

# Folk We Touch In Passing

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## WHOSE WIFE?

The Man and The Woman were in a public place. They looked into each other's eyes and were conscious of a distinct sense of recognition, although they knew perfectly well that never before had they touched in passing. The Man felt impelled to take her at once into his arms and hold her there for all time. Thus they stood apart looking into each other's eyes.

Then the crowd surged and they were lost to each other.

For many months thereafter The Man sought The Woman everywhere, and when at last he found her she was watching two children at play, and the smile in her eyes was the sort of smile that has its well-spring only in a mother's adoring heart. The Man watched her unseen and understood. A week later found him in a distant city, where, after a few years he died.

The Woman never knew what became of The Man. She never saw him again after the day they had looked into each other's eyes—and passed on. Sometimes she thought of him, but more often she did not, for her days were filled with duties to The Husband, and the children she brought him. Year by year she lived at his side, mindful of his creature comforts; sympathetic in the hours of his perplexities; proud of his achievements; interested in the home

into the secret chambers of her soul and feel at home there. And sometimes, in retrospective moments, The Woman wondered whose wife she would be in the Great Beyond, whereupon she turned to the Nazarene's assurance of the Sadducees that "In the Anastasis they are as the Angels of God in Heaven. They neither marry nor are given in marriage," and in her heart she was glad, for somehow neither of her matrimonial ventures had created within her any keen desire for their eternal perpetuation, although the world called her a fortunate woman in the matter of her mates.

One day The Woman fell ill. The doctor assured the Second Husband that she would not live, and The Woman, hearing, was thrilled with a sudden sense of happiness.

She looked on the kind, troubled face of the Second Husband and knew as she looked that she was fond of him. She had also been fond of the First Husband. They were both good men and true and no woman could have accompanied them in their respective homes without acquiring a sincere affection for either, but just the same The Woman was rather glad, in a feeble sort of way, that marriage was all done with. She lay in her bed very ill and very tired, and had a clear vision of the Sadducees asking the Master whose wife the woman who had seven husbands would be in the Anastasis, and she was in-

## LURE OF ORIENT RUINS HER LIFE

Pathetic End of Young American  
Girl's Dream of  
Love.

## SQUALOR MARKS END

Daughter of Wealthy Massachusetts  
Parents, She Succumbs to Wiles  
of Chink—Then Began 15  
Years of Torment.

New York—Only a glassy-eyed Chinese idol looked on this week when Kitty Powers, cast-off wife of Fong Pong, former president of the Hup Sing Tong, of New York city, and said to have been the daughter of wealthy Massachusetts parents, breathed her last after a vain effort to get opium with which to stifle the thundering in her brain.

Catherine Powers died in a two-by-four cubby hole in a rotting shanty in the Chinese district of the metropolis. Too proud to beg, too sick to go out of her room, with detectives constantly watching the house, Kitty died alone and forgotten. Chinatown had little use for Kitty, and had offered \$5,000 for Fong Pong, now supposed to be in Chicago. Vain efforts were made to locate him to tell him of the illness of the wife who forsook her home, relatives and Americanism for him 15 years ago.

The Dream That Faded.  
Kitty Powers came from Roxbury, Mass., 15 years ago. She was smuggled into Chinatown and remained there in seclusion for four years. According to the police, she never left the house. Her parents, wealthy and respected, made every effort to locate her. At the end of the four years, when her body and soul had been sufficiently tortured by the delights of opium and other drugs, she decided to become the legal wife of Fong Pong.

Several detectives were always near Kitty. The district attorney's office protected her, for she knew Chinatown. But it did not know that Kitty had no money, that it was only what



Kitty Died Alone and Forgotten.

a few white wives of Chinamen gave her that enabled her to keep her soul in her body.

## BEAR BESTS BULL IN FIGHT

Fight Occurs in Pasture, and Noise of It Wakens Farmer's Family in Minnesota.

Floodwood, Minn.—O. H. Gjora, a farmer in Fine Lakes township, about seven miles south of Floodwood, reports that a bear attacked his two-year-old bull recently and lacerated the animal so badly that it had to be killed. The fight between the bear and the bull occurred in the pasture near Mr. Gjora's house and awakened his family, but by the time they reached the scene of battle the bear escaped into the woods. The same day a she-bear was killed by John Foote, an Indian, who lives on the west shore of Prairie lake. The old bear was accompanied by a cub, which Mr. Foote captured, but had to let him go, as he got too frisky.

## COW MOTHER OF TRIPLETS

Three Calves Born in Iowa Are Healthy—Triplets Rare Among Cattle.

Webster City, Ia.—One of the greatest rarities in "cow families" is owned by Stanley Conklin at his farm southwest of this city. The "family" consists of a cow and triplet calves. Twins are a frequent occurrence among cattle, but triplets are so rare as to attract attention. The triplets are healthy and normal.

Black Snake Got His Kittens.  
Amity, Ga.—When the Rev. W. A. Fitzgerald saw a plump blacksnake sliding away from an outhouse, where five kittens made their home, he was suspicious and looked into the building. Sure enough, the kittens had disappeared.

Books and Bangs.  
John Kendrick Banks, author of "A Houseboat on the Styx," and "Coffee and Repartee," who is spending the summer at his camp in Maine, said in an interview last week: "People should own and read books just as they should seek friendships, and try to understand their friends. A book that one has come to know, and to love, is one of the truest of friends. In my library in Maine are not many books, but none the less Lincoln walks there with me; Emerson is my friend; Balzac and Dumas are permanent dwellers at my side; I frolic with Mark Twain there; I travel with O. Henry, and I play boyish tricks with Aldrich and Penrod; I fence with Montaigne, and the great spirits of "The Spectator."

## NO DOUBT THAT RESINOL DOES STOP ITCHING

It is a fact that the moment resinol ointment touches itching skins, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of resinol soap, it almost always clears away all trace of eczema, summer rashes, pimples, or similar tormenting, unsightly eruption quickly, leaving the skin clear and healthy.

And the best of it is you need never hesitate to use resinol soap and resinol ointment. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which for twenty years has been used by careful physicians for many kinds of skin affections. They know that its soothing, healing action is brought about by medication so bland and gentle as to be suited to the most delicate or irritated skin. Resinol ointment and resinol soap are sold by all druggists.—Adv.

The Bonnie Conductor Lassie.  
Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English cartridge factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

## Another Little Bedtime Story.

"Good gracious!" cried Peter Rabbit, "what is the cause of that uproar going on up in the air? There! That was the S. O. S. call! Somebody must be in trouble, and—"

"Oh, that is old Doc Stork," replied Sammy Jay. "He is carrying twins to the wildcat's house, and the dear little strangers do not wish to go."—Kansas City Star.

## Transportation in Calcutta.

To compete with Calcutta's present street railway system a company has been formed which will place 100 motor buses and 400 cars for freight in service within a year.

Some horses are better mud runners than others. It is so with human beings.

If there is anything more misleading than the average guaranty, we would gladly give up a nickel to see a moving picture of it.

What kind of roofing shall I buy?  
The General says: You can buy a cheap unguaranteed roofing and save a few dollars in initial cost—or you can pay this slight difference and get a roofing guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of roofing and building papers. The final cost is what counts and you'll find it cheaper in the long run to buy

# Certain-teed

## Roofing

This roofing is the highest quality possible to make and it is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, for 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively. When once laid **Certain-teed** must remain intact at least for the period of the guarantee and the guarantee is a definite insurance against all roofing troubles.

For sale by dealers everywhere at reasonable prices

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(Slate Surfaced)  
These shingles are surfaced with genuine red or green crushed slate, making a most artistic and durable roof covering. Guaranteed 10 years.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company  
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Seattle Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

## WILL AEROPLANES STOP WAR

Orville Wright is Moved to Say He Likes to Think So, Anyhow.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a very definite reason why the present war in Europe has dragged along for a year with neither side gaining much advantage over the other? The reason, as I figure it out, is aeroplanes, Orville Wright writes in Collier's. In consequence of the scouting work done by the flying machines, each side knows exactly what the opposition forces are doing.

There is little chance for one army to take another by surprise. Napoleon won wars by massing his troops at unexpected places. The aeroplane has made that impossible. It has equalized information. Each side has such complete knowledge of the other's movements that both sides are obliged to crawl into trenches and fight by means of slow, tedious routine rather than by quick, spectacular dashes.

My impression is that before the present war started the army experts expected it to be a matter of a few weeks or, at most, a few months. Today it looks as if it might run into years before one side can dictate terms. Now, a nation that may be willing to undertake a war lasting a few months may well hesitate about engaging in one that will occupy years.

The daily cost of a great war is of course stupendous. When this cost runs on for years the total is likely to be so great that the side which wins nevertheless loses. War will become prohibitively expensive. And the scouting work in flying machines will be the predominating factor, as it seems to me, in bringing this about. I like to think so, anyhow.

It has been discovered that our system of education makes children wiser than their parents. But the children are no wiser than their parents were at their age.

It doesn't look as if the fool killer will ever be able to take a vacation.

A "friendly interest" is often but another name for impudent curiosity.

## The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"  
"Oh, hello, George!"  
"How are you, Mabel?"  
"Just fine! How're you, George?"  
"Same. Say, Mabel, let's go through the park this afternoon. What say?"  
"Well—ah-ah-ahem—I—I—ah—I'm kind of—well, I'm kind of tired, George."

"Then you won't go?"  
"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"Yes; my new eight-cylinder roadster came this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid? Say—ah—George, I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chances if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay. I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honestly."

"It's sweet of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook. "Darn it!" she muttered. "Why didn't he say so in the first place?"—Michigan Gargoyle.

## One Led to Another.

"I tried to get you over the telephone half a dozen times yesterday morning, but the line was busy every time."

"Yes. My wife called up a neighbor to ask her a question, and before they got through each had asked the other not less than one hundred questions."

## Circumstantial Evidence.

"How did you know that man was a sporting fellow?"

"Because when I trod on his corns he let out a regular football yell."

## Probable.

"Pa, who started the saying that a man's wife is his better half?"

"Some man's wife, I reckon."

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.



The Man Made No Answer, Taking the Woman's Hand in His Own.

she made him; devoted to the children God had given her, and in all she was not unhappy, although never once in her companionship with The Husband did she lift the veil which hung between him and her soul that he might see into the source of her being.

The Husband had been gone to the Land Behind the Veil for more than two years before the woman thought of marrying again. He had been good to her, and he had left her comfortably situated in the matter of this world's goods, but she was unutterably lonely. Their children had become old enough to be consumed by their individual interests and The Woman was desolate.

The Second Husband was also a good man, much on the type of the first, and The Woman found herself very fond of him when, for the sake of companionship, she had become his wife.

In the interim of her widowhood she had not, however, forgotten The Man. The thought of him always brought her a peculiar sense of peace, but somehow she ceased to hope that he would in any way cross the path of her life again. So she took up the threads which the First Husband's death had broken, and wove them into her new life with the Second Husband, but as it had been before, she gave nothing of her soul in the weaving. The bond between them was pleasant enough, but it was of the earth, earthly.

It often set The Woman to thinking, especially when the twilight hours brought their lengthening shadows, and a certain sense of craving for one who could walk straight

wardly smiling rather contentedly over the reply the Savior had made when she heard the doctor at her bedside say to the Second Husband that the sands of her life were running low.

Suddenly she became conscious of a presence in her room other than her doctor and her family, and when she lifted her eyes it was to look, as in a far gone yesteryear, into the eyes of The Man, and now, as then, she felt her being suffused with radiance.

The Man stood apart. He held out his arms to her. The Woman, rising in her spiritual body, went unwaveringly to his side, and the doctor turned to the Second Husband and told him that she had died, and The Woman hearing, remembered the words of the Master spoken so many centuries ago to the Sadducees, and fear followed the happiness which had lighted her eyes.

"He had reference to marriage in its earthly sense," The Man answered her thought. "No purely physical tie is perpetual. Only the spiritual is eternity. Death disrupts every union that is not of the spirit as well as of the body. You have always been my mate. You always will be."

"And the two men I have companioned for a time?" questioned The Woman, anxious for their happiness.

"Somewhere in the wonderful Universe of Spirit there is the altar ego—the complementary soul—for every one," the man made answer, taking The Woman's hand in his own.

And together they turned their faces toward Eternity.

What would be the result if we all followed the advice we give to others?