

THE LIGHTHOUSE

By MILDRED WHITE

Bruce kept the light. High in the shining tower day after day he sat. It was very still there and uninter-

"You'll have to follow me at the night, Laddy," the old man reminded; but the son who had come late to gladden his father's departing days, listened absently from his place before the fire, and read on.

Now, the father was forever gone and Bruce, it seemed, was, indeed, fated to carry on the lights. In his stilted environment he had learned no other trade—and the perpetrating of his dream kept him content.

Dark nights when the light like a great pointing hand sent its warning across the seething water, Bruce, his dark hair ruffled, his fine brows drawn in thought, sat absorbed in the tower, his flying fingers writing, writing. Far down at a fashionable summer hotel a girl one night glimpsed the high tower as his great silvery finger enmeshed her hair, showing her for a moment a white vision, lovely and wistful. "I would like," said this girl to a man beside her, "to ride out across the sea some day and touch my boat to the shores of the light. Maybe," she smiled up at him, "I'd like to stay there until I should find myself."

The man returned her smile lazily. "Are we so distracting? Or is it that you are weary of my importunity? As for finding yourself I think that if you would not further question but yield to wisdom and the love unconsciously pleading within, our happiness need not wait."

"Is it pleading?" her tone was rueful. "I do not know. I alone realize—discontent."

She arose impatiently. "Good night."

With an angry scowl the man looked after her. James Ivor was unaccustomed to the thwarting of his will, and he had willed that Camelia Carroll should be his wife.

The morning sun was shining when Camelia steered her little boat deliberately across the dancing waters. Bruce was busy over his book. He did not hear the tap of Camelia's slippered feet as she climbed the spiral stairs. So his first sight of her was as she stood in the tower doorway.

"Oh, I did not expect," murmured Camelia, distressed, "to find anyone here. An old man used to keep the light years ago when I was a little girl. It was all so still then and restful. I used to come, sometimes, alone up this stair. I'll go down now," she added hastily.

But Bruce came slowly toward her. "Please," he said wonderingly, and that was all. But Camelia promptly and properly translated the request. He wanted her to remain. It was strange. Stranger still, that he so reticent, should unasked, pour out to her the story of his ambition necessarily restrained, should show to her the book itself. She seemed to have known that it would be that kind of a book, strong and fine.

He rode back with her in the noon hour. She was comparing the direct appeal of Bruce MacDonald's eyes against the shrewd glint of James Ivor's.

"I am glad I came," she said suddenly. "It has helped me in a decision." Camelia's smile was perplexed. "Though I cannot tell in what way," she added.

Bruce lifted her gently, yet with an air of possession over the side of the boat to shore. "You will come again," he said. His words were not a question but joyous assurance. She stood looking up at him.

"Tonight," she remarked irrelevantly. "I will watch your signal across the sea, and I will think of you there behind the light. You will be writing your book. You are near the end. I wonder how it will end. Perhaps, sometime, you will tell me."

"I will tell you now," the young man answered gravely. "I did not realize until today that the story of love must always end happily. Happiness is love's natural right. Love finds its own." Bruce MacDonald put out his hand. Camelia clung to it.

"And I," he said, "will come to you when my book finds success."

She watched her little boat until it showed like a shell on the ocean. Watching, she smiled.

He has forgotten, mused Camelia, that it is my boat and that he will have to bring it back in the morning.

Turning, she looked up into another face calm, confident; but to the girl, new as the face of a stranger.

"You have sailed far," remarked James Ivor.

"Yes," she said, "far to the light where love lives."

Cut and Thrust.

"That young woman with all those jewels carved out her own fortune."

"Nonsense. She's an ex-chorus girl. She didn't carve out her own fortune. She married an old millionaire."

"Yes, but think how many chorus girls she had to cut out to marry him."

—Sheffield Telegraph.

FLEET POORLY BALANCED FOR PEACE TRADES

LASKER SAYS AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE NOW LIKE RAILROAD OWNING ONLY FREIGHT CARS AND NO PASSENGER EQUIPMENT; SAYS PASSENGER AND OTHER TYPE SHIPS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

Note: This is the second of a series of six articles on the American Merchant Marine by the Chairman of the Shipping Board.

ARTICLE 2.

"Ships, more ships, and again more ships."

"A bridge of ships to Europe."

"Build ships and win the war."

These are familiar cries that will remain indelible in the minds of all living Americans, reminiscent of one of our major war programs, and headed as one of the main factors that contributed to the ending of the war in the fall of 1918.

True, hardly any of the Government-built ships found their way into commerce until after the conclusion of the war; but the knowledge on the part of Great Britain and our other Allies that renewals and replacements were so soon to come from American yards, led them, in spite of Germany's submarine warfare, to a profligate use of their own tonnage; for they knew that, while Germany was destroying their bottoms in increasing ratio during the spring and summer of 1918, by the fall of that year American ships in an unending stream would be ready.

For ten years prior to 1914 our total annual production of ships in American yards averaged 466,000 d. w. t. tons. In the period of 1914 to 1917, because of orders for ships placed with us by the Allies, our average annual output had increased to 700,000 d. w. t. tons. In April of 1917 the Shipping Board began its plans for the building of the present Government-owned fleet, and the increase in American production of tonnage was so rapid that in the last six months of 1918 and the first six months of 1919 our yards produced a total of 4,553,298 tons.

Vision Of Marine Power Lacking. How did we accomplish this miracle of production? First, let it be said, to the unending glory of the spirit of our nation, that we gave unstinted of our treasure and of our men to the building of the much needed merchant marine fleet so essentially needed for the winning of the war. Had we had in pre-war days the vision of what such a fleet would have meant to us in war, we never would have had to make this great sacrifice of treasure and time, for we would, in large part, have possessed the ships ready for peace or war-time needs.

But neither the sacrifice of money nor the time of men could have resulted in the creation of so vast a fleet in so short a time had we not been willing to utterly disregard one prime factor in the manufacture of ships, to wit: the peace-time value of the ships we created.

War Fleet Badly Balanced. By this I mean that our whole effort was directed—and for war purposes, properly—to the creation of the maximum tonnage in the shortest time—anything that could carry men and goods, regardless of cost of construction and operation. This, while exactly right for war's pressing necessities, left us at the conclusion of our building program, with a vast tonnage unfitted in large measure for peace-time needs; because for peace needs, tonnage must be measured by two factors: economy of operation and fitness for varying trades and purposes. Our war-built fleet could obviously take neither factor into consideration. This, while resulting in the production of ships as if by magic, had the grave disadvantage of creating the most badly balanced merchant fleet the world ever knew.

That the reader may better understand "balance," let me liken ships to railroad equipment, with which all are familiar. A railroad, to operate successfully, must have flat cars, must have inclined freight cars to take regular mixed freight, and larger cars to carry automobiles and the like. It must have special cars to carry coal, and still other cars fitted for express purposes. It must have refrigerator cars capable of taking care of varying types of commodities. It must have highly specialized equipment for passenger traffic, day coaches and parlor cars, Pullman sleepers and dining cars.

Must Have Passenger Ships. The same sense of balance and equipment must obviously exist in a merchant fleet. To compare the ships which the Government owns to railroad equipment, we might say that the 1470 steel ships under the Shipping Board consist largely of that type comparable to the regulation freight car, while practically none of the special equipment needed, such as railroads have for furniture, carriage, automobile carriage, express service and refrigerator service exists.

Again, to liken our ships to freight cars, too many are of wrong sizes for practical technical operation. We are still sadly deficient in passenger ships. These passenger ships, as will later develop, are the very foundation of a merchant marine for war and peace-time needs.

It was because we were willing to sacrifice balance to quantity production which was essential for the immediate needs of the World War, that we had ourselves with this utterly unbalanced fleet, the disposition of which is one of the great problems confronting the American people.

In the next article we will cover the direction of the war-built fleet to peace time needs.

PROTECTED BY AIR ENVELOPE

Without the Atmosphere Surrounding It, the Earth Would Be Bombarded by Meteors.

The ordinary shooting star, or meteor may be a piece of matter probably not much bigger than a baseball. Millions of these small bodies move about in the wide regions of space.

It is one of the great laws of astronomy that every body, whether it is a tiny meteor or a large star, must revolve about some other body. The meteors travel in great companies round the sun. For millions of years they may continue on their path, then one day a swarm of them begins to feel the pull of the earth's attraction.

They are dragged from their path, slowly at first, and then with enormously increasing speed until at last they strike the envelope of air which surrounds this planet.

Here, owing to their terrific speed, such great friction is set up that they catch fire, and flash across the sky, leaving a trail of glowing dust behind them.

It is a good thing for us that we have such a meteor catcher as the atmosphere to protect us. Otherwise we should be subjected to a ceaseless bombardment of stones and pieces of metal from the realms of space.

Occasionally a giant among the shooting stars pays us a visit in the form of a fire ball or meteorite, weighing several tons. These big fellows are often not entirely consumed as they pass through the air. They generally burst into large fragments at some distance from the earth's surface and their flying pieces have worked havoc on many occasions.

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8,000 HIKING CLUBS IN GREATER NEW YORK

They Swing Along Highways and Through Woods in Groups of Varying Size.

New York.—One must walk nowadays to be in the swim. Statistics gleaned from the out-door departments of the newspapers, from the Boy Scout and Campfire Girls' organizations, from the Y. M. C. A. branches and kindred bodies, from scores of amateur athletic clubs and from the leading dealers in sporting goods, indicate that

today there are no less than 8,000 hiking clubs in Greater New York, with a total membership of more than a quarter of a million men and women, who are keeping themselves in the pink of condition and experiencing the real joy of living by getting regularly out into the open country with no other means of locomotion than their God-given legs.

The city of New York has taken official notice of the movement. On three occasions recently Mayor Hylan has congratulated the boys and girls of the public schools upon their enthusiasm in taking up the new sport of hiking. In his dedication of the great new public playground in the Bronx the other day Mayor Hylan extolled the athletic tendencies of the boys and girls and impressed upon them that there was no better or more profitable way in which they could pass their vacations and utilize their holidays than by the excursions into field and forest of their walking clubs. He gave the same message to the Amateur Athletic Union of Brooklyn a few days later, and when a club of East Side boys and girls

visited him at city hall preparatory to a hike to the tomb of Roosevelt at Oyster Bay he assured them that the best walkers among them would make the best citizens.

Walk and Be Well. No less enthusiastic a champion of the walking game is Dr. Royal S. Copeland, city health commissioner. "The benefit to health and the safeguard to morals to be found in long walks," said Dr. Copeland in an interview, "are too apparent to speak of them. If one takes long walks alone it is well, for he walks the road of health, but if he takes long walks in company it is better for he adds the tonic of companionship to his exercise. Walking is the one form of exercise in which there is the minimum risk of overdoing it. In short, I consider walking the most beneficial of all exercises and it is never out of season."

"Never in my life-time," said Edward R. Wilbur, manager of a nationally known sporting goods store, "have I known such a demand as now for outdoor garments and shoes and stockings and appliances for the tourist's luncheon box. The rapid spread and tremendous popularity of the walking-club idea has no parallel in our experience."

"The hiker can make his requisite just what he feels like spending. Really, there are only two or three articles indispensable to hiking—trick walking shoes that allow lots of room, thick woolen socks and clothing that will give freedom of limb. He should have a canvas or leather musette bag, such as the soldiers used in France."

The Cow in the Knapsack. "To get the real benefit and joy out of hiking luncheon should be carried and prepared and eaten in the open. Bread and cheese, a few slices of bacon, some coffee, a can of condensed milk, and a cake of chocolate furnish high-powered fuel for the hiker and are readily and happily assimilated even by those who in their pre-hiking days were afflicted with digestive apparatus so feeble as to balk at crackers and milk. Fortunately for the hiker, he can replenish his simple larder at any cross-roads store and provide himself with the most nutritious and appetizing food in a form that can be conveniently carried."

"No single development in the problem of food transportation for the hunter, fisherman, hiker and all lovers of the out-of-doors can compare with the gift bestowed by the man who first found the way to make condensed milk, thereby putting a dairy in every man's knapsack. Before long there will be a national association of hikers, and Gail Borden will be its patron saint. Such an association could do much to encourage the spread of the most beneficial and universal of all outdoor pastimes, map out interesting routes, secure the establishment of shelters, rest-stations, and camp sites at suitable locations, and insure the rights of pedestrians on country roads."

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ANSWER PLAYERS MAKE OFFERING OF COPY-RIGHTED PLAY, "PEG OF MY HEART" "Peg of My Heart" was one of the best plays on the "White List" of the well-known religious organization, which says, perhaps, all that needs to be said in regard to its character. It is a play full of interest every minute and of high moral tone throughout, yet with a snap and vivacity which have made it one of the great favorites of recent times. As presented by the Answer Players, it was so properly costumed, graciously acted and popular in every way. With Miss Ogan in the title role, petite and red-headed, "Peg" will carry every heart with her, through every stirring scene, and "Jerry"—but what's the use. Hear it yourself.