

GRATITUDE

By MOLLIE MATHER

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It was a baby, nestling under lace covers, that gave Barbara the idea—though it was more than an idea to the lonely young woman, for it became her constant longing. Barbara Walcott had so long known only the care of others that sacrifice was a part of her life, so when the last invalid, an aunt, passed on to her rest leaving Barbara quite alone with a simple legacy to barely cover her needs—well, the kindly young woman began to look about for another needy charge. The baby in its lacy nest typified a heretofore unknown need of her own.

"Why not," she asked herself, her soft cheeks glowing, "why not adopt a baby and have something to love and something to love me?" The thought grew to fill Barbara's dreams. With the assistance of a friend Barbara was able to find the little one of her desire. The baby's mother had died at its birth—the father just before. Barbara made arrangements for adoption, which had been the sad mother's wish. She named it Sylvia.

"Sylvia sounds so prettily romantic," she told the friend.

"I hope that my little girl will know in life all those beautiful things which I have been obliged to forego."

But all too promptly had Barbara put girlish dreams aside. Just as Sylvia was learning to lisp the name 'Bab,' which was the nearest baby lips could get to Barbara, along came Barbara's delayed lover. Paul Strong possessed qualities which made him worthy to be Barbara's mate, but in the friendship which followed his falling became unpleasantly evident—Paul was unreasonably, persistently jealous and as the only occasion for jealousy must come through baby Sylvia, Paul was jealous of Sylvia.

An imperious small ruler was Paul Strong's rival. And Barbara's tender heart was torn, her will hovering, for she had learned to love Paul, and he would accept only undivided homage.

"Surely," she begged her lover, "you would not ask me to give Sylvia up? Why, dear, she loves me as she would have loved a mother of her own."

"You are not that mother," Paul answered sharply, "and in a very short time another could take your place in the child's affections."

A pang crossed Barbara's heart. Yet she knew that this little clinging thing needed her guiding care, no other must substitute. This, her charge, so grieving deeply, she sent Paul away. The years went on. In her carefree girlhood Sylvia flaunted more and more her happy rule.

"Babs will do anything in the world for me," she lovingly boasted. Sylvia had grown very lovely—Barbara had grown paler, thinner. Then Paul Strong came back. Sylvia was the first to see him as he came down the village street.

"Sweetie," she addressed her foster-mother, "I saw a most distinguished man turning in to the old Strong place today. My, here he comes now."

Barbara looked to see her old lover. Then, trembling a little, Barbara went to open the door to him. She fancied a flash of disappointment in his eyes as he looked at her. Her own heart was singing. "He has come back—some back."

During the following weeks Paul was a constant visitor at Barbara's little house.

"You still love Sylvia better than me?" Paul asked Barbara, but now his tone was merely humorous.

"Eighteen years has not made me love her less," Barbara answered quietly. Paul and Sylvia, walking one evening in the moonlight, stopped to rest on the porch steps. Barbara, seated just inside the open window, knew what was coming, and she told herself that she could not blame Paul. Sylvia had grown into such a lovely creature, Sylvia, sweet and desirable, who counted admirers by the score.

"How could one help but love you, Paul dear?" said Sylvia, on the moonlit porch. The man's response came sadly:

"I am old, child, old in years, with an unruly heart still young to love." Slowly Barbara went up to her child's room. She would wait to give Sylvia her good-night kiss—and Sylvia must never know.

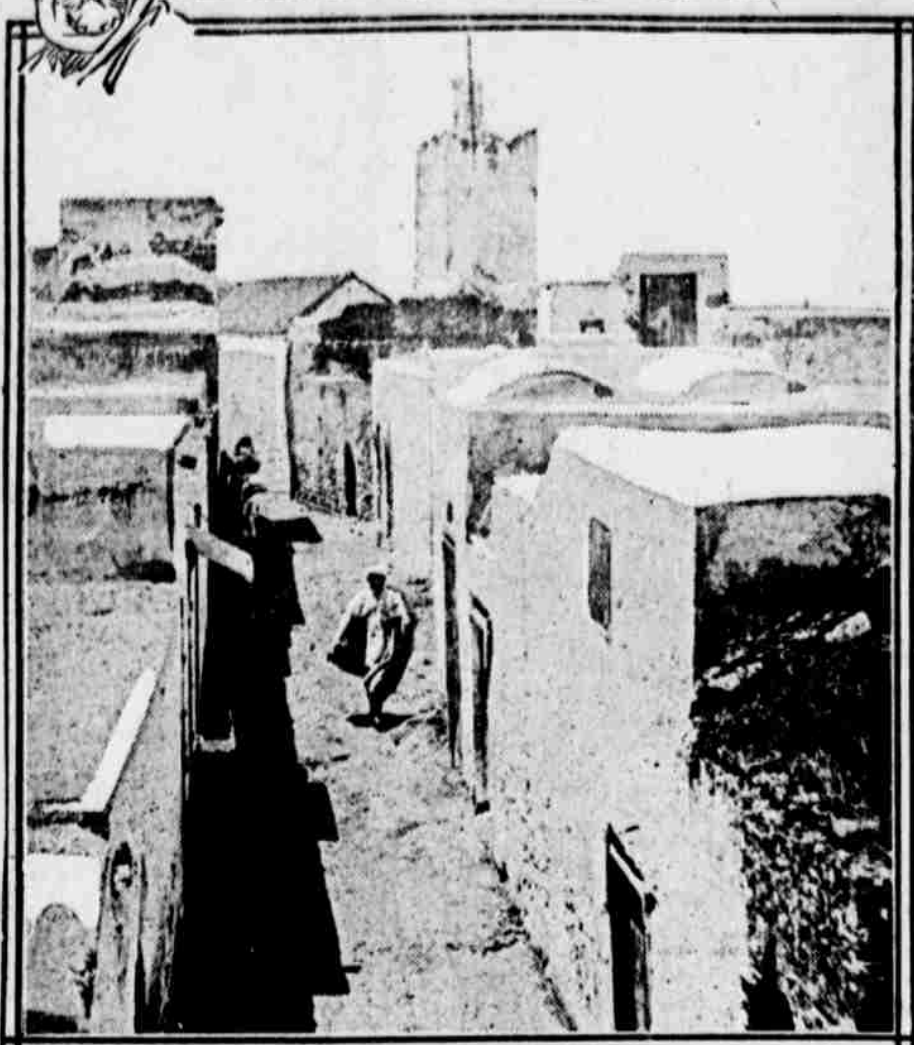
Coming gayly, Sylvia switched Barbara around to face the light.

"I thought so," she triumphed, "you do care for the delightful Paul after all. And I had to deliberately make you jealous in order to be sure. Go down and tell him so, sacrificing person, and make him happy after all these years. Oh, Paul has told me of his undying love for you—I refuse to be a cruel barrier any longer. And any way," added Sylvia, smilingly, "I may be married myself one of these days."

Intelligent Mistletoe.

One of the most curious illustrations of the working of intelligence in plants is offered by the mistletoe, whose sticky berry, finding lodgment on a tree branch, throws out a tiny rootlet, which tries to pierce the bark and thus obtain a foothold. If the bark is too tough, the rootlet swings the berry over to a fresh spot, and makes another trial. In this way such a berry has been known to make five jumps in two nights and three days. On one occasion a number of them were discovered by a botanist in the act of vainly journeying along a telegraph wire, trying to find places to grow.

Modern Morocco



Street in a Moorish Town

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

There is something to be learned from the recent "swing around the circle" by the President of France through Morocco. It includes visits to Mohammedan holy places near which, a few years ago, "Christian infidels" were not permitted. Smiles of welcome met this French party where formerly all Europeans received scowls or worse. It seems that the history of Algeria is being repeated and that French economic penetration is proving a success in this anomalous country, whose Arabic name means "the extreme West," but which has harbored more tenaciously than Egypt or Mesopotamia the favor of the East.

Until a decade ago Morocco scorned western civilization and had succeeded in keeping itself at least a millennium and a half behind the times. Moslem fanaticism ran riot. Jews and Christians were treated with a mixture of contempt, suspicion and hostility. Because, as a result of pressure by the European powers, Christians were permitted to own land in Tangier, Moroccan referred to it as a "dog town," and one Moslem map-maker insisted on leaving it off the map of Morocco. Relatively few Europeans lived in the country outside of Tangier and a few other coast cities; and in some of the towns considered holy, it was as much as a non-Moslem foreigner's life was worth to appear.

The Morocco of today is something of a mixture governmentally. Theoretically it is all under the control of the sultan of Morocco. As a matter of fact, however, the country is divided into three parts—still nominally under the sultan. Along the Mediterranean and extending inland for 50 to 100 miles is the narrow zone recognized to be under Spanish influence. A caliph appointed by the sultan is supposed to be in control of this zone, assisted by Spanish officials. The city of Tangier, on the northwestern point of Africa, and a small surrounding district, constitute a special zone in which an international commission assists Moroccan officials. The main portion of Morocco—something like nineteen-twentieths—is under a French protectorate which has existed since 1912.

Has Many Capitals.

Morocco is a land of many capitals. The sultan has palaces in Fez, Tadmert, Marrakesh (Morocco City) and Rabat, and resides in each from time to time. For some years Tangier was the diplomatic capital where all foreign envoys were resident and where a representative of the sultan also resided. Life and property were too insecure in the interior for foreign envoys to feel safe in the city in which the sultan happened to be living. This situation has changed since the French protectorate was established and the resident general now resides in the city of the sultan, having residences as well in the other capitals.

From the sea, Tangier is the Arab city of North Africa par excellence, for the ugly dashes of yellow, green and red, with which scattered modern constructions have marred the otherwise glistening whiteness of the native city, are not distinguishable until the steamer lies close in. Being a city of "infidels," it has been visited only on the rarest occasions by the sultan.

The traveler from Europe will be struck at once by the total lack of the well-known rumble of city streets, for though the uneven thoroughfares are in most parts paved with cobblestones, wheeled vehicles are practically unknown, not only in Tangier, but throughout the empire. The streets are nevertheless crowded with other means of transport. So narrow are some of them that at the oft-repeated "Balak!" "Look out!" one must again and again spring into some doorway

in order to let donkeys, mules and horses, with their spreading burdens, pass by.

Cameis have to be unloaded on the "soko," or market-place, outside the walls. Things too heavy to be carried by a single animal must be transported by men, and it is no unusual sight to see great stones five and six feet long slung on poles and borne by a dozen or more half-naked Arabs.

In these narrow streets the little box-like shops, waist high, give the proper oriental setting to the whole. In them we see the owner reclining and sedately reading, seemingly oblivious to the stirring scenes around him, until he is "disturbed" by a purchaser for his goods, all of which are within arm's reach.

Fez Once a Paradise.

Inland Fez is, of course, different from Tangier. The golden days of Fez began in the Ninth century and continued till about the Thirteenth. It was then celebrated as a paradise. Around the city were splendid gardens of rarest fruits. The soil, watered by a thousand streams, was of extraordinary fertility. Its numerous schools and libraries and its famous university attracted students even from Europe. The climate, its fruits and flowers, its fountains and wells, its verdure and beauty, caused the city to enjoy a reputation unique in Islam. Its glories have departed, but it still boasts of one of the most sacred mosques of the Mohammedan world, that of Mulal Adress, "the Younger," the founder of the kingdom.

The sights of Fez are its teeming streets, bazars and markets. Weeks can be spent in this interesting city, and yet new and strange scenes be met with at almost any moment. Snake-charmers, medicine-men, storytellers, with their gaping crowds, artisans and tradesmen of every description, costumes from the four quarters of Morocco and beyond interest the traveler at every turn. But all is not poetry in Fez. Revolting are the horrible diseases to be seen on every hand.

The residence portion of the city is strikingly unattractive. One can scarcely believe that he is being taken to call on one of the wealthiest Moors of the city, when he steps in a narrow street, barely five feet wide, inclosed by high, prison-like windowless walls. These walls are the houses themselves. A massive, iron-studded door will be opened, and in semi-darkness one will be conducted along a tortuous, dingy passage, through several doors, to suddenly emerge into one of those inner courts which are the masterpieces of oriental architecture, with its mosaics, tiles, fountains, colonnades or light Saracenic arches supporting a second gallery above, all covered with a profusion of colored and gilded arabesques and pendants.

Almost rivaling these inner courts in popularity, especially with the women, the flat roofs of the houses must be mentioned. Here during certain hours the men are never expected to appear, for they are then sacred to the women of the families, who resort to them unvelled to enjoy the cooling breezes from the Atlas mountains.

The city of Mekinez might be called the monument of Mouley Ismael, the great contemporary of Louis XIV, who even dared sue for the hand of a daughter of the great French king. His mania for building is everywhere in evidence. For miles along the road leading to the quarries to the north great blocks of stone can still be seen lying, just as they fell from the hands of the slaves when they heard that their tyrant sovereign was dead. But a melancholy interest is attached to these great buildings, for it must be remembered that hundreds of Christian slaves toiled and died on these gloomy walls.

JEALOUS OF EVA

By MILDRED WHITE

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I could see that Billy Newman was taken with Dora, as all Prescott boys were. She had come among us, with Miss Theodora Danvers, properly engraved on her visiting cards, and stopped with Mrs. Evans which alone, was a recommendation. Yet, no woman in our crowd seemed to take to Dora Danvers. Some went so far as to warn their sons against her, as a blighter. But our Prescott mothers are not to be relied on where their wonderful sons are concerned. Which sounds bitter, coming from a young woman—and is.

Ted Lorimer and I would have been married long ago, if his mother did not regularly take an attack of dependent invalidism, the moment the suggestion is made, of leaving her despotically. But this is not my story; the illustration prepares you for the rest.

Billy Newman's mother has determined that if the worst must come—in the possibility of his marriage, it shall be to Eva Vaughn, whose father made a fortune in oil.

So when Billy longs for feminine society, Mrs. Newman gives him Eva. The two did appear to be getting along chummily together, when Dora flashed on the scene.

When Billy began to neglect Eva and spend his evenings where Dora was, his mother reminded him of Dick and his disappointment.

"A girl like that is neither dependable or honest," she said, "when she deceives in one way, she will in another. A man wants a trustworthy wife, if he is to have peace or comfort in married life."

I repeated the sentiment to Dora, not betraying Mrs. Newman, of course, but putting it as my own. Dora turned to me with a pretty puzzled air.

"But, Sallie dear," she said, "how is one to know a man loves until he tells one so? Shall I, for instance go around fearfully expecting every pleasant male to be overcome with my charms? Now, wouldn't," laughed Dora, "that be silly?"

Eva is awfully sweet and clever. Her cleverness takes Mrs. Newman, combined with her manner of deferential humility.

Of late, Eva has constantly been exhibiting new skill. Billy, through his mother, appeared to value these accomplishments. And, really, I began to grow anxious—fearing that for the first time in her life, my favorite Dora was seriously and hopelessly interested in a man.

Eva exhibited a new hat which added greatly to her attraction. It was just the sort of hat she should always have worn, but did not. Mrs. Newman explained that Eva had made the hat herself, out of a mere scrap of straw and silk, just to show individuality.

Dora, standing near at the time, looked coldly at the hat, I thought, and spoke no word of praise. It was the first thing about Dora that I did not like. Petty jealousy in woman is my abhorrence.

When I am jealous its the downright kind—with reason. And so I thought—which made me hate myself that perhaps Billie's mother was a better judge of character than I—perhaps Dora Danvers was all for conquest—brooking no praise of another.

About this time our reading club offered a prize for the cleverest review of the year's work. We had most of us been college students together, which made it interesting, and brought back the old exciting debates. Dora had not been with us a year, so of course she could not enter the contest.

Here I expected Eva's cleverness to be dimmed—at school she had been anything but a bright and shining light—I was wrong. Again, Eva shone triumphantly. Beside her witty brilliance my labored effort was like a child's crude essay.

The audience invited to Mrs. Evans' home for the reading, applauded. And Mrs. Newman basked in Eva's triumph as though the engagement she desired were already a settled thing. When we crowded up to congratulate Eva, Dora came with strange reluctance. In her eyes I fancied a disdainful expression—I regarded her in pained disapproval.

"Why can't you be big?" my disappointed self was saying. "Oh, Dora, why can't you be fair?" But of course, I didn't speak. Billie's eyes on her wonderfully, seemed to say the same thing.

"Wasn't that a clever review?" Mrs. Newman asked.

Dora turned aside. "You think so?" she answered doubtfully.

Mrs. Evans, Juliet, who was placing a luncheon cloth on a table near us, looked up with a grin, as Dora moved away.

"Missie Dora can't praise 'bout what she done herself," said Juliet. "And Missie Dora writ that there piece for dat Eva. I was fixin' Missie Dora's room, when Miss Eva she called, an' ask her to do it. 'An' don't you say nothin' 'bout you doin' it,' laughs Eva. 'Course I won't,' says Missie Dora carelessly—like when she give Miss Eva the hat she was trimmin' to wear herself. 'Ef you like it so much,' says Missie Dora, 'take the hat. I kin' make another.' I watched the colored maid out of sight.

"Juliet always speaks the truth," I told Billie. He smiled. "So does my heart," he said.

STRANDED

By HAZEL V. PARIS

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"Tickets, please."

Dorothy Martin roused herself from her book sufficiently to put her hand into her coat pocket. But—her purse wasn't there! She reached into the pocket on the other side. Then she looked up at the conductor in dismay, a grim, sour-looking old man who looked as if he would make allowances for no one.

"But I'm sure my purse was in my pocket when I boarded the train. It must be here."

While he waited she searched frantically on the seat, under the seat, in her traveling bag, in her hat box. Then, flushed and breathless, she looked up. "I'm sorry—I can give you a check. And here's my personal card."

"Sorry. We don't take no checks, miss."

"What can I do?"

"You'll have to get off at the next stop—St. Michael—a hundred miles further on. And I'll have to ask you to go into the coach."

It was a flushed and indignant young woman who gathered up her baggage and followed the conductor into the hot, stuffy coach.

About midday she found herself on the station platform, her patent leather luggage beside her.

"Porter, miss?"

But she had no money with which to pay for such a luxury, so, much to his disgust, she struggled into the ticket office, up to the window, and asked for a telegraph blank.

"Lost purse. Telegraph one hundred to me at St. Michael, Dorothy."

"Yes, it can go collect. Wait a minute."

To the astonishment of the waiting clerk, she tore the telegram into small pieces. "I've changed my mind." And she strode across the room to the lunch counter.

"Is that job filled?" pointing eagerly to a sign, "Waitress Wanted," before the cashier's window.

The woman looked up, took in at a single glance every detail in the appearance of the slim, aristocratic-looking girl standing before her. "No'm, it ain't."

"I want it."

"Joe, Joe," called the woman in a high, nasal voice. "This gal wants yer job. She don't look like much, but maybe she'll be better'n nothing."

Before Dorothy was aware of what had happened, she was behind the counter, serving the hungry hordes who had ridden with her to St. Michael and who were clamoring deafeningly for eggs, sandwiches, custard pie and coffee as if they hadn't consumed basketsful of food in the preceding three hours.

St. Michael was an ugly, sprawling settlement of about twenty frame houses—dirty, weather-beaten, desolate.

One week rolled by, two. In two more weeks Dorothy would have saved enough to get home.

She had just lifted a huge, steaming kettle of soup to the table in her corner of the counter when the Burlington train roared in. Hardly had its brakes brought it to a standstill when a throng of men burst through the doors. The women and children always straggled in and tried to push through the men three-deep at the counter. As she reached for a cup, a familiar voice rang out, "Dorothy." A tall young man was pushing toward the counter.

"I think you are mistaken, sir."

"Dorothy!"

"Move on there, young fellow. You can't be annoying my girls. Move on."

"But—"

"Move on, didn't I tell you?" It was Joe, and he was advancing threateningly upon the young man.

"No, Dick—then her voice broke. "No, no, Joe; he knows me; it's all right. I'm to blame."

Before she knew how it all happened Dorothy was in Dick's arms, sobbing fitfully.

"But why did you do it, dear? Haven't you seen the papers? We've been nearly frantic."

"I almost telegraphed dad. I was prepared for even his 'I told you so.' And then I saw the sign, 'Waitress Wanted,' and I thought it would be a lark to earn my own way home. It's been hard, Dickie, but—"

The limited carried an extra passenger when it left St. Michael. The Pullman folk were rather curious and amused at the solicitude with which an aristocratic-looking young man peeled eggs and unwrapped sandwiches for an equally aristocratic-looking but ravenously hungry young woman.

Purely Educational.

"Do you find much relaxation in golf?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Dubwalte.

"Then why do you play?"

"I've got to acquire a golf vocabulary to be able to hold up my end of a conversation."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Economical Rule.

The pessimist—it's a cruel world. The more houses built, the greater is the demand for building material and the higher price, which in turn makes for higher rents.

His friend—Yes, but—

"On the other hand, the fewer houses built, the greater is the demand for houses and the higher the rents."—Answers.

WINTER WHEAT UP TO THREE YEAR AVERAGE

Winter wheat compares favorably with the past three years average. Spring wheat and barley averages are increased heavily and the condition is very good. The acreage of oats is decreased slightly and the condition below the average. The condition of hay is below the average. All fruit crops are very promising. This is the summary of the monthly crop report released today by A. E. Anderson, federal statistician and Leo Stuhr, secretary, Nebraska Department of Agriculture.

The condition of winter wheat is 79% as compared to 82% last month and 75% a year ago this date. The present condition forecasts a crop of 54,984,000 bu. as compared to the final estimate of 57,559,000 bu. last year. The average of the past three years is 56,862,000 bu. The present crop grew under adverse moisture conditions until the latter part of May. This resulted not only in a large abandonment, but also thin stands in considerable of the crop that was left for harvest. The heads are of average size and the straw has attained good length since the rains in May. Many fields appear better than they really are when one examines the stands carefully.

Spring wheat acreage shows an increase of 40% due largely to seeding the crop in abandoned winter wheat fields in west central Nebraska and some in central and southwest sections. The preliminary estimate is 287,000 acres compared to 205,000 acres last year. The high condition of 84% indicates a crop of 3,375,000 bu. The forecast of all wheat is 58,359,000 bu. as compared to 59,875,000 bu. last year.

The preliminary estimate of acreage of oats is 2,507,000 acres as compared to 2,588,000 acres last year. The present condition of 84% forecasts a crop of 70,547,000 bu. compared to 70,054,000 bu. last year. The crop was planted later than usual and slightly injured by dry weather and the chances for a good crop are reduced accordingly.

The acreage of barley was increased 35% due to extensive planting upon abandoned winter wheat fields in central and western Nebraska. The preliminary estimate is 269,000 acres compared to 199,000 acres last year. The present high condition of 90% indicates a crop of 6,410,000 bu. compared to 4,915,000 bu. last year.

Rye has improved some since the rains of May but can not recover fully from the previous damage. The condition of 33% forecasts 1,938,000 bu. Last year's crop was 1,714,000 bu.

All hay condition is 88% compared to 89% last year. The lack of moisture checked the growth of wild hay and also tame hay, particularly in north central and northeastern counties. Alfalfa yields vary but are about the average.

All fruit crops are very promising. The condition of apples is 90% pears, 89%, blackberries and raspberries 91% and peaches 98%. The set of fruit part of the trees is extra heavy.

The number of bearing fruit trees has been reduced very heavily during the past decade. In 1920 there were 1,469,998 bearing fruit trees as compared to 5,061,984 trees in 1910. Fungous diseases, insects, drought, severe winters and lack of care are responsible for heavy losses. A comparison of the present number of fruit trees with the number 10 years ago is as follows: apples, 32%; peaches, 80%; pears, 61%; plums, 24%; cherries, 58%; grape vines, 35%; acreage of all small fruits 81%.

The condition of sugar beets is 88% High winds did some damage to the crop. The acreage is less than it was last year. The condition of minor crops are as follows: cabbages, 90; onions, 91; beans, 95; watermelons, 90; muskmelons and cantaloupes, 88%.

Estimates of important crops for the United States are as follows: Winter wheat, 607,333,000 bu. and 587,032,000 bu. last year. Spring wheat, 18,639,000 acres and 247,175,000 bu. as compared to 19,706,000 acres and 207,861,000 bu. last year. Oats, 41,822,000 acres and 1,304,664,000 bu. as compared to 44,826,000 acres and 1,060,787,000 bu. last year. Barley, 7,550,000 acres and 191,246,000 bu. as compared to 7,240,000 acres and 151,181,000 bu. last year. Rye, 80,815,000 bu. and 57,918,000 bu. a year ago. All hay, 106,099,000 tons and 96,802,000 tons last year. Apples, 179,810,000 bu. and 98,097,000 bu. a year ago.

Best Thing Must Be Paid For. A precious thing is all the more precious if it has been won by toil and economy.—Ruskin.

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