

MEDDLESOME OLD MAN

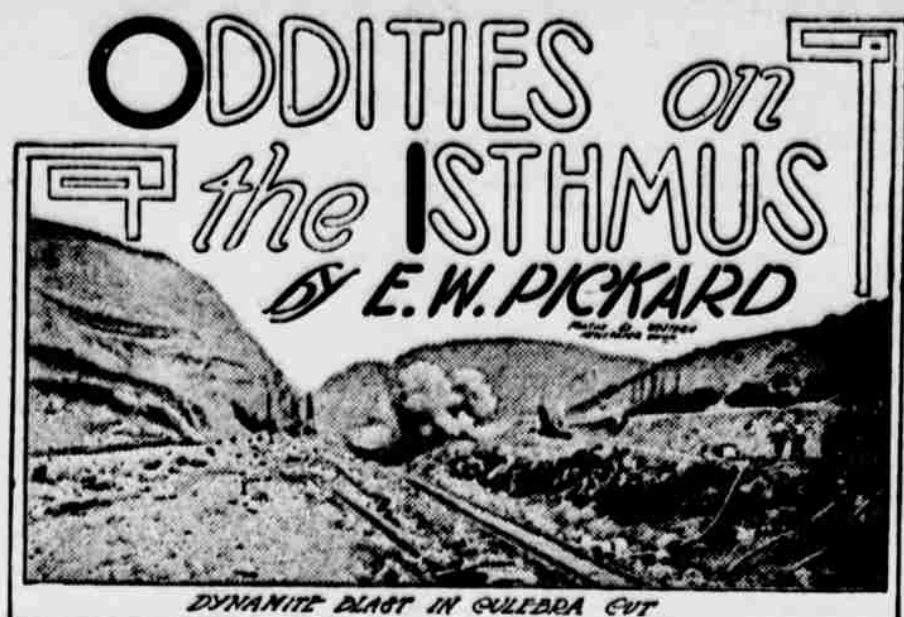
By DOROTHEA THOMPSON. They used to say, when I was a boy at home, that if I grew up without being jalled for forgery it would speak well for my home training. However that is, I had a knack of copying to a nicety any signatures or addresses that I picked up. I used to do it for the fun of the thing, but never, even in school-boy crises when a note from home would have worked wonders with a hard-hearted teacher, did I use the gift to my own ends. Beyond that is, making the boys' eyes pop at the way I could reproduce their crude boyish signatures or the more flowing and flowery ones of the teachers. I'm an old man now, and comfortably enough off, but what I have has come to me honestly. I have wondered, sometimes, whether the accomplishment was still at my fingers' ends, but—it still is!

"Good night, Bert, dear," that always came. But this time I was disappointed. Instead, I heard the boy say with feigned cheerfulness: "Good night, Miss Judson," and her answering "Good night, Mr. Carter." I didn't like that. It sounded serious beneath the banter. Then the boy said soberly, "Be sure I'll come when you send for me, Mercy." And Mercy answered with gentle stubbornness, "I'll never write till I hear from you, Bert," and the door closed slowly. Bert didn't know, as I did, that she stood waiting at the door instead of hurrying down the long passageway; waited till the clatter of Bert's feet on the stairs and the slam of the door proved to her that Bert had really gone. Then I heard her go back down the passage, and after a minute she began to play the piano. But in a moment more that stopped with a discord, and I guessed, though I could not hear, that Mercy was crying. I waited almost as eagerly as she for the boy's step again, and the boy's voice in the hallway; but two weeks passed, and I knew that, stubborn young things that they were, they stood a good chance of spoiling the wonderful thing they held between them. Mercy crept in and out of the flat like a pale little ghost, and one day I spoke to her sister of it. "No, she doesn't look at all well, Mr. Bonner," her sister admitted, "but I don't know what the matter is. I stole a look at her out of the corner of my eye. The woman meant it! Was she blind?" Well, the long and short of it is, that it got to be too much for me, and I put an end to it. One day when Mercedes had stolen out as usual, I wrote a note—in French, and in the boy's unadorned, dependable handwriting, and tucked it behind their mail-box. It was just a sentence or two, but I ended it with the phrase that had ended Mercy's note to him. I had an idea that it was a sort of pass-word of theirs, and I was right. From the window, I saw Mercy come in. There was a pause in the vestibule, then the heavy door opened and Mercy stumbled up the stairs. I watched her through the half-open door, and her young face was alight with joy almost too great to bear. A moment later the door opened and she flew out again. I knew Bert was to have his answer. The next day was warm, so warm that windows were open everywhere; and so it comes that sitting in mine, I heard the end of the story. Oh, the sound of that young voice again! For me and one other, there was no sound like it on earth. Then there was a duet of voices. They were evidently sitting on the deep window-sill—his arm around her, I had no doubt. After a moment of silence, the episode of the note was reached. In the boy's voice I heard incredulity, astonishment. Then Mercy's voice came clear and convinced. "But, Bert, dearest, it was in your dear, funny writing, and in French. And oh, Bert, it ended—you know how!" Then I gathered that she got up and found it for him. There was a moment of blank silence—then in a voice of awe and wonder: "By jove, it is! You're right." "Let's keep it always, dear," Mercy said softly. "We can't quarrel again after that." Ah, well. Even meddlesome old men have their uses. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

RECOVERED FROM JUNK HEAP

Enormous Sum Is the Aggregate That Is Saved, Ascribed to "Secondary Metals."

The value of "secondary metals"—exclusive of gold, silver, platinum, iron and aluminum—recovered in the United States in 1912, reached the enormous total of \$77,395,843, compared with \$2,585,399 in 1911, according to J. P. Dunlop of the United States geological survey, an increase of nearly \$25,000,000, or almost 50 per cent. "Secondary metals" are those recovered from scrap metal, sweepings, skimmings, dross, etc., and are so called to distinguish them from metals derived from ore, which are termed "primary metals." The values given for the secondary metals are arbitrary and are based upon the approximate average value of the primary metals for the year. While junk dealers and collectors frequently pay low prices for small quantities of scrap metals, competition results in good prices for carefully assorted products in large quantities. After remelting or refining the metals are sold at only slightly lower prices than new metal. These secondary metals displace an equivalent quantity of primary metals and must be considered in any estimate of stocks available for consumption in any year. Quite Simple. Boston Five-Year Old—Father, what is the exact meaning of the verse beginning, "Jack Sprat could eat no fat?" Father—In simple terms it is as follows: Jack Sprat could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the other hand, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of epithelium. And so between them both, you see, they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of that utilitarian utensil commonly called a platter. Does that make it clear, son? Boston Five-Year Old—Perfectly, father. The lack of lucidity in these Mother Goose rhymes is amazingly apparent.



DYNAMITE BLAST IN GULCH ON Isthmus of Panama

Colon, C. Z.—Frequently the officials of the Republic of Panama—the minor ones—have been ridiculed for the combination of stupidity and pomposity that governs their conduct. Sometimes the ridicule is not deserved, but often it is. Some months ago an American resident of the city of Panama imported a pair of riding boots from the states, and in his manifest submitted to the native customs authorities he so listed them, with the price, \$9.50. The paper was returned to him with curt instructions to correct it. Not knowing how he had erred, he consulted the customs man and was told the boots must be listed as two separate articles, thus: "One riding boot, value \$4.75; one riding boot, value \$4.75." Mr. American complied silently, and received his boots.

The Isthmus of Panama does not belong to the English, never did, and there are not many real Englishmen there. Yet the presence of a large number of British subjects—the Jamaican negroes—has forced on the inhabitants an English custom, that of vehicles taking the left side of the road. Probably this is due to the fact that most of the cab drivers are Jamaicans. All the people of that island are intensely proud of being subjects of King George, and they are tenacious of such British customs as they know. Every caddy in Panama and Colon—and their number is legion—carries either a bicycle gong or an automobile horn with, which to warn other vehicles and pedestrians of his approach, and on a busy day the noise is more unpleasant than that of the blasting in the Culebra cut.

Speaking of the blasting reminds me that one of the very high up engineers on the canal job is exceedingly afraid of dynamite. He is also a strict disciplinarian and does not allow the workmen to loaf. Whenever one of the frequent "doby shots" or small blasts is to be fired, the nearest steam shovel emits a series of short, quick toots and the men scurry to cover. As soon as Mr. Engineer appears in the cut to see that the laborers are losing no time, the warning whistles are heard from steam shovels all along the way and he speedily returns to his office on the hill, leaving the unprodded workmen to resume their leisurely gait.

Tourists flocked to the canal zone in such increasing numbers that the Panama Railway company—which means the United States government—decided to erect a new Washington hotel in Colon to supplant the old hostelry of that name. The architect designed a handsome four-story structure of concrete and, to take full advantage of the cool breezes from the Atlantic, provided in his plans for a large roof garden and two dumb waiters running up to it. The builders made the roof all right, and put in the dumb waiters, but when the hotel was nearing completion some one discovered there was no opening in the roof for the aforesaid dumb waiters. The necessary changes would cost several hundred dollars, and the government officials who passed upon the expenditures decided against making them as the hotel already had cost more than had been expected. Consequently those two dumb waiters run up to the ceiling of the fourth story and there stop, while the roof garden, having no service, remains unopened.

Charlie Ying, a moon-faced celestial, had prospered on the isthmus and decided not long ago to open an "American bar." He knew some English for he used to work on the docks at Canton, but when it came to the important matter of wording his sign he thought best to consult another Chinaman, who formerly lived in Chicago. This was the result of their joint effort: AMERICAN BAR WE SERVE WHISKY COCKIES AND GIN RICKTAILS.

Close to the shore of Taboga island, so close, in fact, that they are connected at low tide, lies a little, rocky, wooded islet known as Morro. For many, many years it was owned by a Spanish family, the present representative of which is a widow of small means. On Morro is a flowing spring of excellent water, and one of the Pacific navigation companies desired to acquire the islet as a watering station for its vessels. The widow was paid a fair price, and as a bonus was given life passes for herself and her children on the boats of the company. No sooner had the deal been consummated than the estimable lady packed up her duds, stored her household belongings and with her family boarded one of the steamships for a rip. The journey was so pleasant that they have been traveling continually on the company's ships ever since, and the man who engineered the purchase of Morro is wondering who got the best of it.

Panama City's water supply is derived from the Rio Grande reservoir, a little lake quite close to the canal. For obvious reasons bathing or wading in it is forbidden, and all around it are signs stating that fact. Recently the wife of a member of the canal commission was entertaining friends from the states, and in the course of their wanderings one day they came upon the reservoir. They were tired and dusty and the cool water looked so inviting that they all took off their shoes and stockings and went in wading. Unfortunately for them, one of the efficient zone policemen came upon them and arrested the whole party. They were taken before the nearest magistrate, and despite the pleading of the commissioner, who had been hastily called to the rescue, each one was compelled to pay a fine and listen to a sharp lecture on law-breaking and sanitation. In one respect at least, Panama is like no other Latin-American city that I have seen. It has no distinctively residence quarter. "Now that we have seen where the people do business, let's see where they live," said I to my amateur guide. "You have been seeing that too," was the reply. "The people live over the shops in all parts of the city—all the people, including the wealthy ones. The latter, however, also have beautiful country places in the savanna lands a few miles away, and spend much of the year there."

GOVERNOR APPOINTS

MEMBERS OF SCHOOL LAW REVISION COMMISSION. GOSSIP FROM STATE CAPITAL. Items of Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources and Presented in Condensed Form to Our Readers.

Governor Morehead has named the following educators of the state as members of the school law revision commission in accordance with a resolution passed by the lower house of the last legislature: State Superintendent J. E. Dezell, chairman. Superintendent N. M. Graham of South Omaha, Second district. William Ritchie, Jr., of Lincoln, First district.

Superintendent Charles Arnot of Schuyler, Third district. Superintendent Earl M. Cline of Geneva, Fourth district. County Superintendent Edith M. Lathrop of Clay Center, Fifth district. Superintendent P. M. Whitehead of Gothenburg, Sixth district. The commission will recommend a revised set of school laws for passage by the 1915 legislature.

Special Dairy Train. The first Nebraska dairy special milk cow train to be sent throughout the state under the auspices of the state university and the Nebraska Dairymen's association started Monday for a trip covering approximately 2,000 miles, touching one-half of the counties of the state, and lasting two weeks. The special is the first attempt of the association to educate the farmers in the remote portions of the state as to the benefits to be derived from the proper feeding and care of their live stock, especially the cows, and what constitutes a good type of stock. The equipment for the train is being furnished by the Northwestern railroad and the exhibits are prepared and furnished by the dairy department of the state university, under the direction of Prof. J. H. Frandson. The train will consist of six cars, one car of which will be filled with some of the best specimens of the Holstein, Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire and milking Shorthorns from the barns of the state farm.

Stallion Registration Board. Members of the stallion registration board have announced their first allotment of places with that division of the state government. A dozen inspectors were named who will work on a per diem basis and who will be given territory adjacent to their places of residence. Those selected were: J. C. Bowman of Tecumseh, J. A. Boyd of Mason City, A. A. Eddingfield of Plainview, I. W. McEachern of Geneva, I. W. McGinnis of Grand Island, H. L. Frouse of Allen, W. I. Randall of Genoa, F. L. Reed of Cody, A. W. Sprague of Crawford, J. D. Sprague of David City, G. Sprenger of Hastings and J. S. Vindege of Ord. Those chosen for the office positions were: H. A. Sleuth of Lincoln, Thomas Palmer of Broken Bow, Ethel Meier and Jessie Austin of Lincoln and Mrs. Harris of Fremont.

Confined on Account of Threat. Chaplain P. C. Johnson of the penitentiary, in explanation of the punishment of convict St. Clair, said that St. Clair was not confined in his cell because he refused to attend church, but because he had made a threat. Mr. Johnson said that St. Clair made the remark that the officials of the institution would have another Prince on their hands and that they had better get their gallows in order. For this remark, and not because he refused to attend chapel, he is confined. Previous to his remark he had only been confined during chapel services for non-attendance at chapel.

Members of the state board of agriculture have not received the resignation of State Publicity Manager George Kline, who is said to have been offered the position of editor of the Nebraska Farm Journal at Omaha. Mr. Kline is at present in Wisconsin on a vacation. Extra Sleepers for Employees. As the result of a request presented some time ago to the railroad companies of Nebraska to discontinue the practice of allowing employes on the dining cars to sleep in the same cars where meals are served, the Union Pacific and the Burlington have both given assurance that they will hereafter provide extra cars on trains where the employes have to sleep en route. The state law prohibits anyone sleeping in a place where food is manufactured, sold, cooked, prepared or served. Linseed oil, if adulterated and offered for sale in the state of Nebraska in the future, must bear the word "compound," or some similar phrase to make clear the fact that it is not pure linseed oil. State Engineer Price has announced the completion of the state aid bridge across the Platte river near Monroe. The structure, when paid for, will cost in the neighborhood of \$40,000. It was erected by the Omaha Structural Steel works. The bridge consists of six 130-foot spans.

Uric Acid Is Slow Poison

Excess uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys, causes more diseases than any other poison. Among its effects are backache, headache, dizziness, irritability, nervousness, drowsiness, "blues," rheumatic attacks and urinary disorders. Later effects are dropsy, gravel or heart disease. If you would avoid uric acid troubles, keep your kidneys healthy. To stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills—the best recommended special kidney remedy. A Wisconsin Case. Mrs. Jane Smith, 6 Clay St., Menasha, Wis., says: "I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached, my body bloated and my ankles were swollen. I lost 45 pounds in weight. Doctors didn't know what ailed me and couldn't help me. Finally, I took Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me. All the swelling disappeared. Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life."

Knocking, as a profession, is badly overcrowded.

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep. "I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Scorned. Miss Plummer, that I should not have tried to kiss you on such a slight acquaintance and I am heartily sorry. What can I do in palliation of my offense? "If you are sincere, Mr. Pinhead, in what you say, you might betake yourself to some other part of the lawn and leave the coast clear for a man I see approaching who has the reputation of getting what he goes after."

Caution. It was the last day of his vacation. He had just finished carving her name on the smooth bark of the birch tree. "Dear," he said, "will you promise to wait for me till I come again next summer?" She looked up at him with the love light in her eyes. "Yes, Henry," she murmured. "Then I'll cut my initials beside yours."

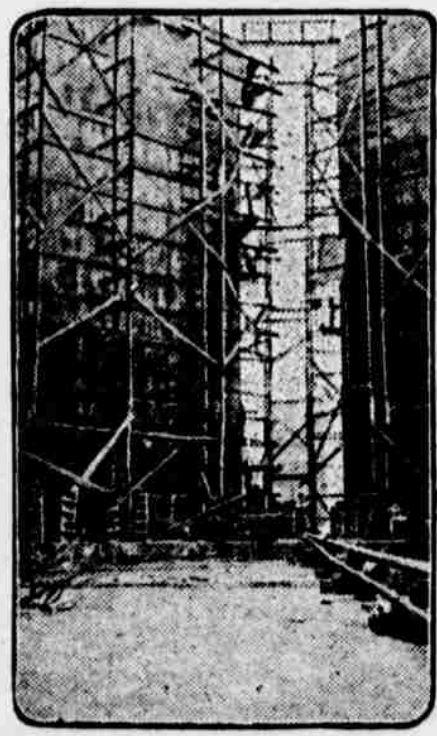
Something Else Again. "How's the doctor today?" Gardner—Very poorly, sir. "Has he got a locum tenens?" Gardner—No, sir. I think he has got a touch of influenza. Remarkable. Frost—Sometimes one runs across his friends in the most unexpected places. Snow—True. Yesterday I found Agnes at home.

From Our Ovens To Your Table Untouched by human hands—

Post Toasties—the aristocrat of Ready-to-Serve foods.

A table dainty, made of white Indian corn—presenting delicious flavour and wholesome nourishment in new and appetizing form. The steadily increasing sale of this food speaks volumes in behalf of its excellence. An order for a package of Post Toasties from your grocer will provide a treat for the whole family. "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited Battle Creek, Michigan



One Pair of the Immense Gates of the Gatun Locks, Seen From the Floor of the Lock Chamber.

of his home island, telling him how badly his compatriots are being treated on the isthmus. He utters the words of the messages with a sputtering explosiveness that is curiously like the sound of the wireless sender.

Visits of congressional investigating committees are no novelty to the people who are making the canal. Neither are they any pleasure. It is the general belief down there that these are mere junkets, and it must be admitted that the visitors often show a colossal ignorance concerning the canal. Colonel Sibert, engineer in charge of the Atlantic division, one day spent hours showing a congressman over the Gatun locks and explaining it all to him. When the colonel concluded his little lecture the lawmaker clasped his hands behind him, gazed about and remarked ponderously: "Well! So this is the famous Culebra cut! I'm glad I've seen it and learned more about it." Poor Colonel Sibert collapsed.

Nobody now lives where once stood the proud city of Old Panama—that is, nobody except one old native woman who has a little shack by the beach and sells liquid refreshment to the thirsty tourist. Her stock includes various soft drinks, beer and, hanging from the walls by strings, bottles of imported champagne. These last look as though they had been hanging there since the day when Morgan and his buccaners departed from the ruined city.