

Folk We Touch In Passing

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He Did Not See the Girl as She Stood in the Doorway Watching.

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH

The Little Old Man was fat and bald and seventy.

The Girl's life was at Springtime, roseate with dreams, joyous with youth.

When first they met and someone told The Girl that she made a deep impression on The Little Old Man, her laughter rang out merrily.

"How funny!" she exclaimed. "Why, there's an entire lifetime between us."

Whereupon The Mother told The Girl quite gravely that there are people in this old world of ours who never grow old, because their spirit has drunk at the fountain of eternal youth.

"But not The Little Old Man," replied The Girl amusedly.

And The Mother answered back that she was not so sure of that.

When the crash came, The Mother called The Girl to her room.

"Ah, my dear," she told her, "it is to you we look for everything now. Your father has made a mess of it. Everything will be swept away unless you help. All my life I have shielded you from the rough edges of life. I protected you from drudgery because I wanted your womanhood to be a beautiful thing. Beauty is a woman's greatest asset. It is her fortune if she will but realize it. I was determined that you should have it, and all the soft and beautiful things of life that go with it."

The Mother stopped to brush away a tear and The Girl entwined her fair young arm about her neck in tender sympathy.

"But," she questioned, "how can I help? What has my beauty to do with father's failure? You talk in riddles."

"You are not in love?" questioned The Mother in sudden anxiety. "No one has yet touched your heart?"

The Girl blushed as she smilingly shook her head, and The Mother sighed with obvious relief.

"But," insisted The Girl, "what has all this to do with my helping father?"

"The Little Old Man," answered The Mother, and The Girl recoiled as one would from a reptile.

"The Little Old Man!" she echoed.

"Why, yes," said The Mother. "What is there so strange in the suggestion? Everybody knows he is crazy about you, and he has millions to lay at your feet. The Little Old Man cannot live forever, you know! And when he is gone there will be his millions and your own life just as you would live it!"

The Mother lifted her eyes in time to see The Girl's figure fitting by, and in an instant more she heard her turn the key in the lock of her own door, and gently she smiled, muttering something to herself about the unreasonableness of youth, but sure none the less that this lovely young creature whose life she had molded to her will for many a year would not now fail to yield to her purpose.

The battle The Girl fought was a difficult one, but in it she was helped by the truthfulness of her assertion to The Mother that her heart had not been touched. As yet her Prince Charming had not crossed the path of her life.

"I owe it to mother," she told herself over and over again. "She has made so many sacrifices for me, and now that she asks just this one of me

my heart is rebellious, and somehow I cannot, I cannot."

And as the struggle went on in The Girl's mind The Mother said not a word. But her eyes held the tragedy that hung over the household and haunted The Girl, even in her dreams, until the time came when she could no longer bear their reproach, so she wrote a grave and courteous note to The Little Old Man, telling him that when the evening came he might call for his answer; and when she passed the finished message to The Mother her lips were smiling and her voice did not tremble as she spoke.

"I have been a very foolish girl. Now I'll try to be a grateful one," she said.

Great bunches of violets preceded the coming of The Little Old Man. The box in which they came quite covered the library table, and when they had been distributed about the house the air was laden with their perfume—the perfume of all others which The Girl best loved—the flower among flowers for her.

"They are so shy, so innocent, and their fragrance always suggests youth to me, eternal youth." She had explained her preference once to The Little Old Man, and he paid her tribute now by his memory of her words.

Nor was he oblivious to the great profusion of his flowers as he sat alone in the strangely silent house waiting for The Girl to bring him the answer he craved. The mark of his years was more indelibly stamped upon the quality of his impatience than he knew, and so it was that he did not see The Girl as she stood in the doorway watching his furtive squirming, while his fat old face flamed crimson and his bald head glistened like a polished thing.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes to The Girl, and into them there crept a light which made her think of the gleam she had once seen in the eyes of a cat as he made sure of a frightened little gray mouse, and despite her outward calm The Girl felt very much like the mouse.

Sure of his prey, The Little Old Man waddled to the side of The Girl, and when he had taken her into his arms his lips sought hers, and The Girl, because there seemed to be no other way, made no protest.

Into his kiss crept that hideous thing The Girl had seen in The Little Old Man's eyes, the lust of his wrinkled old flesh, the maudlin sentimentality of decaying years, the hideousness of clay that is divested of soul—and like a poor and wounded animal, The Girl released herself and stood at bay—all the vague, uncertain fears which had first caused her denial of her mother's wish springing into a form which her youth read with unutterable loathing and disgust.

And even now, after many years, the Little Old Man (who still lives, although he is a physical wreck) is filled with wonder when he recalls the strange conduct of The Girl who left him to find his way alone out of the big house just at the moment when he was sure of winning her hand in marriage.

Instinct Guides Birds.

Birds, in the construction of their nests, almost without exception avoid bright-colored materials, which might possibly lead to the discovery of their place of abode by an enemy.

WANDERER RETURNS AND RE-WEDS WIFE

This Enoch Arden Story From California Has a "Happy Ending."

San Francisco, Cal.—A romance of the Enoch Arden type, bridging a gap of fifteen years, with separation, re-marriage and lost affection as obstacles, has just found its "happy ending" here.

Fifteen years ago Herbert Winner of this city and his wife were divorced. He disappeared. Mrs. Winner, thinking him dead, married C. Lundberg, also of San Francisco. Mr. Lundberg died a year ago.

Some months later Mrs. Lundberg's father, happening to be in St. Helena,



Inquired About His One-Time Wife.

was amazed to meet Herbert Winner on the street. The wanderer inquired about his one-time wife and three daughters, and finally decided to return to San Francisco.

One of Mrs. Lundberg's daughters is Mrs. M. B. Higuera, and she, as well as the other daughters, did what they could to revive the old love between their parents. The result was that a few days ago Mr. Winner and Mrs. Lundberg were remarried under the ritual of the Seventh Day Adventists, in which religion Mrs. Lundberg is an earnest worker.

"They seem to love each other more than ever," said Mr. Higuera, who disclosed the romance, "and each seems sorry for the mistakes that separated them years ago."

DIAGNOSED HIS OWN CASE

Noted Baltimore Surgeon Told Surgeons to Remove His Appendix as Well as Gallstones.

Baltimore.—A series of delicate operations successfully performed a few days ago at Johns Hopkins hospital upon Dr. Thomas S. Cullen, the noted surgeon, demonstrated that a complete diagnosis he had made of his condition while lying on the operating table was exactly correct.

Dr. J. M. T. Finney had charge of the operation, which started out to be for gallstones. In the few minutes of waiting the two men discussed the operation. Then it was that Doctor Cullen made the diagnosis.

He said he felt sure that there was something else wrong with him besides gallstones and that something else was an incipient case of appendicitis. He said that before the operation was over and himself out of the ether that he would be minus his appendix. After most of the gallstones were removed it was found necessary to remove the appendix.

U. S. NOTES WOVEN IN TOWEL

Extraordinary Counterfeit Discovered by Secret Service Agents in Washington.

Washington.—Secret service officials, long familiar with all the tricks of the counterfeiting trade, were shocked into a show of surprise when Acting Chief Moran strolled into the office with what proved to be two four-foot long counterfeits tucked under one arm.

The counterfeits were duplications of the faces of a five dollar and a ten-dollar United States note, with the numerals, portraits and lettering woven into the texture of an ordinary bath towel.

HIS WAS A "FLOWER JAG"

Detroit Man Steals Posies When He Takes Too Much Liquor Aboard.

Detroit.—Charles Nelson pleaded for freedom from the charge of stealing flowers from the grounds that the urge of his ancestors impelled him to pluck flowers from the waterworks park the other day.

"Whenever I get too much to drink a feeling that I must pick flowers comes over me," he told Justice Galney. "My people in Denmark are gardeners, and their people before them specialized in the flower trade."

He was found guilty, but sentence was suspended.

Nebraska Directory

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PATENTS

What She Expected.

"Look at her," said the ironmonger, indicating a departing customer. "She sent her wringer here to be repaired. I promised it to her for this week, provided I could get a certain new part in time from the maker's. I couldn't get it. Now she wants me to pay a charwoman, who came unnecessarily, half a crown an' twopence for the clothes."

The ironmonger paused to breathe heavily.

"But that's not all. Her husband dines out on washdays, and as he dined out on a washday that wasn't a washday—you understand?—she says I ought to pay for his dinner. No, she doesn't ask anything else. And they call 'em the weaker sex."—London Tit-Bits.

Keeping Up Appearances.

"What's the use of buying a fly swatter?" growled Mr. Cobbles. "A folded newspaper does well enough."

"Do you think I'm going to swat flies with a folded newspaper when there are visitors here, Henry Cobbles?" asked Mrs. Cobbles. "I should say not!"

Regular Answer.

Teacher—Now, I want one of you to give me a sentence using the three simple tenses.

Johnnie—Don't think of the future until the present is past.

The Sphinx on Natation.

The Sphinx pronounced a riddle. "How many girls would swim out beyond the danger line if the life guard was a woman?" she asked.

Explained.

Patience—Why do they call a boat "she," do you suppose?

Patrice—Because it has such good lines, probably.

Cold Feet.

"Are you cool in time of danger?"

"Perfectly, but at the wrong end."—Houston Post.

BE KINDER TO YOURSELF

Women Are Often Victims of Nervousness Because They Don't Know How to Relax.

One of the important things to know in life, especially if you are a woman, is how to let yourself alone, writes Mary Carolyn Davies in the Mother's Magazine. The ability to relax, the art of being judiciously lazy, the tact to let herself alone has saved many a woman from a nervous breakdown. We all know the housewife who nags herself into such a state of conscientiousness that she cannot rest. If she lies down she is continually worrying herself with thoughts of the work that she is neglecting.

Much of the blame for this state of affairs lies at the doors of the mothers. The mistake is in their training of their children, especially their daughters. They are taught from earliest infancy to be kind to others, to bear with them, to forgive them, to help them; but from birth to death no one ever tells them to be kind, also, to themselves.

The woman who nags herself can make herself more miserable than anyone else possibly could. She can make her life more of a nightmare than any misfortune could possibly make it. If such women could learn to be kinder to themselves there is no doubt that their own lives would be lengthened; and not only that, but the lives of those with whom they come in close contact would be made far more pleasant.

Health and Excitement.

The sick rate in Russia has decreased since the war began. Part of the improvement—doubtless the greater part—is due to the passing of vodka, but something must be said for the curious way in which the human frame reacts to excitement and develops resistance to disease under the stimulus of strong interests or emotions.

The refugees from San Francisco, for example, had not been devotees of vodka, but they showed a wonderful health record during their period of enforced open-air life and short commons.

Raw Material.

"Did you hear about Scribbler?" The police caught him walking out of a hotel writing room with about ten dollars' worth of the hotel stationery under his coat.

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Said he was gathering material for a novel."

Sure Thing.

Hostess—Sh! that's my neighbor's dog. Be careful what you say about that woman.

Fair Guest—Why that's silly. Dog's can't understand.

Hostess—No, but they carry tails.—Philadelphia Record.

Broke.

"Come on, Bill. Join us in a little game of poker."

"Sorry, boys, but I can't."

"Why not? Your wife is in the country."

"Yes, and so is my salary."

Long Island has 1,376 square miles.

Summer Luncheons

in a jiffy

Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry with Libby's Sliced Dried Beef and the other good summer meats—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find them fresh and appetizing.



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Will Sell County Rights for manufacture of sectional cutting for walls, equipment furnished; big profits. GEORGE, Sliced Beef, Newark, N. J.

Big Winner for live agents; absolutely new big profits, repeats sure. Particulars free. HATLEY SUPPLY CO., Clap Center, Kans.

Life in London.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelins there occurred in Southwark—so a wireless message from Berlin asserts—the following conversation:

"Betsy," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "there is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday. Goodbye, Betsy. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post.

Tough Luck.

"You remember that chap Jones who made a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would walk from San Francisco to New York without a cent in his pocket?"

"Yes. Did he win the bet?"

"Not quite. He got as far as Philadelphia, and there he was arrested as a vagrant and forced against his will to ride three blocks in a patrol wagon. That disqualified him."

Time Required.

"How long does it take you to go fishing?"

"Well, if you consider the time I actually fish, it takes only a few hours. But if you count in the time I consume waiting for conditions to be just right and arranging for bait, it takes several weeks."

Hopeless.

Maud—I said to Jack that I wasn't going to return his ring until I got one from another man.

Ethel—He told me he never expected to get it back.

Manila has a mean annual temperature of a shade more than 80 degrees.



Lunch Prepared in a Jiffy

Now for a rest while waiting for John.

Post Toasties

are always ready to eat right from the package—sweet, crisp and tempting.

And what a relief from fussing around in a stuffy kitchen on hot days.

The lunch is a good one—and John likes to find the wife cool and comfortable.

Post Toasties are thin bits of white Indian corn toasted to a golden brown. Eat with cream and sugar—and some fresh berries—They are delicious.