Kiss Mary Louise

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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"AND it will be a great treat for me to see you all again. Give Mary Louise a kiss and ask her if she remembers her 'Cousin Warren.'"

Mary Louise's mother looked up from the letter she had been reading aloud and smiled at her pretty daughter curled up in the chair opposite.

"I guess," she said, "that Cousin Warren has forgotten just how big a girl you have grown!"

"And who?" asked Mary Louise, "is Cousin Warren?"

"Well, to begin with, dear, he isn't really your cousin. He's the son of a very dear friend of mine. At the time of her death Warren came to us for a little visit. He must have been—well, about sixteen at that time and you were five or six. He let you tag around after him and was much more friendly to you than boys of that age usually are to little girls."

"And now," mused Mary Louise, "he must be—why, nearly thirty years old! Oh, I guess he's so old that it's quite all right for me to be accepting a kiss from him!"

If Mrs. Sumner smiled inwardly at Mary Louise's calm assumption that thirty years spelled a privileged age, she gave no sign. Certainly Warren would seem mature to her daughter compared to the crowd of youngsters with whom she ordinarily traveled. Knowing a little of what his life had been, she could well imagine that he would prove even older than his years.

Perhaps, had she known all that was going on in the mind of her daughter, she would have been alarmed, for the young woman, as she listened to an account of Warren's life, had arrived at a singular conclusion.

As a starter, she would borrow Trixie Horton's lipstick, Janice Robert's new shell-tint rouge, and Clare Brayton's "How To Behave In Society." She would read up on a couple of the latest plays, a few of the more sophisticated magazines, and shorten her sports skirt another inch. A kiss to Mary Louise indeed!

Warren Wayne looked about him with interest as he got down from the train. Then he sent an inquiring look towards the knot of people gathered on the platform.

Suddenly, something drew his eyes over to a small car, and at that instant a slender hand waved to him.

Hurrying over, he saw a dashing young thing evidently sure that he was the person for whom she was waiting, although he himself was by no means certain. "Are you, by any chance, Mr. Wayne?"

"I'll say I am!" he replied promptly, looking curiously at the scarlet-lipped, black-lashed girl before him whose cheeks glowed with a radiance liberally if not quite skillfully applied.

"I am Mrs. Sumner's daughter," drawled Mary Louise. "Please stow away your luggage in back and hop along in. I fancy the station man will see to your trunk."

She swung away up the main street, one hand carelessly on the wheel, with an air that would have distinguished a sportier model of car than the flivver she was driving.

So this was his old friend, Mary Louise! Well, well, well! Then he gave himself up to picking out old landmarks along the way.

Meanwhile, of what was Mary Louise thinking? She was, for one thing, wondering just what her mother would say when she saw her. She had not yet had that pleasure, for Mary Louise had made a back-door exit, merely calling out a good-by to her mother who sat on the side porch. And then she was also thinking that thirty was not as ancient as she had imagined. And nobody had thought to mention the fact that Warren was handsomer than her favorite movie star of the moment.

She wished, just a little, that she had left the make-up business alone. Or, at least, that she had not gone into it on such a heavy scale.

Mrs. Sumner came down to meet them. "My dear boy, she cried, and took Warren in her arms much as she had when he had come to her, motherless, years ago. Then she caught sight of her daughter. Just for an instant words seemed to fail her. Then, "Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "Have you been rehearsing again for that silly play? Do run upstairs and wash your face or Warren will never believe you are the same sweet little girl he used to let beat him at croquet!"

Warren stayed on all summer. One day, near the end of his visit, he took Mrs. Sumner aside for a little talk. Afterwards, he hunted up Mary Louise and found her busy with her sewing out under the trees.

"I asked your mother," he said gently, "if she ever gave you the kiss I sent you. She said she hadn't and gave me permission to give it to you myself. You see, the girl I sent it to was the one I have always carried with me."

Opening the back of his watch, he disclosed a faded little snapshot of a curly-haired child that looked out at one with lovely, steadfast gaze. "And even if she had grown taller," he went on. "I still see in her so much of that same darling little girl. Do you think you could ever care to accept that kiss? How about it, Mary Louise?"

And Mary Louise slipped into his arms as if she had always belonged there.

Selenium's Odd Property

Metallic selenium is a nonconductor of electricity when in the dark, but on exposure to light it becomes a conductor. This remarkable property has led to the selenium cell, the basic principle of which depends upon coating with a thin film of selenium, a conducting metal, such as copper. When a selenium cell is connected in the circuit of a motor or in the firing circuit of a cannon it acts as an open switch as long as it remains in the dark. When light falls upon it, it becomes a conductor and permits current to flow to the motor.

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



Touching

The landlady was in a sentimental mood when dinner was served.

"This is the anniversary of the death of my poor, dear uncle," she sighed. "He was a sea captain, and went down with his ship this day five and twenty years ago. I was only a child when he went away, but I remember he gave me a pet lamb as a parting gift."

The boarder regarded his lamb cutlet with mournful interest.

"Poor, dear lamb!" he murmured reproachfully. "And you've killed it at last!"

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Ancient Ethiopia and Egypt Under One Ruler

The country known today as ancient Ethiopia, was known to the Greeks and Romans of that time as Aethiopia and to the Hebrews as Cush. It lay to the south of Egypt, and in its most extended sense it embraced modern Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan and northern Abyssinia that is about the region now known as the Sudan and northern Abyssinia. The northern boundary of Ethiopia was the southern boundary of Egypt, and it is indicated in Ezekiel 29:10, where Syene is mentioned as marking the border. The Hebrews do not appear to have had much practical acquaintance with Ethiopia itself, though the Ethiopians were well known to them through their intercourse with Egypt. The inhabitants of Ethiopia were a Hamitic, or as one might say, an African or negro race, and were divided into various tribes of which the most powerful were the Sabaeans. The history of Ethiopia is closely interwoven with that of Egypt. The two countries were not infrequently united under the rule of the same sovereign. Shortly before the birth of our Lord a native dynasty of females, holding the official title of Candace, held sway in Ethiopia, and even resisted the advance of the Roman arms. One of these queens is noticed in Acts 8:27. The latter part of this chapter, beginning at verse 26, tells the beautiful story of Philip coming upon the man of Ethiopia journeying "unto Goza, which is desert." The traveler was "of great authority under Candae, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for worship."

British Royalty Seen Without Its Trappings

One day he (William IV) went to inspect the Tower of London, and a contemporary writer gives this picture of the royal party, wrote Clare Jerrold in "The Early Court of Queen Victoria." "The king is a little, old, red-nosed, weather-beaten, jolly looking person, with an ungraceful air and carriage; and as to the duke of Sussex, what with his stiff collar and cocked hat bobbing over his face, nothing could be seen of him but his nose. He seemed quite overcome with heat, and went along puffing and panting with the great, fat duchess of Cumberland leaning on his arm. The queen is even worse than I thought—a little insignificant person as ever I saw. She was dressed, as perhaps you see by the papers, 'exceeding plain,' in bombazine with a little shabby muslin collar, dyed Leghorn hat, and leather shoes."

Famous Bank Vaults

Specially constructed vaults have been provided to house the gold reserve of France. These vaults are in a big chamber, covering two and a half acres, 200 feet below the earth's surface. Above the ceiling is first 40 feet of water and then 50 feet of solid rock. This safety deposit was built since the World war. A place was planned which would not only be safe from bombs but where the bank force guarding it would be safe from gas attack. A supply of fresh air is drawn into the vault chamber through a secret source. The fact of the vaults being under water is explained as resulting from the flow of a river beneath the city of Paris. This was discovered when the opera house was built, just before the War of 1870.

Britain's Varied Climates

There is no other country of similar size which has so many climates as Great Britain. A man traveled in February from Aberdeen down to London, and next day went on to Falmouth. Around Aberdeen the country was deep in snow. The Cairngorms were absolutely Arctic, and on Deeside curling was in full swing. Forty-eight hours later, at Falmouth, the sun was hot, daffodils and other spring flowers were in bloom, and it seemed like another world. From northern Perthshire up to Braemar is a great stretch of country where snow falls at the end of October and as a rule lies until the following March.

Peat Still Popular

In many places in the British isles peat is still exclusively used for heat. The custom of cutting the peat and drying it for use during the winter months still persists in the very northernmost part of Scotland, the county of Caithness. One of the features of a peat fire is the "lazy hole," so-called because its contents, the ashes which fall from the fire, need only be removed once a week. The last member of the family to retire at night removes the embers from the hearth to the "lazy hole," where they smolder among the ashes throughout the night. When morning comes, the embers are replaced on the hearth, and in the company of a fresh piece of peat soon break into a cheerful blaze.

Great Cathedral Hailed One of World's Wonders

The mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, readers will recollect, was originally a Christian cathedral. It was founded by Constantine, and after suffering from several devastating conflagrations was rebuilt permanently in 532-37 by Justinian the Great, famous as the author of the Byzantine legal code.

Procopius avers in his Secret History that Justinian was of infernal parentage on the male side; but the emperor's devotion to at least the outward forms of religion suggests some prejudice on the part of the historian.

The edifice Justinian constructed on the ruins of its immediate predecessor, destroyed during a political row in the capital, was accounted one of the major wonders of the medieval world. Gibbon relates that "Anthemius formed the design and his genius directed the hands of 10,000 workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening;" and he recounts how "the emperor himself, clad in linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal and his rewards."

So the great cathedral was completed in five years, eleven months and ten days at a cost of what would amount to about $5,000,000 in modern money, an immense sum in the Sixth century. "And," says Gibbon, "In the midst of the solemn festival Justinian exclaimed with devout vanity 'Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon.'"

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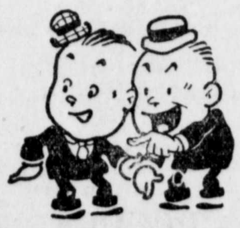
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