

## AMANDA AND THE ESCAPED CONVICT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

AMANDA STOCKTON handed her husband his dinner pail, presented an apple-like cheek for his good-by kiss and opened the back door to let him out. A chill, raw wind swept through the kitchen and whirled around her skirts as she stood in the doorway. For seventeen years, regardless of weather their parting was the same.

"Be careful about opening the door to a stranger," he invariably warned. Her answer was a good-natured laugh. Not that Amanda ever took his warning seriously. It was a pleasant part of the morning's program, and, because it came from Tim, she loved it.

Just as he passed through the alley gate Tim always turned, and he and Amanda lifted, simultaneously, a hand toward each other in farewell.

Though Amanda's teeth chattered with the cold, it did not occur to her to go inside until the moment of Tim's turning the corner at the end of the alley.

Amanda poured herself a post-breakfast cup of coffee. Its aroma filled the kitchen. A sudden knocking at the door surprised her.

"I wonder who it can be? It's pretty early for callers," she puzzled, as she opened the door.

The man who stood there was shockingly shabby and he shook as though he had the ague.

"I smelled your coffee clean out to the alley, ma'am," he mumbled, apologetically. "Could you give me a cup?" "Come in," she said, with swift pity, flinging the door wide.

She piled a plate high with fried potatoes and thick slices of bacon. She set the plate on the table and indicated a chair. Pouring a cup of coffee, she added cream and sugar, and set it beside the plate.

"If you'd like more," she said, placing the coffee pot on a china stand before him, "help yourself."

Then she tactfully busied herself at the kitchen sink while the stranger ate. Except for the rattle of dishes and silver as she lifted them from the hot suds to the drainer, and the occasional click of his cup as her unknown guest settled it in its saucer, there was silence in the small kitchen.

The man's chair scraped on the hardwood floor. He rose to his feet, Amanda lifted her hands from the dishwasher and, drying them on her apron, turned and faced him. "Have enough?" she asked.

The man nodded. He held out his foot and eyed, meaningly, the perforated shoe with its flapping sole.

"Your mister wouldn't have an old pair he wouldn't need, would he?"

"That he has, sir," she said cheerfully. "They're nothing extra, but I've been saving them for some one who might come along, and you may as well have them. I'll bring them."

In a moment she returned with them in her hand. A flush had crept into the man's face. He glanced at the shoes, then at her, and he was shaking violently, as though the coffee and food, despite the color in his face, had not warmed him.

"They'll do nicely," he told her, "but I'm so cold, ma'am, and so stiff I can't bend over. Would you mind putting 'em on for me?"

Without hesitation Amanda got down on her knees and pulled off the shoes. Then, the stranger assisting with his feet, she deftly pulled on Tim's old ones over the ragged socks.

As she tied the final knot, Amanda looked up.

Her eyes were discs of terror and her hands fluttered vaguely to her breast, her forehead, and the color drained from her face. The man's hands were high above her head and they were bound together with heavy steel handcuffs! His eyes were half shut and his face was working terribly.

How long she waited thus for him to strike, Amanda did not know. A sick numbness filled her. Her mind waited blankly, conscious only of the pounding, hammerlike staccato of the alarm clock.

The unshaven lips of the stranger began to move without sound, his manacled hands still held above her menacingly.

Finally he opened his eyes.

Amanda swayed before him. "It's the first time I've prayed in years," said the man, with a sob, his face twisted like a gargoyle. "I was asking God to bless you, ma'am. You make me think of my mother. If you could do one more thing for me?" His eyes questioned, implored, as he held out his bound wrists. "I can't get far with these bracelets," he half-muttered, with a grim smile.

Amanda, blinking with the sharp rush of restrained tears, struggled to her feet, managed finally to force the locks and removed the bands from the dirty, swollen wrists.

With that he snatched his battered green derby from the floor and was gone. Amanda watched him go out the back gate and face west down the alley.

Five minutes later three policemen came up the backsteps. One of them tapped on the door with his club. "Cautionously Amanda opened it a crack.

"An escaped convict has been traced to your yard, missus," said one. "Do you know which way he went?" asked another.

"A convict!" exclaimed Amanda, in well-simulated amazement. As an afterthought, in a dumbfounded tone, she demanded, "What did he look like?" "He'd get a booby prize in a style show, all right, for he robbed a scarecrow. He had on a green derby and a has-been, swallow-tailed coat."

Stepping to the stove, Amanda bent over an imaginary cake in the oven. She closed the iron door deliberately and, as she straightened her face registered mingled indignation and fear.

"Yes, I did see him," she cried excitedly, "twenty minutes ago. That man ran through my yard to the street and turned east."

The officers rushed down the steps and around to the front of the house. "I hope," Amanda called after them, "I certainly hope you catch him!"

### Scientific Mind Cold to Human Prejudices

Because its prestige is so great, science has been acclaimed as a new revelation. Cults have attached themselves to scientific hypotheses as fortune-tellers to a circus. A whole series of pseudo-religions have been hastily constructed upon such dogmas as the laws of nature, mechanism, Darwinian evolution, Lamarckian evolution and psychoanalysis. Each of these cults has had its own decalogue of science founded at last, it was said, upon certain knowledge.

These cults are an attempt to fit the working theories of science to the ordinary man's desire for personal salvation. They do violence to the integrity of scientific thought and they cannot satisfy the layman's need to believe. For the essence of the scientific method is a determination to investigate phenomena without conceding anything to native human prejudices.

Therefore, genuine men of science shrink from the attempts of poets, prophets and popular lecturers to translate the current scientific theory into the broad and passionate dogmas of popular faith. As a matter of common honesty they know that no theory has the kind of absolute verity which popular faith would attribute to it.

As a matter of prudence they fear these popular cults, knowing quite well that freedom of inquiry is endangered when men become passionately loyal to an idea, and stake their personal pride and hope of happiness upon its vindication. In the light of human experience, men of science have learned what happens when investigators are not free to discard any theory without "breaking some dear old lady's heart. Their theories are not the kind of revelation which the old lady is seeking, and their beliefs are relative and provisional to a degree which must seem utterly alien and bewildering to her.—From "A Preface to Morals," by Walter Lippmann.

### Few Andirons Left

Very few examples of medieval andirons have been preserved, although there is every reason to believe that during that period they were used in great numbers, writes G. Bernard Hughes, in the Boston Transcript. Their scarcity probably is due to the fact that, while in use, they were subjected to destructive influences, such as intense heat, moisture, rust, warping, breakage, etc., which, after a time, would render them useless, and, consequently, they would be discarded.

The important place they occupied among the furnishings of the house, may be surmised from the well-known inventory of Cardinal Wolsey's furniture at ampton court, where 47 pairs of andirons were made of brass and the others of wrought iron, and all of varying designs. Many of these were specially made for Wolsey, for they bore his coat of arms.

### First Form of Plant Life

Millions of years before the first tree existed, long before man walked the earth, or any land animal lived, the rocks show us that early forms of plant life were in existence. Some, says Forests and Mankind, are remote but recognizable ancestors of trees, and among them are the great club mosses and the early fern-like plants.

Species of our older trees have become less numerous. Once the sun never set on the lirodendron, that magnificent tree we variously call tulip tree, tulip poplar, yellow poplar, and white wood. It grew, says Forests and Mankind, in all parts of the globe, and at least nine different species have been found. Now there are only two species, one in America and the other in far-off China.

### Proper "Education"

Providence bestows its gifts variously, but none of us is unendowed. A wise system of education would aim at leading out (which is the precise meaning of "education") that talent and making the child a success in his own line.

Children should never know they are dull, and parents should never despair. A dull child may be a bright man and a bright child a dull one.—Exchange.

### Resourceful Girl

We're a resource nation. An American girl in Paris once halted her millionaire father before a jeweler's shop in the Rue de la Paix and pointed to a tiara surmounted by a coronet. "Pa, buy me that!" she said.

"Buy you that?" her father chuckled. "Why, girlie, you've got to be a duchess to wear that."

The girl tossed her head. "You buy it," she said. "I'll find the duke."—Chicago Tribune.

## My Favorite Stories by Irvin S. Cobb

### Leaving While the Leaving Was Good

BERT SWOR, the minstrel man, uses real life incidents for the material of his monologue acts. He gathers them up in the South during his vacations and repeats them on the stage in the theatrical season.

Here is one which he tells in black-face with great effect. He swears it really happened in a small Texas town:

It seems a colored girl was entertaining a gentleman friend when another suitor for her favor appeared at the locked front door and demanded admittance. There was jealousy in his manner and anger in his voice. Also, there was a justifiable suspicion on the part of the occupants of the house that he might be toting a razor. Anyhow, the newcomer had a reputation for behaving violently at times. His rival within doors was of a more pacific turn of mind.

"Gal," he said to his hostess, "I ain't aimin' to have no rookus wid dat tough nigger outside yonder."

"You ain't skeered of him, is you?" demanded the lady.

"I ain't skeered—I'se jest careful, that's all. I reckon de best thing fur me to do is jest to climb out of one of dese here back windows and go on 'bout my bizness."

"You better not do dat," said the girl. "Dey's a dwag in de back yard."

"Honey," quoth de departing one as he skinned over the window sill, "de way things is out in front it don't make no difference to me ef de back yard is upholstered in dawgs."

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### ANNOUNCEMENT IN OFFICE

"All office boys going to weddings and funerals must speak to superintendent by 10 o'clock the day of the game."—Yale Record.

## SARGON GIVES HER SURPRISE OF LIFE

"I took nearly every medicine recommended for my trouble but nothing did me any real good until I took Sargon, and it gave me the



MRS. R. W. ALBERT

surprise of my life. I could hardly retain food, my liver was disordered, I was dreadfully constipated and suffered with sick headaches. I had lost so much weight and strength that I hadn't the energy or life to do anything. Sargon gave me a splendid appetite and my digestion is perfect. I never have headaches, I'm fast regaining my lost weight and have just lots of new strength and energy.

"Sargon Pills relieved me of constipation, cleansed my system of poisons and left me feeling toned up instead of causing that weak, let-down feeling produced by the usual laxatives."—Mrs. R. W. Albert, 1802 Blanding St., Columbia, S. C.

C. R. Pilkington, Pittsboro; Wiggins Drug Stores, Inc., Siler City, Agents. —Adv.

## DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

By EDSON R. WAITE  
Shawnee, Oklahoma

Charles F. Scott, former member of Congress and editor of the Iola (Kansas) daily register, says:

"Competition now is between towns rather than between individuals. With an automobile in every home and good roads in every direction, the man on the farm does not say to his family as they get ready for the regular weekly trade trip, 'Let's go to the Brown Store or the Green Store or the Blue Store.' He says, 'Let's go to Square Town or Whoop City or Welcome Center.'"

"And whether they go to the one or the other of these towns will depend very largely upon the

impression the family has received through the local newspapers. If the newspapers from one of these towns comes to them every day filled with attractive advertisements in every line of merchandise, and if editorially and in its local department the newspaper is a live wire, creating the impression that something is always going on in that town, there is where the family is going.

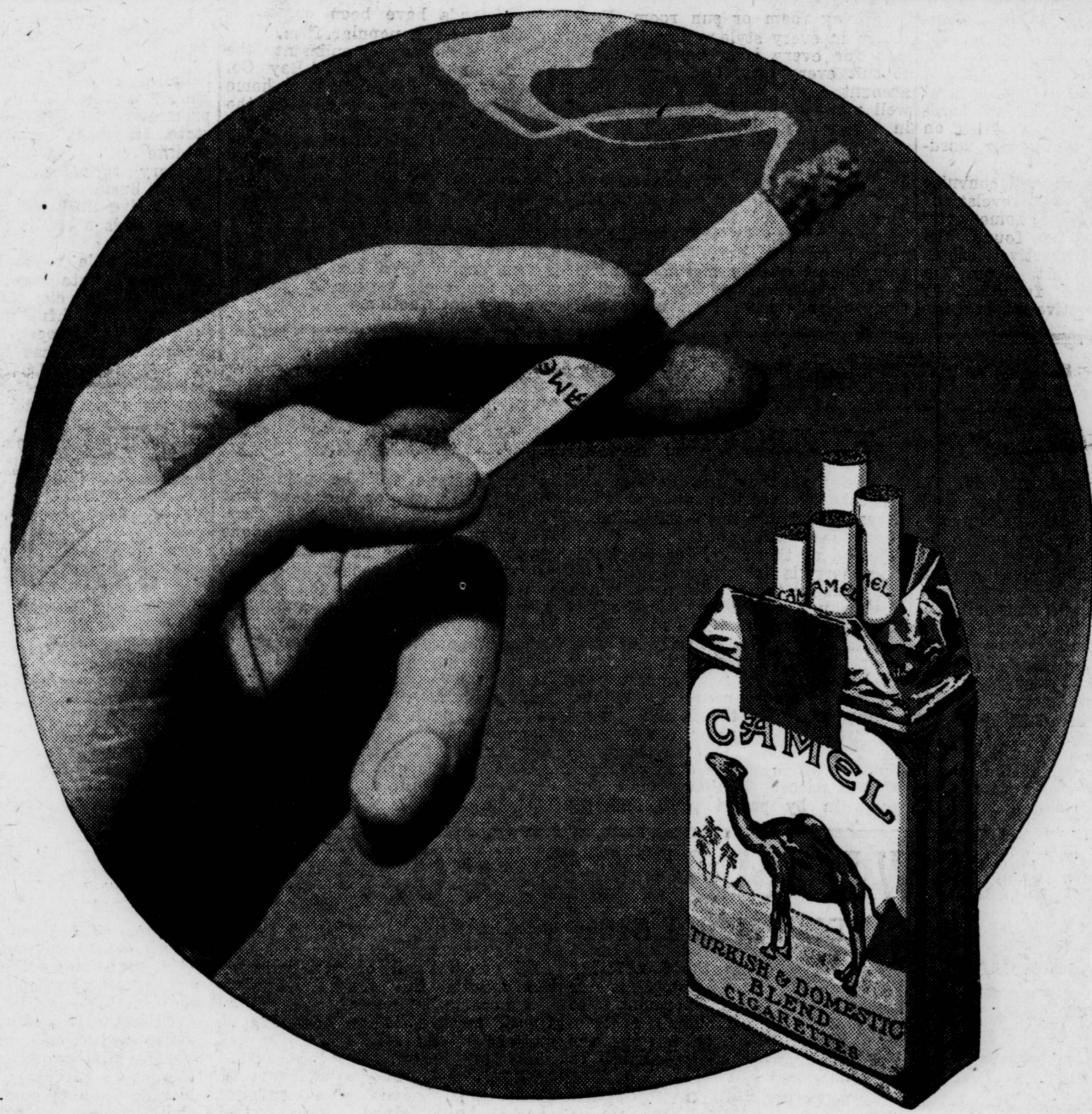
"On the other hand, if it is conceivable that a newspaper should go out from any given town day after day without an advertisement at all for a period of six months, grass would be growing in the streets."

### A "BOMB" WAITER

A bomb was recently discovered in a Nice restaurant. We understand several customers saw the thing and hoped it would explode and perhaps draw the attention of a waiter.—London Opinion.

Free! At your Grocers!  
Full size 5¢ school tablet for pen or pencil—Free with each pound purchase of Gold Ribbon Coffee & Chicory (Sold on a money back guarantee) While they last!!

**Gold Ribbon COFFEE & CHICORY**  
The Little School Master



# CAMEL—made to smoke

ALL THE PLEASURE that tobacco can give is found in Camels! Mild! Fragrant! Soothing! Refreshing as the dawn of a holiday!

Camels are made for this one reason: To give you the utmost smoking pleasure. And this can be assured only by the use of the choicest cigarette tobaccos blended to an inimitable smoothness, and prepared by the most modern and scientific methods of manufacture.

When you light a Camel you have the happy knowledge that money can't buy a better cigarette.

Don't deny yourself the luxury of Camels

★ ON THE RADIO ★  
Camel Pleasure Hour—Wednesday evenings on N. B. C. network, WJZ and associated stations. Consult your local radio timetable.