

That Interview

By Donald Allen

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Miss Josie Morris was on a visit to her college chum and best friend, Florence Gray. Miss Josie had arrived at the dignified age of twenty, but was still referred to by her acquaintances as "that mischievous minx." On the contrary, Miss Florence, who was a year younger, had dignity enough for a woman of forty, and was not to be compared to a minx, a fox, a wolf or any other animal.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been called away from their home for a stay of four or five days. They did not doubt that Florence could manage things during their absence, but they did not take that little "minx" into consideration.

Something was wrong with the auto, and it was not to be taken out of the garage until the father returned. He hadn't left the house an hour before Miss Josie was planning to have it out. She pestered and protested and coaxed, and when the gardener had finally looked the machine over and said he guessed it was all right if not speeded up, Miss Florence reluctantly permitted herself to be coerced.

Off they started one afternoon, with the gardener at the wheel, and at the end of a mile they left the highway, dodged a telegraph pole, tore through a stone wall and brought up in a blackberry patch. No one was killed—no one badly injured. They were just shaken up; and the auto was just smashed.

The accident was heard of, and the city editor of the Eagle assigned a reporter to secure the details in an interview. The gardener, who had just had his scalp wound dressed, said that the thingumbob had suddenly got away from the thingumjig.



"I AM DEAF AND DUMB. YOU MUST WRITE OUT YOUR QUESTIONS."

and that the first thing he knew he didn't know anything, except that the boss would surely give him the bounce when he returned.

This was not enough for the Eagle. It wanted thrills and sensations, and the gardener was sent into the house to see if they could be had. A personal interview was requested with Miss Florence Gray. She promptly replied in the negative, but just as promptly "that little minx" came to the front with:

"Oh, it will be delightful! All my life I have longed to be interviewed for a newspaper, but it has never come about."

"But father will be angry."

"Then, you needn't interview. I'll attend to it."

"But you'll make a great long story of it."

"Of course I will; and, oh, Florence, we can have some fun out of it at the same time. We can make it the greatest interview of the twentieth century!"

"What do you mean?" her friend asked.

"You needn't come in the room at all. I'll tie a bandage around my head and another around one of my ankles, and I'll pretend to be deaf and dumb. Get me a pencil and some paper. It will be barrels of fun."

"But—but—"

But she had her way about it. The reporter was shown into the parlor to find one of the victims of the accident nesting in a big easy chair, and he proceeded to say:

"I am from the Eagle, and I shall be much obliged for your story of the accident. Were you speeding?"

Miss Josie fetched a groan and wrote on a slip of paper:

"I am deaf and dumb. You must write out your questions."

"By George, but this is rather interesting!" exclaimed the reporter. "Deaf and dumb, and a staving looking girl at that! Too blamed bad. First and only interview with a deaf and dumb girl."

And he wrote out the question he had asked before, and she wrote in answer:

"No, we were not speeding. We were just passing a swamp, and I think a bullfrog came out and attacked one of the front wheels. I felt the machine give an awful shudder, just as a strong man does when he is shot and death comes to him."

"So," murmured the reporter. "It'll make good copy, though. That will come under the head of 'A New Danger to Autoists—Beware the Bullfrog.'"

Then he wrote and asked her what she thought as the auto left the highway and she realized that a smash-up was imminent, and she replied:

"I thought of some popcorn I once bought at Coney Island. It was the best ever. I wish I could find some more like it."

"Here's ingenuousness for you," said the reporter. "She must be all of nineteen or twenty, and yet she has the mind of a girl of ten. That will go under the sub-head of: 'Death Staring Her in the Face, and Yet She Thinks of Coney Island Popcorn!'"

Then he wrote and asked her if she could remember her sensations as the machine was plowing its way through the stone wall, and she answered:

"Most vividly. I thought I was in my room and turning handspins over the bed and cartwheels around it. I had just turned a back somersault and kicked a globe off the chandelier when the auto stopped."

"By George, but she may be a circus or a vaudeville girl!" exclaimed the reporter. "No, she can't be. Her father is a church deacon and in the lumber business. Never heard of a girl turning cartwheels in her own room before. I'll make a daisy thing of this interview."

Then he asked her if at any time during the awful danger she felt the sensation of fear.

"Not at all," was the reply. "On the contrary, there was such a feeling of contentment that I cannot describe it. I seemed to be floating in the air on angels' wings. I could look down on earth and see an old woman frying eggs and bacon, and oh, how I longed for them; I tried to fly down for dinner, but I kept flying higher instead."

"By George! By George!" softly exclaimed the newspaper man. "I'll run that in under the subhead of: 'Bacon and Eggs and Grim Death.'"

Then he asked if she thrilled when the auto at length brought up in the blackberry bushes.

"I felt seven successive thrills pass over me," she replied, "and then I found myself picking blackberries to carry home for a pie. I was cut and bruised and shaken, but I did not feel it. I was languid. I was placid. I was content. If death had come it would have been painless. I think they ought to kill our murderers that way instead of by electricity. That's all."

The Eagle man went away with the "scoop" of his life, and "that little minx" tumbled down on the floor and laughed until she had to be threatened with life imprisonment. The Eagle was watched for next morning, but not a line of that interview could be discovered. It was so the next day, and then the young man called. He was met by the conscious-stricken Josie, who blushing began to stammer excuses, but was interrupted with:

"Will you please tell the deaf and dumb young lady that I would like to speak to her for a moment?"

"But I am she."

"Yes, I think you are, come to look at you closely."

"And—and you wanted to say?"

"I wanted to say that there were no thrills in that interview the other day until the last. I am going to put them into this at the very start. Where can I find your father?"

"In the city, but—but—"

"No, you don't understand, but I'll explain. I am going to him to ask for the hand of his deaf and dumb daughter, and tell him that I'll provide an asylum for her for the rest of her life."

"Sh!"

"And then I'm going to woo you until you consent to be my wife. No use talking. Just be deaf and dumb about it. I lost the scoop, but I am going to gain you."

Bringing Out India's Wealth.

India's secreted wealth is venturing into the open. A short time ago a financial adviser in northern India made the suggestion that all existing railway lines be converted into companies for the purpose of "unearthing India's hoarded millions," the reason for the unwillingness of the natives to invest their money being, in his opinion, their lack of a ready means of selling out in time of need. But it is the Co-operative Credit Societies that have enticed the savings from their hiding places. The lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, in his review of the working of these societies in his province during the last year, states that bags of rupees crusted with mould have been deposited in the banks which have been established in connection with these societies. Another observer believes that the restoration of these mould-crusted rupees into circulation shows that the co-operative movement is beginning to tap the hoarded wealth of the province, and he looks upon it already as "one means of securing the erection of elevators in the great wheat exporting tract." Thus begins the snapping of another of the few remaining outward ties between, this age and those that now live chiefly in books.

Maine Out-of-Doors Sleepers.

Sleeping out of doors is a prevailing habit among Skowhegan people. About 50 people, winter and summer, sleep in the open, some having only a piazza to sleep under and others are building sleeping porches. This habit is not among sick people entirely, but people who are apparently well.—Portland Press.

THE AIRY GIRAFFE.



Said a port little dog to a tall giraffe, "It isn't that any one cares, But you look so stuck up that the neighbors laugh And say you are putting on airs."

The giraffe was annoyed, as you could plainly see, And sniffed as he made reply: "If you had a nice long neck like me, You would do the same as I."

PRINCESS MARY NOW TYPIST

King George's Only Daughter Learns How to Operate Typewriter—To Learn Stenography.

Princess Mary, King George's only daughter, has recently learned to use a typewriter.

There are two women typists attached to the secretarial staff of Marlborough House, which is the king's residence, one of whom, at the princess' request, taught her how to operate the machine. The princess proved an apt pupil and devoted herself so assiduously to the work that after a few weeks of instruction and practise she was able to work a typewriter at a fair rate of speed.

During the reigning family's recreation at Balmoral, Scotland, her royal highness will assist in typing some of her father's more private correspondence.

The princess intends to learn stenography also and is keenly looking forward to helping her mother, Queen Mary, regularly with her correspondence when the royal family is settled in Buckingham palace.

This princess was the first royal personage to open an account in the postoffice savings bank, which she did three years ago on her tenth birthday.

VISITING.

"My little girl, I hope you tried Your very best to be, Quite ladylike and well-behaved, When you were out to tea?"

"And that you said: 'Yes, if you please,' When things were offered you; Or 'No, I thank you,' quietly, Just as I told you to?"

"Yes, mamma, dear, I smiled and said: 'Yes, thank you,' so polite; And 'If you please,' and sat up straight And always acted right."

"I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' though, Because, mamma, you see, I wanted all they helped me to When I went out to tea."

TELLING AGES OF ANIMALS

Not Yet Possible to Determine Age at Which Many Sea and Land Creatures Die.

Some sea creatures and a few land creatures live so long that it has not yet been possible for man to determine the age at which it is natural for them to die. It is stated, for instance, that in 1497, in a European lake, a pike was caught which could not have been less than 270 years old. There was a brass ring in the fish's lower jaw, and on the ring an inscription showing that the ring was placed there in the year 1230—267 years previously. Again, if the bone plates in a whale's mouth, which are said to increase regularly each year, are an indication of the creature's age, as is believed, the 400 years is not an unusual lifetime for a whale. Even the common ring trout lives from 30 to 50 years.

The natives of India believe that elephants live to be 300 years old. One was kept in captivity 150 years, and the age of the animal at the time of his capture was not known. Camels normally die between the ages of 40 and 50, horses from 20 to 30, oxen at 20, sheep at 8 or 9 and dogs at 12 or 14. Swans 100 years old and ravens older have been known, while pheasants and ordinary chickens live 12 or 15 years—provided they do not find their way to the frying pan many seasons earlier.

Pillow Climbing.

In the middle of the floor, some little distance apart, place sofa cushions, stools, umbrella stands, large vases, etc. From among the company choose some one who has never been "hoaxed" and ask him to first walk over the course around and between these articles, so as to fix in his mind their situation and distance apart. He is then blindfolded and told to find his way carefully among them again so as not to touch anything.

Very gingerly he will do so, and when triumphant over his success the bandage is taken from his eyes, to his surprise, not an article remains on the floor. All were quickly and quietly removed while he was being blindfolded.

His cautious movements and tacking here and there to avoid the obstacles that are not there, make fun for the onlookers.

Temperance

WHISKY NO GOOD FOR COLDS

Persons Partaking of Alcohol Are More Likely to Suffer From Exposure Than Others.

At this season of the year the advice is freely given, "take a little brandy or whisky to keep out the cold or drive away a chill." To all such we commend the teachings of Dr. Norman Kerr, than whom on this subject there is no higher authority.

When he was asked if brandy or whisky was good to ward off a threatening cold or drive away a chill?

"No," replied Doctor Kerr. "On the contrary, it is an entire fallacy to suppose that brandy or alcohol, in any shape or form, either warms the system or keeps off cold. As a matter of fact, alcohol, after a very temporary rise of temperature, extending over a few minutes only, lowers the vital temperature, in consequence of which the drinker is actually robbed of heat instead of acquiring an additional supply. Persons partaking alcohol are more likely to suffer from cold or exposure to it than those who abstain from it. It is for this reason that in climates such as Lower Canada the soldiers on guard are instructed never to take alcohol when about to go on duty. I have known several deaths arising from disobedience to this rule."

"Brandy, then," said his friend, "is practically useless."

"Certainly," replied the doctor: "Brandy does not warm the system, as so many suppose; it merely warms the skin, and has a paralyzing action on the nerves which control the blood supply. This accounts for the flush which one sees on the face of a person who has just taken a glass of spirits. Brandy, in short, causes a relaxation of the blood vessels, and is responsible for the flush on the skin. Intelligent voyagers never now take alcohol with them, unless it be in minute quantities in their medicine chests. I have been in the arctic regions myself, and I know very well that brandy cannot only be dispensed with, but that one is decidedly better without it. An immense number of people, whenever they feel a chill, resort to alcohol, on the mistaken assumption that it warms the body; it is a pity they do not know that it has an absolutely contrary effect."

On being asked what he would recommend in cases of cold, he said:

"There is nothing better than simple hot water and getting under the blankets. The water can, of course, be flavored with lemon or orange, according to taste. A good drink of hot water has all the beneficial effects of brandy and none of its accompanying risks. If the feet can be put into hot water at the same time, so much the better. Spirits generally are worse than useless in cases of illness. An enormous number of people have taken rum under the impression that it keeps the influenza at a distance. As a fact, however, rum invites the influenza, from the depressing effects of alcohol on the nervous system. A nervous system depressed through the agency of alcohol is much more likely to take on any form of epidemic than one not similarly affected, inasmuch as the vitality is lowered."

Intoxicants on Board Steamers.

The consumption of intoxicants on board of the large ocean steamers plying between New York and European ports reaches a large aggregate. The New York Sun gives from the steward's department of the Cunard fleet for a year the following figures of the quantities of wines and liquors used: "Eight thousand and thirty quarts and 17,613 pints of champagne, 13,941 quarts and 7,310 pints of claret, 9,200 quarts of other wines, 489,344 pints of ale and porter, 174,921 quarts of mineral waters, and 34,000 quarts of spirituous liquors." Of this enormous liquor consumption on shipboard, it is undoubtedly true that by far the larger portion is by European voyagers, but it is also true that many Americans, a great many too many, drink a full share of these wines and liquors. A total abstinence mission is nowhere more needed than among those who, as well-to-do passengers, go down to the sea in ships.

Pest Without Drink.

The Medical Brief says: "Without doubt men who drink no spirits hold out better and do their work better than those who drink. Armies made of men of the former class march better, hold up longer under fatigue, enjoy better health, can bear exposure better, and consequently are free from drunkenness, suffer little from disease and crime. It lessens the power of resistance in exposure to great cold and becomes dangerous to use it. It may excite for a time, but is always followed by great depression. This has been clearly demonstrated in arctic explorations. In exposure to great heat the evidence is equally conclusive against its use. The array of testimony is indisputable."

The Reason.

God assumed that men will have common sense. Why is there not a command against intemperance in the Decalogue? Because common sense would teach man that a sin which breaks all the Ten Commandments need not be specified.—Progressive Age.

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