

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Manzy

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YOUR FRIEND TODAY

Elizabeth and Martha were friends. Elizabeth said the word should always be written with a capital F. Martha declared that every letter that went into the making of so precious a name should be a capital, whereupon Elizabeth kissed her affectionately, and they both declared that no matter what the years might bring them they would keep their tie of friendship pure, and true, and lofty.

"And," said Martha, who was the more ardent and imaginative of the two, "there are to be no secrets between us; not even thought secrets."

To which Elizabeth agreed in an abstract manner which did not quite satisfy her friend.

So Martha suggested that they draw up an agreement of eternal love and loyalty to be solemnly signed by each of them, and when Elizabeth said she didn't see the use of such a thing, her friend burst into a storm of grief that quite took the less intense girl off her feet.

"Why, you darling Martha," comforted Elizabeth. "Of course, we'll write the vow, and sign it. I only meant that all the vows in the world couldn't make me truer to our friendship, or more certain that I shall always love you just as I do now."

Whereupon Martha dried her tears, and spent many weeks in the composition of a vow of friendship which

heard much of Martha and Elizabeth, sat quietly by while the former expressed it as her belief that friendship is the greatest thing in the world.

"The sort that will stand the test of actual self-denial is very rare," said The Wise Woman.

"YOUR FRIEND TODAY IS OFTEN YOUR ENEMY TOMORROW. THEREFORE, NEVER TELL YOUR FRIEND WHAT YOU WOULD NOT WANT YOUR ENEMY TO KNOW."

Martha listened as one might listen to treason.

Then, remembering Elizabeth, she abruptly left the room.

"She is young," remarked The Wise Woman. "She will learn."

It came to pass that the personal interests of the friends conflicted for the first time since, in that far away yesterday, they each signed the vow of eternal love and loyalty.

They fell in love with the same man.

For a time The Man, knowing the closeness of the tie which bound the two young women, was very nice to both of them.

Then it became apparent that he was more interested in Martha, and after a little he asked her hand in marriage.

And for the first time in her life the girl, Martha, found it difficult to open the deepest chamber in her heart to her friend. Instinctively, she hugged her secret. It was so precious



"But He Doesn't Know You as I Do. He Doesn't Know You."

would have seemed more like a contract of the relinquishment of all personal liberty than a promise of undying love to an outsider. But the document quite satisfied the friends, who considered it a masterpiece in its own way.

In the weeks and months that followed confidences became almost an obsession with the girl, Martha. An overconscious little soul, she spent a deal of her time in self-examination for fear that she would depart from the letter of her promise and hold back the admission of some thought or action from Elizabeth.

The vow was taken less seriously by Elizabeth, upon whom friendship sat with lighter meaning.

Martha, in her frank and girlish ardor, would have called her friend a traitor, had she known that she did not share the deeper life of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth would have said that she merely protected a God-given right, and that the matter of the vow was a silly thing, to which she had agreed merely to humor her friend.

So the years went by, and the friends became women grown.

Their companionship had been very close, and their affection for each other was a matter for admiration among their associates.

People said that they had never seen such remarkable confidence between two young women.

So far as Martha was concerned this was true. She shared her every thought of consequence with Elizabeth. She unveiled her weaknesses as well as her strength to the elder girl, nor did she notice that every year had brought Elizabeth more reserve, so great was her absorption in her own confidences.

One day The Wise Woman, who had

a thing—this matter of loving and being loved—that she did so want to cherish it for just a little while against the knowledge of all the world. But she remembered the vow, the letter of which she had kept for years, so shyly she told Elizabeth that she and The Man were to be married.

"And you have the audacity to tell me this, you sly minx!" hissed the lifetime friend of the girl, Martha.

"You're a perfect little sneak, that's what you are! You've enticed him into this with your confiding little ways. But he doesn't know you as I do! He doesn't know you!" she cried, beside herself with rage and disappointment, for the girl, Elizabeth, also loved The Man and wanted to be his wife more than she wanted anything else in all the world.

Because of the vow which Martha had always kept to the letter, and which the wiser girl had always set aside as a mighty foolish sort of thing, Elizabeth was as familiar with the weaknesses of her friend as she was with her own. She knew her as she knew herself, for in her interpretation of the word friendship Martha had always uncovered her very soul for the other girl's inspection.

And, so it was that the confidences which the girl, Martha, had given in the sacred name of friendship were made the property of all who cared to hear them, and bounded back like boomerangs to hurt her a thousand times with a hurt so poignant that sometimes the injuries done her seemed more than she could bear.

And The Wise Woman shook her head gravely and remarked again that, so long as human nature is human nature, it will never be safe to tell your dearest friend anything that you would not want your bitterest enemy to know.

BASEBALL HELPS REPTILE HUNTER

American, Once He Illustrated the Curve, Had All Natives' Aid.

CATCHES 500 SNAKES

Not a Reptile in All Santo Domingo Was Safe After Clarence R. Halter's Enthusiastic Following Took up the Trail.

New York—This is where sport put one right over the plate for science! It all happened down in Santo Domingo.

It was to this land that there traveled last May Clarence R. Halter, of the department of herpetology, and Frank E. Watson, department of entomology, both of the American Museum of Natural History, one in quest of snakes, the other of bugs. They had letters of introduction and hopeful dispositions and a zeal for work.

And yet, somehow, the respectable natives of Santo Domingo did not warm to them at first as they might, and especially the Senor Halter.

Caught Five Hundred Snakes. He came back from there a day or so ago laden with spoils, five hundred in all—the strange and solemn sonolodon and the shrinking and sightless typhlops, dragged, unresisting, from its lair. Everybody helped when they really learned to appreciate what a very wonderful man indeed was the Senor.

It was a hot day, and at a certain city there were gathered some hundreds of the native sons watching eighteen men playing at an American game—I would not go so far as to say that they really were playing it. There were nine players to a side, though, and there were bats and balls covered with horsehide, and things were going rather slowly on the whole. The pitcher tossed a ball as though it were an apple he was bestowing on a calf.

"Is it not the great American game of baseball?" asked a prominent citizen of the Senor Halter.

"It certainly is not," answered the Senor, who was then taking his day off and some chances.

There came over the features of the Santo Domingan an incredulous smile. He called the manager of the team and said that the gentleman from the States would be glad to show how the great game was played.

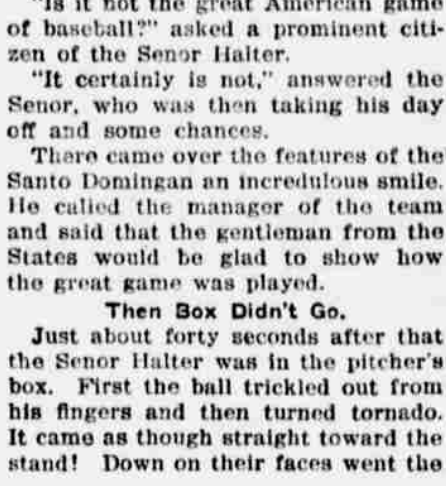
Then Box Didn't Go. Just about forty seconds after that the Senor Halter was in the pitcher's box. First the ball trickled out from his fingers and then turned tornado. It came as though straight toward the stand! Down on their faces went the

spectators, and looked up again, and—a miracle indeed—the ball had turned about in air and had disappeared! The batsman was fanning the air.

"Play yet again, Senor; you are the great wonder!" cried the most prominent citizen, and from that moment the reputation of the young scientist was made. Now he made the ball speed like lightning until it smoked its course. Again it swept about in a graceful serpentine curve. How marvelous the drops and the inshoots, seen for the first time in that part of the world! The mysteries of the spitball held the populace in thrall. They shouted for more. When the game was over the younger element insisted that the Senor should teach them all the "American pitch."

Then it was that they drew from him that he had been on the second team at Columbia University and for a time had pitched even for the regular nine.

Messrs. Halter and Watson told how much they desired to have snakes and bugs. After the explorers had scored in this way there was no snake in Santo Domingo too good for them. The swamps and thickets were ransacked and the inmates were dragged wriggling into the light. Natives who had been afraid even of a frog hunted up reptiles and placed them at the feet of the expedition.



The Inmates Were Dragged Wriggling Into the Light.

When General Miles was a member of the army he used to be continually besieged by cranks with pneumatic firing guns, dirigible war balloons and other martial inventions. But the general would weed these cranks out with admirable speed. An inventor in his office one day told of a curious incident in this relation.

A card was brought in and laid before the general.

"Oh, send him in," said Miles. "His business won't take more than a minute or two."

So in came a wild-eyed, long-haired man twisting his soft hat nervously in both hands.

"General," he said, "I have here"—and he took out a small parcel—"a bulletproof army coat. If the government would adopt this—"

"Put it on; put it on!" said General Miles. And he rang the bell. The clerk appeared as the inventor was getting into the coat.

"Jones," said the general, "tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load his rifle with ball and cartridge and—"

"Excuse me, general," I forgot something," interrupted the inventor. And with a hunted look he disappeared.

GETTING RID OF INVENTOR

How General Miles Handled Wild-eyed Man With Bulletproof Army Coat.

Two Birds Indicted. The complaints against the robin have dwelt on his fondness for cherries, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, pears, peaches, prunes, grapes and even olives in California. The bluebirds' consumption of cultivated fruits seems more limited, being practically confined to cherries, raspberries and blackberries, and its fruit-eating period is very short, being only from late fall to early spring when the insects which it prefers are scarce.

He Took a Chance. "It's a good thing you had accident insurance, isn't it? That fall must have laid you up for two weeks."

"I know, but it doesn't help me out in this case."

"And why not?"

"Why, it carried a clause forbidding me to engage in any extra hazardous occupation."

"Well, you weren't, were you?"

"Yes, I was trying to sell Jones some life insurance."

Mutual Benefit. "Why do you send your wife and daughters to the seashore while you stay at home?"

"We're all more comfortable," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls hate to see me in a wilted collar and I'm very much annoyed by their bathing suits."

Some Town. "We're a growing town," said the leading citizen of Painted Post.

"I don't know," said the traveling man, "there aren't any more people here than there was last year."

"I know that," said the proud resident, "but the Smith twins put on long pants last week."

Experienced. "What experience have you had?" demanded the hotel proprietor to the applicant for the position of manager.

"Experience? Why say, I've had a home in the country for years, and every friend I've got in the world owns an automobile."

Doesn't Miss It. "Does your furnace smoke to a disagreeable extent, Mrs. Jags?"

"No, but my husband does."

What Women Will Do.

Suppose you tried to think what fashion never could do. Wouldn't you have fixed on furs in summer as the final impossibility? And yet they did wear furs this summer with the thermometer at 84, the humidity at 91, the breeze absent, and in that month in which the Bastille fell and the Declaration of Independence was signed! Of course you left your coat at home during those dog days—Collier's Weekly.

So Paw Says.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is a leading citizen?

Paw—A leading citizen, son, is a man whose example it isn't always safe to follow.

No Mistake About It. "A man's home ought to be the dearest spot in the world to him."

"When the bills are coming in, it is."

Charity also uncovers a lot of our neighbors' sins.

The General Says:

Why send your money away for "boresome roofing" when you can get the best roofing at a reasonable price of your own local dealer whom you know?

Certain-teed Roofing

is guaranteed in writing 5 years for 1-ply, 10 years for 2-ply, and 15 years for 3-ply, and the responsibility of our big mills stands behind this guarantee. Its quality is the highest and its price the most reasonable.

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Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

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DU PONT POWDER COMPANY
WILMINGTON DELAWARE

The Whole Truth.

The reputation of children for telling the truth about their elders was enhanced in Massachusetts recently when Governor Walsh, attending the dedication of a public building, addressed a number of pupils in the elementary grades. By way of giving his youthful audience an object lesson in various forms of patriotic service, the governor pointed to his military aid, who was in a gold-laced uniform, and asked: "Who is this man?"

"He is a soldier."

"What does he do?"

"Fights for his country."

"Who am I?"

"The governor."

"What do I do?"

"Nothing," chorused the children, who, incredible as it may seem, had not been coached beforehand.

So Friendly. The women who called just because they couldn't get out of it were met at the door by the maid.

"My mistress is taking her beauty sleep," she said.

"How long does it take her?" asked one of the women.

"Oh, less than half an hour."

"She looks it," said the other woman in a whisper to her friend. Then they left their cards and trotted along.

Year After Year. "They can't fool all the people all the time."

"But the summer hotel proprietor manages to stick us for two weeks of it."

When a young man is sure he can't live without a certain girl he ought to marry her and discover his mistake.

Many a man who apparently acts like a fool fools us by not acting at all.

HE ASKED THE RIGHT MAN

Railroad Man Has His Curiosity Satisfied in a Startling Manner.

A Louisville attorney and a railroad man who has his "stop-over" here went to a theater the other night. The railroad man saw a flashily dressed, red-faced, sporty-looking individual sitting in one of the boxes.

"Who is that tough person sitting in the box?" the railroad man asked pleasantly. "He looks like a drunken burglar."

"That," said the attorney, "is my cousin."

The railroad man gasped a couple of times before he could get a grip on himself. Then a smile spread over his face as he remarked:

"Well, I went straight to headquarters for information, didn't I?"—Louisville Times.

His Plea. "Well, Cuddyhump," said Squire Peavy, addressing a colored citizen who was suspected of having wandered from the straight and narrow path, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Des dis, yo' honah—dis yuh am mah prevarication!" was the reply. "Nemmine wadder I's guilty or not, but des tempt mercy wid justice and tuh me loose. Tuh me loose, sah, and sho's yo' bawn I'll do as much for yo' some time!"

Waning of the Honeymoon. Young Wife (six weeks marriage)—Darling, do you love me still? Husband—What a silly question! Why, of course I love you still—and the stiller the better.

A good many cases of love in a cottage turn out badly through lack of the cottage.

The Best Mill

Cannot grind good flour from poor wheat, nor can the human body get good health from food and drink which is not fitted to the individual.

Right food—the kind the system requires, goes a long way toward putting one on The Road to Wellville.

This road leads to comfort, happiness and long life.

Grape-Nuts

is a delicious food scientifically prepared from wheat and barley.

In the making, the starch of the grains is partially pre-digested for quick and easy assimilation—and furnishes the nourishment Nature requires for the daily rebuilding of body and brain.

It pays to keep oneself in the highest condition of physical and mental vigor.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

WON'T MIX

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it wrong food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down."

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being benefited by Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing."

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain began to disappear and in a short time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."