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EYES AND VOICE

By R. RAY BAKER

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Roscoe Bates was one of the points of the queerest love triangle on record. At least Roscoe had never heard of its equal.

He was in love with two young women. Nothing remarkable about that, you will say; it's more often that way than not. There's no disputing that. The fact that he was in love with two girls—or thought he was—was not the remarkable thing about Roscoe's romance.

Here's the thing about it: One of the girls Roscoe had never seen and the other he had never heard speak; and he could not tell which of the two was the more desirable. As for that, though, it looked hopeless for him in either case.

Roscoe was better acquainted with "Voice" than with "Eyes." In fact, he did not know Eyes at all. Voice, of course, was the one he talked with over the phone, and Eyes was the one that worked in the same building with him. He had tried in various ways to meet her, but unfortunately the girl was employed in an office entirely separate from the one in which he had a desk, and he had not been able to find one among his fellow workers who knew any of the girl's associates.

Eyes had smiled at him when he met her on the stairway for the first time some ten months ago; and subsequently when he met her, which was frequently, she had greeted him the same way. But it was just a friendly, comradely smile—not the invitation-to-a-flirtation kind—and he was gratified it was that way. Roscoe had liked the girl from the start, and during the months he saw her come and go from the building he became convinced that he loved her—or would love her if he had half a chance. However, he was quite the opposite of forwardness—not exactly timid or bashful, but rather reserved, you might say.

Roscoe's acquaintanceship with Voice started a year back. It was a case of "wrong number." The girl was calling up a newspaper office to get the baseball scores—for it developed she was a "fan"—and had become connected with Roscoe's desk instead. He was a "fan" himself, and had the scores at his tongue's end, so he furnished her with the desired information.

Then he took one of the boldest steps of his life. He told her he would give her the scores every day if she would call him up; in fact, he offered to call her, but she refused to give her number. She accepted his invitation, and soon they became quite friendly in their telephone associations, which at first dealt mainly with baseball "dope," but later widened their scope to other subjects, although never descending to the plane commonly known as "kidding."

Roscoe fell in love with the voice, not in a silly way, but seriously. He was a sentimental youth and the novelty of the situation appealed to him. Still, he was handicapped by his reserve and could not muster the courage, or whatever the missing ingredient might be, to ask the girl's name or seek to meet her.

Thus matters stood when two months later he began meeting Eyes; and he went up in the air, so to speak. Eyes' eyes were as beautiful to look upon as Voice's voice was to hear, and he felt that either of the girls would fit in with his ideas of the ideal.

Roscoe was not a particularly handsome young man; still, he had his attractive features, one of which was his immaculate appearance, while his features were clean-cut, and he had a couple of dimples that stamped him as having a genial disposition. Yes, it was entirely possible for a girl to get in love with Roscoe at first sight, although he did not flatter himself on that score and did not suppose that Eyes gave him more than a passing thought.

As to Roscoe's voice, it had tones that were pleasing enough; at least, there was no harshness connected with his speech. He realized, however, that it possessed no enticing qualities, and he labored under no delusions that Voice had fallen in love with him or was more interested than one enthusiastic baseball fan might be interested in another.

About the time Roscoe had decided he cared the most for Eyes, possibly because she was more tangible than Voice, and perhaps because of his fear that Voice might be quite the opposite of beautiful to look upon, and maybe because Eyes seemed the more elusive, one of his fellow workers came to him with this discouraging information:

"I found out who that girl in the red coat is. Her name's Pearl Dixson and she's in Dearborn's office upstairs. But you haven't a chance, Ros. She's already in love with a fellow. I met her chum, last night, and she told me so."

Roscoe was disheartened, but brightened up when he learned that the next afternoon was to be a half holiday and he would have his first opportunity of the season to witness a baseball game.

Roscoe owned a small roadster which had not yet passed the cranking stage, and in this he motored to the ball grounds. The game was so exciting that he forgot about his love affairs, and after its termination he lingered to discuss with an umpire with whom he was acquainted a technical point on a ruling that had arisen during the diamond conflict.

When Roscoe left the grounds the crowds had vanished, all except a girl in a red coat, who stood outside the gate looking about as though in search of some one. She was Eyes, and she smiled with them when she saw Roscoe.

Roscoe's heart beat violently as he approached her, amazed at his own temerity, lifted his hat and inquired:

"Can I be of service?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I'm looking for my aunt. We got separated in the crowd and I'm afraid she's taken the trolley car thinking I also was on it, and there isn't another car for half an hour."

Roscoe stepped into the breach.

"I'll be glad to escort you home in my—my alleged automobile."

"I'll be equally glad to ride in it, I assure you," she told him sweetly.

Soon they were buzzing along the road—not too fast, for Roscoe wanted to prolong the trip, especially after he discovered there was no ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Wasn't it a glorious game!" she exclaimed, starting slightly as Roscoe narrowly missed hitting another car, due to the fact that he was looking into Eyes' eyes.

They discussed the game in detail.

"Do you know," she observed, as they whisked into the residential district, heading for an address she furnished, "you remind me a lot of a friend of mine—another baseball fan?"

Roscoe's heart sank.

"That must be the fellow she's in love with," he thought.

"He talks just like you, using the same idioms, and has the same favorite players," she went on.

This gave Roscoe a new lease on hope. If she loved this other man, and the other man was like him, he felt that he had some chance of beating him in a matrimonial duel.

"You should meet him," Eyes continued. "The next corner is where I live, please. Yes, you should meet him, but I could never bring it about."

"And why not?" he inquired, slowing down.

"Because I never met him myself. Probably you'll think I'm a foolish little girl; but for a year I've been in love with a man I've never seen. He gives me the baseball scores over the telephone every day, and—but, of course, it's all useless. I'll never meet him."

The roadster came to a stop in front of her home with such violence that their heads struck the top.

"Thank you so much," she said, as he helped her out. "Maybe I can do something for you some day."

Roscoe gulped and groped for words, finally managing to say:

"You can do something right now. Let me come up and see you tonight, and I'll bring this telephone man of yours along. I'm well acquainted with him."

And Eyes' eyes smiled at him and answered in advance of her lips.

ZUNI INDIANS FLEET-FOOTED

Remarkable Racing Tournament in Which Runners Usually Defeat Mounted Competitors.

The Zuni Indians of Northwestern New Mexico occasionally hold a racing tournament in which a number of the fleetest runners of the tribe contest for prizes to be given those who first complete on foot a circuit fully 25 miles in length, after a week of severe preparatory practice. The contestants are compelled to kick a small stick the entire distance of the race. Sometimes they bare the right foot and grasp the stick between their toes so that in taking a step they can fling it a surprising distance in front of them as they run.

The rule of the race is that this stick is never to be touched by any part of the body other than the foot. The contestants may get into severe difficulties when the nomadic piece of wood happens to fall into the midst of one of the large thorny clumps of cacti which abounds in that country, or if the river has to be crossed in the race. So extraordinary are the endurance and speed of these runners that they often cover the entire 25 miles in a little more than two hours.

Sometimes Indians mounted on swift ponies enter the race against the foot runners. At the end of ten miles the horses begin to show signs of fatigue, and when 15 or 20 miles have been traveled they have often to be withdrawn from the race. The foot runners are almost always able to win the race over their mounted competitors, and seem to suffer no serious effects from the great muscular strain to which they have been subjected.

Annoying Both Ways.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe said at the club:

"Servants—and not necessarily good servants—now get $15 a week, and at that they are hard to find.

"A young girl about to marry said to a middle-aged matron the other day:

"'I suppose housekeeping has its annoyances?'

"'It certainly has!' the matron answered. 'You've either got a servant or you haven't.'"

Its Natural End.

"There is one occupation which no matter how well a man succeeds in it is bound in the end to go down hill."

"What's that?"

"Mountain climbing."

I. O. U.

By CORONA REMINGTON

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"I tell you, son," Mr. Losmond continued, "if you don't stop fooling around that Blake girl you'll marry her sure; then I'll disinherit you."

"But, father, I'm not in love with Miss Blake, and wouldn't marry her if she were the only girl in the world."

"Well, that may be all right, but there's something I want you to do for me. I want you to go to California to your Uncle Will Bennett's and stay on his ranch for awhile and learn something of country life. I wrote to him about it, and he said he'd be glad to have you."

Jack thought a moment. H's father was evidently set upon his going, and, anyhow, a trip to California would not be so bad; so why not? After brief mental calculation he replied:

"I'll be ready next Wednesday."

"Good! That's settled. I'll write to your uncle and tell him when to expect you."

A few days of hustling preparations and Jack found himself ready for the trip. When Wednesday morning arrived he boarded the through sleeper for San Francisco, and seated himself with a light heart as he idly watched the hurrying, scurrying crowds outside waving goodbys to the slowly moving train. He sat immersed in thought for a few moments, but his attention was soon distracted by the gruff voice of the Pullman conductor speaking to the passenger in the opposite seat:

"Well, lady, you can't stay here unless you have got the money to pay for it—you'll have to go in the day coach."

"But day coaches don't go all the way to San Francisco, and I'm alone, and I'd have to stop at hotels on the way," the passenger protested.

Beneath a perky little toque Jack saw a most bewitching face that wore an expression of much perplexity. The young man promptly sided with the distressed little creature across the aisle, and, drawing a card from his pocket, touched the conductor on the arm.

"Please give this to the young lady," he said, "and ask her to permit me to lend her the necessary money—it would be a pleasure."

Without waiting for the message to be repeated, the girl glanced at the card and addressed Jack directly:

"It's so good of you to offer, Mr. Losmond. I—I don't know what to do about it, but guess I'll have to accept. Here's my card. I'll return it as soon as I reach San Francisco."

As she smiled her thanks two fascinating dimples appeared, then disappeared so rapidly that Jack could not be sure that he had seen them after all. He hoped she would smile again. After the conductor had gone he wanted to talk to his fair neighbor, but Miss Westell seemed to consider the matter closed, for she soon buried herself in a book and the morning passed uneventfully. When luncheon was announced, he decided to wait until the girl should arise, in the hope of being able to offer to escort her to the dinner, but Edith Westell showed no signs of moving. Suddenly it occurred to him that possibly she had no money to pay for her meal, since he had only handed to the conductor enough to pay for her Pullman fare. He addressed her in his most engaging tones:

"Beg pardon, Miss Westell, but won't you take lunch with me? I'd be charmed if you would."

She puckered up her forehead for a second, as if debating, then:

"Since I'm nearly starved and it's my only chance of getting something to eat, I guess I'd better accept your kindness, though it does seem dreadfully unconventional; but I'm ravenously hungry."

"Lets forget conventions until we reach San Francsico," he suggested.

"But I think it would be better for me to borrow more money, and pay for my own lunch," she replied.

"I'm afraid I can't lend you any more," he returned with mock seriousness.

The girl looked up and caught the twinkle in his dark eyes and smiled despite her attempt at being dignified.

"Well," she said, "I'll have to accept this time. Let's go at once, please; I'm famished."

Mr. Losmond ordered the meal and watched the girl sitting opposite him with fascinated interest. Her face wore an expression of eager anticipation.

"You seem to be interested in things," he remarked.

"Having had nothing to eat since last night, and possessing an abnormally good appetite, I naturally am."

"Too bad," he sympathized. "I never dreamed but what you'd had your breakfast."

"No. I—I'm running away, and that's how I came to be short of money." She blushed at her own confession.

"You seem remarkably calm for one who is running away," he laughed.

"But I really am, all the same. My parents believe I'm safe and sound in New York."

"I should think they'd have missed you by now and be wiring all over creation," he put in.

"Oh, no. I took care they shouldn't get alarmed so soon, by telling them that I was tired of everything and was going to bury myself at a friend's house for a whole week, and didn't want them to try to find me or to communicate with me in any way. At the end of that time I promised to let them hear from me, and they agreed, because they say that I've never gotten into any mischief; so I'm a 'trusty' and they let me do as I like as a rule—about things that aren't very important," she ended a little bitterly.

"I admit I'm puzzled to know why you're running away from such lenient parents," he said.

Miss Westell blushed at this and looked out of the window. Finally she spoke:

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but I guess it's because you lent me the money I needed. I'm running away because my mother and father want me to—to marry a man I don't want to marry, and I know that if they keep on talking and he keeps on talking to me, I'll marry him in spite of myself."

"I think you were perfectly justified in running away," he assured her, his dark eyes big with interest, while beneath the table he gripped his napkin as if it were some one's neck.

"Do you really mean it? It's so good to hear you say it," she confessed.

During the rest of the trip they were almost constantly together, reading to each other or exchanging anecdotes of their past lives, and when at last the day of arrival came Jack and Edith left the train together, he carrying her bag and guiding her through the crowd. With a thrill he realized how very "husbandly" he must look. He glanced hastily around for his uncle, soon to see him and his daughter looking eagerly about.

Louisa saw Jack first and sped toward him, her face rippling with smiles, but to his astonishment she rushed straight up to Miss Westell and threw her arms around her, bubbling greetings and welcome. Losmond held his breath in amazement.

"You old dear, whatever brought you here?" Louisa asked excitedly, and went on without waiting for an answer. "And here's Cousin Jack. Why didn't you tell us you were going to bring Edith with you? I didn't even know you knew her."

"Is he your cousin?" Edith inquired. "What a surprise."

Then turning to Mr. Losmond she explained: "Louisa and I went to college together, and were the very chummies of chums."

Now Jack began to understand.

Louisa towed Edith away and seated her in the back of the waiting machine, leaving Mr. Bennett to take care of his nephew.

"I didn't know you knew the little Westell girl. She's a great favorite with us," Bennett said as they settled themselves on the front seat of the car.

"Sure! We've known each other for ages. Haven't we, Edith?" he called daringly over his shoulder.

"I should say so, Jack," she smiled with a gurgle of ill-suppressed laughter.

"In fact, we're—" the man went on his heart thumping.

"Jack, how dare you!" the girl exclaimed.

"All right, dear, we'll keep it till later if you'd rather."

"This is too wonderful! I'm simply knocked off my feet," said Louisa breathlessly.

"I am, too," said Edith.

"I am, too," said Jack, blissfully.

TOOK PHOTOGRAPH OF SOUL

French Scientist Declares Plates Showed Indications of the Spirit Leaving the Body.

Some years ago Dr. Baraduc of Paris attempted to photograph the soul at the moment of its departure from the body, at death. His wife was lying upon a bed, and from her body issued, at the very moment of dissolution, three white, misty balls, which gradually condensed and consolidated into one—being bound together, apparently by white threads. Hereward Carrington writes in Leslie's. Dr. Baraduc took photographs, on specially prepared plates, every fifteen minutes for three hours after death, and on all these plates obtained these markings—showing the gradual process of the withdrawal of the soul from the body, and its final detachment therefrom some hours later. These photographs represent so far as we can see, the first successful actual photographs which have been taken of the departure of the soul from the body at the moment of death.

They are not, however, the first "psychic" photographs which have been made, since Dr. Durville, in France, and others, have obtained successful markings upon photographic plates, of radiations issuing from the human body. Dr. McDougall of Haverhill, Mass., also, some years ago, succeeded (apparently) in weighing the soul at the moment of death. He found that it weighed about two and a quarter ounces. He placed the patient, bed and all, upon a delicate balance, and, at the very moment of death, the balance showed a sudden and unaccountable loss of between two and two and a half ounces.

Geographical Sisters.

Miss Rose asked her eighth grade: "What are the sister states?"

Mabel answered: "I am not sure, but I should think they were Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Louisa Anna, Della Ware, Minne Sota, and Mrs. Sippi."—The St. Cloud (Minn.) High School Mascot.

Its Fault.

"Did you think that joke about the antipodes was a good one?"

"I thought it was too far-fetched."

KNOWS NO PERIOD OF JOY

Camel Famed as Possessor of Perpetual "Grouch," From Its Birth to Its Death.

In selecting the camel as their emblem, anti-prohibitionists display a sense of fitness. According to some authorities, though the camel generally fills his tanks with water, when he has the chance he substitutes date juice, which, fermenting in due course gives him a portable store of alcohol to draw on as opportunity allows. Even with "soft" drinks the camel's powers of absorption are phenomenal. Watering a camel train on the march is a prolonged business, seeing that some camels require as much as 20 gallons to satisfy their thirst. On esthetic grounds, however, objections might be raised to selecting for an emblem an animal whose face has been described as "a sculptured sneer." The camel itself is said to be so little in love with its appearance that it never drinks from a pool without first fouling the water so as to be spared the sight of its own reflection. Nor does its character bear inspection. "The camel," says an oriental proverb, "curses its parents when it has to go uphill and its Maker when it goes down." Camels are born sad (even young camels are never known to play), and their life is one long protest against being made to work.—Manchester Guardian.

SAVAGES WORE BODY ARMOR

Gilbert Islanders Used That Form of Protection, but It Was Limited to Leaders.

Only one tribe in the South Pacific islands ever rose to the height of inventing armor to be used in their warfare. But even this tribe, the Gilbert islanders, turned out only a few suits, owing to the work entailed in the manufacture. Francis Dickie says, in the Scientific American, that the suits were limited in number, and that every village was the proud possessor of one. At the outbreak of a conflict between villages, not all the inhabitants went to war, but the most doughty warrior was dressed in the village armor and sent against the champion of the rival place.

The brown-colored fabric covering the body and legs, which formed the Gilberts' armor, was made out of coir string taken from the husk of the coconut, so closely woven as to make a protection stronger than board, and having greater lightness to recommend it. A further breastplate, invulnerable to any native weapon, was made from the dried skin of the stingaree, or ray fish, which dried as hard as metal.

In the last few years peace has settled over the Gilberts and the armor has ceased to be manufactured. The few suits in existence have all been seized by collectors of rare articles.

"Flower of the Devil."

"Flower of the Devil" is a strange growth upon trees found on the sides of Fuego volcano in Guatemala, one of the few places in the world where it is known to occur. It has beautiful foliation, veining and stem, and appears full blown when just unfolding from the bud. This effect is formed by a parasite which enters the wood and dies after eating portions of it away, a process which in time produces the results described. Tradition, however, ascribes a different origin. Years ago, when the Spaniard ruled the country, a fair Indian maiden was supposed to have betrayed certain tribal secrets to her white lover. Her people threw her into the fiery water of Fuego in expiation of her sin, and once every year, on Midsummer's day, she appears to throw armfuls of the devil's flowers over the mountain's slopes—a solemn warning to all of the sanctity of tribal secrets.

Woodpecker a "Home Bird."

Among the natural guardians of the trees are the woodpeckers, which gather their food as they creep round the trunks and branches. As the food of the woodpecker is nearly as abundant in winter as in summer, they are seldom migratory. They never forage in flocks, like some of the granivorous birds whose food is more plentiful but scatter out over wide areas, and thus better their fare. They bear the same relation to other birds that take their food from trees as snipes and woodcocks bear to thrushes and quails—that is, they bore into the wood as the snipe bores into the earth, while thrushes and quails seek their sustenance on the surface of the ground.

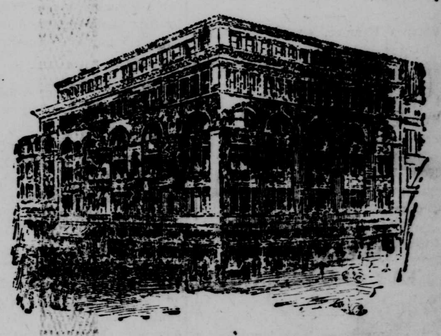
"Devil's Darning Needle."

The darning needle, or devil's darning needle, is one of the names given to the dragon fly, which belongs to the order Odonata. Other popular names for this insect are "snake feeders," "snake doctors," "horse stingers," "flying adders," etc., though dragon flies are harmless, as well as useful in killing mosquitoes and little flies. Young dragon flies and the young of other insects, such as many flies, while in the intermediate stage between the eggs and the mature insect, live in water and are called "nymphs." Many of them live for a year in this stage in ponds before transforming into adult dragon flies.

Knows All the News.

"Those people never read a newspaper from one year's end to the other."

"That doesn't matter; they've engaged a maid who's lived in about every other family on the block."



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