom of her cheeks.

"You have come," he said simply. "I felt that you must."

"Then the advertisement was successful?" A momentary gleam of mirth sparkled in the brown eyes.

"The advertisement? Oh, the gray envelopes—the cards? What do they mean? But be seated, please. I am rude." He was plainly bewildered.

"I am an artist, Mr. Graves. I have attempted to see you before, but you were never at leisure, so I adopted the card method of getting you acquainted with my work. I hoped I might secure an interview that way."

"You are wonderfully clever," he said slowly, in undisguised admiration. "You have gained your purpose. I shall be glad to give you a commission."

The lady in gray said nothing, but her smile took him back to the days of his boyhood.

"I want some landscapes, not in oil, but in your charming water colors. I want them to embody certain things." And in a softened voice he described his old home, the apple orchard and the spring by the roadside. "I do not expect them to be absolutely true to life as it was then. But it was my childhood home. Let your work be a type. Do with them as you like. Somehow I feel sure you can make exactly what I want."

"Thank you, Mr. Graves. I shall not disappoint you." And she was gone before he realized that he did not know her name or place of residence.

The next month was interminably long. There was no word from his artist, nor could he learn one thing about her. Mrs. Bowers, though besieged with inquiries, refused an answer.

At last, one day, another gray envelope came in the mail, and the hands that opened it trembled in their eagerness. Another card was in it, this time of a little girl of fourteen, with big brown eyes and waving hair. With a throb he recognized her as the little playmate of his early days who had always been with him in the orchard.

Just beneath the picture was written, "Call at 11 Grey terrace."

Exactly thirty minutes later Andrew Graves was ringing the bell at 11 Grey terrace. No one was in the room where he was shown to wait, but, hung against one wall were half a dozen daintily executed sketches of his old farm home, clear and true as the hand of mortal could make.

Hungrily he gazed at them, and then turned to find the artist at his side. Without a word he took her in his arms and kissed her. She made no effort to release herself.

"Maris, I know you now! My little girl sweetheart! My sweetheart forever! Will you come to me when the apple blossoms are here again?"

And she said that she would.

Oil Transmitted Far.

Oil is transmitted from Baku, on the Caspian, to Batum, on the Black sea, by means of a pipe line 560 miles long, which has 19 pumping stations. The diameter of the pipe is eight inches and it has a capacity of 60,000,000 poods a year. Its cost was 25,000,000 rubles ($18,000,000).

WHY HIGHER TELEPHONE RATES ARE NEEDED NOW

SOME ONE HAS ASKED why this company is asking now for higher rates in view of the fact that at some points an increase in our rates was made some time ago.

DURING THE PERIOD that our property was under Government control, the revenues from operation belonged to the Government and the Government was responsible for the expenses. When it became apparent to the Federal authorities that, due to war prices of labor and material, revenues from the properties were not equal to expenses and the Government was thereby sustaining a loss, the Postmaster General directed the companies affected to establish rates high enough to produce revenues sufficient to meet expenses.

THE STUDY OF THESE requirements was made shortly after the Armistice was signed, when there were indications that there would be a decrease in the prevailing costs of labor and material. With a desire not to burden our subscribers with any more than was absolutely necessary, this company established rate schedules—not adequate at the time—but which we believed, with the anticipated decrease in costs of labor and material, would prove to be sufficient.

THE EXPECTED DECREASE IN COSTS DID NOT BECOME A REALITY. ON THE CONTRARY, COSTS HAVE RISEN SHARPLY.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL HAS ENDED, and the company is confronted with unusual demands for service from a plant exhausted by the burden placed upon it during the war.

OUR SERVICE MUST BE maintained at a high standard. Our facilities must be expanded to meet the growth of the cities, towns and communities we serve. With inadequate revenues we cannot maintain a service up to our standard, nor can we attract new capital necessary to enable us to expand our plant. We are now asking for an increase in rates to better enable us to fulfill this obligation.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE CITY

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MADE BRAVE FIGHT FOR LIFE

Half-Breed Sailor, Wrecked Off Philippines, Simply Determined He Would Not Die.

Among the crew of the Poigat, a ship that foundered off Malabon, in the Philippines, was a half-breed sailor named Alejandro Lorenzo. In the moment of the ship's sinking he was agile enough, and lucky enough, to leap clear of the wreck and escape the deadly suction of the disappearing vessel. He was alive and uninjured, but he was many miles from shore, and there was no help in sight.

After swimming for an hour he found a hatch cover on which he rested. Then pushing the hatch cover ahead, he started for San Nicolas. He was just reaching shallow water when the tide carried him out to sea again.

As night came on the wind increased and the waves tossed him and his hatch cover back and forth till he was almost exhausted, being washed toward the Cavite shore. For several hours he drifted in, but just as his hope grew strong the tide and wind swept him in spite of his struggles once more out to sea.

Something brushed against his leg. He thought that it was a shark and screamed in fear. "It did not touch me, or I should have gone mad," he said. The water was cold, the night was dark and the rain beat down on him. He heard a cry in the darkness, and pushed his hatch cover in the direction whence the sound came. He found a Filipino boy, another survivor of the wreck, clinging to an oil box. They drifted together.

When daylight came they could see boats, but could not make themselves heard or seen. They were tortured by thirst, salt water got into their mouths, they drifted all day.

Night came again. Soon after dark they saw the lights of a breakwater, and with new hopes noticed that the lights grew larger and more distinct. They were being washed toward the shore. But the boy could not hold out. Taken with cramps, he lost his hold on the oil box and went down. The man was washed into the middle of the bay and drifted all night.

At dawn he was almost ready to give up, but the wind and waves headed him for the shore and he took heart. Then he saw boats and used his last strength in trying to reach them. The boatmen saw him, were able to get to him in time and picked him out of the water. There was not much of the man left, and shrieking for water, he collapsed in the bottom of the boat.

As he lay on a pallet, after he found himself able to talk again, his rescuers spoke of his wonderful endurance. Alejandro in reply said that, of course, he had done the best he could. He wanted to live, he said.—New York Herald.

Bank Has Special Right.

There is only one national bank in the United States which does not have "National" as a part of its name. It is the Bank of North America, in Philadelphia. A special act of congress is required to permit a national bank to operate as such without indicating the fact that it is a national bank in its name.

Double Performers.

The other night Mrs. Carrie B. Adams, leader of Terre Haute's community singing, and Maj. Birch Bayh, of the Indiana State Normal school, were on the same program. Now, Mrs. Adams did not know that Major Bayh was the speaker of the evening, but she did know that he could sing. So when the audience seemed rather tired she turned to Mr. Bayh and said: "You sing the next verse as a solo."

Major Bayh seemed embarrassed, but complied with her request. Hardly had he taken his seat when his speech was announced. He arose, greeted his audience and then turned to Mrs. Adams: "Now, before I get through I'm going to call on you to play 'ring-around-the-rosy,' or do some stunt out here on the floor," he threatened.

The audience laughed, but Mrs. Adams was evidently bluffed, for she immediately found it necessary to go in search of her coat.—Indianapolis News.

Mixed Relationship.

Here is a double marriage at Salem, Ore., in which one bridegroom is both father-in-law and stepfather to the other, while the other becomes both son-in-law and stepson. The doors of the county clerk's office were just closing when two men appeared and asked if it were possible to obtain marriage licenses at so late an hour.

Upon being assured that a license could be issued, August Kluge, aged fifty-four, and a carpenter by trade, produced the necessary physical certificate and received a license to marry Mrs. C. K. Kayser, forty-five of this city.

Mr. Kayser's mother is the prospective bride of Mr. Kluge, so the couples probably will have no little trouble in trying to decide their relationship to each other.—St. Louis Republic.

Untidy Streets.

The New York Merchants' association has an antilitter bureau, that is now engaged in a campaign against dirty streets. The cost of cleaning up the refuse that should have been dropped into the very convenient containers, but is just dropped in the street instead, is enormous. School children are reported as serious offenders, for they bring paper from the schoolroom and tear and scatter it upon the streets. That isn't patriotic [illegible] a bit.

Many Holidays in December.

December, taking the world over, is a month of bank and public holidays. No less than 20 of the 31 days of the month are recognized somewhere as occasions for church fetes or cessation of business in celebration of local or national events.

Christmas, of course, is more widely observed as a holiday than any other, but even it is not recognized everywhere. Non-Christian peoples pay no attention to it, and in countries where the Greek Catholic church prevails, the old style Julian calendar is used, so that, while Christmas is observed as a church festival, it comes about two weeks later than in countries that use the Gregorian calendar.

CARRIED THE SAVIOR'S CROSS

Simon of Cyrene Pressed Into Service Through Accidental Meeting on That Dread Day.

There is a more or less general belief that Simon, who carried the cross for Jesus, was a negro. While there is no direct evidence on this point, he was probably a white man and a Jew. The city of Cyrene, from which he came, was in northern Africa, but it was a Greek city and the Jews were settled there in large numbers. Simon was a Jewish name and not likely to have been borne by a native African. St. Mark speaks of him as one Simon, a Cyrenian, the father of Alexander and Rufus, both of whom were well-known Jews and white. The curious thing about Simon's carrying the cross on which Jesus was to be crucified was that he had nothing to do with the proceedings before Pontius Pilate, and was forced into the service of carrying the cross. Matthew, after describing the trial and the surrender of Jesus to the crowd, says: "And they came out, and they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they compelled to bear His cross." Mark says: "And they compelled one Simon, a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear His cross." Luke says: "And as they led Him away they laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it for Jesus." These accounts indicate that the crowd met Simon by chance and that he was pressed into the service of carrying the [illegible]

Baits for U-Boats.

Captain Campbell and his associates of the British mystery ship Dunraven paid as much attention to details in their ships as in their personal appearance. The ship's wash did not expose the flannels that are affected by naval men, but the dungarees that are popular with merchant sailors. Sometimes a side of beef would be hung out in plain view; this not only kept up the fiction that the ship was an innocent tramp, but it served as a tempting bait to the not too well fed crew of the submarine. Particularly tempting cargoes were ocasionally put on deck. One of the ships carried several papier-mache freight cars of the small European type, covered with legends which indicated that they were loaded with ammunition and bound for Mesopotamia. It is easy to imagine how eagerly the Hun would wish to sink that cargo.—Admiral Sims in the World's Work.

Mixing Yarns.

By force of industrial circumstances an odd and interesting kind of internationalism appears in the report that Hongkong factories are knitting with a mixture of Japanese and American yarns. An estimate for the current year is that American yarns to the value of about one million gold dollars will come into Hongkong and go out again all over the far East in knitted articles, the bulk of them made of American yarns but a considerable part of American and Japanese yarns mixed. People in North China, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, and in smaller number in South America and Europe will thus be going about in what might be called "American-Japanese hosiery 'made in China.'"

Brusa.

Brusa, into which British troops have entered without opposition, was the capital of Bithynia when Trajan appointed Pliny the Younger to govern the province. It was from Brusa, then Prusa, at the foot of Mt. Olympus, that Pliny wrote the letters to Trajan which are among the most interesting of his voluminous correspondence. It is said that Brusa owes its existence to some scheme of Hannibal's, but of the Roman and Bithynian city hardly any trace remains, though Brusa boasts of very fine old Mohammedan mosques. The city of Asia Minor is situate in lovely country, rich in fruit trees and watered by countless springs, and supports a manufacture of silk which should develop unhindered now that the lethargy of Turkish rulers no longer weighs on the city and its inhabitants.

It's Upkeep that Costs.

Experts have just completed an estimate for the high cost of maintaining a rat. If you have a rat on your premises, he is costing you $1.82 a year, according to these experts. They find that one pair of rats is directly responsible for 650,000 more rats in three years, the rat being a strong believer in the Roosevelt theory of large families. The damage in the United States in one year caused by these rodents is over $100,000,000. Over $15,000,000 in property losses is occasioned each year from fires started by rats gnawing the electric wires and gas pipes. The rat also is accused of spreading disease. An intensive campaign to demobilize the rat army is now in progress.

Weathercock Long in Use.

Weathercocks seem to date from early times. According to Duncange, the cock was originally devised as an emblem of clerical vigilance. The large tail of the cock was adapted to turn with the wind.

Many churches have for a vane the emblem of the saints to whom them are dedicated. St. Peter's, Cornhill, London, is surmounted with a key, St. Peter having the keys of heaven and hell.

St. Laurence has for a vane a gridiron, and St. Laurence at Norwich has the gridiron with the holy martyr extended upon the bars. A gilt ship in full sail is the vane upon St. Mildred's church in the Poultry.

St. Michael's, Queenshithe, has a ship, the hull of which will hold a bushel of grain, referring to the former traffic in corn at the hithe.

Trademark, as It Were.

Walford wanted to go to his Aunt Addie, but had a dirty face.

His mother said: "If Aunt Addie has company she would be ashamed of you with such a dirty face."

"Oh, no, she wouldn't; she would just say 'This is one of Margaret's boys.'"

JERRY DECIDES

By LEOLA DREW

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"I suppose they sent me here because I was named after you, Uncle Gerald." Jerry dug into his grapefruit aggressively. "I hate Gerald. Didn't they ever call you Jerry?"

"Men do," responded Marbury absently. All of his answers to Jerry had been absent-minded ones for the past two weeks. He had run out of details the second day after Jerry's sudden arrival.

"Miss Millard calls you Jerry, doesn't she?"

Marbury frowned and wiped off a globule of juice from his waistcoat.

"You should eat that in a bathtub, old man. Can't you be careful?"

Jerry pushed back his plate comfortably.

"I'm through," he announced. "What are we going to do today?"

Marbury read his newspaper, pretending not to hear. As an entertainment committee of one for Margaret's one and only he had officiated for two weeks, and the thing was getting on his nerves. There was no special reason why his sister should have sent Jerry on for a month. She knew he lived in an exclusive bachelor apartment with one Jap manservant. Kato had left the first week, after Jerry had brought in a dozen fresh crabs and put them in the ice box.

"No delight in undisciplined youth," he had said smilingly. "Me go reluctantly but soon."

Since then Marbury had been at the mercy of Jerry. He had constituted himself private secretary and houseboy pro tem., when he was not in the basement chumming with the engineer, or on the roof sending off aeroplanes to the joy of Madison avenue. When his uncle returned from the club before dinner he would give a report on the day's calls.

"That tailor wants you to pay the spring bill anyhow. Says you can let the summer one go till fall. I told him you had the measles badly and had left for the country. And Mrs. Jocelyn asked if you could go to her



"But Why Did You Throw Him Down?"

house party at Newport next week, and I told her yes, if there was good fishing. That right? And a fellow named Bobbie Newell wants you to call him up at the club and tell him how about that supper with——"

"Cut it," said Marbury briefly. "I'll call him. Did Miss Millard call up?"

"No, but I called her four times," grinned Jerry. "Gee, that's some girl, Uncle Gerald. She said I could call her up any old time I liked when it got slow here for me, and she thinks it's awful for you to leave me up here alone, and she's invited me down to Lakewood as long as I like and she'll come in herself and get me."

"Fine thing to do, cut me out over my own phone with the prettiest girl I know," Marbury said keenly. "Anybody else?"

"Yep. Mrs. Hamilton's back and wants you to come over as soon as you get in. I told her you couldn't because we were going to the theater tonight. What's up?"

Marbury reached the telephone in one stride and called a hotel number, while Jerry stared at him.

"Hello, Mrs. Hamilton, please. What? Then page her."

That had happened two nights ago, and Jerry had dined alone twice in the little private dining room downstairs. He didn't like it. Somehow he resented Mrs. Hamilton. His uncle had been moody and cheerful by fits and starts. He got out a large mounted photograph and stared at it long. So did Jerry after his departure, and he did not like her. She was very lovely, in evening dress, leaning back in a carved ecclesiastical sort of chair, very slender and dreamy-eyed and gracious, but Jerry summed her up in one word: she looked "sort of slumpy," he thought. Mrs. Hamilton's admirers called it languorous grace, but Jerry had no chivalry. Over on the mantel stood another photograph he liked better—a girl standing on an old boat landing in a sweater, short sport skirt and white tam, smiling back at one, her hands deep in her pockets. This was Nan Millard, and Jerry did some hard thinking on her account. Before the coming of Mrs. Hamilton she had been Marbury's principal concern in life.

"Did Miss Mil'ard," Jerry began, and stopped short, fingering the pearl studs on the bed. He had almost thought out loud. "I mean, Uncle Gerald, which are you going to marry?"

Marbury's fingers fumbled over his ties in the drawer. He missed Kato's ministrations.

"I like Nan the best," Jerry added in what he tried to make an offhand manner.

"So do I, old man, come to think of it," Marbury answered between his teeth. "Trouble is, the ladies have the preference. You can't club them and race for the nearest honeymoon cave, you know. Miss Millard is not accepting a man with only ten thousand a year. She lacks the essential feminine quality of sympathy, which is a bit beyond you, isn't it, Jerry?"

"Has the widow got it?" asked Jerry earnestly. Marbury stared at him fixedly.

"How do you know she's a widow?"

"If she's Mrs. Somebody, you couldn't marry her unless she was, could you?"

Marbury was silent. Oddly enough, the boy's words stirred up a dormant sense of honor. He wondered where old Hamilton was, anyhow? Left in some convenient post abroad, probably. There had been a French divorce, he knew, and the rumor that Frances would marry somebody he had been jealous of over there. All at once he looked at the photograph on the mantel, at Nan's clear, wide eyes and sunny smile, at the sweetness and wholesomeness of her girlhood, and he sighed.

"I like her best, too, old man," he said, "only she won't have me."

The next day Jerry called up Miss Millard and invited her to call for him and take him to lunch so they could get acquainted. She was ever so much better than her pictures, he decided at first sight. Brown eyes and reddish brown hair, and little freckles over her nose like gold dust. And he loved to answer her questions about Marbury. She was so delicate and naive about it. Jerry understood perfectly. So he helped her out. First he gave his uncle a character for good temper and kindness and all around splendid fellowship. Then he told how worried he was about him. They were in a well-known restaurant, at a table near the window, and Jerry felt safe.

"I can get him here in about two minutes," Jerry said eagerly. "He's just over at the club, and he'd come in one hop if you said so. He's terribly worried about you."

"He seems to be," smiled Nan. "You don't understand, Jerry."

"Sure I do," insisted Jerry. "But he just sees the widow because he needs sympathy. He says you haven't any, and you want somebody with more money. I don't believe a word he says," he added, hastily, at the fire in her eyes. "But why did you throw him down?"

"He never asked me," laughed Nan, scornfully. "Jerry, I think you're four-flushing."

But she spoke to an empty chair. Jerry reached a telephone booth and called the club in triumph.

"Say, that you, Uncle Gerald? This is Jerry. Well, it's O. K. Come on over and see for yourself. At the Regina, Nan and me. Yep. She said so. She said you'd never asked her, so I did for you. What? Oh, all right. I know. We've got a party line out home, too, where everybody hears what you say. Come soon."

He hung up and wiped his face off happily.

"I guess that hangs the widow," he said. "If he doesn't ask me to be best man, he's a quitter."

Centenarians.

So far as we know, most centenarians do not live lives in very marked contrast to those around them. Some of them set store by certain simple habits, others drink or smoke or do both, but always in moderation and true temperance; eat cooked or uncooked food as occasion or desire may determine, and at last drop from the tree of life like an apple fully ripe, and mankind notes their fall and goes on like them, each in his own way. Occasionally one of them, like the celebrated Parr, achieves fame for something that he has done besides living to an exceptionally old age. Parr lived in the reign of ten English kings and queens and died untimely at the age of one hundred and fifty-two from a slight change in his habits and environment, leaving as his chief achievement the record of his years, which has not been surpassed in modern times.

Immortal Deborah.

Hah! she beats them all. The Deborah, for she dared to cast back into the teeth of a shrinking "warrior" these immortal words, lofty in irony: "The Lord will deliver Sisera into the hand of a woman!" And cowering Baark flung himself up from the sod and went after her. But it was Deborah who led on and who won one of the great battles in history. It all occurred in 1296 B. C. Deborah was a prophetess in Israel. Israel was again in danger from a heathen king and his mighty captain, Sisera. A loving wife, a supreme prophetess, a mother, this Deborah—and she was the first epic poet of the world. The song of Deborah in the book of Judges in Holy Writ has the breath of the peaks of genius. She knew herself, and she knew her God—and that it was forces of the spirit that won, not merely the roar and clinch of men.—Chicago Journal.

A Gauge.

Miss Elsie DeWolfe was talking at the New York Colony club about youth.

"You can judge people's intelligence," she said, "by their attitude towards youth. I once heard a conversation between two old maids, the one intelligent, and the other stupid.

"As they sat in the winter garden of their Florida hotel after dinner, the stupid old maid said:

"'Look at those young men and girls flirting under the date palms in the moonlight. Why should young people make such fools of themselves?'

"'Maybe,' said the intelligent old maid, 'it's because they have the chance.'"

Pigeons Fast Flyers.

It has been shown that pigeons fly almost as fast as a seaplane or flying boat.

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