#### THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1820, Western Newspaper Union) When her only daughter Lucille married Myron Bradley and went away to live in a rented apartment, her mother closed up every room in the house except two on the ground floor. It was an old, but pretty place, but it became lonely and gloomy dispossessed of the bright, vivacious girl who had made it home, indeed, Besides that, a thrifty, economical woman with keen business sense, Mrs. Clayton reckoned on fuel and general labor saving, besides having a definite purpose in view in behalf of the young adventurers on the sea of matrimony.

The marriage of the twain seemed ideal. They were deeply in love mutually, Lucilte was patient and devoted, Myron had never paid attention to any other girl. They seemed absorbed each in the other and no token of a cloud threatened the fair sky of love.

The path of Mrs. Clayton had not been one of roses in holding on to her little home and bringing up and educating her daughter. Her husband had died when Lucille was only eight years of age, leaving little except encumbered property. His widow had thought and worked hard to get rid of indebtedness and acquire a little surplus. She was sure of two material points when Myron Bradley wedded Lucille. These were that she had trained her daughter to full obedience, to accept her counsel, and that Myron really liked her. The policy adopted by the wise mother was to win and hold the love and respect of her sonin-law. She realized that, lonely as she was, denied the constant company of her only child, she must not betray her sentiments nor infringe upon the new relationship.

Mrs. Clayton set about eliminating herself from the life and struggles, the ups and downs of the newly wedded couple. She visited them only once a week. She preached to Lucille fond attention to Myron on all occasions and treated her son-in-law as if she trusted him implicitly. Experienced and observing person that she was, she secretly followed the course of the marital life those two led, but never mingled in it or criticised or advised. All the time, however, she was placing a secure foundation to be prepared to win them more fully and assist them when the hour of need arrived, Patiently and intelligently she awaited that juncture, and was not surprised when one day Myron came to her with a serious face. She welcomed him.

"I've come to see you about Lucille and myself, mother," said Myron, "She is the dearest little wife that ever lived, and I love her more and more every day of my life."

"That is as it should be," encouraged Mrs. Clayton, "and with that for the basis you cannot fail to gain happiness and peace."

"Yes, but, you see, we are young and inexperienced and make many mistakes. It would be different if we had you right at hand to decide for us knotty questions as they come up. Honestly, mother, I get homesick and lonesome for you. Can't you arrange to come and stay with us permanently? Lucille will be happier, and I would feel as if there was a stanch, sensible pilot at the helm who would steer us clear of the rocks we run up against every once in a while."

"What are the rocks, Myvon?" inquired Mrs. Clayton gently.

"Well, we are both extravagant," confessed Myron desperately, "Come to reckon up, we find that we have lived way beyond our means and are in a sort of tangle. Lucille does her best in running the house and I don't waste any money outside of home expenses, but somehow we have been getting behind. In fact, there is-there is a deficit. In a word-come and help us get on the right basis."

Mrs. Clayton was too diplomatic to assent to the first impulsive notions of her son-in-law. Dearly as she would love to be with these, her children, she realized that it would be, at the best, an experiment. Myron got down to details and Mrs. Clayton grasped them in their full practical sense. Before he left she had solved the problem, not offering the suggestion, but leading him to the only point she would consider as partaking in their affairs.

Myron was delighted to give up their apartment and come to live at "home." The old house was to be opened up in its original cheery homelikeness and he was to contribute a stated amount for sustaining it. A program was mapped out where Mrs. Clayton was to be the directing force, and the happy husband and wife settled down Into their new career "under mother's fond protecting wing."

Within six months Lucille had been trained into the cleverest of housekeepers, and Myron had retrieved the extravagance of the past under the skilful guidance and co-operation of "mother."

They were all seated in the porch one Saturday afternoon when the postman brought a letter containing the circular of some down town store. Lucille received it and passed it to her husband

"Ahem! You henor me," he smiled jocularly, "Here, mother, that is meant for you," and Mrs. Clayton flushed at the compliment conveyed by the tender, for the address read:

"To the head of the house. "And long may she wave!" nounced the enthusiastic Myron.

Where All Sorts of Goods Are Disposed of by New York's "Down and Outs."

At the Bowery approach to the Wil-Hamsburg bridge may be witnessed an interesting sight at any hour of the day, says the New York Times. This is the gathering of near down-and-outs disposing of what is left of their wardrobes and who, being poor salesmen, usually take what is offered and not what they expected to get.

The other morning there were four on hand. One had three frayed silk shirts, two pairs of more or less worn trousers and three sets of silk underwear. He asked 50 cents each for the shirts and took \$1 for the three. The trousers brought 75 cents the pair, while he had much trouble in disposing of the silk underclothing at 25 cents a garment.

Another had a fur-lined coat which wasn't so very awful looking. He tried his best to get \$5 for it and held on for nearly an hour. Finally a motorman came along and, after digging In every crevice of his pockets, produced \$4.78. This won the coat.

A ragged fellow had three razors, for which he asked \$1 each. A big fellow with wiry whiskers wanted a razor but wasn't willing to pay the price. He offered 45 cents, then 50. He bought for 60,

This "market" is held in the open, on the sidewalk, and the police do not appear to care, for there is never any

#### **GEORGE HAD ANOTHER GUESS**

Old Gentleman Had Also Been Doing Some Thinking About the High Cost of Living.

A congressman who is investigating the high cost of living said to a Washington correspondent:

"The h. c. l. is responsible for many vagaries and queer complications. "A young chap who had got engaged to a girl was talking over the

future with her. "'With prices what they are,' said the girl, 'we must be content, George, dear, with a small flat and one or, at the most, two servants.'

"George coughed "'It's my idea," he said, 'to live with your old man the first couple of

"'But, George-' "'That's my idea,' he interrupted. Think of the money we can save, No rent, no light, no grub bills, no coal."

"'I insist on this thing,' George interrupted again. 'I rell you, I-"Then the door opened softly and

the girl's father entered the room. "'Children,' he said tenderly, 'I have decided that when you get married I'll come and live with you for the rest of my life."

### Salmon Saved Queen,

The salmon with a ring in its mouth, that figures in the arms of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, which are also those of the ancient see, is said to record a miracle of St. Kentigern, the founder of the sec. and the fourth hishop of Glasgow. A certain queen gave a soldier, with whom she had fallen in love, a ring that had been presented to her by her consort; but the king discovered the intrigue, and, having obtained the ring, threw it into the Clyde, and then demanded it of his disloyal lady.

In her alarm she sought help from St. Kentigern, and he, proceeding to the river, forthwith caught a salmon, which, on being opened, was found to have swallowed the all-important fewel. The queen regained the good graces of the king, and lived a better life afterward.

Believed Victims of Indians.

Three skeletons, believed to be those of early American settlers were unearthed at Kennebunkport, Me., by workmen leveling some land near an old fort erected during the war of 1812. Two apparently were victims of Indian massacres or wars. Embedded In the skull of one of the skeletons was an Indian arrow. The tip of the skull of the second was chipped off cleanly, as if done by a tomahawk held in a well-trained hand. The third skeleton was that of a man seven feet tall. It is believed that the bodies were buried in an old cometery on this spot, and that the graves were covered over by earth thrown up when the fort excavations were being made.

About the Dead Sea.

Swimming in the Dead sen is refreshing sport, but swimmers have to be careful not to get water into their eyes. In a ton of water from the Casplan sea there are 11 pounds of salt, In a ton from the Atlantic ocean there are 31 pounds, from the Mediterranean. 85 pounds; but in a ton of the Dead sea there are 187 pounds. Contrary to a prevailing belief, there are plains on the shores of the Dead sea that are so fertile and well watered that as soon as one crop is harvested another can be planted; but as a whole, the basin is a dreary region.-Youth's Companion.

Girl Studies to Be Blacksmith. A girl junior at the University of Washington is learning the blacksmith's trade. Jazz is no jure to her, for the anvil chorus fills her ear and she looks forward to owning and opersting a forge and a farm of her own. The desire to master blacksmithing arose from her resolve to be a farmer and as such to know something of machinery. So she studies the fashioning of bolts and bars and the pointing of plowshares.

#### SIDEWALK IS THEIR MARKET MUCH LIKE WESTERN CITY

Viffis, Capital of New Georgian Republic, by No Means Typical of the East.

Mr. Melville Chater, recording impressions in the National Geographic Magazine, admits that he was surprised when he arrived in Tiftis, capital of the new Georgian republic. He had expected a city more suggestive of the East, as the Western mind pictures it; but the Golovinsky prospekt. the main thoroughfare through the heart of the city, stretched before him, "as handsome a bit of modern metropolitanism as can be found anywhere," and its restaurants, shops, opera, and what used to be the viceregal palace but which now files the standard of the new nation, suggested at once the French adjective "chic," More than that, this new capital was brilliant with uniforms, Russian, Georgian, Armenian, British, and most picturesque of all, the Caucasian costume, with its broad-shouldered, wash-waisted cont. high, heeliess boots, and astrakhan cap. One marveled at the load of weapons that completed it; a sword rattling and clarking with the wearer's martial stride, a brace of pistols, a pair of daggers, and a collection of what looked like enormous fountain pens bung across the Caucasian bosom, but which turned out to be hollow tubes intended to be loaded with powder and shot. One must add stiff mustaches and a close-shaven skull to picture this Georgian in all his glory on the Golovinsky prospekt of his national capital. Clothing for civilians is scarce and expensive in Tiflis, but the cast-off uniforms of military officers are for sale, and many a citizen in need of a new suit had bought himself an old uniform.

#### ARE RETURNING TO FARMS

Not Many of Uncle Sam's Fighters Have Succumbed to the Lure of the City.

Of America's mighty war forces of more than 4,500,000 men, 1,200,000, It is estimated, came from farms. Records in the bureau of war-risk insurance in Washington indicate that these farm-bred or farm-raised boys carried government life insurance amounting to over \$10,000,000,000.

During the earlier demobilization it was so difficult to keep track of the discharged service men that it seemed as though a very targe proportion of them did not return to their former addresses or homes. So many of the service men who had come from the farms seemed to be listening to the call of the city that it was feared more than one-half of them were not going back to the farms. Later the tide of migration set in toward the country, and now it is believed that the loss in man power to the farms, as the result of former service men settling elsewhere, may not be more than 500,000.

#### Dead Towns Awaken.

Dead towns of the West are coming to life as a result of the silver boom. There were towns in Colorado and Nevada and Arizona, which, under the in fluence of silver in those days after the Civil war, burst into wild, rich life that has no parallel in history.

Clouds of dust are rising along the tralls that lead across sagebrush plains. The mining engineer, present day successor of the prospector and his burro, is astir in the silver coun-

They are going back to the old shafts that yielded wealth when silver was above a dollar. With the advance in mining processes in the last four decades the chances of profits are many times multiplied.

Keeps Windows Free From Frost. In these days, when Jack Frost is busy drawing pictures on the windows many beautiful works appear over night, but when he completely covers the glass, he is not so welcome. The Russians have a very effective way of preventing the obscuring of the windows by frost. In Russia the walls of the buildings are very thick, and double windows are fitted to the houses, set about 13 inches apart. The window still between the outer and in ner windows is decorated with bright green moss, and hidden there is a dish filled with calcium chloride, which absorbs all the moisture and thus effectually prevents the formation of ice during the long, cold winter.

Farming Fish.

The International Association of Game, Fish and Conservationist Commissioners, at their recent convention in Louisville, pledged themselves t use every influence possible toward stimulation of a nation-wide move ment looking to the construction of fish ponds upon farms in which desir able species of game and food fishes especially the basses and the sun fishes, can be propagated for recreation and for food, at a comparatively SH-all expense when contrasted with the vast benefits which will result ther from.

Fifty-Nine Degrees Below Zero. Fifty-nine degrees below zero was registered in some parts of the Adiron dacks last winter around the first of the year, according to weather bureau statistics. Better (or worse) than that was done by Jack Frost in Sweden where the temperature registered 70.6 below zero. And in some parts of Alaska thermometers are absolutely useless, the best of them freezing up and refusing to tell how cold it is. In the dead of winter, in the interior of Alaska, pure alcohol freezes into solid blocks of ice, as does kerosene.-Ex

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