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A GLASS OF MILK

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

PART II.

Labor was practically impossible to find at this season. Gil's hired man was a well-meaning fool, who could do halfway efficient work only when someone was forever at his elbow, guiding and urging him. There could be no hope of making him carry out correctly a daily set of orders issued from a porch chair.

No, Lafe was a necessary evil, unless the farm were to be allowed to go back to ruin and unless the season's half-finished work were to collapse. He must be endured—for the present, at least.

Yet all these mishaps were as nothing to the heartsick invalid in comparison with the loss of Kay Leonard. Gil could not ask her to cast in her lot with a hopeless cripple, to bind herself for life to a physical wreck like himself. His golden dreams lay withered and dead about him. He had lost forever his chance of marrying the only woman to whom his heart had ever gone out in love. Compared with this crowning tragedy, the rest of his griefs mattered nothing. It was this which racked his nerves and ripped at his heart and made him yearn morbidly to die.

Yet he set his teeth and faced the black future as best he might. It was only once in a while that his stoic resolve slipped beyond his control, as it had done just now in his talk with Kay. Thus he sat to-day, gloomily staring out across his smiling fields and absently caressing Nance's silken head.

There was queer comfort to him in the silent adoration of this little collie of his. He had bred and trained her and she had been his eagerly efficient helper on the farm, doing brilliant work as a herder and driver of sheep and cattle and as a guard.

She had rejoiced to obey his slightest orders and to go far afield in all weathers to round up sheep from the hill grazing grounds and drive them to the fold, or to bring in the cows from the farthest pasture at milking time. Nance had made herself useful in a hundred ways. Best of all, she had been his loyal chum. He had counted on training her leggy pup, Napoleon, to follow in her steps as a farm helper. And now——

From the first, Nance had refused flatly to obey Lafe Hewitt or to do a lick of work for him. Indeed, she had taken at once an aversion to the interloper. She made no secret of her dislike for him.

She had gone further. In some odd way she seemed to have discovered that Lafe was now in charge of the farm. Wherefore—as other highly sensitive collies have done before and since—she dropped her lifelong workaday duties. She spent all her time as near to Gil and his invalid chair as she could place herself.

True, at Gil's command, she would leave him and go to and from pasture with the livestock. Lafe detested the scornfully aloof little dog that showed so much open contempt for his order.

To-day, as Gil and Nance sat side by side on the tiny verandah, with Napoleon stalking imaginary bears under the legs of the chair and of the table beside it, Lafe came stamping across the dooryard from the barns. Big, powerful, awkward, he swung along sulkily, his face glooming afresh as he caught sight of his cousin and the collie.

"I'm sending those twenty wethers to Paterson on the 2.10 freight," announced Hewitt. "Sim and I are starting for the station with them now. They're as wild as jack rabbits. Nance will have to drive them for us. If Sim and I try it, it'll take us two hours to get there. Give her the orders when Sim runs them out of their pen presently."

"I told you to wait till the 6.53 freight, this evening," answered Gil. "It's too hot in the middle of the day for them to take a mile hike to the station. I want them to start in the cool of the afternoon. Then——"

"And I'm wanting them to start now," said Lafe, unheeding. "I don't aim to be an hour late for my supper, by traipsing all the way to the station and back with them at six o'clock. They're going now."

"They're going at six o'clock," corrected Gil, speaking with what calmness he could. "Those were my orders."

Lafe grinned down on his cousin with amused disgust.

"Those are your 'orders,' hey?" he mocked. "Well, my order are that the sheep go now. I'm running this bum farm on shares for you. And I aim to get my share. I'm not going to lose good cash by obeying a lot of fool orders. I know what's best to do and I'm going to do it whether you like it or don't. Get that, here and now."

In spite of the sneering dominance of his words, Hewitt kept his gruff voice at too low a pitch to penetrate indoors and perhaps reach Kay's ears, where she was humming to herself as she worked in the kitchen. Gil noted this, and his hard-held temper began to fray. Not daring to trust his own self-control, he kept silence, his hands clenching in helpless wrath.

Tanner's silence served to sting Hewitt to fresh ill temper, for he thought he sensed in it a tinge of the superiority which Gil always had felt toward him. Lafe glared about him. His eyes fell on Nance.

The dog was standing midway between the men, glancing worriedly from one to the other. With a collie's strange sixth sense, she knew this loathed outsider was somehow making her worshipped master unhappy. Yet, as no physical attack had been made upon Gil, she was at a loss how to defend him.

"Then, that mangy mutt of yours," pursued Lafe hotly, "it's time to come to a show-down about her too. She's as much deadwood as you are. She won't work. She won't mind a thing I tell her to do. I'm on shares here and I'm going to get my full share. No rotten dog is going to eat good money of mine. That goes for her puppy too. They've got to be got rid of, the two of them. And I warn you I'm going to get rid of them."

Napoleon was attracted by Lafe's rumbling voice. Still at an age when he deemed the whole world friendly, he made a playful dash at Hewitt's muddy boots.

Lafe smiled in grim anticipation. Calculating the distance to a nicety, he drew back one foot and awaited the onrush of the play-seeking puppy. Already Hewitt was anticipating with cranky relish the kick which should smash the fluffy little body against the side of the house.

A swift move of Gil's arm attracted his notice. Lafe's foot hung poised.

For Gil had snatched up from the table a heavy plated silver vase—it had been a wedding gift to his mother—in which Kay Leonard was wont to keep fresh wild flowers on the table beside the invalid chair. Tossing out the handful of white and yellow daisies, Gil poised the heavy vase upward and behind his head.

Small wonder that Lafe paused in his punitive mission! From the boyhood days when Gil had been star baseball pitcher of his rural township, Hewitt had known with what incredible force and accuracy the cripple had been able to hurl any missile, from a ball to a rock. There could be no doubt now as to Gil's intention. The men were not eight feet apart. The two-pound vase, flung from that mighty ram, could not fail to do frightful damage.

Not a word did Gil speak. There was no need for words. Lafe drew back, almost cringingly, his tanned face working.

Still, without a word, Gil lowered his arm. Holding out the vase in his right hand, he curled his fingers about its shining surface.

Then, as Lafe watched, those fingers grew white and splayed by the dumb effort of their grip. Slowly the solid sides of the vase began to dent and to sag. Hewitt stared as if hypnotized.

Followed a slight crackling sound. The heavy receptacle crumpled itself into a crushed ball of silver leaf and pewter.

Lafe looked on spellbound. It was an exhibition of strength that not one man in a thousand could have achieved. Behind the action lurked the stark warning to Hewitt

"You won't come within reach of my arm to get at Nance or Napoleon," said Gil in a curiously muffled voice. "Now get back to your work. Those wethers go on the 6.53. That's all."

Still dazedly awed by what he had seen, Lafe paused irresolute, then slouched away. Gil tossed the ruined vase into the dooryard shrubbery and slouched back into his chair, sick with miserable apprehension. Nance placed her forepaws on his lap and tried to lick his brooding face.

"Old girl," muttered Tanner, his hands on her head, "he'll get you. He'll get you, and he'll get Nap besides. I know him. I've scared him for a minute. But when he begins thinking it over he'll hate me fifty times worse than ever he did. Because I've been able to best him. He'll never forgive it, Nance. And he'll get back at me the first time he has a chance. He won't dare do anything to me to pay me off. He's scared to come in my reach. But he'll do it by killing you. He knows that'd hurt me worse than if he was to paralyze the rest of me, old girl. To be shackled into a chair like this—and not be able to do a thing to save my chum——"

Nance whined softly and pressed her head against his arm.

"If I tell Kay or mother," he went on, talking to the dog as if to some fellow human, "they can't protect you from him. He'll just say he was joking. He'll say he wouldn't hurt you for the world. Then some morning you'll be found dead from poison. So will Nap. . . ."

"What are you and Nance talking about?" asked Kay laughingly from the kitchen door.

"I was telling her," lied Tanner, "that I wish you'd take her over to your house when you go and tie her up there and keep her for a while. Will you?"

"Why, Gil!" exclaimed the girl. "You'd be horribly lonesome without Nance. You know you would. What ever put such a crazy idea in your head?"

"I—I've been reading about farm dogs being poisoned hereabouts," answered Gil lamely. "And I figured Nance might be safer, for a month or two, if she was over at your place, where she wouldn't get a chance to run around so much."

"You poor boy!" soother Kay. "Nobody's going to poison a friendly little dog like Nance. As for tying her up for a month, that would be as cruel to her as——"

"As for me to be tied by the legs to this chair?" supplemented Gil. "Not necessarily. For she'll be with you most of the day, while I only see you for a stray minute or so, every now and then. I——"

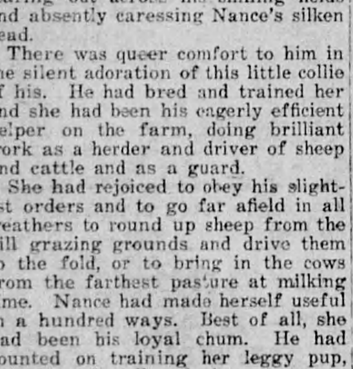
He checked his harmlessly gallant speech. That sort of talk had no place in the mouth of a man whom no woman could now look on as a possible suitor or even as an admirer. The girl did not answer at once. Indeed, she seemed waiting for him to continue, and she seemed almost disappointed that he did not. When he did not go on she said:

"Your mother and I are going to drive down to the village in a few minutes. I'm going across home now for the car. I am going to take her to the King's Daughters meeting. Then I'm going to get some things she wants at the store and bring her home. Do you want anything before we go? Or do you want anything at the store?"

"No, thanks," he said listlessly.

Half an hour later Gil Tanner watched her drive out of the yard with his mother. He replied as naturally as he could to her gay wave of farewell. Then he eyed disapprovingly the brimming pint glass of fresh milk, with a raw egg beaten up in it, which she had left on the wicker table.

(To be concluded.)



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WRIGLEY'S

Commencement.

On every hand young people have been standing to say farewell where the brook of school or college with its gay fleet current meets the depth and breadth of the river of life.

To-day a graduating class assembles on a platform and the ties of close association through the years seem so binding and so intimate that it is hard to imagine any severance by time or space. To-morrow the devoted friends have the world's diameter between. Years hence the one who in the period of tutelage was marked for shining distinction has unaccountably collapsed into insignificance and failure. The laughing-stock, of whom little or nothing was expected, has found himself, and those whose reminiscenses begin "I knew him when" are confounded by the inexplicable.

Much good advice is offered by those alive to the force of the French adage: "If youth knew—if old age could." George Herbert Palmer defined his university as a place where the elders were trying to pass on their experience to their juniors. Those who have learned that fire burns and water drowns are often pathetically eager to persuade impetuous, ingenuous youth of the fact, and are not heard willingly. Young people have to learn for themselves. It is not an evil that this is so. What they learn in propria persona adheres like a burr; what they gain by proxy is soon in the limbo of discarded and forgotten things.

But the graduates are never going to forget the influence of a personality. Who some one was to them will in the long run mean more than what a textbook impressed. They will argue by a life they studied at close range that a similar performance is possible for them, and they will not care to disappoint an affectionate expectation. The teacher who does not care what his pupils do after they leave him is miscast in his calling. Those who never look back to a preceptor as a vital influence have been unfortunate. However many years it is one's destiny to put between the day of graduation and the final goal, there should be a lively and tenacious memory of all that in the auroral hour of entrance on active life was held to be worth the strife to win.

ECLIPSE FASHIONS

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LITTLE GIRLS' ATTRACTIVE FROCK.

Printed crepe and white washable silk join forces in making these two attractive frocks. Tabs buttoning from the right onto the left side of the front hold a plain panel in place, on the dress worn by the older girl. The tabs are omitted on the dress worn by the little tot and narrow valenciennes lace is used to finish the edges of the panel, trim the collar, and cuffs on the short sleeves. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 years requires 2 yards of 32-inch, or 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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A distinctive jumper frock with a tailored effect, showing the new moulded lines. Note first the stunning effect of the large plaided design, expressing youthfulness and daring. This is quite the newest of flannel materials to arrive from Paris. This model is ideally adapted for sports wear with its deep-laid inverted plaits at the knee and side seams. Inset pockets form the other trimming note. The plaits may be omitted, maintaining the plain silhouette. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material. The smartly tailored blouse accompanying this skirt is made of broadcloth matching in tone the overcheck in the flannel. It has centre-front closing, finished with a shaped collar, and the long sleeves are gathered into a straight cuff. A further dash of color is added in the ribbon tying at the neck with long streamer ends. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch, or 2⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Each pattern 20 cents.

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R-450

Dawes Plan Verdict: So Far, So Good.

The first six months of the Dawes reparations plan show a favorable balance on the side of financial common sense and sanity. This much is clearly indicated in the first semi-annual report of Seymour Parker Gilbert, Jr., Agent General of Reparation Payments. Prophets of evil in Germany and in other countries will find little basis for pessimism in this preliminary survey.

This, of course, is all Mr. Gilbert's report pretends to be. What has been accomplished during this first half year is, on the whole, a means to an end. Stabilization of German currency has been achieved; but that is not an end in itself. The German budget for the coming year has been balanced; that also is in the nature of preparation.

The ultimate purpose is stabilibation and adjustment of vast economic and financial forces which came into conflict as a result of the proper decision on the part of the Allies that Germany should bear the major share of the war's burden. While the preliminaries have been carried through successfully, it cannot yet be said with certainty whether the Dawes plan will function smoothly when the real pinch comes, two or three years hence.

More has been done than simply to start the machinery working. During the six months the Dawes mill has turned out reparation payments, in cash and kind, to the tune of about $125,000,000. During the preceding five years the collections averaged about $125,000,000 for each six-month period. Taken at its lowest terms, the Dawes plan has quietly and automatically evoked payments at the same rate they were collected amid the political storm and stress and financial chaos of the half decade immediately following the peace.

It is true that the smoothness with which payments have been made under the Dawes plan is directly attributable to the international loan of $200,000,000 made to Germany. It would be strange indeed if with $200,000,000 as a starting point Germany could not make a turnover of $250,000,000 the first year.

But the Dawes plan is more than automatic. tI is designed to be continuously expansive. Its $250,000,000 first-year payment is expected to swell by the third year to $625,000,000. By that time, if it works, Germany will be bearing the full burden commensurate with her capacity to pay.

Upon this point the Gilbert report sounds a warning note. So far, in spite of all efforts, Germany's balance of trade, on the whole, has remained unfavorable. In her exchange of goods and services with the rest of the world she has received more than she has given. This situation must be corrected.

There are signs that the process in the right direction is being energetically stimulated. During the last few months 130 contracts have been concluded which will tend to redress the economic balance. For instance, Germany is supplying to France 100,000 telegraph poles, two ships and 4,000 railway trucks. German engineers and laborers are dredging the Seine and building a floating dock in the Belgian Congo. A wireless transmission station for Italy, railway material for Rumania, wooden refugee huts for Greece—these are only a few of the factors that will enter into the reparations account.

The process of readjustment will be painful, and Germany has not yet begun to feel the real pressure. But the Dawes plan has been and is worth while. It has, for the present, removed the reparations issue from the field of political controversy. It is, as Mr. Gilbert observes, "an international experiment in good will. It aimed * * * to give a fair trial to methods of patient inquiry and quiet administration."

In spite of what the future may hold for it, the verdict to-day is: So far, so good.

Facts.

Southeastern Alaska has a climate about like that of Washington, D.C., in fact, it is said to be more equable. Northern Alaska has a climate about like that of Petrograd, Russia. While there is plenty of cold and plenty of snow, there are many redeeming features.

Hungarian mothers have a custom of swaddling their infants in pockets made of immense pillows, which are beautifully if not artistically embroidered. The babies live on these pillows until they are able to walk.

When one Mohammedan meets another Mohammedan he must say "Peace be unto you," the word "you" being plural. This is because, while only one man is visible, he is always accompanied by his guardian angel, and both must be properly saluted.

When a horse bites he simply bites, but when a camel bites he also gives his jaw a rapid grinding motion, the effect being like grinding grain between rotating stones, a grist mill wheel, in fact. Consequently when a camel bites a man's arm there is very little left of the arm, and what is left must be amputated. Since most of the camel's operations are in the desert, far from hospitals, the bitten persons usually die of blood poisoning before they can be taken to a surgeon.

Hungarian gypsies are not allowed to dwell in towns or cities for more than two days at a time. They are natural born thieves and will steal anything that is not securely chained. Given an opportunity, they will steal the chains. Gypsy children go naked even in rather cold weather, nevertheless there is a saying that a gypsy never has but one illness, and that is at the end of his long life.

When Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West in St. Peter's, in 800 A.D., he was thus made the ruler of Italy, France, Hungary, Germany and Spain. Despite his greatness he was never able to learn to read or write.

Not First in Nuts.

Botany Teacher — "The cocoanut palm has an annual production of fifty or sixty nuts.

Cynical College Dean—"Well, that doesn't compare with the number of nuts in every graduating class we send out."

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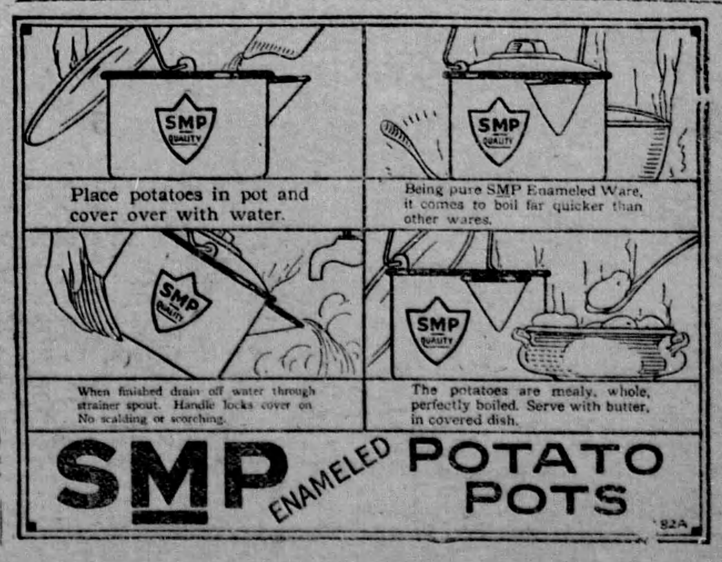
Messages can be transmitted at the rate of 320 words a minute in each direction at the same time over the new Transatlantic cable between Rome and New York. This cable is 4,704 miles long, and cost nearly $5,000,000