

Time to Think

By Jeanne O. Loizeux

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The girl seemed splendidly oblivious to her fellow travelers all day. She had boarded the train at Denver with very little but super-elegant baggage, and alone. She had been excited at first, but as the hours passed her gaze became quieter, more thoughtful. She leaned her head against the gold-brown hair back against the seat and idly watched the porter light up as the dusk fell upon them.

Down the aisle a few seats and facing her sat a youth with his hat tipped back on his head. He was playing cards with a Kansas farmer, a traveling man from Chicago, and an old German woman. A little old lady, perfect in feature and every detail of dress, still beautiful, was amusingly watching them all. The youth caught the traveling man's glance as for the thousandth time it rested on the girl.

"Easy to look at, isn't she?" quoth the youth. "But she wouldn't stand for any freshness—from you, say!" he observed.

The man laughed with uneasy impudence. "If Kansas and I lick you and the lady in this round, I'll show you! I'll go over and make good with that girl—my trick!" And then the little old lady slowly rose and made her way to the girl, whose eyes were feverishly bright. She smiled, as anything alive to fineness must smile, when the old lady took the seat beside her—not like a protector, but as one seeking company.

"You are alone, my dear?"
"Quite—quite alone!"
Then they talked, impersonally, but with friendliness, as strange women of the same world approach each other, the older woman wistful at the freshness of youth, the girl wishing for the tranquillity of age. The landscape was quite dark when she spoke again.

"I was—going to California," she said. And then, brusquely, "Did you ever do anything you were—sorry for? I mean, any really big thing? Did you ever make a decision because—you were blind with ignorance, and be sorry and—scared after you had time to think?" She hurled the questions at the old lady, who accepted them calmly. She had watched for this chance, feeling something was wrong.

"Yes, my dear child. You are a stranger, so I don't mind telling you. Once, because I felt uneasy, I got off at a station after I had been started by my father to a girl's school. I reached my father just in time to save him from suicide from melancholy over my mother's death, and thinking my education was taking me also from him. I never left him again—not even when I married."

"Forgive me—but did you marry the right man?" The little old lady laughed inside, and turned the worn wedding ring on her finger. She had known the troubled look was because of a man! It nearly always is! She reached for the girl's hand, which tightened about hers, and continued:

"I went up the altar steps twice—once to realize at the last moment that it was to meet the wrong man. It was the terrible moment of my life, but I held on to my courage. I whispered to him that I could not go with him, and then I mercifully fainted. A year after, I married the right man. He lived only two years—but I had the two years; all the rest, before and after, was only for that—and I have my son."

"Then you would always—follow your—"
"Always follow your heart. If you let yourself be quiet, there will in any great event be a still voice that will show you the right path to choose." The old lady waited.

The girl grew very pale.
"But if you had promised your father—when he was dying—to marry somebody, and you liked him, and respected him! And when it was almost time for you to marry him and you were all ready, and the whole world knew about it, supposing some one else came, and you knew in one moment that he was the right one? And you felt instantly that he knew it, too? And then when you were taking the train west to the first man's mother's, where all your wedding things were sent on, what if the real one forgot himself at the station and—showed you his heart?" She was breathless and white, but her voice was very low.

The old lady was silent.
"What would you do?" insisted the young voice. "Can't you help me? I wish there would be a wreck!"
"That is very foolish. Better be quiet and tell me about it. You know it is not right to marry where you do not love. Nothing can make it right to do wrong."

"My promise—?"
"The dead cannot live for the dear ones they leave behind. Your father would not hold you to it, nor require such a sacrifice."

"But the man—he cares for me, he has built me a home."
"Tell him the truth. If you are

sure about this, ask him to release you. If he loves you he will do so, if he doesn't love you, that also would end it. There is only one right way. It would be wrong to keep this from him. Am I right?" The girl nodded. The baffled traveling man passed them on his way to the dining car.

The old lady rose decisively. "I'm famished," she said. "And you have eaten nothing for hours. Go in with me, and be sensible, and we'll decide what to do. We have an hour's wait—I am bound for California, too. Should be there now, but have been on a hurried business trip to Denver for my son. Come, my dear."

The girl followed and ate what her new friend ordered. Finally they returned to their car.

"You will think it strange that I am alone. I have lived with a cousin. She was to take me, but I started a week early. I could not trust myself in the place with the right man another day. I should telegraph—they will not expect me. I have never seen Rex's mother—they were in the dark vestibule and the girl did not see the older woman start at the name. 'People tell me I am sure to love her. I can't bear to have her think ill of me.'"

"She will—understand," breathed the old lady. "She will think no ill—but are you sure, sure about the other man?"

"If I—could have one week—one day with him, I would die happy!" She was taking her seat again and her eyes shone. "I would follow him anywhere in the world, give up anything for him—oh—"

"My dear, listen. We will be in Salt Lake early in the morning. We can stop off, go to a hotel and you can decide what to do. I will help you. You must have your berth made up now, and go to sleep. It will come out right for everybody." But suddenly the old lady's face seemed to have aged. "Helen—will you kiss me?" The girl did so.

Afterwards she remembered that she had not told her name. And in her berth she wondered dreamily whether Rex Wharton would forgive her. Then she forgot all about him and fell into dreams of Sherman King.

At the dirty, prosaic station at Salt Lake, in the brightness of the May morning, a quick, strange scene occurred. The old lady and Helen Travers had just entered, when the girl gave a cry. A tall, blond young fellow, very pale, snatched her to him and kissed her without a word. While the older woman was looking her astonishment, another man, also young but graver, with a dark, fine face, stopped short at the door and watched the group. His features were a larger model of the fine old lady's face, the chin more square, the forehead higher. He came over and took her hand.

"Rex!" she breathed. "Oh, Rex, my poor boy! It couldn't be helped—she isn't to blame!" For still, though standing apart from him, Helen saw only Sherman King, and he, and he stood talking to her in a low, eager tone.

Rex Wharton almost crushed his mother's hand in his. "Mother! I thought I would meet you here, send you on—home, and then go to Denver for—her. What does it—mean?"
Then, as if a voice called her, Helen turned and saw him. She walked straight up to him, truth and courage in her eyes.

"Rex," she said, "you must forgive me. But I can't—I—"

"You love some one else? Don't be afraid of me! I can bear what is coming to me!"
She gave a tragic little gesture and the other man stepped to her side with a protective movement. Wharton gave a bitter little laugh, and the girl breathed the men's names to each other. Rex put out his hand and gave King a hearty grasp—he was a man.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that I don't deserve—happiness. At any rate, you seem to be the better man. Helen, I am still in a manner responsible for you. What do you wish to do? Shall I mother—?"

The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Oh," she said, "if my mother had lived! Will you—stay a few hours until we—"

"Can be married? I will make arrangements immediately," King finished. He turned away and Rex went with him a few steps, then returned.

"Take a taxi to the St. James," he said, "and wait for us."

"Oh!" said the girl. "I feel like a wicked—wicked—"

The old lady gave a rueful little smile. "Sherman King avenges my treatment of his—father," she said quietly. "It comes back to—my son."

Nora's Luck.

In the employ of a Brooklyn household there is a servant named Nora. Although Nora is frequently scolded for one thing or another, the family aver she always gets the best of the argument.

Recently she was taken to task by the mistress touching the dusty condition of furniture in the living room. Nora ran her thumb along the seat of one of the chairs. She regarded the result with much interest. "It shure bates all, mum," said she, "the difference ye find when nobody sits in 'em for jist the wan day, mum! I congratulate meself, mum, that I work for such a popular family. Now, if it weren't for your visitors, mum, where'd I be? At thim chairs, mum, the 'hole day long with my cloth!"

Petroleum From Egypt.

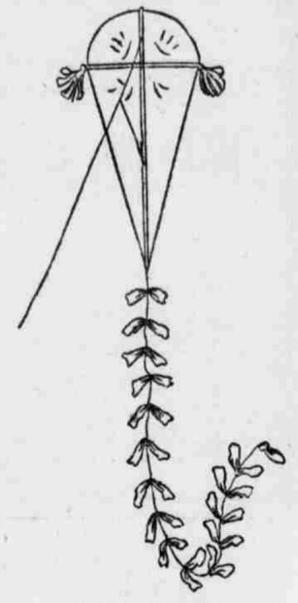
The first shipment of petroleum from the Gensah field of Egypt has just been made, consisting of three thousand tons in a tank steamer. The Gensah oil field is on the Red sea.

NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A KITE

Among Other Things Needed Is Long, Straight Lath, a Cane, Lots of String, Paste and Paper.

In order to make a kite one needs a long, straight lath, a cane, lots of string, paper and paste. The lath is for the upright. The cane should be three-fourths the length of the lath, and must be securely fastened at its exact middle to the upper end of the lath and brought down to a bow by the cord. Care must be taken to balance the two sides of the kite accurately. A very slight inexactness will make the kite lop-sided. Fasten all the parts securely with string, and the skeleton of your kite is complete. Now paste sheets of paper together until you have one large enough to cover the whole framework, leaving about two inches to lap over. Paste this two-inch margin over the edges securely. Cut some slips of paper about three inches wide and paste them along and over the cross and upright strings to secure them firmly to the main sheets. For the wings, or tassels, take two strips of paper, snip across like a comb, roll them up and bind the uncut ends with a string. The tail is made of slips of paper twisted and tied along a long string about six inches apart. A good



Cheaply Made Kite.

long string with a tassel at the end will answer the same purpose and is more graceful. The tail should be fifteen times as long as the kite. The string should be light and strong. The string should be fastened to a piece of string, which is fastened to the upright by both ends and hanging down in a loop about a foot in depth. The points of attachment should be one a little below the middle of the upright and the other about two-thirds up the remaining length. The illustration will show you.

Kite-flying is a delightful pastime, but it is also more than that. It has its uses for scientific and military purposes. In the year 1749 two scientists attached thermometers to kites and raised them into the clouds to make an experiment in finding out the temperature. They have also been used with instruments attached to them to register the wind movements. They help in making the weather forecasts, as "Old Probs" flies kites from some of the observing stations to bring information from as high as a mile up in the air.

Then there are military kites, used to carry a camera for photographing a fort from above, the shutter being worked by electric wire or clockwork; and a large kite or several kites coupled together are used to lift a man up to, say, fifty or one hundred feet, to let him examine from above the enemy's army or camp. Of course the kites used in this way are not just the ordinary paper and string kite, such as we make at home. Other materials must sometimes be employed.

In Japan "kite flying" is a popular amusement, the object aimed at being to so fly one kite as to disable or cut the string of another.

A Scare-sparrow Invention.

It is easy enough to invent a scarecrow that will scare a crow, but it is quite another thing to find a scarecrow that will scare a sparrow. Place the ugliest scarecrow or "scare-sparrow" on the roof of a house and build their nests in the pockets of the coat.

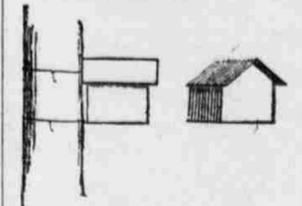
With this fact in mind an inventor has patented in Washington a "sparrow-scarer" which, according to his plans, is to be placed on the eaves of houses or suspended among foliage. It is in the form of a very fierce old cat, with bright, long, stiff whiskers, glaring eyes and a short, stubby and erect tail. Such a terrific beast, swaying in the branches of a tree, would be enough, the inventor thinks, to frighten the wits out of any birds. But he evidently doesn't know the English sparrow. It would pull out the dummy cat's whiskers and build a nest in the crook of its tail.

BUNGALOW FOR SMALL BIRDS

Excellent Nesting Place for the Little Songsters May Be Made Out of Thin, Soft Wood.

A bird bungalow may be made and placed in some position where the birds may use it as a home. Many people make a practice of preparing these little houses, because they like to see the birds, and also to help the little feathered creatures have a safe home for rearing their families. But it is not all on one side that the favor will be shown, for if the birds are in your neighborhood, they will kill the bugs which do so much harm and thus save the trees from destruction.

We hear a great deal about the conservation of the forests. Which means the saving of the forests from



Bird Bungalow.

destruction and, thus, the rivers and lakes. So by helping keep the birds in your neighborhood, you will help save the trees.

You will see this bungalow has no piazza, because the bird enters on the wing and does not like to have a porch on which uninvited guests can stand and look into her house through the front door. The roof over hangs an inch in front, for protection against rain and sun. In the back, both roof and floor extend a half-inch beyond the body of the house, so that there will be an air space between it and the tree, for there are five small holes in the back to serve as ventilators, and they would be useless for that purpose if the bungalow were flat against the tree.

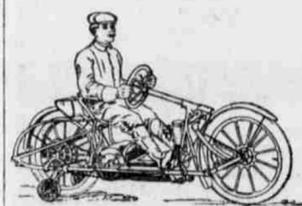
The material required are some very thin, soft wood (cigar boxes are good) about four dozen tiny wire nails, and a couple of yards of copper wire to attach the bungalow to a tree. Small iron or steel wire is apt to rust through and break.

MOTORCYCLE OF A NEW TYPE

Friction Valve, Which is Unique Feature, Gives Any Variation of Speed That is Desired.

A new motorcycle of the underslung type has several interesting features. The most radical of which is a reverse drive. The friction drive, which is a unique feature, gives any variation of speed desired, from 30 to 1 on low and 3 to 1 on high, with 10 to 1 on reverse. The lever on the right throws out the clutch when pushed forward, and this allows the speed to be changed by the lever on the left footboard. Or, by pushing the first-named lever still further forward, the band brake is operated. It is claimed that this band brake and the reverse drive give absolute safety and control, says the Popular Mechanics.

The idler wheels attached to each side of the frame are lowered by means of a lever mounted at the right



Unique Design of Motorcycle.

of the seat, and are raised by pressing a button on the foot-board. The construction of the front hub and axle is such that the entire load of the forward half of the machine is supported directly by the axle. The forks leading to the steering shaft are used simply to guide the wheel.

FOLLOW IT TO "BITTER END"

Few Persons Know That It is Nautical Term and is Borrowed From Cable of Big Ship.

You have probably often heard a person say: "I will follow it to the bitter end" or something to that effect, but very few persons know that this is a nautical term and is borrowed from a ship's cable.

If you have ever been on a big ship you must have noticed two big pieces of wood sticking up out of the deck forward, alongside each other. They sometimes have a windlass between them and they are used to secure the cable that goes to the anchor. These pieces of wood are called the bits.

When the ship comes to anchor and the cable is paid out all that part of it which is abaft or behind the bits is called the bitter end of the cable. In a storm or in poor holding ground for anchors the more cable that is paid out the better the anchor will hold and when the captain is at all doubtful he pays out his cable to the bitter end sooner than risk any harm to his ship.

Youngster Was Posted.

"Papa," queried little Lola, who was looking through a catalogue of agricultural implements, "what is a chilled plow?"

"I know," exclaimed her six year old brother. "It's a plow that has stood out in the cold all winter."

GREAT TASK AHEAD

Newspaper Men Preparing For Two Conventions.

TO MOVE ON CHICAGO SOON

Then They Must Make Quick Jump to Baltimore—How Tickets Are Assigned and Quarters Provided for the Correspondents.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington.—Moving day is imminent in Washington. Very soon scores of members of congress, the campaign managers of three Republican candidates and hundreds of persons who are to be merely onlookers will take trains, regular and special, to move on Chicago for the great Republican national convention.

While the Republican convention is at its height other scores of congressmen and campaign managers of at least four Democratic candidates and more onlookers than are numbered among the hosts of Chicago spectators, will move on Baltimore. The conventions this year are regarded by everybody in Washington as certain to be of unusual interest. The demand for tickets to both great affairs has been greater than ever before and the committeemen are being put to it not simply to meet the demand, but to discover ways and means of declining demands so diplomatically as not to give offense. It is a case of being asked to put at least a hundred pegs in one hole and this is the thing which not even the sagacious and resourceful national committeemen of the two parties are able to do.

Army of Correspondents.

Congressmen, political managers and onlookers will not be the only ones to leave Washington for the Chicago event. At least 150 newspaper correspondents will desert the galleries of congress some days in advance to the Lake city, to report not only the convention itself, but the bound-to-be-interesting preliminaries. There will be 500 newspaper men in attendance at both conventions.

Prior to the conventions, the national committeemen of both parties are extremely busy men, but there are others who have to work also. The correspondents in Washington have what is called a standing committee whose duties it is to regulate the press galleries, to decide on who is entitled to admission and who is not, to investigate in the rare cases where some correspondent is charged with unprofessional conduct, and to do many other things in the way of "regulation and good government."

Mr. Albert's Large Task.

The chairman of the standing committee of correspondents is Charles S. Albert. To Mr. Albert have come the applications from all the managing editors of the daily papers of the country asking for assignments of seats on the press platforms of the two conventions. It is also the duty of the chairman to confer with the other members of the standing committee and to determine whether or not the demands of the different newspapers have been out of keeping with the real news necessities in the case. It is rather a difficult and delicate job to determine just how many seats the newspapers are entitled to. When all the applications are in, the requests for newspaper seats are turned over by the standing committee to the chairman of the national committees on the management of the two conventions, and the seats are assigned.

In the house press gallery acting as its superintendent is a government employee who has been for something like thirty years at his post of duty. He is Charles H. Mann, a Marylander. He is not only a veteran of the Washington service, but a veteran of the convention service.

In the senate press gallery as superintendent is James D. Preston, young and extraordinarily active. He has been traveling back and forth between Baltimore and Washington several times a week ever since the Democratic national committeemen fixed on Baltimore as the place for the convention. It is not too much to say that Mr. Preston probably knows just what kind of quarters have been assigned each individual correspondent. It has been one of his duties to see to it that the writers have places to which they can go to pound out for themselves, or to dictate, instant copy.

Department Press Agents Accused.

Members of the house rules committee recently have been investigating "the use of press agents by the departments of government." In many of the departments men are employed to put out information concerning the work which the government intends to do along certain lines. Much of this material is sent to Washington correspondents and a good deal of it is useful, for it contains facts which are of service in writing articles concerning the activities of the government.

The charge has been made that some of the publicity agents of the departments have gone beyond the bounds of propriety and have put out matter intended not only to defend officials from attack, but to bring discredit upon people who have criticized the workings of the departments. The direct charge made concerning "the pernicious publicity activity" considered by the house rules committee had to do with material furnished by the department of agriculture which, it is said, was sent

out in franked envelopes and which was intended, so it is asserted, to hamper the investigation which was being made into meat inspection affairs.

Publicity That Has Value.

The government has benefited vastly by its attempts to employ proper publicity agents, and if any of the writers on behalf of the government service have overstepped the bounds of propriety they have unquestionably dealt a blow to publicity of the right kind. Take the bureau of education, for instance. It furnishes and has been furnishing for some time interesting matter concerning educational affairs all over the country, and the trend of education in other countries. In the main it is wholesome stuff and frequently it has not only real educational value, but real news value. The stopping up of this source of educational publicity probably would not only be an injury to the government, but a distinct loss to educators all over the country who take a deep interest in their profession and all that pertains to it. Of course the publicity matter referred to does not include the regular publications of the departments. There has been no hint of an intention to interfere with their issue.

Not long ago there was established by congress what was called a bureau of mines. The officers of this bureau are engaged in the work of showing mining corporations and their employees how to prevent accidents and how to save life and property. Some of the material furnished by the publicity agent of this bureau has been read by hundreds of thousands of people the country through. Frequently these articles have been accompanied by illustrations made from photographs of actual accident and life-saving scenes.

The state department also has a publicity agent, and now much material is given out of a kind which before this was held secret simply because the holding of everything secret was the department's custom.

Cheaper Money for Farmers.

The American state department through five of its ambassadors has been investigating European systems by which the farmers there are enabled to borrow money at reasonable rates. The intention of the state department, after studying the results of the investigation, is to attempt to introduce the European system in this country, so that the American farmer can borrow money at cheaper rates.

It seems to be the administration's thought that if the European system is adopted in America the farmer can raise money on his farm by means of a bond saleable in any part of the country. In Europe, it is said, the farmer borrows on equal terms with the biggest railroad, industrial corporation or municipality. The state department in a printed communication to the public on the matter says:

"The investigation is considered one of the most important undertakings yet attempted in dollar diplomacy. Myron T. Herrick, the newly appointed ambassador to France, is Secretary Knox's right-hand man in the investigation. Mr. Herrick is himself the product of an Ohio farm, and has made the 'problem of the farmer' a hobby for years. When the work in Europe is completed the state department will prepare an organization plan to fit the scheme to American conditions, and a legislative program will probably be mapped out for the president to submit to congress. The investigation is centered about the Credit Foncier of France and the Landtschaften of Germany.

How the Credit Foncier Works.

"The Credit Foncier is a limited-liability company operated under the supervision of the French government for the purpose of lending money to public service corporations, communities, counties and landowners, and to create and negotiate bonds based on mortgages which are limited to the amount due from the lender. In other words, the Credit Foncier acts as the agent for the French farmer, so that instead of seeking to raise money directly from some local investor by mortgaging his farm, the farmer places his mortgage with the Credit Foncier, which in turn issues a bond based upon that mortgage and which can be sold anywhere throughout the country. In this way the French farmer is freed from the necessity of borrowing in the limited market of his own immediate vicinity.

"It is just this restriction which is forcing the American farmer to pay exorbitant rates of interest and to put up with none too acceptable terms. In this country the farmer is practically forced to borrow from some investor in his community. If local conditions make money 'tight' there he suffers accordingly. In one section of the country he pays six per cent, interest, and in another ten per cent., though in both instances the security offered may be the same. Never can he compete with the bonds of the big industrial corporations, though in many instances the security which he offers is just as good as that of the corporation."

It is intended to make the venture, if adopted here, a project primarily for the benefit of the farmer. The promoters of the plan are not to receive any portion of the profits, and even the earnings of the stockholders will have to be kept down to very reasonable rates.

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Why am I gloomy?" demanded the undesirable suitor whom she had heartlessly ignored. "Isn't it enough to make a man gloomy to be cut by the one he loves best?"

"The idea!" exclaimed the heartless girl; "I didn't even know that you shaved yourself."—Catholic Standard and Times.