

# The Bar of Red

By June Gahan

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"Spell it," said Constance, biting the end of her pencil.

Lois glanced at the slip of paper beside her. "L'Hommedieu," she spelled out slowly. "First name Paul. What does that mean, Connie?"

"Man of God, doesn't it, or God's man. Very mediaeval, isn't it? Have you seen him?"

Lois nodded absently, her hands idle on her lap, her eyes looking out of the west window to where the falls swept over the dam in a great flashing horse-shoe of light and foam. Above it the logs were piled high in a jam. From the window she could see the men working on them, pry, pushing, trying to release them.

"It's the second day," Constance talked on with the easy cheerfulness of sixteen. She was fresh from the convent up at Grandiere, the quaint old Canadian town across the Straits. Here in the white pine country of the Peninsula she seemed lost.

Lois was different. Years ago when both girls were children, a man had ridden one day up through the great forests from the lake settlements, and he carried a child before him on the saddle, a girl with great, dark-lashed blue eyes like his own, and short curly brown hair.

"She had for mother a French girl down Charlevoix way," he told Constance's mother and father, who kept the big log house boarding place above the falls, where the loggers lived in the season. "She is very quiet little girl. She will not bother anybody. I will take care of her, and pay for her."

"You any relation to her?" asked Betty Morgan, in her cheerful way that no one took offense from. "She looks just like you."

"She is my daughter," the man told her simply. "Her mother is very beautiful girl."

"Where is she?" asked Betty bluntly, eyeing the child, and noting the good quality of her clothes. This was no logger's child, she decided.

"She is dead, but one month now," he answered gravely, one hand upon the child's head. "After this Lois and myself we have to grow up together, eh, Lois?"

He had stayed there in the white pine country for years, making few friends, living at the Morgans, working steadily, happy to watch the child grow and blossom. She was a tall, strong limbed girl, unlike the fluffy-haired, blue-eyed Constance. She could step from log to log like the men, and loved to climb on the piled up mass of a jam above the falls, and peer over at the foaming, leaping water far below.

"It makes me dizzy to do that, Lois," Connie would say. "How can you? You are like a boy."

"Ah, if she had been a boy, history would have been all changed," her father would exclaim, a sudden glow lighting his eyes. "Then she would have taken up my work and finished it; now I must leave it go for her sake, and rest always beside her."

As she grew older the words had a new meaning for Lois.

"There is somebody you would take revenge on," she asked one day, with a touch of his own abruptness. He met her gaze in silence for a minute.

"How old are you, Lois?"

"Nearly sixteen."

"Your mother was nineteen when you were born. She is so beautiful, Lois; I can never tell you how beautiful she was. And there is one man who hates me always because I have married her. He followed me down from the Straits, then back up through the Territory, then down again, always we know he is just there, behind us. And finally, one night he came to our place, our house, and she sits by the fire rocking you to sleep. We are far in the woods, so we give always the night's shelter to anybody who is lost. But when I see his face, I remember him, and your mother put you down quickly, and comes between us, even while he lifts his gun and shoots at me."

Lois' strong young hand clasped his tightly. Her cheek was pressed against his knee as she knelt beside him.

"Did he get away?"

"Yes. I have to look after her first."

"He patted her hair gently. "Some day maybe we will find him."

"If we ever do," whispered Lois, "it won't make any difference, my being a girl. I will help you, father."

But the breath of life slipped out of old Fontaine before his heart's desire came true, and Lois had been left alone at the Morgans. Connie went to the convent, but she remained alone in the woods, with old Mrs. Morgan. Then every spring when the logs were floated down the river, there came Paul L'Hommedieu up from the lake settlements to work in the logging camp. He was the first man whose eyes had looked straight into Lois', whose broad young shoulders overtopped her own, who was not afraid of her keen wit and swift tongue, or chilly ways. And the third spring, when Connie came home from the convent, he had told Lois that he loved her, and would take her away with

him to the lake towns when the logging season was over.

Constance knew nothing of the love that had grown in the shadow of the great towering pines, and very charmingly, very frankly, she bestowed her coquetries and favors on the tall, blonde lumberman.

"Make eyes and shrug shoulders at the other men," Lois told her, curiously. "Paul is mine."

"Is he?" laughed Constance. "You have good taste."

"That night the two girls stood watching the jam, and men working on it like beavers. Paul paused a moment by their side.

"In Charlevoix we have nothing like this, Lois," he said, tenderly. "You will miss it."

Constance's lashes drooped.

"You are from Charlevoix?" she asked innocently.

All that afternoon she had been making inquiries among the other men, and the whole past of the lad lay open to her. She knew that he had ignored her advances, and the little tang of Indian blood that ran in her veins from big Kirk Morgan sang its own little song of revenge. "Did you ever know a man there name Fontaine?"

Both Lois and Paul turned to look at her.

"Louis Fontaine?"

"He was Lois' father," Constance smiled slowly, straight up into his eyes. She had found out that the man who had shot Lois' mother was named L'Hommedieu. The startled look in Paul's eyes did the rest for her. "Eh, Paul, if it were only twenty years ago, and your father could meet him here, there would be more tragedy. It would make our old woods livelier."

Lois' eyes questioned him mutely. Did the bar of red lie between them, making their love almost a horror to think of? His own eyes were filled with startled dread.

A cry of the men on the jam made him leap for the nearest logs, as the mass started to move towards the falls. He had gained the summit of the jam Lois watched him with a quick beating heart. She heard Constance laugh beside her.

"Is he yours now?" she asked, softly.

The men were leaping from the logs now, as they neared the falls. It was risky work, always to catch a foothold on the swirling, ever turning, slippery logs. The last was Paul. A log caught in midstream and swept crossways. Another dovetailed it, more clambered like living things on its ridge, and a second jam was threatened. Paul worked steadily, deftly, while the men shouted to him of his danger, there on the very brink of the falls. When the logs parted, he might be swept to certain death with them. And suddenly Lois started out towards him over the logs. She had no thought of saving him, rather a desperate longing to go with him when he went over. But the shout from the shore unnerved him, and as he looked back to catch its cause, he lost his footing, and fell backwards into the water.

At any second the jam might give way and sweep them over, but Lois reached the place, and as he rose she caught him, and hauled him half way up on the logs. He had been struck on the back of the head and was half unconscious, but she held him until Morgan and another lumberman had come to the rescue. And just as they reached the shore in safety with their burden the jam gave way with a mighty roar and the logs dashed over the falls like jackstraws.

It was the next week after Constance had gone back to the convent that Paul opened his eyes and looked at the figure beside his bed. His head was bandaged and his whole body throbbled with pain. One thing in all the world seemed to stand out clearly—Lois' uplifted face, with the deep blue eyes, and dark curly mass of hair around it, and her lips, a wonderful deep coral red against the clear olive of her face.

"Was it not punishment enough to know he had killed the one he loved?" he asked slowly. "He suffered most, Lois. I can remember. He was not my father, but my father's younger brother. We came down from the Straits to care for him after he lost his mind. I can always see him pacing up and down the sand on the lake shore, calling to Lois to come back and set him free from torment. I did not know that I would love Lois too—another Lois."

Lois knelt beside the bed and laid her face against his head, as she had loved to do to her father's, and both knew the bar of red could cast no flame of ruin over their young lives. Love had turned it to living gold.

Scholarly, Industrious Writer.

The death in England of Prof. Alfred John Church has terminated a career of extraordinary physical vigor and literary activity. Professor Church was best known to scholars as the translator with W. J. Brodribb of Tacitus' and Pliny's letters. But he had a much larger audience among English boys and girls by his popular versions from Homer, Virgil, Herodotus and Livy. Altogether he was the author of some seventy books, which, however, must have represented a comparatively small part of his literary labors. If The Nation's statement is true that he was the author of nearly 40,000 book reviews. Most of his critical work was done for The Spectator, to which he was introduced by R. H. Hutton. He was for a time curate to F. D. Maurice. He was all his life a cricketer, and as a fisherman had a British record of catching seventy-four salmon in five weeks. When he was over seventy he took up golf.—New York Evening Post.

"If birds could be taught to talk, what language would they speak?"

"Pigeon English, of course."

# SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

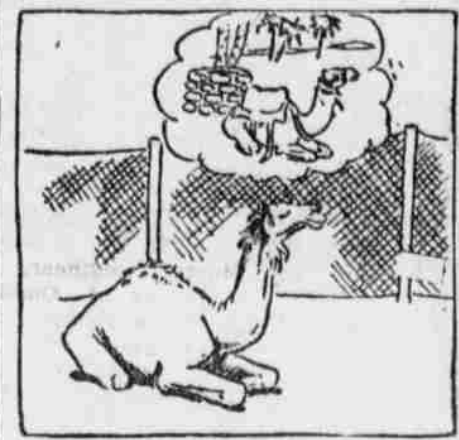
## BRONX CAMEL IS HOMESICK

Animal in New York Zoo Quite Downhearted and Loses All Interest in Life—Strange Case.

That animals may suffer from homesickness is indicated by a story in the New York Times concerning a Bactrian camel in the Bronx park zoo. Sheik is not up to his usual spirits. Sheik, it must be understood, is not sick. He is simply downhearted, and his interest in life has lessened. It was Curator Dittmars who finally diagnosed his case, and according to his theory Sheik is simply suffering from homesickness.

He will crouch for hours outside his house, and often he will turn his face toward the street and gaze with eyes in which there is a faraway expression out upon the boulevard. His interest is not in those who pass, for he had even become indifferent to the jest about the camel's abstemious habits. Mr. Dittmars, who holds the opinion that animals have minds and can exercise them, believes that Sheik, in his mind, is once more on the desert.

The cause of the camel's state of mind, in Mr. Dittmar's theory, is a most remarkable one, and one of the strangest which he has come across in his animal studies. There is a great



Sheik, the Homesick Camel.

deal of building being done in the Bronx in the vicinity of the park. In addition just now trolley tracks are being laid within view of Sheik's enclosure. As a result of these operations great quantities of sand had been deposited within the animal's view. It was a pile of unusual size and spread out over considerable space.

In the few warm days the heat of the sun arose in a haze from the sand. As Sheik looked out upon this miniature desert, warm in the sun and comforting to his eyes, he was filled with a longing for the days before he became a mere specimen in a collection of animals, wild and otherwise.

## GAME OF TENNIS IS POPULAR

Matchless as Lure to Open With First Breath of Spring and Not Abandoned Until Fall.

The tennis player will tell you that his game is matchless as a lure to the open—with the first breath of real spring, and not to be abandoned until "the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock."

If the derivation of the name golf be in doubt, though it is quite certainly from the Dutch "Kolve," meaning club, the derivation of tennis is yet more obscure. The best that can be said of it is that it is probably from the old French "tenez," the imperative of tenir, to seize, or take, that is the ball. Tennis as it is played in the open, usually called "lawn tennis," is the legitimate daughter of the ancient English game of racquet which was played in the covered court, and therefore the name "tennis court" which is used for the place of the game anywhere.

Nobody can see a game of lawn tennis and not be fascinated with it. As played in America it is usually a social game of the sexes, and Dan Cupid is often an invisible but very palpable spectator, paradoxical as that may seem. The place of the play is a "court" in more ways than one. For the cultivation of grace of physical action, no game ever invented was superior to lawn tennis. It quickens the mind and eye, appeals to every sense and sentiment. Possibly no other game has been responsible for so many honeymoons, and a misfit ball is not the only thing caught in the net. The pretty racquets, whose owners care for them as a virtuoso cares and cares for his violin, when wielded by masculine muscle or beautiful feminine hands with arms, body, hips, head, neck, legs, all lithe and all in graceful action, forms a pretty scene of life and gaiety.

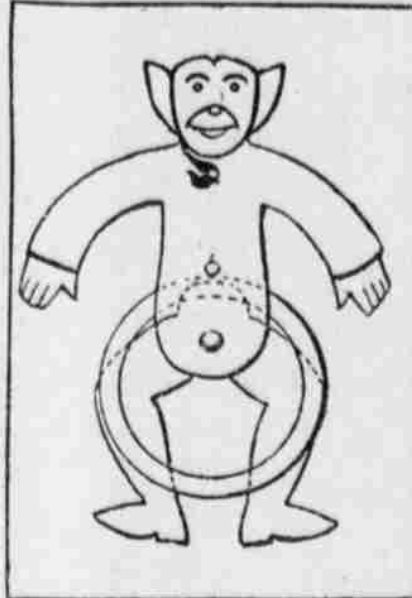
## Slightly Twisted.

A certain Sunday school teacher in town who has a class of boys of "assorted sizes" established the custom in her class of repeating each Sunday a scripture passage in unison until it was firmly implanted in the "vagrant minds." The selection for the Sunday in question was, "This I, be not afraid," and after the usual mental gymnastics had been gone through, after an expectant hush, one promising youth volunteered the information that he knew. "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "It's me, don't get skeered," was his rendition of the verse.

## FIND AMUSEMENT IN PUZZLE

Object of Invention By Maine Man Is to Remove Rings From Around Body of a Grotesque Manikin.

An amusing and by no means easy puzzle has been invented by a Maine man. The object of the puzzle is to remove a ring from around the body of a grotesque manikin. For the purpose of the puzzle the legs and the rest of the figure are in separate sections, the legs being pivoted at the lower part of the body. Also, the legs are bowed outwardly so that their



Amusing Puzzle.

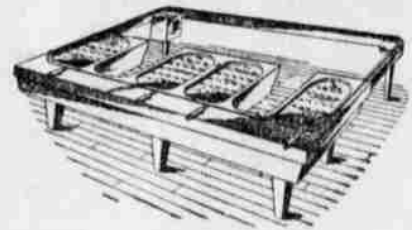
width is more than the inside diameter of the ring. The arms of the figure are stretched far out so that the outside diameter of the ring is less than the distance between the outstretched arms. At first glance, taking these things into consideration, it would seem impossible to remove the ring, but it can be done and, as you will realize on second thought, the secret lies in moving the legs to the right position.

## GAME APPARATUS IS UNIQUE

Pastime Called Gun Billiards Requires Considerable Skill in Playing—Affords Much Amusement.

In describing a game apparatus invented by A. Reibstein of New York, the Scientific American says:

"The object of this invention is to provide a new and improved game apparatus, which is preferably called gun billiards, and arranged to require considerable skill in successfully playing the game, and to afford amusement to the players and the onlookers. For the purpose mentioned, use is made of a continually moving ball carrier having spaced supporting means for supporting balls carried



Game Apparatus.

past the muzzle of a manually-controlled gun, for knocking off the balls from the carrier onto a counting table having retaining means for the ball. In the accompanying illustration the game apparatus is shown in a perspective view."

## MAN'S LANGUAGE TO BRUTES

Peculiar Click and Chirp Used to Start and Hasten Horses Used in Many Parts of World.

The tale of the farmer in the Arabian Nights who could understand the language of animals and fowls in his barnyard probably had its origin in the ancient myth which asserted that in primitive times men and beasts were able to converse together.

In truth, as everybody knows, there are certain sounds, or words, which horses, dogs and other animals can be taught to understand; and, on the other hand, some of the sounds uttered by domestic animals have a meaning that man can understand. All this is, of course, a very different thing from language, and yet it has a certain scientific interest, evidenced by the various investigations that have been made.

It has been shown, for instance, with reference to the language used in talking to domestic animals that people unconsciously attempt to lower their language by abbreviations, etc., to the comprehension of brutes, very much as they do when they talk to young children. A curious fact is that the peculiar click and chirp used to start and to hasten the movements of horses are employed in widely separated parts of the world, but sometimes in a reverse sense. In India, for example, those sounds are used to stop instead of to start horses.

## Food for Fishes.

"Now, Susie," said the Sunday school teacher, "you may read the next verse."

The little girl read, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

"Why should we cast our bread upon the waters?" asked the teacher.

"'Cause the fishes have to be fed," was the reply.

## Brother Was Too Small.

Elsie, aged 4, was taken in to see the new baby brother that had recently arrived. "Mamma," she said, after looking the baby over, "why didn't you pay a dollar more and get a size larger?"

# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## U. S. STUDENTS FRIVOLOUS?



If his complexion were a shade lighter, a short heavy, spectacled man who has been nearly a month in this country studying conditions and lecturing at universities, could easily pose as Rudyard Kipling, the great English author. He is Dr. Inazo Nitobe, Tokyo, Japan. So much does Dr. Nitobe resemble Rudyard Kipling, at one view of his countenance, that it is really startling. But it is a one view effect only. When he turns again he looks only like the typical Japanese that he is.

His mind is filled with impressions that are registered by two sharp brown eyes that look through heavy spectacles. Dr. Nitobe, who has been studying the country, and its people, and incidentally has been giving some thought to the student while lecturing at universities, is the first representative of the pedagogues who are to come to this country under the arrangement provided by means of the Carnegie fund. Dr. Nitobe is president of First Higher college of Tokyo.

He says that he does not find the boy students in the United States occupying the high moral plane that he had expected. Also that he observed that the men are for less serious in the work than the Japanese students.

"In this country there is not the application that is characteristic of the Japanese students," said Dr. Nitobe. "Here one finds less grinding, less midnight oil is burned and there is less disposition to take the course seriously. Probably we are too serious in Japan. I sometimes think we are. Yet I do not think that the average student here really has his heart in the work."

## TO FOUND NEW CITY OF ZION

Mrs. Jane Dowle, widow of the late John Alexander Dowle, first apostle of Zion, is attempting a reconstruction of the Zionist movement in Chicago.

Believing herself divinely inspired to carry out the work her husband began, Mrs. Dowle came to Chicago last fall and gathered about her the few remaining members of the prophet's original flock. An exile from Zion City and the tabernacles her husband founded, she planned to rebuild the Zion congregation with the aid of Gladstone Dowle, "unkissed" son of the departed Elijah II.

The younger Dowle was in full sympathy with the plans of his mother, but apparently lacked the divine inspiration for the task she has undertaken. He had already resigned from the present church at Zion City following the assumption of absolute control of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, general overseer and successor apparent to the first apostle and is now studying for the Episcopal ministry.

Mrs. Dowle has not allowed the defection of her son to dismay her, but has regained spiritual communion with nearly 1,000 of the original congregation. The renunciation of the present flock, she declares, does not mean a schism from the religious teachings of the parent church.

Faith healing, as in the original Zion code instituted by John Alexander Dowle, occupies the most prominent place in the work of the reconstructed congregation. Mrs. Dowle claims the power to heal all bodily ills through the medium of prayer and administers to the needs of her own little group of followers.



## VICTORIA WINNER IN SPAIN



Queen Victoria of Spain is slowly but surely winning the affection of the Spanish people, who at first strongly disapproved of her and her English ways. In fact, if King Alfonso succeeds in keeping his throne it will be due in part to the domestic virtues of his wife. Queen Victoria has set a new fashion in Spanish society, that of mothers taking personal interest in their children.

Queen Victoria practically devotes her life to her babies. She oversees the work of the nurses and occasionally may be seen on the grounds of the palace wheeling the Princess Beatrice in her specially imported English perambulator just like any English mother. All this is in defiance of the rigorous court etiquette of Spain, which demands that a queen should leave the care of her children entirely to others.

When the prince of the Asturias was born, according to historical custom, a peasant woman from Catalonia was engaged to act as nurse to the heir to the throne. She was a very handsome Catalonian and wore the elaborate and picturesque national costume, but Queen Victoria soon discovered that she was entirely ignorant of hygiene and modern ideas concerning the care of a baby. The result was that the queen firmly refused to deliver the young prince over to the new nurse and no expostulation moved her from her position.

She finally gave the Catalonian peasant a sum of money as well as a new outfit of clothes and sent her back to her native province.

## AMERICAN WIDOW WINS NOBLE

A white and gold gown, with a collar and tara of diamonds and sapphires, won for the beautiful Mrs. Willie Reynolds of Jackson, Mich., an Italian nobleman with the blood of Bourbon kings in his veins, and Paris dressmakers and modistes are busy upon one of the most elaborate trousseaus which has left the city since Prince Marie Bonaparte married Prince George of Greece, in 1907.

Mrs. Reynolds is the widow of a millionaire banker. The Italian nobleman whom she has won is Baron di Francisca, son of Marchese di Triana. His family is connected with the Bourbons of Parma and the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies, who are themselves branches of the oldest royal house in the world. Baron di Francisca is even richer than his fiancée, and takes an active interest in the life of his country. Added to these is the fact that he belongs to the oldest Neapolitan nobility, all of which make him, in matchmaking eyes, the best catch of the season, in that country.

The widow met the baron at a reception given by Count Primoli, when she wore the diamond and sapphire tara and white and gold gown.

