

EXCHANGE VALUES

By ETHEL LYONS

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"A penny for your thoughts, fair lady," Jack Leonard peered over the top of his newspaper at Celia, who was toying with her coffee spoon.

"Oh, Jack," she burst out. "I must have looked such a frump last night in that old white crepe! I know I spoiled every chance you had."

"Aw, Celia, don't talk that way," Jack's voice was filled with tender reproach. "My chances were pretty slim, anyway, and as for your spilling them—I guess not. I didn't care about the job on my own account at all," he lied valiantly, "but I don't want my wife always to be obliged to wear made-over gowns."

"As if it mattered!" It was Celia's turn to be consoling now. "But—oh, Jack, wasn't Mrs. Fairchild just dear last night? I love those little gray curls over her ears. She's like the grandmothers one reads about, but seldom sees."

"Yes, she was great!" Jack nodded absently. "But, do you know, Fairfield never mentioned that manager-ship. I thought sure he wanted to discuss it when he asked us up for dinner. Of course Manly has been on the road longer than I was. I suppose he's better entitled to it." He arose and went into the hall.

"Jack, dear," Celia's voice followed him, "don't you think it would be a rather nice thing to do to send Mrs. Fairchild some flowers today? I'd like her to know that we appreciated last night."

Jack groaned inwardly as he thought of the lone \$10 bill reposing in his bill fold. But he acquiesced cheerfully enough. "To be sure, I'll send them when I go out for lunch."

At lunch time, remembering his promise to Celia, he went into a nearby florist's. A cluster of roses, so yellow that they were almost orange, met his eye. Celia's favorites! Just the thing.

On his way out, a glass case filled with wood anemones entwined with sprays of green arrested his gaze. By jove!

"Only 50 cents a bunch." The clerk was at his elbow. "Just in from the country this morning."

Jack did not hesitate. "Send a bunch to this address," giving him Celia's address.

He did not think of the flowers again until he was nearing home that night. He wondered if Celia would be pleased. Celia was.

No sooner had he entered the door than her arms were around his neck in a bear-like hug. "Oh, Jack, you darling! To think you remembered my birthday when I'd forgotten it myself. And those lovely, lovely roses!"

Roses! Jack gasped. It couldn't be! But, yes, there they were in a crystal bowl. What would the Fairfields think of that miserable little bunch of wild flowers?

In the morning, Celia did not notice his gift. With effort and with effort on Jack's part they spent a gay evening as usual this evening.

Mr. Fairchild nodded cheerfully as he passed Jack's desk in the outer office next morning. "Come inside in about half an hour, will you?"

The hands of the office clock pointed to 9:30 as Jack laggingly complied with the request.

"Well, Leonard, I congratulate you!" Mr. Fairchild rose and grasped Jack's hand. "Sit down now and we'll talk the thing over a bit."

In a daze Jack did as he was bid. "Now, young man"—Mr. Fairchild's voice took on a confidential tone—"I'm going to be frank with you. Of course you know that I've been considering you and Manly both for general manager of the sales department. I don't mind telling you that the odds were mostly in Manly's favor. You are a bit young, you know, and somewhat lacking in experience. However," a whimsical expression passed over his face—"I've had orders from higher up. Boy, that little bunch of wood anemones turned the trick. I found Bessie crying over them when I got home last night—there was a suspicious moisture in his own eyes—you couldn't know. But they were her favorite flower when we—oh, never mind."

"The upshot of it is this: She insists that a man of such keen perceptions and thoughtfulness is just the man for that vacant position. And another thing: Your wife made a great hit with her. Shake again, boy. I congratulate you! And, now, supposing you run home and tell Mrs. Leonard the good news. And, say, you needn't report for your new job until next Monday."

In a daze Jack left the office.

"The exchange value of anemones and yellow roses," he was thinking, "is just about equal in this case, I should say."

A Liberal Education.

Next to the study of language the study of good literature should be named. To read good books—the best books to read them, not always with that etymological thoroughness which Mr. Ruskin enjoins, but slowly and carefully, getting the full force of every sentence, and the full significance and beauty of every figure and illustration—this is a great aid in mastering the art of expression. In such reading one becomes familiar with the action of the strongest and brightest minds; with the clearest and most telling forms of utterance; and this familiarity is itself a liberal education.—Washington Gladden.

GAME IN ARCTIC ABUNDANT

Hunters Have Had the Best Season They Have Enjoyed for the Last Twenty Years.

According to mail advices from Nome, Alaska, this is the periodic year of abundant wild animal life in the Arctic regions.

Early winter, with tremendously large ice floes in the Behring sea, gave the natives of Kaitsebu sound the most profitable polar bear hunting in 20 years. More of these animals have been shot or killed to date than for many years combined. Only in exceptionally severe winters does this nomad of the Arctic abound so far south. Accordingly Northwest Alaskans prepared for a long, cold winter.

The white king of the northern regions is a combined hunter-sailor-hobo. He has no fixed habitat, but goes where game is most plentiful, coming down with the ice pack from the North when the seal, walrus and whale move.

Unlike any other animal, the polar bear keeps to the ice, and will seek shore only when cut off from open water. It is the best swimmer of the animal world. Loose-jointed, ungainly, silly looking, with a skin that fits badly, the creature is, however, very feet footed.

No game laws will ever guard the great polar bear, for he lives in a region little frequented by human beings and keeps entirely out of sight. Every 20 years or oftener a severe winter will induce them to travel 1,000 miles southward and thus become the victims of the long-distance rifles of the hunters.

FIRST ON AMERICAN STAGE

"Beggars' Opera" Caused Some Controversy When It Was Produced at New York in 1751.

The first musical play presented upon the American stage was "The Beggars' Opera," by John Gay, which was produced at the Nassau Street theater in New York 171 years ago. A considerable proportion of the 10,000 people then comprising the population of New York attended the performance, although there were not a few who protested against the "godless affair" and threatened to "have the law on it."

The Murray & Kean company, a band of comedians who went to New York from Philadelphia, was responsible for the production. It was a benefit performance for Thomas Kean, who personally called on the leading citizens and sold tickets. The performance began at 6 o'clock and was over at 8:45. A harlequin dance, a pierrot dance and "The Drunken Peasant" were presented as "entertainments between the acts."

"The Beggars' Opera" was long popular, and some of its lines are still quoted, among them: "How happy could I be with either, were I either dear charmer away!"—Chicago Journal.

She Was Used to It.

A boy on a bicycle whizzed around a corner and knocked a woman down. She must have been built of something more durable than bones, for before the boy could right his wheel and get off it she had scrambled to her feet, and, seeing his intention of first aid, remarked:

"Thank you, son, I'm real obliged." The youngster was awful sorry, and was saying so, in the honest way a boy has, when she interrupted.

"That's all right! This makes the third time I've been run over and I ought to be used to it by now. The first upset—automobile—put me in bed for a week. The second—fender caught me—only laid me up two days and I shall probably be as spry as ever tomorrow; back hurts a little, but what I'm thinking you for is you are the only one of the three who took the trouble to feel sorry."

Which shows how easy a thing it is—when you get used to it!—Nannie Lancaster in the Washington Star.

Jews of New York.

There are 1,000,000 Jews in Greater New York—nearly 30 per cent of the entire population, observes Foreign Language Information Service. This number equals the total population of Philadelphia, or Detroit and Cleveland put together, or Buffalo, San Francisco and Pittsburgh combined or twice the population of Boston.

The 1,000,000 are distributed as follows: East side of Manhattan, 330,000; Harlem, 232,000; Bronx, 311,000; Williamsburgh, 203,000; Brownsville, 191,000; East New York, 108,000; Borough park, 93,000; Queens, 23,000; Richmond, 5,000, and scattered, 127,000.

This population supports 12 Jewish theaters, 5,000 grocery and delicatessen stores, 300 stationery, cigar and candy stores, 2,400 meat shops, 800 drug stores, 700 shoe stores, 275 hardware stores, 250 paint shops, 240 furniture stores and 150 electrical dealers.

Law-Abiding Bootlegger.

The philosophy of the modern bootlegger is illustrated in a story now going the rounds in Washington—a story which has carried an appeal to some of the highest officials of the government.

It recalls that a "regular customer" called up his own particular bootlegger a night or two ago and asked him what he had in stock.

"Well," replied the B. L., "I have some Scotch, some rye, some bourbon, a little gin and a little vermouth."

"Have you any absinthe?" inquired the customer.

"Hi—hi, no, man," came back in an astonished voice. "It's against the law to sell absinthe."

THE THRILL

By MARY LOUISE CORMIER

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"Letty, what are you doing in the parlor all this time?" Mrs. Harriet Parsons addressed her daughter from the kitchen. Receiving no response, her sharp old voice took on a querulous note. "My kingdom, I shouldn't think you'd want to be in the parlor anyway. It's cold as an icebox in there. Ah! you going to brew my tea, Letty? What are you stirring out of that window for?"

"Nothing, mamma," Letty jerked down the roll curtain and shut off a scene which, to say the least, was distracting. The slight of Will Spence's rooster with Will at the wheel and duffy little Amelia Crews sitting beside him always stirred Letty's resentment. She stepped quickly into the kitchen, shutting the side door of the parlor behind her with unnecessary violence. Her mother stared curiously at the unaccounted-for flush on her daughter's broad, freckled cheeks.

"You never can tell about men," she remarked, shrewdly.

"Well, well, I don't know," she continued, shaking her head ruefully.

"Don't know what, mamma?"

"I don't know who you take after, Letty."

"Perhaps," said Letty, humorously. "It's because I was such a pretty baby. You know the saying, mamma, about pretty babies growing into homely daughters."

"Well," sighed her mother. "It's a blessing that you can be so good natured about it."

As she walked jerkily along the sidewalk on her nightly trip to the postoffice, Letty had plenty of time to think over the two short months she had lived in another world. No royal beauty could have been treated with more respect and homage. In her exaltation she refused to recognize danger signals until disaster was upon her. Then, in helpless anger, she watched Amelia, with her doll's face and pretty manners, deftly wean Will away from her.

Letty had now reached the stage when she expected to hear of their engagement at any moment. But she was scarcely prepared for the low car that drew up to the curb beside her, or for the familiar voice calling her name over the wheel.

"Letty," Will began, hesitatingly. "If you're going to the postoffice I'd like to drive you down myself."

"Thanks, Will," Letty replied, as she climbed awkwardly into the machine.

"There's a social over at Long Meadow tomorrow," Will said, as the car sped along the quiet street. "You going, Letty?"

"Why, I guess not, Will."

"I was hoping you would go," he explained, talking hurriedly to cover his embarrassment. "I've got two tickets and—"

Letty twisted around and stared at him.

"Ah! 'Melia going tomorrow," she demanded, Will frowned.

"No," he responded, curtly, "not tomorrow or any other day."

"Then," Letty agreed promptly, "I'd love to go with you, Will."

Will's renewed courtship was scarcely two weeks old when, by the death of his uncle, he found himself heir to a small fortune. Immediately he was overwhelmed with congratulations.

"I'd like you just as well without all that money, Will," Letty told him, wistfully. "You see, I've always been poor. And I couldn't enjoy wealth—not the way 'Melia does, I mean."

"Oh—Amelia!" Will's lip curled and his voice grew hard. "Let's not talk about her any more." But from that night the visits of Letty's swain dwindled in number. Finally they ceased completely.

Being a comfortable, slow-moving sort, Letty never ceased to wonder at the rapidity with which things happen in this world. In the space of one breathless week, for instance, she had learned that Will's uncle had left a second will bequeathing his money to a public institution, that Amelia had promptly turned her back on young Spence, leaving him, in sheer desperation, to drive around all night in a chill rainstorm.

"Will's down with pneumonia," Letty explained to her mother. "I guess I'd better run over and see what I can do."

Mrs. Parsons stared.

"Letty, you're not! After the way he's treated you and all—"

"He's sick," Letty flung back, defiantly, "and that old housekeeper doesn't know anything about nursing sick people!" There was no question about Letty's ability. Only when little Doctor Cranston announced the passing of Will's crisis did Letty permit herself the luxury of tears. A few months later she became Mrs. Will Spence.

On the honeymoon trip to New York, Letty unbureled a matter that had weighed on her mind for a long time.

"I don't know what we'll do with all that money," she remarked.

"What money, Letty?" Will demanded.

"Why, the money from your uncle's legacy!"

"But there wasn't anything, you know, Uncle Dan—"

"I ought to have told you," Letty explained, smiling. "That there never was a second will. Your uncle's lawyer and I—well, we just sort of cooked up that story to test Amelia's character and—"

She did not finish the sentence. Just then the train entered a tunnel and Letty experienced the one genuine thrill in the life of a homely girl.

DAY OF GAYETY IN SICILY

At Festival Time the People Give Themselves Up to All Forms of Amusement.

Booths and barrows lined the streets selling fireworks and drinks, torrone made of new almonds and honey, knives and ribbons; and alternating with the merchandise and drinks were the gambling stands. There were a dozen roulette tables, silver horses whirling around over the numbered courses where you put your soldi, and bright arrows with painted feathers that stopped whirling sooner or later and left a light tip resting on the lucky number. Crowds of people were putting their money down, mostly little boys, it seemed, writes Stark Young in the North American Review.

The rockets were firing from every direction, with reports like bombs, unbelievably loud, to appress the Sicilian liking for mere noise. Now and then firecrackers in bunches were thrown from the roofs of the churches into the little stone streets, with a rattling and detonation like a bombardment. Beside the Duomo the band from Syracuse was playing airs from the operas. Meantime the deep blue of the early night had fallen over the walls and over the country dropping down toward the sea and rising on the other hand toward the Saracene castle above the town. A few pale stars were out and a slender moon, almost past, was shining. The whole piazza was sweet with the perfume of the jessamine that ran along the front of the house next the church, incredible sweetness in that soft, blue air. And everywhere were the voices, deep and bright.

Joe groaned, and betook himself to bed.

The Saturday night dinner at his brother Jim's was apparently a success, though Joe did not seem to enjoy it. In the morning he couldn't get up. In terror Connie called a doctor, who pronounced the trouble pneumonia, forbade moving the patient, and advised a trained nurse.

Martha was very gracious, plans were made, the nurse engaged, and Connie donned a bungalow apron, prepared for a long siege. Everything went smoothly until Monday morning. Missing Martha at the breakfast table, Connie tapped on her bedroom door.

"I'm not going to get up this morning," her sister-in-law informed her. "Tell Mary I'll breakfast in bed."

The doorbell rang, and Connie answered it. A dapper little man stood in the hallway.

"Mrs. Barker?"

"Yes."

"I am from Leon's, the furrier's. We want you should pay something on this bill for a sable coat, or we will start to sue you."

"Oh—you mean the other Mrs. Barker," said Connie. "She's sick in bed."

"Well, I'll call next week," he said, and bowed himself away.

"Ice!" roared the ice man. "Twenty cents, please. I am ordered to collect cash in this house, every time! Thank you!"

"Another man appeared in the doorway, as if by magic.

"Who are you?" demanded Connie.

"I'm the milkman. I'm collecting a dollar a week on this old bill—she said she'd pay it off that way." Then she turned to the cluttered kitchen and addressed the untidy maid.

"Mary, how will the nurse and I have lunch if these dishes are not soon washed?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," that young person exploded. "When Mrs. Barker's here alone we don't have lunch. I've got the three lodgers' rooms to look after—"

"Lodgers?" queried Connie, bewildered.

"Sure," explained Mary, and then she added maliciously: "D'you think she could live in a swell apartment if somebody didn't help her pay the rent?"

So this was how Martha managed! An agonizing race to borrow from Peter to pay Paul, accompanied by aching eyes and frizzled nerves. The nurse, on the way to the kitchen for a glass of milk, said:

"Your husband seems very much better today, Mrs. Barker—I don't think you'll need me tomorrow."

"Oh, impossible!"

"Well, we'll see what Dr. Kendall says tonight."

The doctor's verdict was a pleasant surprise.

"Humph!" he observed. "Very fortunate young man. What we call an abortive case; clears up suddenly, for apparently no reason. You can dismiss your nurse, and take your husband home in a taxi tomorrow—if you wish."

If she wished! She could hardly wait till they had gone to tell Joe how glad she'd be to get home and to hug him, regardless of germs.

"Connie," he said, a little weakly, from the bed, "I was talking to Jim Saturday night, and he says there's an apartment downstairs to rent if you think we could manage—"

"Not on your life!" exploded his wife, emphatically. "My flat is good enough for me! I've heard an expression somewhere that just fits this place, Joe. It's this: 'Many a Queen Anne front hides a Mary Ann back.' I'm going to take you home!"

Never Too Late to "Bob."

The oldest inmates of the Daughters of Israel home at Newark, N. J., a woman of 110 years, has had her hair bobbed. The management of the home, says a Central News wire from New York, were much upset when the old lady requested that her style of hair dressing should be made to accord with the prevailing fashion. The matter was gravely discussed, and as there was nothing in the rules and regulations to the contrary they gave way to granny's insistent demand that her hair should be bobbed. "Just like the other girls." That done the happy centenarian said: "I am only 110, and I expect to break the record of my grandmother, who lived to be 125."

Hard Blow Coming.

"How about a shock absorber?" asked the man who was buying a cheap car.

"We can put one on."

"No," said the purchaser. "But I'd like to have one sent to my wife in advance—she expects a limousine."

Gabson seems to have a good opinion of himself.

"It's lucky he doesn't write biographies of distinguished people."

"Why so?"

"He'd use his own photograph as a frontispiece."

A QUEEN ANNE

By ANNIE COLE, R. N.

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Connie had caught the "society bug"—there was no doubt about it, in Joe's mind. And she had caught it from his own brother's wife, which made it a great deal worse. Every evening when Joe came home, he was forced to listen to Connie's praises of Martha—her ability to design and embroider her own gowns, run an apartment on E—street, attend whist clubs, entertain, and keep a maid—all on her husband's moderate salary.

"We're going to visit there this week end, Joe," said Connie, enthusiastically. "sa don't make any engagement for tomorrow. Oh, dear, don't you think we could afford an apartment if we sold this place?"

"We might if we wanted to mortgage my salary for the rest of our lives," said Joe, dryly.

"Oh, hubby! and you know what a horror I have of debt." Connie's blue eyes were reproachful.

"Well, we're going there for Saturday anyhow. I think Martha's awfully clever and I'm going to try to be just like her!"

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Notice of Hearing

In the matter of Hannah Fishburn, Deceased, in the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs take notice, that J. E. Fishburn has filed his petition alleging that Hannah Fishburn died intestate in Webster County, Nebraska on or about September 25, 1909 being a resident and inhabitant of Webster County, Nebraska and the owner of an interest in real estate, to-wit: A tract or parcel of land bounded by a line commencing at the South East Corner of Lot Number 3, in block No 5 in Vance's Addition to the Village of Guide Rock, as surveyed, platted and recorded and extending thence North 30 feet, thence west 148 1/2 feet, thence south 90 feet, thence east 148 1/2 feet to place of beginning, Webster County, Nebraska, leaving as his sole and only heirs at law the following named persons, to-wit: J. E. Fishburn, son; Wm. H. Fishburn, son; Alice Rinard, daughter; S. L. Fishburn, son; Martha Pollock, daughter; C. D. Fishburn, son; Sadie Fishburn Schrock, daughter; D. A. Fishburn, son.

That Petitioner inherits an interest in said real estate and praying for a decree barring claims; that said decedent died intestate; that no application for administration has been made and the estate of said decedent has not been administered in the State of Nebraska, and that the heirs at law of said decedent as herein set forth shall be decreed to be the owners in fee simple of the above described real estate, which has been set for hearing on the tenth day of March A. D. 1922 at ten o'clock A. M.

Dated at Red Cloud, Nebraska, this sixth day of February A. D. 1922.

A. D. RANNEY
County Judge.

(Seal) E. G. Caldwell, Attorney.

Notice of Hearing

In the matter of Houston D. Fishburn, Deceased, in the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, creditors and heirs take notice, that J. E. Fishburn, has filed his petition alleging that Houston D. Fishburn died intestate in Webster County, Nebraska, on or about September 10, 1909 being a resident and inhabitant of Webster County, Nebraska and the owner of the following described real estate, to-wit: A tract or parcel of land bounded by a line commencing at the south east corner of Lot Number 3, in Block No. 5 in Vance's Addition to the Village of Guide Rock, as surveyed, platted and recorded and extending thence North 30 feet, thence west 148 1/2 feet, thence south 90 feet, thence east 148 1/2 feet to place of beginning, Webster County, Nebraska, leaving as his sole and only heirs at law the following named persons, to-wit: Hannah Fishburn, widow; J. E. Fishburn, son; Wm. H. Fishburn, son; Alice Rinard, daughter; S. L. Fishburn, son; Martha Pollock, daughter;