## WAY OF THE WORLD in the room where he had died.

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright 1914, by W. G. Chapman.) "It's settled," announced John Ritchie gloomily, as he entered the humble home kitchen and threw himself into a chair with an abandon that evidenced strong emotion.

His patient-faced wife looked up anxiously, their pretty daughter, Ina, with quick eagerness. Both knew what he referred to, but silently waited for him to explain.

"The lawyer filed the will in court today," proceeded Mr. Ritchie. leaves everything to Blanche Morton."

Mrs. Ritchie grew a trifle white about the lips, the hopeful gleam died out of her faded eyes. Ina's face quivered. She was not avaricious, but she had to confess secretly to a severe disappointment. She left the kitchen, passed out into the garden, chose a shaded corner and sat down and cried.

"Hardly right, is it, Nancy?" submitted Mr. Ritchie to his wife.

sponded his helpmeet with a gulp, bit- is some benefactor friend who does terly. "My own brother, too! I see not wish his name known," but the it all now. My dead sister's folks have next day he found out who it wasbeen courting favor with Uncle Ralph | Albert Telford. for over a year in the interests of Blanche. Of course, she's my niece, humiliated, or glad? She could not but we know that she is selfish and analyze the situation, yet she felt it scheming. They tell me that she and | needed an explanation. She went to her father just had Brother Ralph un- the Telford home. It was to learn der their thumb for the last year. I that Albert had gone to the city to don't doubt they poisoned his mind fill a new and better position. against us and Ina. Poor Ina!" and Mrs. Ritchie wiped a tear from her "don't you understand? It was love eye with the corner of her apron and that prompted him to give all he had resumed her drudgery tasks with a for your sake." hopeless sigh of desolation.

It was, indeed, hard for the Ritchies. Things had gone wrong with John What could Ina do but feel happy! Ritchie for the past year or two, and he was desperately in debt. There came to light-unheard of, extraordiwas an old mortgage on the little had hoped at the least that he would remit this. It seemed not, however. Everything had gone to Blanche, mort-



She Inspected It.

gage and all. Knowing the ways and worth of that self-centered young lady, Mr. Ritchie doubted if she would show much mercy. He came upon Ina as he strolled

about the garden. She was not aware of his near presence, and he softly stole back to the house, his face more saddened than ever.

"Nancy," he said to his wife, want you to be more gentle with Ina than ever. She's out in the garden crying out her heart. Poor child! You know what that means."

"Disappointment about the fortune I suppose," observed Mrs. Ritchie, drearily. "She had a right to expect something, and we certainly needed it badly."

'I'm afraid it's that young man, Al bert Telford," said Ritchie, bluntly.

"Why, I didn't think it had gone that far," remarked Mrs. Ritchie, with a start. "I knew he was friendly to Ina and to Blanche, too. In fact, to half the girls in the village."

"Yes, but lately he has about equally divided his attentions between Ina and Blanche," explained her husband. 'And I think he has favored Ina. Of course, that's all over and done with

"What do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Ritchie.

"It's the way of the world. Ina poor, Blanche rich. He's a likely chap and can take his pick. It will be Blanche and the fortune, naturally."

However, twice during the ensuing week young Telford called at the Ritchie home, as was his wont, was courteous as usual, but fancied there was a new subdued air about him. She learned that he also visited her cousin, Blanche. Telford seemed to be studying her. She could not fathom him. No word of love had

their close friendship gracefully. tunate cousin, the heiress. Blanche missed the dog, and diligent inquiries and started out to make a great read. She was arranging to sell all the property which she had inher- night or so afterward he received a of reckiese extravagence. One le favited line to come down to bone. Inn's heart saddened as blance of canine instinct.—London mail.

Ina selected only a framed, faded picture of her dead uncle, which hung

A month went by. Blanche was urging the closing up of the estate as speedily as possible. One day Mr. Ritchie came home with a serious, worried face.

"There are some pretty heartless people in the world," he remarked, de-

"What now?" questioned his wife. "Blanche. What do you think? Her lawyer notified me today that we must pay up the mortgage on the place here, now owned by her."

A dull blow fell upon all the hearts within the room. It had meant poverty before. It was sheer destitution now. The selfish avarice of Blanche was apparent. The family decided to move to another town. Then came a vast surprise. There came by mail one day a week later a package. It contained the mortgage, the notes and a release deed. The dear old homestead was free of debt!

"Blanche has relented!" cried Mrs. Ritchie joyfully.

"No," dissented her husband. "I have learned positively that Blanche "It's hard, John, and unjust," re- had no hand in this blessed deed. It

What did it mean? Should Ina feel

"Oh, my dear," said his mother,

Then it was not the rich Blanche, but the poor Ina whom he loved! And then a second wonderful thing nary. In cleaning the old picture of home, held by Uncle Ralph. They her uncle, Ina noticed a sheet of paper folded in its back. She in-

> spected it. There was the latest will of Uncle Ralph. Practically a prisoner of Blanche and her friends, he had seized a favored moment to make this latter will, just before he died. It had been witnessed secretly by two old servants. whom Blanche had later discharged.

There was a great commotion in the town when the news came out. In shame and chagrin Blanche Morton disappeared, meanly taking with her what money she had been able already to secure from the estate.

"Come home," ran a telegram to Albert in the city, and it was signed

"I have sent for you to return the money you so nobly gave to us," she told him. "Your mother misses you, and-and-" "You, too, want me to stay?" in-

quired Albert softly.

And her blushes, her quivering lips, her ardent grateful eyes answered him lovingly.

## **BOON FOR THE SHIPWRECKED**

Life Preserver Invented by a German **Enables Person to Remain Affoat** For Days.

Hundreds of inventions for the preservation of life in case of shipwreck have recently been tested, but what seems to be the safest is a suit which takes the form of a combination of life-belt and suit made of watertight canvas, which envelops the whole person. The suit has sleeves ending in gloves, and there is a port-hole in the head, which can be closed when the weather is rough. When this porthole is closed, air enters through a tube above the head, this tube being so constructed that no water can en-

Furnished with this device, it is claimed that a passenger might be thrown into mid-Atlantic and live in comfort for many days, while waiting to be picked up, for the suit can be equipped with sufficient food and drink to keep a shipwrecked passenger alive

for a week or more. A man or woman using this device stands with feet in a sort of bucket, which forms the base. This bucket takes in a certain quantity of water, which acts as ballast and keep the lifesaver and its occupant upright.

Furthermore, the apparatus is provided with revolver and signal lights with which the shipwrecked passenger can signal for help by day or night. Attached to the apparatus are ropes by which two or three people can keep themselves affoat if they have not the good fortune to have one of these life-

saving suits. The suit is the invention of a German named Gustave Hernrich, and he declares that it will deprive shipwreck of all its terrors in all circumstances.

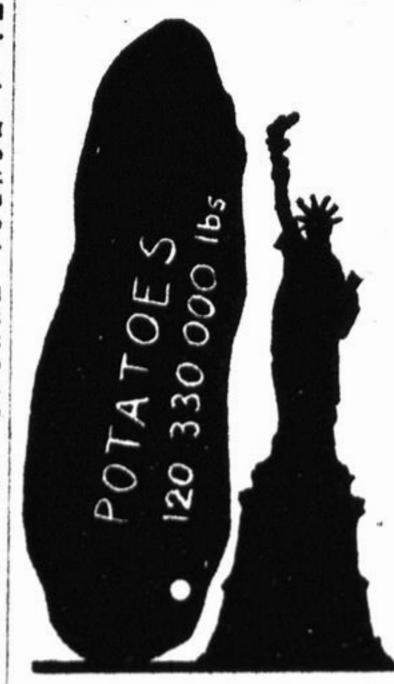
Canine Sagacity. A remarkable instance of canine sagacity is related at Nuneaton. The passed between them. She wondered owner of the dog some little time since if, in his generous-hearted way, he arrived at Nuneaton from Taunton, in was not making an effort to break off Somerset. He came by rail through Birmingham and had his dog (a Pom) She heard great news of her for- with him. The day after he arrived he failed to discover anything about the animal's whereabouts. About a fort-She was talking of building a letter from Taunton, telling him the She had entered on a | dog had "landed there all on its own." | were."

## ervithing. She offered Ina some of the family. In tears SOLDIERS WELL FED IS WRONG EMBLEM

Liberal Ration Allotted Germany's No Place for Thunder Bird on Fighting Men.

Commanders Realize the Importance of Keeping Troops in Proper Phys-Ical Condition-Enormous Cost of the Commissariat.

Military experts placed little faith in the numerous rumors during the first days of the war to the effect that the German armies were suffering for lack of food. The reason why they doubted these reports was because it was hard to believe that a commissary department so well equipped as Germany's would fail in its work so early in a struggle for which prepara tions have been going on for years. All civilized nations have long rec



Men.

ognized that food supplies may play as important a part in the winning or losing of battles as ammunition, marksmanship and personal bravery. With the thoroughness which is so characteristic of their nation the Germans have for years made the feeding of their soldiers a matter of scientific study. Their commissary department is under the direction of a group of dietetic specialists who are admitted to have no superiors and few equals.

The daily ration which they have prescribed as the best fortification for a German fighting man's stomach includes 26 ounces of fresh bread, or 17 ounces of biscult; 13 ounces of fresh meat, or seven ounces of smoked meat; four ounces of rice, or eight ounces of flour, or 52 ounces of potatoes; nearly an ounce of salt; nearly an ounce of reasted coffee, or one-tenth of an ounce of tea, and half an ounce of sugar.

The amount of bread eaten in a week by the German soldiers now in the field would make a loaf 393 feet high and weighing 60,130,000 pounds. A week's supply of potatoes would make a tuber 188 feet high and weighing 120,330,000 pounds.

The figures given are for the standard ration, which is probably a very different thing from that actually being consumed along the great battle formation, where there is a great flexibility as to the food to be used. It is possible that pemmican (a condensed meat product) is entering into the ration very largely. The kalser has always expressed a lively interest in his soldiers' food, and he has not infrequently ridden up to the field bakeries and sampled the product of their ovens.

Some idea of the enormous expense of the war will be gained from the fact that the daily cost of provisions for the combined armies would be \$12,500,000, without the expense of transportation, which would be \$4,-200,000 more each day. These figures were based on the prices of some years ago, so that 15 per cent could be added to the cost of the food, making the cost today \$18,750,000, or \$22,950, 000 "delivered" at the place of con-

Why They Come Back.

The war correspondent had returned from the scene of conflict. His amasingly realistic descriptions had enchained countless readers. You could smell the stale powder in them; you could hear the dull booming of the mighty guns.

"Those stories were wonderful," an admirer told him. "Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I was with you in the trenches. I was cold, hungry, half-frozen and half-drowned. And when they had you up against the wall and ten muskets leveled at your heart I almost shricked in terror. My dear boy, you mustn't be so natural."

The returned one grimaced. "Cut it out," he growled. thing never happened."

"You wasn't arrested for a spy!" "No, I wasn't. I couldn't get near enough to be arrested. And I wasn't in the trenches, either." "Not in the trenches."

"No. I didn't even know where they "B-but why did you come home?" "My imagination gave out," he called back as he strode away.--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

European Flags.

According to Indian Tradition, It is the Recognized Symbol of Authority, Dignity, Arbitration, and, Above All, Peace.

More than twelve million fighting men in Europe are today wearing insignia on their clothing or are being led to victory or defeat by banners depicting a bird displayed in what Americans would call spread-eagle style. The troops that wave the Stars and Stripes aloft have in the past and present been led on by the counterfelt presentment of an eagle with outspread wings. Seldom do those engaged in war or mere onlookers ever give a thought to what appears to be on consideration an odd and relatively meaningless custom that almost verges on fetish worship. To be sure, one nation uses the painted or embroidered effigy of an elephant on its banners, another a dragon, and so on, but these nations are hardly civilized in the highest sense.

Investigation of encyclopediac information discloses no good reasons why America, Germany and Russia should place a bird on their national emblems.

Some weeks ago the Carlisle Indian school, following the footsteps of the American Society of Indians, adopted as the school emblem a thunder bird. The thunder bird was designed for the school by Angel De Cora Deltz, the greatest authority in the world on Indian art. From Mrs. Deitz, who, with her husband, William Lone Star Deitz, is teaching art at the Carlisle school, it has been learned that near ly all the Indian tribes recognize a bird as a symbol of authority and social rank. The artist, who is a Winnebago Indian of aristocratic lineage A Huge Tuber 33 Feet Higher Than and who has delved deeply into Indian Over 120,000,000 Pounds Would its equivalent in various forms has Make Only a Week's Supply of Po- been a mark of distinction and au- ed. tatoes for the Kalser's Fighting thority, probably, for many thousand years. As a child she heard from native legendary sources the story of the thunder bird, and has every reason to believe that it is as ancient as the legend concerning the last mam-

According to an accepted legend ages had passed with all the spirits dominating land, water and air remaining on relative equality. Ancient Indian clans, for conveniences of recognition and occupation, had associated themselves with various patron spirits. The story of the achievement of domination by the thunder bird is tedious, but tells how a fatigued warrior of the thunder-bird clan lay exhausted at the edge of a precipics watching still waters far below. His attention was attracted by the disturbance of the limpid depths, from which the water spirit emerged to meet the thunder bird in deadly conflict. The observer is supposed to have been the only human being who has ever seen these spirits. As one or the other became exhausted they I am



implored the warrior for hel- with specious pleas. Eventually he aided the thunder bird, and the water spirit sank, never to be seen again.

Among the radians the thunder bird stands for authority, dignity, arbitration and, most important of all, peace. There are many who believe that the emblem of a bird with widespread wings has been appropriated by the Europeans from ancient America. If so, it is an unfortunate perversion that makes the symbol of arbitration and peace the banner which leads to war and devastation.

"Sleeping" Bullet Least Dangerous. Physicists have shown the world of warring men that the firing line of soldiers must be regulated if fewer casualties are to result. Close upon the enemy's fire or far away result in the most unhealable wounds; midway ba tween the range of the rifle bullets is the most satisfactory position.

The reason is that the distance which a bullet travels is divided into three parts, the first distance the bullet travels in a wabbly manner, either up and down or sidewise; the middle distance it "sleeps," or moves on an exact plane, and the third distance being partly spent, it wobbles in a serpentine movement again. When the | here?" bullet "sleeps" it cuts a clean hole through the part of the body hit, but when it is on the first or final distance it tears a jagged hole and moves either up or down and is likely to remain in the body.

When the battle range is regulated in such a manner that the line of soldiers is exposed to the range of the "alceping" bullets there is less work for the ambulance corps.



"Me."

RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

A soldier is allowed to change his religion," as it is termed, if he can convince his commanding officer that he has good reasons. On one occasion a man intimated his desire.

"Now," said the colonel, "what are your reasans? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the mat-

The man intimated that he had. "And," continued the colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?"

Said the ease-seeking Tommy: " disremember the name, sir, but it's them as parades for church half an hour later than the others."-Quiver.

ONE GOOD CURE.



Miss Riley-Oh! doctor, I'm so nervous! I seem to feel as if there was a man following me wherever I go.

Doctor-H'm! I wouldn't worry. the Statue of Liberty and Weighing legends, says that the thunder bird or Just walk where there is quite a good deal of light and you won't be molest-

> His Trouble. "What is the matter with Wombat?" "The doctor says the salts in his

body are below normal." "I always thought he was entirely too fresh."

The Consideration. Redd-I see South Africa is buying bicycles again with considerable en-

thusiasm. Greene-Wish I could buy an automobile as cheap as that.

Then They Fight. "Mr. and Mrs. Twobble never disagree, you say?"

'Never, except when they get to arguing as to which has the better dis-

Made for Each Other. The Heiress-I believe that the happlest marriages are made by oppo-

Count Broke-Just think how poor

Foreboding. "Mrs. Thurston is always borrowing trouble, isn't she?"

"Yee. She's worrying now about the guides that will soon begin to get shot by deer hunters in Maine."

A Way They Have. "My wife invariably asks my advice about everything." "Likes to know what to do, eh?"

"No. likes to know what not to do." Balm. "She was completely prostrated and

made very ill by his perfidy." "Did she recover?" "Yes, \$5,000."

WATER WOULDN'T DO.



Doctor-You must stop drinking liquor, major, and take one of these pills every hour.

Major Bluenose-Gad, doctor! How am I goin' to get th' pills down without taking a swaller of somethin'?

Easy. "Say," remarked the new arrival in Dryburgh, "how can I get a drink night."

"Yes." "Show it to the first man you meet."

"Got a cockscrew?"

mal.

Not So Expert.

"Then you enjoyed the day's fish-"Very much. He had one of these efficiency experts along and he didn't

Overworked Phrase. "I take off my hat to the man who writes headlines for this newspaper "Why such admiration?"

"He never refers to the European war as a 'titanic struggle.' "

Too Talented to Work. "What is that talented son of yours doing now, Mr. Blowster?" "The same old thing." "And what is that?"

No Place to Go. Mrs. Bacon-This paper says that China has no forests. Mrs. Egbert-Well, where in the

cleaning time? Good Guess. Church-If Mars is inhabited they possibly have railroads? Gotham-Yes, and from this point of

world do the poor men go in house-

roads. How She Files About. Patience—She is certainly a busy little woman. Why, she files about her house like a bird.

Patrice-Like a bird with its head

view I should say they were elevated

off, do you mean? Hard on Her. "What did old man Goggins say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"He said there was no accounting for tastes."

Feminism. "Fine baby you have there."

"Yep." "Boy or girl?" "Girl. Her mother says she's going

to be president some day."

In the Breakers. "Why does Maude always prefer Cholly to all the boys to take her

into the surf?" "She says she feels safer with him; his head floats so nicely."

Hard to Suit. "Why do you not like Agnes?" "She is too transparent." "Then there is Myrtle."

GOOD THING.

"Her gown is too transparent."



He-Ploddar emulates a stamp in one regard. She-What's that?

He-Sticks to one thing until he gets there.

In the Suburbs. "Ezekiel, see those 'ere hens layin' right in the dusty road!" "Yes, mother; I reckon they're try-

Oh, Fudge. "Struck a barber yesterday who didn't want to talk baseball or war or

"His address, please?" "It was a lady barber."

prize fights or horse racing."

in' to raise the dust."

Going Some. "You say he proposed to you five times?"

"Yes." "Good heavens! The same man?" "Yes. And the same night,"

His Dream. He used to call her a dream; Though they have many a row She still is a dream to him-But his dreams are bad dreams now

Undoubtedly. "My husband proposed to me by

telegraph." "Well, I suppose you were glad to prepay your answer?"

inevitable.

"What goes up must come down," as the aviator said when he disentangled himself from the picket

Made Him Do It. "I proposed to Miss Slathers last

"That girl's lucky, all right." "Oh, you flatter me." "I'm not thinking of you. She won

A Super-Optimist. "What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smi-

a bet when you proposed."

ley is." "Isn't she? Why, do you know, that weman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if eatch a fish."-Louisville Courier-Jourshe were having it."