A Chance to Begin Again

PART I.

The rattle of the train had died away, although the smoke of it still hung over the distant curve in the track. On the platform Ethel Grafton stood surveying the dusty road.

"This is encouraging," she said to herself. "Station closed—for repairs, I hope," with a disdainful glance at the dilapidated building. "Station master nowhere to be found; not a soul in sight. How mean! I've got to stay here in this broiling sun and keep watch over that trunk and hatbox till the Elmsville train comes in. And not even a place to sit down!

"I suppose I could leave the trunk here," she went on reflectively, "and start on a search for the station master, but I don't want to leave that hatbox. Three hats, at twenty dollars apiece, and not paid for yet. Poor papa!" And she laughed as she thought of the good-humored way in which her father would take her to task for her extravagance.

She decided to wait, but waiting was idksome business—especially with the July sun beating fiercely down upon her.

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the other side of the platform.

"Oh, please wait a moment!" she cried, as she caught sight of a young girl hurrying away.

The girl paused, blushed painfully, and except for a momentary glance kept her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Can you tell me where the station master is? Do you know anything about the trains?" Ethel asked breathlessly, but conscious at the same time of the girl's beautiful, long eyelashes and clear-cut, attractive features, which not even her shabby and faded clothing could put wholly out of mind.

"No, I never take them," replied the girl, answering the last question first; "but here comes Mr. Jackson; he can tell you all about them." And she moved nervously away.

With a feeling of relief Ethel turned toward the man. "Are you the station master?" she asked anxiously.

"That's the way they've got me down in the company's books."

"Then will you please tell me what time the train for Elmsville gets here?"

"Elmsville? Why, there's no train train for Elmsville from here! You ought to have got off at Lapham, ten miles back, and changed cars there."

Ethel set down on her trunk with a despairing groan.

"The only thing for you to do now," the man went on, "is to hire a team to drive you back to Lapham. I'll go down to the village and send a man up. There ain't anything particular to keep me here just now."

"Thank you very much!" murmured Ethel as he turned away.

"It was kind of him to offer to do it," she thought, as she watched the figure of the station master trudging down the dusty road, and the reflection prompted a wish to pay him for his trouble.

She took out her purse, in order to have the money ready when he should return, and opened it. A puzzled expression came into her face, and quickly changed to one of anxiety.

She hurriedly opened one compartment after another, and emptied everything on the top of her trunk. Her ticket to Elmsville and all the crisp five-dollar bills that had given the purse such a fat look that morning were gone. Not a penny remained!

A feeling of helplessness came over her. She was at least a hundred miles from Elmsville, penniless among total strangers, unable even to telegraph for help. She could not pay the driver who was coming for her; nor even if he should be willing to take her to Lapham free, would she be any better off there.

"Wait!" she exclaimed suddenly, half aloud. "Where was it Cousin Jim borrowed money on his watch when he was in college and lost all his money—the time Aunt Clarissa scolded him so and said he had disgraced the family name? The pawnbroker's! Perhaps I can find one."

Down the road she started, half running, and stopped at the first house she came to, which, because of a display of showily trimmed hats in the window she rightly judged was the milliner's.

There were three women in the shop when she entered. Two, one of whom was behind the counter, were elderly. The other was the young girl whom she had seen a little while before at the station.

"Good morning!" began Ethel hurriedly. "Can yu—er—will you tell me where I can find a pawnbroker?"

At the sound of her voice the young girl turned quickly and dropped the half-trimmed hat that she held in her hand.

"A what?" asked one of the older women. "A pawnbroker—a man who lends money on watches and things," repeated Ethel "I've lost all the money I had with me and my ticket," she added, by way of explanation.

"I'm happy to say there isn't any such place as that in this town," said the proprietor of the shop, with an air of severity.

Silence fell on the group. Ethel walked to the window to hide the tears that were slowly following one another down her cheeks. She tried to swallow the lump in her throat, conscious all the time of curious and suspicious glances passing between the women behind her back.. The silence was broken by the young girl whom Ethel had met at the station.

"I guess, Mrs. Briggs," she said, "so long as Jessie Palmer spoke about it first it wouldn't be fair for me to take it; and—well, maybe I'd better not do anything about a hat now, anyway."

The conversation gave Ethel an idea. "I don't want to interfere in any way," she said to the milliner, "but I have a lovely hat that I should like to sell; and if this young lady has decided not to take one of these, she might like to see it. It's at the station now, but I can easily get it."

A shy fit, similar to the one that had embarrassed her during her brief interview with Ethel at the station, now took complete possession of the girl. Her blush deepened, she cast down her eyes as before and edged nervously toward the door.

"Well, I declare, Alvira!" spoke up one of the older women sharply. "I never saw you act so much like a goose! If you can't speak, I'll answer for you." Then, turning to Ethel, she said, "Perhaps you better get the hat. We can talk it over."

In a few minutes a rickety carriage drew up at the door and Ethel alighted from it, with her hatbox in her arms. She had found the carriage waiting for her at the station and, depending on the money to pay prospective sale for money to pay the driver, had hired it at once.

One by one she brought out the attractive hats and tried them on the head of the diffident country girl. The last one, a creation of pink silk mull and roses, won immediate approval. Even the milliner admitted that it was "real becoming."

"How—how much is it?" asked Alvira timidly.

Ethel cast a glance at the girl's faded calico gown and shabby shoes, and hesitated.

"I will sell it for five dollars," she said at last. "It is perfectly new and I—I paid somewhat more than that for it," she added, in sudden fear that the sale might not be consummated, after all; and yet a pang of pity smote her when she took the money from the thin, hard hand, which had lost all its girlishness from rough work.

The driver of the carriage looked up as she appeared. "Say, miss," he drawled, "you oughter hurried. 'Tain't any use going to Lapham now. You've lost yer train by half an hour. There ain't another before to-morrow morning."

Clutching her purse in her hand, Ethel sank on the doorstep and stared at the man aghast.

"Come right along with us," said the woman who had helped Alvira in the purchase of the hat, and who proved to be her aunt. They had overheard the driver's statement through the open window, and now came out on the steps. "You can come as well as not, and there isn't a boarding house or a hotel in the village."

So, half an hour later Ethel was comfortably established in the north chamber of the little weather-worn Judd homestead, where Alvira and her aunt lived alone.

(To be continued.)

"Tars" and the Artist.

A portrait of Admiral Jellicoe at the Sea Power Exhibition in London came in for severe criticism from a group of blue-jackets. They at once saw a point where the artist had stumbled. He has put the Admiral into the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, the highest rank of all. It is curious that no one pointed out the blunder until these lower-deck experts came along.

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We have always sailed the sea like gentlemen.—Mr. Ian Macpherson.

EIGHT HUN SPIES SHOT AT TOWER

MANY ARE UNDERGOING LONG TERMS OF IMPRISONMENT

Were Tricked by British Secret Service by the Use of False News.

In the possession of a sergeant-major of the British Military Foot Police is a particularly made leather strap—or rather, a series of straps—for which Madame Tussaud's doubtless would pay a large sum of money, says a London despatch.

It is the strap with which German spies caught in this country and condemned to death were fastened in a special chair at the Tower of London prior to being shot. Like a wise man, the sergeant-major had the strap made to his own design and paid for it with his own money. It is to him a priceless relic of the great war.

Germany's vaunted spy system, like the overboomed German navy, hardly realized expectations. There were, it is true, a great many spies in England, both before and after the war, acting on behalf of the Kaiser. Most of them came originally from South American states.

The British Secret Service resembled its magnificent navy. It did its work as silently and effectively, and the necessary reticence observed as to its doings contributed very materially to the discomfiture felt by the German Government owing to the misleading information which "fell" into German hands.

Mythical Barrage in Channel.

As a matter of fact, the Naval Intelligence Department, under Rear Admiral Hall, acting in conjunction with the censor's department, provided false information to the Germans, an instance being the mythical Strait of Dover submarine barrage revealed by Sir Roger Keyes.

Nearly all Germany's spies in this country attempted to forward their information by post. But thanks to the astuteness o fthe censor's staff it was rarely these letters, even although written in invisible ink, went undetected.

All spies were not arrested immediately they were detected. The British secret service, ever considerate, allowed them to send and receive letters and collect information, but it reserved the privilege of opening the correspondence both ways and making alterations likely to be of more use to the allies than to Germany.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the information obtained by this method. The Hun, wth his profound disrespect for British finesse, probably never will believe that Britain could be guilty of such astuteness.

It is certain that Germany obtained very little that was useful from her spies in England. From the outbreak of war the ports were too carefully guarded to permit of much leakage. The wild stories of wireless telegraphy and signalling to sea had little or no substance in fact: the risks of detection were too great.

Up and down the east and southwest coasts of England were, however, many "hydros," palatial hotels, built right on the sea with large copper domes twinkling brightly for many miles out at sea. And the manager was often a German.

Eight German spies were executed in this country, while many more are undergoing long terms of penal servitude. For obvious reasons the names of many never were revealed. The Imperial Government continued to communicate with them, blissfully unaware that their agents had gone to a bourne from which not even a German spy returns. The British secret service kindly acted as the spy's deputy.

The execution of these spies is naturally an unpleasant subject, but none the less interesting. After the secret trial and condemnation to death the spy was taken to the Tower, there to await the dread summons in the early hours of the morning. Taken from his cell by a party of military police, the spy was strapped to a chair in a quadrangle of the Tower. There, facing him, about ten paces distant was a firing party, usually eight men, from the battalion of guards on duty at the time.

Bared Chest the Target.

The preliminaries were soon arranged. The spy was placed in the chair and his body and limbs were tightly strapped to it. Then his chest was bared to receive the bullets of the Englishmen whose country he had wronged.

That was his last look at the world. A handkerchief was tightly bound around his eyes by the sergeant-major of the military police. The firing party, leaning on their rifles, stood up and brought them up to the aim as the sergeant-major stood clear. A low instruction from the officer in command to aim at the heart, a sharp order, "Fire!" a burst of flame, and the crack of eight rifles had ended the career of another of Germany's tools.

Some of the spies stood their execution stoically; others again made a last despairing fight and went to their death shrieking and cursing their Maker.

THE GERMAN NAVAL MIND

Conduct of Crews of Scapa Flow Fleet is a Mystey to British.

"It is all very well to talk about psychology and understanding the German mind," said a naval officer, "but I'm hanged if I know where to start."

Certainly if one studies the officers and crews of the seventy odd ships in the German Scapa Flow fleet one does not know where to start. They are so un-British, in fact, they are so unlike the rest of the world in their behavior, that there seems no logcal bridge by which one can cross to appreciate their mental workings.

Their lack of discfpline, says a writer in the London Daily Mail, has already been much commented on and may be broadly attributed to theier degeneration as a fighting force; but to what mental process can one attribute the fact that the German seaman slavishly obeys a direction given him by a British officer and yet preserves an attitude of neutrality toward his own?

For that is the general experience of our officers who have on duty visited the German ships. The German seaman will run about at once at a hint from a British officer. Perhaps that is the spirit that made the German waiter the success he was in prewar days, but the British naval man finds it difficult to understand, for he cannot by any stretch of the imagination picture himself acting likewise in similar circumstances. Yet another puzzle is that the German seamen have been seen to salute their representative on the Sailors' and Workmen's Council when they have disregarded their own officers.

The mental processes of the German officer, too, are no less difficult. The German officer occasionally salutes a British officer. It seems to depend on the nature of the German himself whether he does or not. But contrast with this is the fact that when some American mine-sweepers passed through the German lines all the officers on the deck of one of the German ships stood to the salute as the leading American vessel passed. Why? One hazards the guess that the Germans may think the Americans more friendly than the British, but one cannot understand the reasoning.

Yet another point which astonishes the naval officer. At the very time that the German High Seas Fleet was abandoning its proud title by refusing to fight, a gallant submarine officer—for there is no other adjective to most men's minds—made an attempt to get into Scapa Flow and work havoc among the units of the British Fleet then assembled there. He failed, and his submarine was blown up owing to our adequate defences, but it was a bold attempt and in accord with the best traditions of naval warfare.

Truly, one is "hanged if one knows where to start" to understand the German naval mind.

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Nearly 17,000 women are now engaged in building work in England.

"THREE ACRES AND LIBERTY"

Co-operative Farms for Disabled Soldiers Started in England.

Among the myriad schemes for rendering disabled soldiers self-supporting and at the same time happy, is the Vanguard Farm at Sutton Valence, Kent. Splendid acreage has been secured and the farm is worked co-operatively. Severely injured sailors and soldiers with their families can settle on the land, each family being given a cottage, stock, seeds, etc. The community does the farming, each member contributing according to his physical ability. Any surplus products and stock are sold through the co-operative centre. There is an arangement whereby members of the colony may purchase their cottages, land and stock by easy instalments. The work on the farm is already under way and there is a long list of applicants.

Since there will, in all probability, be similar attempts in Canada to provide Garden Cities or co-operative farms, the question of up-to-date housing that is also economical and low in its first cost is one that will receive investigation. Probably one of the best of these is what is called the "pour house." In the Self Masters" Colony of Union, New Jersey, fourteen of these houses have been erected. A set of wooden moulds is built at the cost of a few thousand dollars and concrete is poured into them. These moulds are rented to the house builders and within a week the house is finished, a six-room, thousand dollar house, proof against fire, vermin and earthquakes, forever free from repairs, insurance and a non-conductor of heat or cold. When the concrete is set the moulds are removed and rented to the next homesteader.

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"We are all guests in God's great house,
The Universe, and Death is but His page
To show us to the chamber where we sleep.
What though the bed be dust, to wake is sure;
Not birds, but angels, flutter at the eaves,
And call us, singing."