

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

By HAROLD HOWLAND

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AS THE girl waited for the next to open for the New Canaan express which was to carry her into the wintry wilds of Connecticut she was thinking of the man who had been with her alone. How dull the people who waited for trains always looked! Why didn't some nice masculine thing breeze up and hail her with "Hello, Nancy Lee, are you going to the Marjorie's too? Why couldn't she ever have any luck?

Like that fellow just ahead of her, how nice to have somebody come along and at least say good-by cheerfully. She felt lonely and lonely. "Hello, Billy Bolter," Helen made him bring you love. One of the kids was sick—Jinks, I believe—or she'd have come herself. She wanted to send you a kiss, but said that she'd tried in old before I'd kiss a man good-by in the Grand Central, even for the best sister-in-law, that a man ever made the mistake of not marrying himself. So you'll get from me is a warning.

Her discontent had lost one of its edge as she settled into her seat after depositing her neat suitcase, with the hold initials "N. L." on its end, in the rack above. Pickles and peas! Suddenly she turned with a start. The rather nice voice was saying, "I beg your pardon, but is it possible that you are Nora Lang?"

As she looked into the not bad-looking face the provocative little smile that flickered about her eyes would have gleamed to any of the masculine bits, of wreckage that strowed the shores of her brief but glorious past like the little hand went out toward him.

"Why, Billy Bolter, what are you doing here? Won't you sit down?" For a moment the mouth in the not bad-looking face opened broadly. Then it closed in a firm line and Billy Bolter sat down.

"How did you know who I was?" said the girl. "Had Helen told you about me? Poor Helen! It's hard on her having Jinks so sick. If it weren't for Frank I don't know what she'd do. Do you?"

"No, I don't," admitted the rather nice voice. "Of course there's Bob. As a husband he's not a very good one. 'Husbands don't count,' asserted the girl. 'They're too—too—married, aren't they?'

"Then you don't want a husband, I judge?" said Billy, tentatively. "Of course I do!" retorted the girl. "How else could a girl get a brother-in-law like Frank?"

"Is that all you would want a husband for?" The question sounded a trifle anxious.

"What would you want a wife for?" the girl countered. "Or don't you want one?"

"I should say I do!" Billy replied with conviction. "That's what I'm here for!"

"You mean you're starting out on this cold, bleak trip on purpose to get a wife?" the girl demanded.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I started out to go sailing. But now I've decided to get a wife."

"Before you get back?" asked the girl.

"Long before, I hope. The rather nice voice grew just a little nicer. "I think I'll lose no time."

"Oh, you do? The girl's voice had a shade of defiance. "How far are you going?"

"As far as I need to," was the prompt reply. "To get her I mean."

The not bad-looking face was smiling directly into hers and, for perhaps the first time within the memory of man, the girl flushed a little discreetly.

"But where are you going?" This subject seemed safer.

"New Canaan," was the cheerful reply. "To the Marjorie's."

"You're not?" The girl's voice was a trifle shaky.

"Oh, yes. Aren't you?" said Billy. "They asked me up there especially to meet Nora Lang. In fact, they dared me to come. They said nobody had failed to fail for her yet."

"Of course you're sure you won't," said the girl, with a distinct chill in her voice. "Well, I hope you will."

"I have," said Billy Bolter. "Oh, no," said the girl decidedly. "You only think you have."

Hours pass swiftly when the ancient and not always honorable game is under way. New Canaan was not nearly so welcome as two travelers had expected it to be when they set out.

As they stepped to the platform a girl and a man met them.

"Hello, Nora!" said the girl of the train to the girl of the platform.

"Hello, Jimmie!" said the man of the platform to the man of the train.

The travelers, with scant courtesy for their welcome, faced each other. "Aren't you Nora Lang?" demanded the man.

"Aren't you Billy Bolter?" demanded the girl.

"I'm Nora Lang," said the girl of the platform. "She's Nancy Lee."

"Nobody calls him Billy Bolter except Frank and Helen," said the man of the platform. "We've got two cutters here. Jimmie, will you drive Miss Lang? I'll take Miss Lee."

Billy Bolter turned his not bad-looking face deliberately to the girl of the train and in his quite nice voice said, "I'm taking Nancy."

"Yes, Jimmie," said Nancy Lee.

The Scrap Book

Hawk Enabled Angler to Keep His Promise

A New Jersey man entered a newspaper office and told the following fish story:

"I was fishing in the surf over the beach and I had a striped bass. He had promised his wife that if he did not make him paint screens and do other chores about the house that he would surely bring home at least one of these beauties."

Promises like that are dangerous, and this fisherman cast all day without landing a single bass.

Just about sunset, disgusted, but having that empty feeling in the pit of his stomach that comes from an all-day lay in the surf the man turned and saw a huge fish hawk drop into the water exactly over the spot where he had been fishing all day and came up with a striped bass in its talons and went over his head.

How he envied that hawk! The railway tracks were close by. As the hawk flew over them it came along and the engineer blew his whistle. The sound of the shrill whistle so startled the hawk that it let go the bass in its talons.

The bass had no sooner hit the beach close to the tracks than our story teller was upon it. The beauty weighed four pounds and Mr. Angler went home, as he had promised his wife, with a fish to show for his day's sport.

Refuses to Be Cast Down by Adversity

The happiest man in my acquaintance has more cause to be unhappy than any other man I know.

Ray Long, in Hearst's International, "He is lame, and he can't be cured; he is in constant pain, and he can't be relieved; he carries excess weight, and he can't get it off."

"At the same time I have known this man, I have never heard him grouse at his fate. I have never known him to show irritation; I have never heard him knock a fellow worker or a fellow friend."

"Instead of letting his obesity worry him, he wrote a humorous look about the advantages of being fat. Instead of letting his lameness make a refusal of him, he has written an interesting article at social gatherings you see the best-looking women clustered around him just for the joy of hearing him talk. Instead of giving way to his pain, he gets joy from work that makes him forget the pain."

"The secret of his happiness lies in the fact that he loves to do things for others. I owe my first real magazine opportunity to him."

Lady's Slipper Rare Flower

In appearance not unlike the familiar yellow celandine of our gardens, with pouch-like blossoms and glossy leaves, the "lady's slipper" found in upper Wharfedale, Yorkshire, is Britain's rarest wild flower.

Many naturalists have spent years in trying to locate it, but without success, while the number of those who have found specimens is exceedingly small, says London Times. One of the last to be lucky in the quest was a girl of twelve, while a short time previously a man who had only lately moved into the district picked a bunch of the blossoms, much to the surprise of localists.

Quite apart from its rarity, the "lady's slipper" is interesting on account of its amazing elusiveness. Places where it has been discovered have been carefully marked, yet when the plant has been due to bloom again no trace of it has been found.

His Title

Mose was a man of all work who had been doing chores of the neighborhood for many years, and his customers knew him and his stories as well as they knew their children. Then one day Mose put over the big surprise. He went among his old-time friends and customers wearing his name and the letters "P. O. B." following his name.

One of the women to whom Mose had handed a card inquired the meaning of the letters.

"Well, you see it is this way, Missy," said Mose. "Us professional men all have letters after our names, some different from others. Now them letters P. O. B. after my name means 'Freemason Organ Blower'."

Have Peculiar Taty

There is a special staff of men called "arbitrators" employed by the London General Omnibus company who ride in the highest omnibus obtainable, order the driver to bug the curb, and then wait on the top deck for a bunch to sweep their hats off. If a leaf touches a hat, they trim the free with pruning knives. Eyewitness has to be obtained if the tree is private property, but in no case has this been refused.

Cheerful

Outside a church hall in a Cornish (England) village there is a notice calling the attention of visitors to a concert to be followed by a hot party supper. Underneath are the words: "The vicar will preach on Sunday evening, his subject being 'A Night of Horror.'"

SHE WANTED A REAL DOLL

By WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

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TONY RANDINI sat on the bed in his little room over the kitchen at Caraffa's, where he boarded, and thought long and earnestly. The children were playing down stairs. He had just had a letter from his mother. He was begging her mother for a doll—not a rag doll, but a real doll "like the other girls had," and Mrs. Caraffa answered that if papa brought home good wages that week she should have one.

Then she thought of her mother's hands, and she and her brother Bruno began to sing. They were having a good time, those children. He loved them. They were his friends. They were all that he had to love. His own children and his wife were dead. He had no kin except a brother in Italy who had disowned him. He had lost his job the week before and he had been drinking.

The money was enough to make one think, but it was not all. A catastrophe had fallen upon him and upon that house—before which all lighter misfortunes were as nothing. There had been a fire last night at the Cafe Scilla, around the corner and a man had been killed. Tony was drunk at the time, but not so drunk as to be ignorant of what it was done. Caraffa had been with him. A stranger had been with him, and he had picked a quarrel. There has been high words and the thrust of a knife under the stranger's heart. And it was Caraffa who had made the thrust. Tony knew that, though it was Tony's knife which he did it.

Caraffa did not seem to know what he had done. Caraffa was very drunk. Indeed, Joe Malato, the owner of the place, had seen the scuffle and had said that he knew who had struck the blow, perhaps he did not. But Joe always protected his customers. He had opened the back door and told them to go, and they had gone—Tony leading Caraffa home, and leaving the stranger dead on the sidewalk.

The crime could not be hidden long. Even now detectives must surely be on the trail. What should he do? Flight was open to him, but that would be a confession of guilt. He felt sure that he should in the end be caught. Tony had no money and no friends—except the Caraffas. Then, too, there was a terrible feeling of weakness—of incompetence. He was not equal to the effort.

Another thought struck him with terrific force. What of Caraffa? Caraffa had a family—Bruno and little Francesca—Ah, cruel! how he loved that little one! And Mrs. Caraffa was a good woman, who had been kind to him when he was sick. They were his friends—and Caraffa. What would happen to the wife and children if it should be known that Caraffa was the murderer?

An hour passed. Still Tony sat on the edge of the bed, lost in thought. Then there was a sharp rap at the door—a sound of footsteps and loud talking in the room below. The footsteps were on the stairs. They were at his door. The door swung open and two officers entered. "We want you," they said. That was all.

Downstairs all was confusion. An officer was with Caraffa. Caraffa was protesting loudly. The children were crying. Mrs. Caraffa was gasping and uttering a torrent of speech. Tony said nothing. There was nothing to say. He and Caraffa went out with the officers.

At the station they were subjected to the usual grilling. Joe Malato, the owner of the Cafe Scilla, was also there. Caraffa maintained—truly—that he remembered nothing about the murder. The police captain showed Tony the knife, stained with blood, and asked him whose it was.

"It was my knife," said Tony, simply. "And you stabbed the man, didn't you?"

Tony looked into the eyes of Joe Malato to see what he knew. The captain looked, too—that was his business. But the eyes of Malato were inscrutable. Then Tony thought of Bruno and little Francesca. What did it matter to him after all?

There was a pause of not more than two seconds. Then he turned and looked fixedly at one of the brass buttons on the captain's coat while he said:

"Yes, I stabbed him."

The captain turned to Malato. "Did you see the stabbing?" he asked.

Malato had received his cue. "Yes," he answered. "Tony Randini did it."

"Did Caraffa have anything to do with it?" asked the captain.

"No, he did nothing. He was asleep—He was drunk."

The captain turned to Caraffa. "Go home," he said. "We don't want anything more of you."

Caraffa went—looking with a pitiful backward look at Tony. He hesitated at the door, stopped a moment and said to the captain:

"Tony is a good man. I think he does not do it."

"Do you know who did?" asked the captain.

"No, I not know," said Caraffa. "Get along then. If it were dead drunk, you're not a competent witness," snapped the captain.

Caraffa went out—to life and freedom. Tony looked at him curiously as he went. Then he thought again of the children. Yes, at the end of the week Francesca would have her doll.

RED CROSS DUTY TO AID VETERANS

Spends Nearly Four Millions in Year to Lessen Burdens of Disabled Soldiers.

SERVES 63,700 IN HOSPITALS

Every Case Is Given Individual Service—Assists Families of These Men Everywhere.

Washington.—The need of individual assistance by ex-service men and their families from the Red Cross is as pressing today as it was immediately after the end of the World War. For six years this work has been foremost of all Red Cross services, and in emphasizing the steady public support of this work the Red Cross National Headquarters urges the largest enrollment this year during the membership campaign opening on Armistice Day, November 11.

Nearly four million dollars of Red Cross funds spent for disabled veterans and their dependents during the year ended June 30 last presents some idea of the magnitude of the work. The current year, it is estimated, will call for still further disbursements of funds for the reason that the Red Cross, through more than 3,500 chapters in as many communities in the United States, has been called upon to help the ex-service men in making out their applications for the adjusted compensation granted in the so-called bonus law.

53,767 Soldier Cases a Month

The Red Cross work for the disabled soldier is designated "home service," for it gives individual attention to the man and his family approximating the interest and loving care of the home. Such service in the hospitals, camps, soldiers' homes and sanatoria, averaged 33,351 cases a month during the year. Assistance to ex-service men and their dependents averaged 53,767 cases a month.

In addition, the Red Cross in the last twelve months provided 32,000 recreation and entertainment events in the hospitals and camps.

Thus the Red Cross, symbolized as "the Greatest Mother," still watches over these many thousands of men, comforts them, helps to lighten the toils of their physical reconstruction, and in their homes lifts some of the burdens from their "own people."

Work in Communities Increases

The home service of the Red Cross

was the most pressing duty of 2,609 chapters, an increase of 192 communities where problems affected by the war veterans' condition required solution through immediate and intelligent assistance. The chapters alone expended some \$2,000,000 in this work.

The transient disabled soldier, usually suffering from disability or tuberculosis, is almost everywhere a grave problem. From national funds the past year \$17,075.35 was expended in helping the chapters to care for these wandering men.

According to government report there are 4,300 veterans in civilian institutions, and in the national homes for soldiers the complications are increasing. The large groups of patients whose claims have been disallowed, of veterans of foreign wars, and the great number of men permanently resident in these institutions call for Red Cross work which cannot be avoided nor denied.

Definite Service to 73,700

Of a total of 84,500 ex-service men in hospitals and other institutions 73,700 were rendered a definite and specialized service by the Red Cross. In a single month 4,135 new cases were presented and a total of 29,125 was acted upon—figures which serve to illustrate the magnitude of the information and claims service engaging the attention of Red Cross workers.

New veteran legislation amending the War Risk act which extends many additional rights to disabled ex-service men will reopen thousands of cases and require still greater Red Cross service.

When Congress granted a charter to the American Red Cross it charged the organization with the duty to act as "the medium of communication between the American people and their Army and Navy." This responsibility to the enlisted men and their families is met every year without restriction.

Serves Men on Active Service

The extent of this Red Cross activity during the last year embraced a total of 195,246 cases. There were 34,935 separate soldiers' and sailors' claims; 20,116 investigations of home conditions; 11,421 cases related to discharges, furloughs, etc. Assistance was given in 39,638 instances for personal, business or family problems; 74,420 visits were made to the sick or disabled, and nearly 40,000 letters and telegrams dispatched to the homes of enlisted men.

From June to September at the numerous military training camps the Red Cross provided information and home service to the trainees, also instruction in First Aid and Life-Saving. The entertainment and recreation events at the various Army and Navy hospitals reached nearly 9,500 during the year, and occupational therapy in nine Naval hospitals gave constructive and beneficial results and occupied the time of patients in the making of useful and ornamental things.

Famous English Society

The Royal Geographical Society of England was founded in 1830. Its object is to collect, register, digest and print in a cheap and convenient form such useful and interesting facts and discoveries as the society might from time to time acquire. It has always welcomed to its fellowship those anxious to further this object by their interest and support as well as those able to take a more active part in their work of discovery and exploration.

Nature of Static

As spoken of in connection with radio static is a condition in which electro-magnetic waves affect the receiving set. Static is produced by electrical storms and by atmospheric electrical discharges. Such waves are also known as "strays" or "x's." Briefly, static may be said to be electric waves set in motion by atmospheric disturbances as distinguished from electric waves from a broadcasting station.

TRY THE OPERATOR'S WAY OF SAYING THEM

Telephone operators are taught voice technique, but many telephone subscribers keep on calling numbers without giving much thought to the manner in which their words are pronounced. Perhaps some mistakes might be avoided by taking a leaf from the operators' own book of instructions.

The next time central repeats the number you call, you will notice that she makes a slight pause between the hundreds and tens, as, for example, Bryant 4295 which she renders Bryant 42 (pause) 95. Then again in repeating digits, central uses an interesting system of pronunciation which might be copied with satisfactory results. Here is the way she usually does it:

0—0 is spoken as "OH"—with a long O.

1—as "WUN"—with a strong N.

2—as "TOON"—with a strong T and a long OO.

3—as "THREE"—with slight rolling R and long E.

4—as "FOUR"—with long I.

5—as "FIVE"—with long I and strong V.

6—as "SIX"—with a strong X.

7—as "SEVEN"—with two syllables.

8—as "ATE"—with long A and strong T.

9—as "NINE"—one syllable, with strong N on the end.

The Western Electric Company manufactures over half the world's telephones.

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