Too Close Up

By EDGAR T. MONTFORT

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DEAREST NANCY—I hope you won't be too disappointed when you hear that I shan't be able to get back in time for you to take your trip this summer. I guess I should have told you sooner, but the days just seem to slip by without my knowing where they are going. It is wonderful up here and I am having the time of my life. I'm chasing a man and he's going to be here six weeks more. If you could go on substituting at the office for me just that little bit longer. I can't lose my job in case I don't catch him. Honey. I know you won't mind giving up your trip this once for your devoted sister.—Ann.

When Nancy had finished reading her letter she flung herself across the bed and burst into uncontrollable weeping. She buried her fluffy blond head in the pillow and kicked her patent leather heels in the air. Her aunt, hearing the commotion, ran in to investigate.

"Why, Nancy darling, what is the matter?" she asked, stroking the shaking shoulders of her niece.

"Oh Aunt Sally, Aunt Sally!" sobbed the girl, turning over and throwing her arms about the older woman's neck. "I'll never be happy again, never, never as long as I live. My own sister has gone back on me. She's tricked me and she waited to tell me until I'd made all my pretty clothes, and I spent my last penny to get the material to make them. And what'll I do with them in this hole? What difference does it make what you wear here? How could she do it? How could she? And I had my heart all set. I've been planning for this trip for over a year. How cruel she is! And my sister, my own sister that I loved so. How could she do this thing to me?"

"Do what, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Walton at last.

"Read that letter and you'll see. Just as cool as a cucumber. 'I hope you won't be too disappointed,'" Nancy quoted with a sneer.

Mrs. Walton read the letter and put it down with a sigh, her usually placid face frowned with little worry wrinkles. Ann was always chasing some man, her absolute frankness about it being the only redeeming feature about it.

"Nancy, darling," she said after a moment, putting her arms around the girl again. "You're facing your first disillusionment about human beings and it hurts the more because it's someone you love and trusted who has wronged you. It shouldn't hurt you any more than if some outsider had done it. Often those who are not related to us prove our most loyal and devoted friends and you mustn't let this embitter you. Another thing you have to remember, there are serious flaws in every human character, and perhaps if you knew other girls as you do Ann you would find that they had equally serious defects. Sometimes I think we get too close up to our relatives and that's what makes so many family quarrels and splits. I know this is hard on you, dear, and I'm not trying to condone Ann's action, but if I were you I'd make the best of the situation and try to form new ties and interests."

"Oh, Aunt Sally, I wish I could, but I'm just burning up with resentment. It's eating my heart out to think that she'd do a thing like that to me. That hurts worse than the disillusionment—and my pretty new clothes."

Nancy's lips quivered and the tears began to fall afresh. "I can't see anyone. Do call up and break my date with Ned for me tonight. It would just kill me to have to talk to him and be nice and gay when my heart's dead inside me. Life simply isn't worth living any more. I don't ever want to see anybody again as long as I live."

"Nonsense, dear. You're going to put on your prettiest dress and go out and have a good time. Why, it's summer and summer was made for youth."

"Oh, help me to be brave," begged Nancy with pathetic earnestness.

Nancy had decided not to tell Ned about her broken heart, but she had not been with him ten minutes before she was crying on his shoulder and telling him the whole dreadful story. She was so pathetic, and lovable when she was unhappy. Ned thought with a thrill as he held her close.

"Oh, I'm a little devil to talk about my sister that way and I guess I'm as mean as she is, but it just slipped out," she said contritely after awhile, her lashes still wet with tears.

"Nancy, you give me an idea and the courage to—I tell you what. I know what we can do with those pretty clothes. I'm making a trip to Panama for the firm in October. . . . Summer clothes will be fine there at that time. . . . Let's make it our honeymoon, Nancy dearest. Don't you think you could? I know you love me, so don't try to deny it."

"What says so?" she chided, but the man saw something in her eyes as she sat there by him in the moonlight that made his heart leap with joy as he kissed her again and again.

"For a penny I would," she laughed after awhile, but the ring in her voice belied the flippancy of her words, and Ned Denton knew that Nancy really loved him.

Same With Most of Us

A psychologist says we should never do any difficult task before breakfast. That's when we perform our hardest one—getting up.—Thomaston Times.

Hard to Overestimate Importance of Dynamo

The dynamo is a machine used for generating electric current. It would be truer to say that it pumps electric current rather than generates it, for electricity exists everywhere and the dynamo's work is to set it in motion. It is by means of the dynamo that we have current for lighting our houses, for operating our factories, and for running trains and trams.

Michael Faraday, the father of modern electricity, discovered almost by accident that whenever a current flowing from a battery through one coil of wire is started or stopped, a little spurt of current takes place in another coil of wire lying near the first, but in no way connected to it. He found, too, that currents could be set up by moving a coil through a magnetic field. This was the key invention in electricity, and the greater part of the mechanical progress made throughout the world during the last hundred years is due to it.

Today, if you want insulated wire for making a wireless set, you buy it at a nearby shop. Faraday had to cover his own wire by winding it with cotton, silk, or similar materials.

Pioneers Planted Many Trees

Pioneer farmers who settled the prairies of the Middle West were great tree planters, according to the United States forest service. Most of them came from districts in the East where they had been clearing lands for agriculture, but in the new environment of the plains they quickly saw the need of planting trees for shelter against winter cold and summer heat. The plantings also supplied fuel, wood, poles, posts, and rough timbers.

It is estimated that farmers planted about 240,000 acres of trees in Iowa, 40,000 in Illinois, 14,000 in Ohio, 100,000 in Missouri, and lesser acreages in other central states where there were more native forests.

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The next time you have a bilious headache, or feel all bound-up, take this delicious syrup instead of the usual cathartic. You'll be rid of all that poisonous waste, and you haven't weakened the bowels. You'll have a better appetite, and feel better in every way. The constant use of cathartics is often the cause of a sallow complexion and lines in the face. And so unnecessary!

Would you like to break yourself of the cathartic habit? At the same time building health and vigor that protects you from frequent sick spells, headaches, and colds? Get a big bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin today. Use often enough to *avoid* those attacks of constipation. When you feel weak and run-down, or a coated tongue or bad breath warns you the bowels need to be stimulated. Give it to children instead of strong laxatives that sap their strength. It isn't expensive.

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His Reformation

By H. IRVING KING

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RUTHERFORD ALLINGTON was a high-brow. Also he was a bit of a prig. Rutherford took but little interest in society, in which his mother shone and his father basked. His interests centered upon science, art, uplift work, exploration, literature—he took them all in turn as a horse a hurdle in a steeplechase—and got over them as quickly.

"I do wish, Rutherford," said his fond mamma, "that you would settle down. Here you are twenty-five years old and ever since you left college you have been on a perpetual intellectual spree. Paul Clifford, who was graduated at the same time you were, got to hitting up the synthetic and they sent him to a sanitarium where they cured him. I wish there was some institution we could send you to and have a cure effected of your particular complaint."

To Rutherford slang was anathema. He looked a solemn reproof at Mrs. Allington which settled into a scowl when the up-to-date lady carelessly lighted a cigarette. "Mother," said he solemnly, "do you think cigarettes are good for you—at your age?"

"At my age!" almost shouted Mrs. Allington. "What do you mean? I am not old—and as long as the beauty parlors keep open I don't intend to be. Oh fudge! There, run along." That night she said to her husband, Mr. Allington, whom she had nicknamed Buddie, "Buddie, what can we do with Rutherford? He gets on my nerves. I wish he would marry—marry a girl like Clara Hampton; she might reform him."

"Not a chance," replied Buddie, "Clara would scare him to death."

The Clara Hampton alluded to in this little family dialogue was modern—very. There wasn't a daring trick of this most daringly tricky age, socially considered, that she was not up to. Rutherford shied off from her every time they happened to meet socially.

Still he had to admit that she was a handsome creature, perfect in her health and exuberance of spirits. "If she only had more brains," he sighed, "if she would drop her aimless ways and take a serious view of life—what a wonder she would be!" And then he would sit musing, picturing to himself a Clara transformed into a girl such as he would have her—one who would be a proper and congenial partner for a serious-minded man of brains—such as he himself. Then the idea struck him that he might be able to reform her.

With this highly commendable missionary thought in his head Rutherford began to go out more and more to social functions, never missing one at which he knew Clara was to be present. And so far from avoiding her, as he had formerly done, he now sought her out.

Clara surprised him by the extent of her information on matters deep and erudite of which he had supposed her entirely ignorant. That pretty head of hers was not empty after all. And it was his influence, he felt with a glow, that was bringing out all this latent intellectuality. Here was a field in which he saw that he was a predestined influence for good. And in order that he might better exercise his beneficient power he neglected no opportunity of being beside her. Into that maelstrom of society which he so heartily detested he plunged with the resolute spirit of a martyr—and having got there found, to his surprise, that he rather enjoyed it.

It was Clara, now, who was always dragging in the high-brow stuff and insisting on discussing it. Rutherford even got slangy in his talk, dropped his "gs" "after the manner of the hunting set," and found he could talk society fiddle faddle with the best of them. His frivolous parents were in ecstacies. Then one day he proposed to Clara. It would be much easier to reform her, he thought, if she were his wife.

"Rutherford," replied Clara, "I will marry you on one condition—that you give up the frivolous and aimless life which you have been leading for the past six months."

"Who—me?" gasped Rutherford.

"Yes," replied Clara; "only yesterday I heard you called an empty-headed, sporting, society sap. The man I marry must have some serious purpose in life. Now here is my proposition. We will be married and go off to Yucatan and explore the ruins of the Mayan cities. You can make a name for yourself as an authority on lost Mayan civilization."

"It will be rather dull—won't it—for you?" faltered Rutherford.

"Not a bit," she returned. "I am fed up on this society stuff."

It was rather a wrench for Rutherford; but there was Clara, right before him—and was she not worth any sacrifice that you might mention? "Splendid" said he with sudden conviction; "prehistoric American archeology has long been one of my hobbies. With his favorite hobby and the girl of his heart, what more can a man want in this world?" And then they became just like any other two lovers, in society or out of society, high-brow or low-brow.

One Marital Advantage

A writer says that marriage does not prevent a woman public speaker from pursuing her career. On the contrary, it means that she has provided herself with a permanent audience.—London Humorist.

Water Buffalo a Fighter

The wild water buffalo of Asia, sometimes called the Indian buffalo, is rapidly becoming very rare. Like the African buffalo, it is very dangerous. It is found most often wading on river bottoms and flood plains, frequently wallowing in the mud. It formerly ranged the low country along the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers, and also in the northern part of Ceylon. Large herds are no longer seen, and there has been local interbreeding between the wild and domestic stock. On account of its semi-aquatic habits it is very useful in the rice fields.

A Certain Match

By QUEENA POLLACK

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SHIRLEY VAN DORN shifted gears, and settled back in her driver's seat to survey the surrounding country with zest.

"Don't take it too fast, dear," advised Aunt Victoria, who had been her guardian since her own mother had died ten years before.

"But I can't crawl," protested Shirley.

"You'll be tired by the time we reach Gardner's, dear, and week-end parties usually have strenuous athletic programs," began Aunt Victoria.

"Do you suppose I shall like anyone there?" interrupted Shirley. "If tiresome Tom Manley attaches himself to me, I warn you, Auntie, I'll fly home."

"You know," Victoria Brownslee started, ingratiatingly, "Mrs. Gardner whispered at dinner the other night that she expected Ted Farson, the shipbuilder's son, if he returned in time. You've never met him, Shirley, and you know he's quite the catch of the season."

Helplessly, Shirley laughed. Wasn't it bad enough to have to listen to dull conversation of the usual sort, she thought, without having to be bored by another youth returned from Europe and his tourist impressions?

"Dear, I'm thirsty," put in Aunt Victoria, "can't we stop at the next spring?"

"Yes, of course, and let's trust that it will cool my indignation about hasty and plotted marriages," Shirley answered firmly.

Shirley drew up by the side of the road and told her aunt to wait in the car while she brought a cooling drink to her. Crossing a road in the spring, she narrowly escaped being run down by a dusty blue car that flew with powerful speed from out a side road.

A mild looking youth in drab hiking costume pulled Shirley to the other side of the road, and encircled her shoulder with a stalwart arm to steady her.

"Oh, thank you," Shirley said dutifully. "You know, America might have lost one of her rashest daughters if you hadn't jerked me aside in time."

"And one of her prettiest, too, I venture," the youth added, with a wide winning smile.

"Tosh," replied Shirley in her contemptuous manner for flattery. "But I started across this road to get my aunt a drink. Now I see no cups."

"If I may oblige you," said her companion, proffering a cup from a camping outfit. "I'll risk crossing the road this time for your aunt."

"No," she countered hastily, noting the disapproval on her relative's face at this prolonged conversation.

She bent over to fill the cup with glistening cool water, and thought her rudeness to the man who had saved her life was unworthy of her real feelings.

"Here," he said, masterfully. "Let me at least fill the cup for you, Miss. . . . ."

"My name is Shirley Summer. And yours?" she said evading the question.

"Timothy Torrence," he replied, suppressing a smile. She did not know whether he was smiling over her name or his own.

"Well, good-by and thank you for my life, which I do not value very much these days," she said, attempting to disarm further talk.

"Good-by," he said equally unperturbed, "I hope to have the good fortune to rescue you some other time."

Shirley ran back to the car without a backward glance. Strangely, her aunt was smiling, and not at all impatient. As she jumped into the driver's seat, she thought guiltily that she might offer to drive her rescuer as far along the main road as she was to travel.

Her aunt voiced the same thought, which surprised Shirley. When she called the invitation, he accepted with alacrity.

"This is my aunt, Mrs. Brownslee, and this is Mr. Timothy Torrence," introduced Shirley. "Climb in and keep each other company. I'm driving as fast as I can to the Gardner estate at Langhorn road. If you want to stop before then please signal me."

Once again she shifted gears, but this time sat forward in her driver's seat, tense. Faster and faster, she found herself flying toward Langhorn road. She could not hear conversation in the rear of the car, but did hear low laughter. What a sudden and strange camaraderie for staid Aunt Victoria! As there was no call for her to stop, Shirley thought her passenger was going past Gardner's. She stopped the car, almost wilted with the rush.

"We're late already, Shirley," said Aunt Victoria as she emerged from the car on the Torrence boy's arm. "Perhaps it will save embarrassment later if I introduce you to Ted Farson right here. Shirley Van Dorn is her right name."

Bewildered, Shirley stared from one to another, and then surveyed their smiles with one of her own.

"Oh, I recognized her," countered the smiling, brown-eyed traveler of intelligence. And once again, a stalwart arm encircled her shoulder and she knew she would be saved from the danger of misalliance.

Snake-Eating Hogs

Hogs frequently kill and eat snakes, even rattlesnakes, and snake-infested regions are often cleared of the pests by introducing hogs.

Old Time Fire Fighting

Machines for the extinguishing of fires have been used from a very early date. Apollodorus, architect to the Emperor Trajan, speaks of leathern bags, with pipes attached, from which water was projected by squeezing the bags. Hero of Alexandria describes a machine which he calls the siphona used in conflagrations. It consists of two cylinders and pistons connected by a reciprocating beam, which raises and lowers the pistons alternatively, and thus with the aid of valves opening only towards the jet, projects the water from it, but not in a continuous stream, as the pressure ceased at each alternation of stroke.

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