

The Angel

By MARTHA MITCHELL

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"But she can't wait forever for him to propose, plan for their house and ask to have the wedding day named," said Mrs. Cogdal. "I believe a word or two put in wisely might suggest the thing to him."

"Yes, I know, Jennie," sighed her daughter, the Angel, "but you promised when Dan first began coming here that you would not spoil Beauty's prospects with him by hinting at our poverty."

"Poverty, nothing!" snorted good-natured, voluble Jennie; "don't you know Howard has said a dozen times that he and Bess might have had their comfortable bungalow a year before they did if he had realized that five of you were dressing on an income hardly sufficient for three."

"Yes, dear, I know, and thanks to your clever fingers, we four are still fairly decent on that same income 'hardly sufficient' for three." She patted her mother's fat hands lying idle in her lap as she spoke. "You know Dan isn't like Howard. Howard had skipped along at home and, anyway, he loved Bess better."

"Well, doesn't Dan love Beauty, I'd like to know?"

The Angel turned to her, Jennie was irritable for once in her easy-going, pleasure-loving life. The Angel could not understand it. Her mother had always been so far from irritable and had been so much of a regular clown that her girls fondly called her "Jennie," with no thought of irreverence or disrespect. "Mother," simply didn't fit her; she was "Jennie," with a heavy mop of faded golden hair above a face still childishly pretty and fair. But her body didn't agree with her face, for she was frankly fat and pudgy. Her feet were always a trial; they were numbers too small to support the weight of her body. "Jennie" was seldom in evidence when company was about, but her presence was always felt, and she was referred to as often and as fondly by all the sisters as if she had been a seventh wonder. The Angel regarded her severely. "Why, Jennie, you are actually peevish, and, judging by your tone, one would think you doubted Dan's affection for Beauty."

"Well, Beauty is getting restless, and that young reporter on the Star, Ted Hammer, keeps hanging around. Beauty must have a new dancing frock for the Millard's ball, and I don't know where it is coming from." She sighed heavily. "Honestly, Angel, I sometimes feel that it isn't worth while to try to catch a wealthy husband. I just a medium one ought to satisfy even Beauty. I doubt if she would be any happier in a fourteen-room house than she would be in a four-room one. If she loves Dan and not his money, four rooms would be sufficient, and if she doesn't, why forty-four wouldn't make her happy."

The Angel laughed outright. "Why, Jennie Cogdal, who ever heard of you philosophizing thusly—you who are a living, sunny philosophy all by yourself. Get up and don your most comfortable bedroom slippers, and we'll sally forth for a stroll around the vegetable garden! Mayhap the sweet spring breeze, the babbling brook and the singing of many birds will restore you to your former care-free state of mind, and—"

Jennie seized her and shook her roughly. "If it weren't for your foolishness and fun, the Cogdal family would be a stale bunch of beauties," she said.

"Well, Jen, if we couldn't all be beauties, we surely needed to be foolish." She smiled her impish, crooked smile. "There is just one good thing about being homely, and that is that one needn't worry about losing one's beauty; and if one's complexion happens to be the color of delicious weak tea, why, faded lavender crepe de chine plus a packet of diamond dye a la golden brown, transforms weak-tea complexion into rich cream." She patted down the folds of a miraculously transformed dress which had been discarded as "impossible" by an elder sister. The Angel was honestly, undeniably homely. Her hair was of no particular color and did not curl; her nose nondescript like the rest of her face; her teeth even, but not white. In most stories all homely girls have beautiful dreamy eyes, but the Angel's eyes matched her face; they were neither gray nor blue, but in between the two. True, she had a mellow contralto voice, but nobody ever thought of asking her to sing except after a picnic supper around a campfire, when every one else was too well content to do anything except listen. And, too, she had her inimitable crooked smile.

As unlike her as it is possible for a twin to be was the Beauty—tall, graceful, with fair, wavy hair, deep, innocent blue eyes, full red lips and a skin of baby fairness. From early babyhood she had been called a beauty, and, in order to defend the homely twin, their mother had always said, "Yes, Eunice is a beauty, but Lulu is an angel!" Thus they had been known, until now, at nineteen, nobody thought of them as Eunice and Lulu, but as Beauty and Angel.

By her beauty and grace the Beauty, had walked into the hearts and homes of the city's most exclusive set, and when at seventeen, she was singled out by Dan Ames, the one really unattached man of the town, her sisters had coaxed, threatened and bribed Jennie to forbear mentioning how her daughters' cleverness at household

management and sewing kept them well dressed on their tiny income plus the salaries of Mary and Edith, who taught school. Beauty might as well have their chance, and Dan was well worth any girl's time, from many points of view. For two years he had been impartially nice to all four of the girls. They all adored him. His high-powered motor car was ever at their service. Beauty always beside him on the front seat. But lately Beauty had grown restless and Dan seemed preoccupied and uninterested, unless it was at a picnic supper.

The Angel never refused to sing, because Dan, at least, didn't talk while she sang. Often he didn't talk at her jokes and stories, either, and one night when she convulsed her audience with a recital of her feelings when her first "special article" had been accepted by the Morning Star, he did not even smile. She had had various "specials" since then, but she never mentioned them before Dan. "Money and success are so trivial to him," she said, with a mock shudder. It was as if he had said, "Don't ever mention your elation over a bit of money, young lady; it is so plebeian."

Tonight there was to be another picnic, and Jennie had decided that she would take the situation in her own hands and mention the fact that Beauty was nineteen now—a year older than she had been when she was married.

Beauty had gone away with Ted Hammer and had promised that she would meet them at the park, where they would have the picnic, so she said that the Angel or Jennie might have her seat beside Dan this once.

The Angel made many delicious sandwiches and salads; deviled eggs and squeezed lemons, keeping up a rapid-fire of jest and fun the while; so when Dan's car drew up at the door the hamper was packed and Jennie's good humor was restored.

If Dan felt any discomfort or disappointment at the Beauty's nonappearance and promise to meet them at the park, he did not show it, and he promptly assisted the Angel to the seat beside him.

The picnic was gay enough except that the Beauty and Ted Hammer did not appear; and Jennie was undeniably nervous, laughing hysterically at the Angel's sallies, and watching Dan closely.

Dan was having a good time; there was no denying that when he dared the Angel to run him a race to a certain crooked tree far around the bend of the pond. He outran her shamelessly and stood laughing, hat in hand, as she staggered up. Seizing a dead branch, she bore down on him while he dodged off and around the tree, saying, "Now, Angel, don't, really; you just can't run, that is all," and, his tone changing, "Come here and sit on this crooked limb. I want to tell you something."

The Angel looked at him quizzically. "All right, fire away; but I'll tell you now you will get no sympathy from me. I'm not to blame for her running away with Ted, but if I had been you she would not have gone."

"Oh, yes, you are to blame, Angel." She listened; had he said "Angel"? It didn't sound like it, but that was surely what he had said. "You surely are to blame for Ted's raise from fifteen per cent to twenty, because a man may not reasonably be supposed able to take care of a wife on fifteen dollars; but twenty is a different matter."

"But, Dan, I didn't ask the editor of the Star for a raise for Ted?"

"Oh, you didn't; you didn't? Well, what does that impish, adorable, crooked smile mean, then, except that the dearest, most adorable, beautiful Angel might be induced to marry a duffer like me if Beauty were safely bestowed on somebody who loves her? Angel, there are so many beauties, but just one—Let's make it a double wedding?"

The Angel's inevitable mirth twined through her crooked smile as she said, "What a 'special,' Dan; what a story this would make!"

Writers' Unfinished Stories.

Several years ago a writer published in a magazine the beginnings of a half dozen stories that he had never carried to an end, with a note saying that all writers had such manuscripts tucked away in their desks. He might have added that those stories were also tucked away in the consciousness and operated silently and inexorably in the weakening of the will. Those half dozen beginnings were all good. They piqued curiosity and they introduced interesting characters.

The writer would have done far better to finish them all, better for his reputation, his income and his force as a worker.

Way down deep in the mind, perhaps in the sub-conscious, those stories pleaded to be told, those characters asked for life.

A Tongue Twister.

"She stood at the door of the fish sauce shop welcoming him in. How fast can you say that?"

Here is another about the famous duel between Shott and Knott. It reads as follows: "Shott shot the first shot, and the shot Shott shot shot not Knott. The shot Knott shot shot not Shott, so Shott shot again, and once more the shot Shott shot shot not Knott, but the shot Knott shot shot Shott, so Knott won notwithstanding."

Caution.

"Your speeches are not very interesting."

"It may be a mistake to make a speech too interesting," replied Senator Sorghum. "It's better to say things in a dull way so that they won't be remembered in case you want to change your mind."

Roumania and Her King

Were Both the Victims

Of the Russian Traitors

WILLIAM LE QUEUX has been well known for years as a sensational novelist dealing preferably with diplomacy and international intrigues. Since the war he is entitled to a more lasting fame. While he was writing his apparently incredible stories of adventure he was studying the German secret service, and it is on record that several times he tried to warn the British Government of Germany's real intentions. Mr. Le Queux has been able to demonstrate that he was alive to the situation, and that he was in a position to get first-hand information that no member of the British secret service had been able to secure. Mr. Le Queux is in possession of a copy of the correspondence carried on between Berlin and Rasputin, the Russian monk, who served as the Kaiser's tool in the court at Petrograd. The novelist has discovered evidence in the correspondence of a dastardly plot against King Ferdinand of Roumania and his country. The aim of the plot was to put Roumania in a position where it would be possible to crush the country and dethrone the monarch. Up to the summer of 1916 Roumania had played the game rather cleverly. She had succeeded in keeping Germany in doubt as to her ultimate intentions, while she prepared for the conflict. These were direful days for Germany in the East. Brussloff



KING FERDINAND

had resumed his drive. Lechitsky had scored a great triumph. The German people were hungry for a victory or for news of a victory. Though Brussloff was dangerous, the plotters at Berlin knew they could rely upon Sturmer, the Russian Prime Minister, and Soukhomlinoff, Minister of War. Brussloff could not go much further without supplies.

To Roumania everything looked favorable. All about her the Russians seemed victorious. She may have felt that if she did not throw in her lot with the Allies immediately her assistance might be coldly received when proffered. Her military experts said that she was not ready for war; her political directors believed that it was "now or never." The Russian suggestion came to Roumania really as an ultimatum. She must either declare war against Germany or declare herself an ally of Germany. Roumania did not hesitate, and assured that Bulgaria would not attack her, she proceeded to attack Austria-Hungary. At the outset she swept all before her. Then there came a pause, and then a retreat before Mackensen even swifter than her advance. The Russian advance was similarly halted; Russian armies that were supposed to support Roumania were held up by lack of transport and munitions. Disaster overwhelmed Roumania.

German strategy with regard to Roumania appears to have been dictated by two motives. The first and obvious one was the possession by Germany of the great grain and oil supplies of her little enemy. These were sadly needed and speedily acquired. Then Germany, through all her creatures about the Czar, wished to use the Roumanian disaster to impress upon him the necessity of a separate peace, or perhaps to produce throughout Russia a sentiment in favor of ending the war. The first part of the programme was carried out; the second part failed. The Czar did not sue for a separate peace. The correspondence in the hands of Mr. Le Queux does not represent the Czar as a traitor to Russia. If he were, there was no need for Rasputin's operations. The Czar merely appears as a weak-minded ruler misled by his wife and by nearly everyone else in whom he trusted.

A Hill Product.

"Yes," said Simpkins. "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thought I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thought I would do that," said Smith, "but when I looked up the way to do it I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

Only Recourse.

Burglar—The lawyer got me acquitted, but he took every cent I had.

Pal—What are you going to do now?

Burglar—I guess I'd better rob the lawyer.

Lamb.

TROOPS IN BATTLE

Trained Soldiers Are Wholly Indifferent to Danger.

FACE DEATH WITHOUT FEAR.

Thought of Calamity Bothers Them Not, and They May Be Severely Wounded Without Feeling Pain. Unique Analogy From Railroad Life.

The thought of not coming out of a battle alive rarely enters the mind of a seasoned soldier, and he goes into the conflict fired only with the sense of a patriotic duty to be well and faithfully performed, with perhaps a vague hope of promotion for a deed of bravery or daring. Very few people are afraid of a natural death, but a violent death is different, and yet "hundreds of thousands of men have gone to meet practically certain destruction without giving a sign of terror."

Concerning the absolute indifference of the trained soldier to death in the midst of battle and the reasons therefor, Dr. MacKenna employs a unique and graphic illustration from the railroad world.

"Let us imagine," he says, "that the brain, the organ that links up the body with the sources of thought and action, is a railway terminus into which run lines from all parts of the country. There are lines to and from the eyes, the ears, the feet, the hands and every muscle in the body."

"In the heat of battle trains loaded with messages are racing on the down line to every muscle. On a well-ordered railway system certain trains have priority, while others are held back until congestion is relieved and some of the tracks are cleared."

"A wise train dispatcher will see that a slow freight train does not get in the way and block the progress of a passenger express, and the mind acting in this role takes care that no train laden with fear finds its way out of the terminus to throw the other traffic into confusion. There are no tracks to spare for such a cargo, the whole railway system is occupied with the supply of more urgent necessities."

"By a similar observation one can explain the frequently repeated statement that in the heat of battle a soldier may sustain a formidable wound and feel no pain whatever and even be unaware that he has been hit."

"The injured limb or organ dispatches an express train along the line of some sensory nerve to the railway terminus in the brain, but on drawing near the terminus the signals are found to be against it, and it cannot force its way through the press of traffic into the station. It is therefore sidetracked."

"But just as an ordinary train will try to call the attention of the signalman by blowing its whistle when the signal is against it, so a sensation of pain may succeed in calling the attention of the brain to its existence by sending on a message not of pain, but of heaviness or pressure."

"This may have the effect of opening a path for the whole train to run through, and the wounded man begins to discover that he has been hit or hurt. But in most cases a long interval elapses between the infliction of the wound and the realization of the soldier that he has been wounded."

"I have been informed by a soldier who had a large piece blown out of his thigh that he was quite unaware of his injury for several minutes. His attention was attracted by hearing his foot 'squelch' every time he moved it. On looking down he saw that his boot was full of blood; then almost immediately he felt a dull ache in the thigh, followed very shortly by a sensation of acute pain."

"In this case, to return to our illustration, the messages of pain from the wounded thigh had been held up by congestion of traffic near the terminus. We may imagine that the impeded train tried to call the attention of the signalman, but failed to do so until a message sent from the suburban station of sight, not far from the terminus, got through and informed the station master that a very important train from a remote part of the country was being held up. The levers were then at once drawn, and the sensation of pain passed on to the sensorium."

Our First Woman's Rights Paper.

The first woman's paper to be established in this country for the definite purpose of spreading abroad news of the new woman's rights propaganda was the Lily, a tiny four page weekly sheet edited by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer of Seneca Falls, N. Y. This was begun in 1849, just the year after that famous first woman's rights convention called by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a few other women, the radicals of those times.—Exchange.

Etiquette.

Originally the word etiquette meant a ticket, label or slip of paper attached to a bag or object to indicate its contents. It then came to be used of a ticket given to a person taking part in a ceremony to tell him what he should do; hence the modern meaning.—Exchange.

Cretna Green.

The last blow to Gretna Green as a clearing house for marital romance was dealt in 1856, when the Scottish law made it necessary for one of the contracting parties to reside three weeks in Scotland before the marriage could be performed.

Receive instructions from an enemy—Ovid.

Young Aviator Escaped

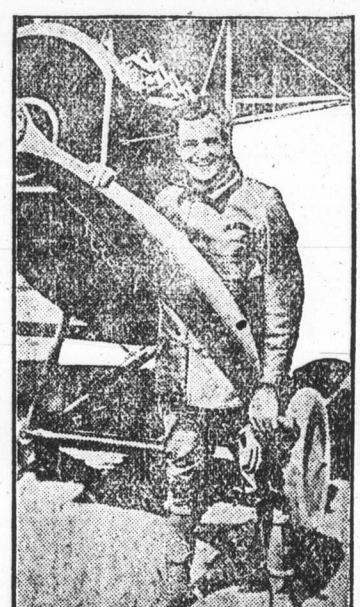
After Being Captured

On the French Front

NO Canadian aviator has had more thrilling experiences at the front than Lieut. Patrick O'Brien, who recently returned to this country for a brief visit while on leave from active service. He was captured by the Germans and had a thrilling escape. The home of Lieut. O'Brien is in San Francisco, but he came to Canada and received his training as an airman at Toronto and Camp Borden. Then he went overseas with the Royal Flying Corps.

After some weeks' service on the West front he was brought down in a one-sided battle by the Germans, and on being taken into Germany on his way to a prison camp, jumped from a train which was going 20 miles an hour, and, by many heroic and clever moves, managed to get into Holland, and then back to England.

O'Brien was reported missing last August 17, and his reappearance was a great surprise to his friends. On the morning of August 17 enemy gunners forced him to land, but, fortunately, he got back to his own



LIEUT. PATRICK O'BRIEN.

lines. Later in the day he was again flying over the enemy's lines and he, with five other machines, was engaged by twenty German airplanes. O'Brien alone engaged four of them. He accounted for one of the machines before he was shot in the hip. He fell with his damaged plane 8,000 feet. He cannot explain why he was not killed.

When he regained consciousness O'Brien was in a German war hospital. Later, when he was being taken into Germany, he jumped from the moving train, and by walking at night, swimming rivers and subsisting only on food that he could get from the fields, he managed to reach Holland.

He was a fugitive for 72 days. He had a narrow escape when he was in sight of his goal. To circumvent charged wires O'Brien built a bridge in a nearby wood and threw it across the wires. It broke under his weight and O'Brien says he can still feel the shock. He dug a tunnel with his hands under the wires and he was free.

A brief telegram was received by his mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, saying that he had escaped from the Germans, and that he soon would be home. O'Brien will try to change to the American Aviation Corps.

Must Be Beautiful.

English war girls apparently have been unable to forget that they still are feminine. There is some criticism that beauty parlors are flourishing where none existed before the war and that strong girls are manicuring, making face creams instead of munitions, and waving hair instead of milking cows.

Chemists who carried few "beautifiers" before the war now find them one of their chief sources of income. Many have added hair-waving salons and manicuring parlors to their establishments. The case is related of one woman in this city who started making face creams and lotions five years ago, and was on the verge of bankruptcy when the war began, but who now has a flourishing business.

In one British Government office there are thirty women of ages varying from eighteen to forty who have just discovered that whereas none of them "made up" in any way before the war all now pay regular visits to the hair-dresser and manicurist.

Japanese Coinage.

Two recent steps taken by the Japanese Government illustrate the difficulties attendant upon the use of subsidiary coin whose metal value is close to its mint value. Announcement has been made that paper fractional currency would be issued. The new notes are exchangeable for regular bank notes and are legal tender up to 10 yen (\$4.98). Japan has announced three prizes for the best designs submitted for a new silver 50-sen piece (24.9 cents). The new coin is to be materially smaller than the one now in circulation.

Riches From Iron.

The foundation of the wealth of the Biscayan provinces of Spain lies in the large deposits of high grade iron ores for which the section is famous. These deposits have been immensely profitable, with the result that Bilbao, which is the center of the industry, is reputed to be the wealthiest city of its size in Europe.

Sand Bay

Our weather has moderated and is quite nice and warm and the men who are drawing wood are glad of the change.

On Jan. 28 a miscellaneous show-er was given in honor of Miss Lola Johnston at the home of Mrs. S. M. Heaslip in Dulcemaine. About 25 girls were present. The gifts are many and beautiful.

Mr. James Greer, of Lyn, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lola Johnston Wednesday of this week.

A pretty wedding took place on Jan. 30 at the hour of half past seven at the home of Mrs. N. Johnston, when her youngest daughter Lola was united in marriage to Walter Haskins of Dulcemaine. The ceremony was performed by the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Bockstedt of Lansdowne. Only immediate relatives and a few friends were present. The principals were unattended. A large number of valuable presents were received testifying to the high esteem in which they are held. After partaking of a dainty lunch the young couple left for Packenham on a short honeymoon. On their return they will reside at Moore town where the groom has a well furnished home. All join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Haskin a long and happy married life.

A number from here attended the convention at Kinburn.

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