

Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Marz
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THE BUBBLE

When The Man found the apartment in which he had been told that The Girl lived he stood hesitating to ring the bell, his heart gripped by the iron hand of fear, his mind leaping at every possible and impossible explanation of the presence of this young woman who was so alone in the world and totally dependent upon her own earnings for a home in what he knew to be one of the most expensive apartment houses in the city.

Finally he mustered his courage and his ring was answered by a polite maid who ushered him in, and took his card with the promise of presenting it to her mistress. As The Man sat waiting his eyes wandered over the many rooms with their exquisite appointments, and when The Girl came to him smilingly composed, somehow it seemed to him that all of his world was being torn from under his feet, and so intense was his suffering that he stood holding her outstretched hand and gazing into her averted face without a word until she shook herself free.

"What does it mean?" he faltered. "Your letter, breaking our engagement—and this."

He swept the apartment with comprehensive gesture, and The Girl's eyes followed its direction, while with complete frankness she told him.

"Life has been very beautiful since you went away," she told him. "At first my thought followed you continuously, and my sympathies were with you in your struggle to make your

was giving up every single thing in life worth having, that once more he went to her and told her that this life she had chosen at the price of her soul was at best but a bubble that would surely break, and offered her the protection of his name, and the best that he could accomplish through earnest work; promising that the past six months of her life should be as a closed book between them, whereupon The Girl laughed at his earnestness; assured him that some day the obstacles to her marriage with her lover would be removed, and declared that, in any event, she was quite content.

The Lover was long attentive to The Girl, and lavished so many luxuries upon her that she became satiated with pleasure and so steeped in indolence that she forgot to trouble over the continued excuses for their delayed marriage; forgot the fitting of time until one day she learned from the daily press—as any casual reader might have done—that the man in whose keeping she had placed her life and its honor had married a brilliant woman whom society respected and had gone abroad for his honeymoon.

At first The Girl thought there must be some horrible mistake—some confusion of names perhaps—but such a hope was shortlived. Dismissing her maid from the apartment The Girl spent an hour before her mirror—a crucial hour in which the beautiful long French glass told her a frank and hideous truth. It said that the years of her youth had slipped away unnoticed; that indo-



"What Does It Mean?" He Asked.

way in your new position, and I was interested in my own work, and satisfied with what I could earn—until—well, until I was taken ill."

"Ill!" exclaimed The Man interrupting, "why didn't you tell me?"

"During my illness," The Girl went on, ignoring the interruption, "some one was like a dear guardian angel to me, and when I was better he made me see that I was never meant to struggle through years of poverty with a man of no means; made me see that life without luxuries was a hideous sort of thing for a woman; made me understand the greatness of his love for me, and little by little my heart went out to him for all his kindness to me."

The Man was on his feet before The Girl had finished, stumbling blindly toward the door. When he had reached it he turned and asked her in a tone divested of all hope just when her marriage had taken place.

"Marriage!" exclaimed The Girl, "why there has been no marriage. There are reasons why we must wait—"

She finished her sentence to an empty room.

When The Man had spent several weeks alone with his thoughts he knew that the great and tender love he bore The Girl still lived. He thought of her youth, her beauty, her careful training in a refined home until the death of her parents; he knew that the siren voice of wealth and luxury was very sweet in the ears of a woman, and he believed so firmly that The Girl had been swept off her feet, and had no realization that she

lence and luxury had added so much flesh that all semblance of the once slim and graceful figure was gone. Suddenly she remembered The Man, and his stricken face as he had left her in that long ago yesteryear. The fine and beautiful thing he had done in offering her his name in the face of the life she had chosen struck her for the first time with its full significance, and all there was of holiness left in her heart rose in prayer to God that it might not be too late.

The letter she wrote The Man was blotted with tears. When she mailed it a sense of peace stole into her aching heart until the days went by, one after another, and there came no answer. The days lengthened into weeks; the weeks into months, and the months into years, and as The Girl still waited respectable women drew aside their skirts and men gave her a cynical smile as she came down step by step to her small room in a third-class boarding house where she sits alone in her ostracism, watching with hungry eyes the happiness of protected wives, hearing the laughter of little children, and thinking of her own heritage given in exchange for a gay little bubble that was sure quickly to break.

A Shedder of Tears.

"You say he's a drummer and never tells a funny story?"

"That's right."

"I should think he would be hand-capped."

"Not in his business. He sells tombstones and the role he plays is one of sympathy."

ITALIAN SOLDIERS CAPTURE SNIPER AND SPY



Scene following the arrest by Italian troops of an Austrian sniper and spy. He was tried, condemned and shot soon after. Near him are seen his wife and little daughter.

COMMANDS FOURTH INFANTRY



This is Col. E. E. Hatch, commanding the Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., now at Brownsville, Tex.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

An Idaho guide whose services were retained by some wealthy young Easterners desirous of hunting in the Northwest evidently took them to be the greenest of tenderfeet, since he undertook to chaff them with a recital something as follows:

"It was my first grizzly, so I was mighty proud to kill him in a hand to hand struggle. We started to fight about sunrise. When he finally gave up the ghost the sun was going down."

At this point the guide paused to note the effect of his story. Not a word was said by the Easterners, so the guide added very slowly, "for the second time."

"I gather, then," said one young gentleman, a dapper little Bostonian, "that it required a period of two days to enable you to dispose of that grizzly."

"Two days and a night," said the guide, with a grin. "That grizzly died mighty hard."

"Chopped to death?" asked the Bostonian.

"Yes, sir," said the guide.

"Pardon me," continued the Hubbs, "but what did you try to get him to swallow?"

Where the Damage Was.

"You say the automobile struck you?" asked the judge.

"Yes, judge, it shure did strike me, all right," replied the colored man in court.

"Where did it strike you?"

"In the hind, judge."

"But your head seems to be all right, Sam."

"Oh, yas, mah haid am all right, but yer jus' oughter se dat autermbieel, judge!"

Putting It Another Way.

A feminist asserts that willful infertility to intellectual women is defensible if they contribute to the world literature or works of art more valuable than the offspring they might produce. Putting it another way, defensible upon the theory that their children might have proved as bad as the books they write or the pictures they paint.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ONLY THE BORDER LINE BETWEEN THEM



American regular and soldier of Carranza's army seated on the international bridge at Brownsville, Tex., with the monument marking the border line between them.

EARL OF GRANARD HONORED BY KING



The earl of Granard recently resigned his post of master of the horse to the king of England and went to the front with his regiment, the Royal Irish. At the same time King George invested him with the grand cross of the Royal Victorian Order. The photograph shows the earl and his beautiful wife, who was Beatrice Mills of New York and Newport.

Where Mackerel Are Cheap.

"Mackerel, is." Such is a line on the club menus, and the supply one gets for the sum stated is one mackerel, without bread or butter, sauce, or vegetables. To a Scot this seems an extraordinarily high price to pay for a single mackerel, seeing that in the North they are considered expensive just now at 1½d each, while tons are daily returned to the sea as not worth while taking to any market. Loch Fyne at present is packed with mackerel and free from the vaunted fresh herring, and the mackerel are regarded only as a nuisance by the fisherman. The other night I saw hundredweight after hundredweight cast into the sea by men without

knowledge as to where mackerel could be disposed of at profit, says a writer in the London Chronicle. The Scottish demand for mackerel is faint, and it seems that there are difficulties in the way of transportation to far-off markets, mackerel being a fish that perishes very soon after being taken from the water.

Which They Got.

"I understand the Twobbles were greatly benefited by Mrs. Twobble's visit to the seashore."

"I can see how Mrs. Twobble might be benefited, but how about the other members of the family who stayed at home?"

"Oh, all they needed was a rest."

JEWELERS GIVEN JOLT BY SLEUTH

Convention Is Thrilled by Clever Stunt Pulled by Famous Detective.

FRISKS SILVER WATCH

Lifts Timepiece From President's Pocket Right Before His Very Eyes—is Found on Another Official.

The great detective had just concluded his stirring speech. "Thieves had best have a care," he had said, "for the jewelers are now protected against them quite as fully as are the bankers."

Applause filled the room in the Grand Central palace, where the members of the American National Retail Jewelers' association had assembled for their annual meeting.

"We now have just time"—began President Tinley L. Combs of Omaha, Neb., but he went no further. In place of the watch he had started to consult was a void—an aching void, if one might judge from the expression on Mr. Combs' face. The watch was gone.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "if this is a joke, one might say it was a timely one. My watch is gone. A great detective is here. Perhaps he can put into actual operation some of the things he has just been telling us."

Detective on the Job.

A breathless silence filled the great room. All eyes were upon the detective.

Quite unabashed by the attention he was receiving, he hastily rose from his chair. "Let the doors be closed," he shouted. "Time flies, but not so this timer."

"The watch is somewhere in this room. I will personally search everyone present. If there is anyone who



Just Like That—So Easy.

objects he may bring the watch to me and the matter will be considered a closed incident."

No one stirred. "Very well, then, I'll proceed with the searching."

From the very first pocket into which he thrust his trained fingers came forth a watch.

"Ah, here is a watch," said the detective, exultantly. "I scarce expected to meet with success quite as soon. Here is a watch for you, Mr. Combs," he said, and promptly sat down.

"Thanks," said Mr. Combs, "mine was only silver, but this gold one will do."

Finds the Watch.

Had the situation been less serious the laugh that followed might have been more hearty. Hastily the watch was returned to its rightful owner. Then the detective continued his search.

A moment later a very guilty looking silver watch was extracted from the waistcoat pocket of one of the members of the executive committee.

"This is your property, is it not, Mr. Combs?" demanded the detective. It was.

"I knew it," said William J. Burns, the detective. "You see, I put it there myself. I thought it would be a good stunt."

Then the meeting proceeded.

LETS LAWYERS BATTLE ON

Judge Adjourns Court While Attorneys Fight, Then Resumes Hearing of the Case.

Hammond, Ind.—A garnishee case resolved itself into a flinty encounter in Judge Reiland's court at Indiana Harbor recently, when L. W. Saric and Marcus Herschovitz, lawyers, passed the lie.

The court refused to call time. In fact, Judge Reiland adjourned court to give the belligerents all the time they wanted. They took ten minutes and then an armistice was declared and Judge Reiland went on with the trial on the case.

Saric looked as though he had fought with a bearcat.