

THIS WAS THE CHANCE

By LINDA DOWS

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

WOULD that light burn forever? Should I never be relieved from the sight of the dim outline of the door, traced in rays shining uncertainly through?

I turned over and resolutely decided to sleep—to take no more notice of this soul-disturbing thing, but to pass the remaining hours of the night in slumber—and awake at morning to find all but an invention of my fancy. Imaginary sheep flitted through my brain—one hundred—two—and yes, it was still shining. What horror, to realize that that which had been but an idle fancy had strengthened its hold on my mind, and now presented itself in the guise of an actual possibility.

The feeling of responsibility was the worst; no one else could know of that light streaming around the cracks of the closed door—none other of the sleeping campers knew that Whitmore's candle still burned, after every one else was at rest, while a quiet, an ominous stillness, reigned in that room opening out of mine. Reason murmured "He is sleeping," but imagination quickly answered, "There is a chance—a chance that mortal disease had seized him, and that he lay there dead or dying." Fancy the morning, finding him lying there so still, and the cold statement of the doctor, hurriedly summoned from a neighboring camp, "He might have been saved, had any one known of this in time." And I—I was the only one who knew.

Our parting had been commonplace enough. After we came up to bed—a noisy troop, excited by an evening around the card-table—he passed through my room into his own, lit a candle in hand. A few casual remarks, and the communicating door was closed. After a rapid dozing, I blew out my guttering candle and turned in. A train of vague thoughts was interrupted by a glance at his door, between which and the jamb a light shone. Thinking nothing of this, I closed my eyes for sleep. Then, found myself staring at it with a vague anxiety, at which I laughed; absurd, the man's reading in bed. Another attempt to sleep, a light nap, and again my unwilling eyes were attracted toward the door. It drew them, this vague shining; every attempt at sleep was vain; always, I awoke, staring at that light. Gradually saner thoughts deserted me; the influence of the murky night crept over me, and my unformed dread assumed a definite shape—a haunting fear that would not be reasoned with, an absurd fear, may be, but one that would not be laughed away.

The lightning was brighter now; it lighted up all the bare little room. The scant furniture stood there as plainly as by day; my clothes, which had seen many an Adirondack storm, lay carelessly tossed across a chair; my gun, guilty of the life of many a deer, stood in the corner. All this, I knew rather than saw. I never look around during a flash of lightning. It might by its excessive brilliancy reveal something—something that it were better not to see.

How deeply are we imbued with the dread of ridicule! I have seen a dog ring; and sink away, when he had mistaken his master for a stranger and caused a merciless laugh around him. So should I feel, if I obeyed the impulse that was strong in me, and opened the dividing door, to find Whitmore calmly reading. And yet, that chance—

Once more I turned away from the haunting glimmer; once more I faced the dim square of window, which was ever and anon rendered more distinct by flashes of distant lightning.

Idly, my mind reverted to the scene of the evening: the log room, its great windows open to catch any lingering breeze; in the center, the table under its huge hanging lamp. Eager faces all around it—did Whitmore's look paler than the rest? Accounted for surely by his morning's fatiguing drive into camp. Eager hands shuffling cards—did Whitmore's tremble more than the others? Surely, the result of an extended row that afternoon. How stands my Canfield, score? One hundred more, and out of debt—a black ten now, and a red seven—

With a start, I sat up in bed; irresistibly, my eyes turned in the direction of the door. The light still shone. How long had I slept? Some time certainly, for the lightning now shone in at the window with greater frequency; and now, through the heavy air, came the distant, continuous rumble of an approaching storm. And still Whitmore read on, or—oh, the chance, the awful possibility! And no one knew of it but I.

The breeze came more strongly

through the window, lifting the light curtain gently, blowing it softly into the room. I hate a curtain blowing that way at night; there is always the suggestion that a white hand is pushing it in; always the feeling that a face may appear at the opening. Once, years before, I nearly saw them—almost; almost could fancy that a hand did come through, where no human hand could reach; a face peer in where no human face could be. I never have curtains at my windows since that night; they suggest too much.

Certain words had for some time been sounding vaguely in my brain, passing through my subconsciousness, an unnoticed undercurrent to my other thoughts. They yielded to a concentration of attention, and rang themselves in view, together with the surroundings in which they were spoken. A trout stream, babbling over its rounded stones, running noisily through the forest. Four men, including myself, are fishing with long limber rods. One utters the words that are haunting me:

"Whitmore coming into camp next week? So that heart of his hasn't bowled him over yet! It may, you know, at any minute, his doctor told him. May live for years, sturdy as an oak; on the other hand, perhaps no external cause, or it may be a shock—and he is gone—snuffed out suddenly, like one of these candles we use here in the wilds."

Then rapidly through my mind passed in review unheeded incidents in my slight acquaintance with Whitmore, with now a new meaning, a bearing on the present situation. Whitmore never ran to catch a train. Whitmore never touched wine. Whitmore never added to his swimming accomplishments the sensational one of diving.

"At any minute!" Good God, this was the chance. Like a great tidal wave, sweeping houses and men before it, the certainty that that was true which I had dreaded so shrinkingly, rushed over me, and swept away all my lingering doubts. It was true: he had died—died there in the next room, while I lay weakly afraid. Overwhelmed by this appalling thought, I leaped out of bed, stood for a second trembling in the soft breeze, then staggered to the door, and flung it open.

At the farther end of the room, on a shelf over the rough bed, burned a candle. On the bed itself was stretched a motionless form; one pale hand hung over the side, and below it on the floor was an open book. And on the pillow, a white face.

In one moment, all the wild thoughts of the night culminated in me in a frenzy. I rushed forward, and grasped the inanimate form by the shoulders—shoulders that were warm with life. Suddenly my trembling hands relaxed, for while his eyes, still dim with sleep, gazed with terror into mine, from his pale lips arose a wild shriek, which was drowned by a deafening crash of thunder overhead. And then—oh, horror!—oh, memory never to be effaced!—his hands clutched at his heart, his face grew livid, he gasped for breath, he fell back—dead.

X-Rays of Coal

Another practical use for X-rays has been introduced by an English chemist who is reported to have devised a camera, which, with the aid of the rays, takes a stereoscopic photograph of the inside of a lump of coal, revealing the amount of ash-forming material it contains. This process, it is believed, will be of value in opening up new mines, as it will also show how much weight a sample will lose when the outer ash present is removed by washing.

Sanitary House for Hen

Mrs. Heu has a new sanitary house. It is an all-metal nest built of steel sheets with a top which is inclined and which prevents her roosting where she should not. The backs of the modern nests are open, and when swung slightly outward from the wall and given a slight tap the straw slides out and new straw can replace it. —Scientific American.

Courage to Make Amends

Most people do the wrong thing at times. None of us are perfect. But we always feel like taking off our hat to the man who, after having done a wrong, will have the courage and the manhood to make proper amends and do apology for that wrong. There is hope for the wrongdoer so long as he is willing to make amends.—Andalus (Ala.) Star.

Cats Without Tails

In most Manx cats the tails are represented merely by a tuft of hair without any remnant of bone. This strain is met with in many parts of Russia and there is a very general opinion that it originally came from Japan. Unless the jungle cat, which is a nearly white-colored species, can claim the position, the ancestry of these Manx-Malay cats is still unknown.

Lighthouses for Voyagers of Air

Beacons Mark Way Like Pencil of Light for Aircraft at Night.

Washington.—"Lighting ships on their way, one of the most ancient adjuncts of navigation, has been recently because ships now sail by day as the sea, and the clouds, do not meet the needs of the air voyagers," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"The latest development in the new lighthouse field," continues the bulletin, "is the establishment of a one-billion candle-power beacon near Dijon in eastern France, primarily to facilitate night travel on the Paris-Marseilles line, but also to point the way for the numerous buzzing carriers of passengers, mail and express, which France sees weaving a network of air routes over the country in the near future."

Most Powerful in World. "This most powerful lighthouse in the world does not rise like its long line of famous predecessors from near the pounding surf, but is situated on a mountain top 250 miles inland from the English channel and the Mediterranean, and 300 from the Atlantic. It is not, like the existing aviation lights in the United States, one of a series of beacons in the line of a traveled route; and unlike many great lighthouses of the sea, it does not mark a region that is to be avoided or a channel entrance that is to be entered. It is placed well to the side of the much traveled French air lines, in such a situation that it can be seen from great distances and used as a check on location and direction. The beacon lies nearly 2,000 feet above sea level and flashes its powerful beams far

above most of the low hills of central France. Under favorable atmospheric conditions it is believed that the Dijon light can be seen from near Marseilles in the south, and from the air above Paris, Lille and even Brussels in the north.

"The lighthouses of the air have had a radically different development so far in America's vast land areas. Almost the only problem here has been to supply well lighted, hard and fast routes for the transcontinental mail flyers; and this has been so well solved by the Post Office department, that it probably will serve as a model for all the definitely lighted airways of the future. The most powerful of air-mail beacons are of half-billion candle power. There are five of these, on the division landing fields at Chicago, Iowa City, Omaha, North Platte and Cheyenne, from 200 to 250 miles apart. The planes land at each of these stations and the brilliant flashing beacons are to identify the landing fields. As the planes approach the earth the beacons are turned off and the fields are flood-lighted.

"Between the regular landing fields, at 25-mile intervals, are emergency landing fields, each marked by a flashing light of 5,000,000 candle power. Normally these smaller beacons serve to outline the flying route. Between the lights of the emergency fields, approximately three miles apart, are small, blinking, route beacons. Thus the air-mail flyer has his night route marked out for him with a pencil of light extending off from Chicago 1,000 miles to the west.

"All of these lights are not shining at one time. For the west-bound flyer only the Chicago-Iowa City division is lighted at first. The planes are operated on a regular dispatching system. As a plane passes over each emergency field the caretaker there

notifies the station in advance and that in the rear by telephone. When the plane lands at the division point, all of the emergency fields passed over are notified, and their lights are turned off. Then the portion of the route passed over is lighted—only by the little automatic blinking gas lights of the three-mile beacons, which pulse their signals for weeks at a time without attention. When the plane is ready to take off on the next leg of its cruise, all the beacons of the second division begin flashing to lead it in safety along its way.

Different in Rough Country. "Between New York and Chicago a second lighted airway is now being put into operation, with somewhat different types of lights. Because of the rough country, beacons cannot be seen, as in the West, for 25 miles or more. Lights of the Western emergency field type are placed from 12 to 17 miles apart marking emergency landing sites. In between, usually on hills or ridges, are lamps which send out rather broad beams of fair brilliancy. These are merely routing signals and do not indicate landing fields. To make their character clear each sends vertically a constant beam of red light. At shorter intervals along the Eastern airway are small, blinking lights like those used in the West."

Arabic Has 6,000 Words

About "Ship of Desert"

London.—In the Arabic language there are nearly 6,000 words descriptive of the camel and its various offices, according to Lieut. Col. H. F. Jacob, formerly in Cairo as political advisor to Lord Allenby, British high commissioner in Egypt, who lectured here recently.

Colonel Jacob told of being captured by tribesmen while proceeding to Santa, capital of the Iman Yahya, as envoy to that monarch. The tribesmen kept the colonel prisoner four months. They feared he intended completing a treaty which would place the entire country under the Iman's sway. The British government offered \$250,000 for his ransom, which the tribesmen scorned, and eventually he got away by concluding a temporary agreement with them.

In his description of Arabic and its connection with the camel, Colonel Jacob asserted the guttural sounds of that language were said by scientists to have been derived from the gurglings of the beast of burden of the deserts.

Claims Moving Pictures

Cure for Seasickness

Hollywood, Cal.—The boyish type the filming of moving pictures for exhibition on ocean passenger liners as a cure for seasickness among passengers is being conducted here by Robert G. Vignola, a director.

The cause of seasickness, the director contends, is largely visual, due to the shifting planes which characterize the motion of a ship. The larger ocean passenger carriers are now equipped with exhibition cameras and screens, and it is Vignola's belief that pictures can be made for exhibition on shipboard which will counteract the effect of the ship's motion and save the most susceptible passengers from the horrors of "mal de mer."

Long Fellows Organize

to Lessen Life's Ills

Marshfield, Ore.—Banding to alleviate the woes of tall men, 28 men of Marshfield, who are six feet or more, have formed the Long Fellow Club No. 1.

Among the things which these "higher-ups" hope to accomplish is to start a movement for longer beds in hotels; longer berths in pulman cars and staterooms; longer bathtubs; for awnings on streets which will not cause the downtrodden of this group to dodge continuously while strolling down the street, and for more comfortable car and theater seats.

Recent Tests Show Mary,

Queen of Scots, Innocent

London.—An extraordinary feat in modern criminology was achieved when Ainsworth Mitchell, a prominent English scientist often called in as an expert to help solve murder mysteries, proved by an examination of documents and seals that Mary, Queen of Scots, was innocent of the crime for which she was executed 350 years ago, conspiracy to cause the assassination of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Mitchell put all the old records through the most minute laboratory tests and he used the latest methods in comparing hand writing and examining evidence.

He declared when he finished that Mary's innocence was unquestionable. He said William Maitland, Mary's private secretary, was her betrayer. According to Mr. Mitchell, the famous casket of letters which resulted in Mary's trial and beheading were written by Mr. Maitland in a disguised handwriting.

This slim representative of the film center's beauty, who has seen only 20 birthdays, measures 25 inches around the waist; her bust is 34 inches and her hips 35. She wears slippers size four and a half.

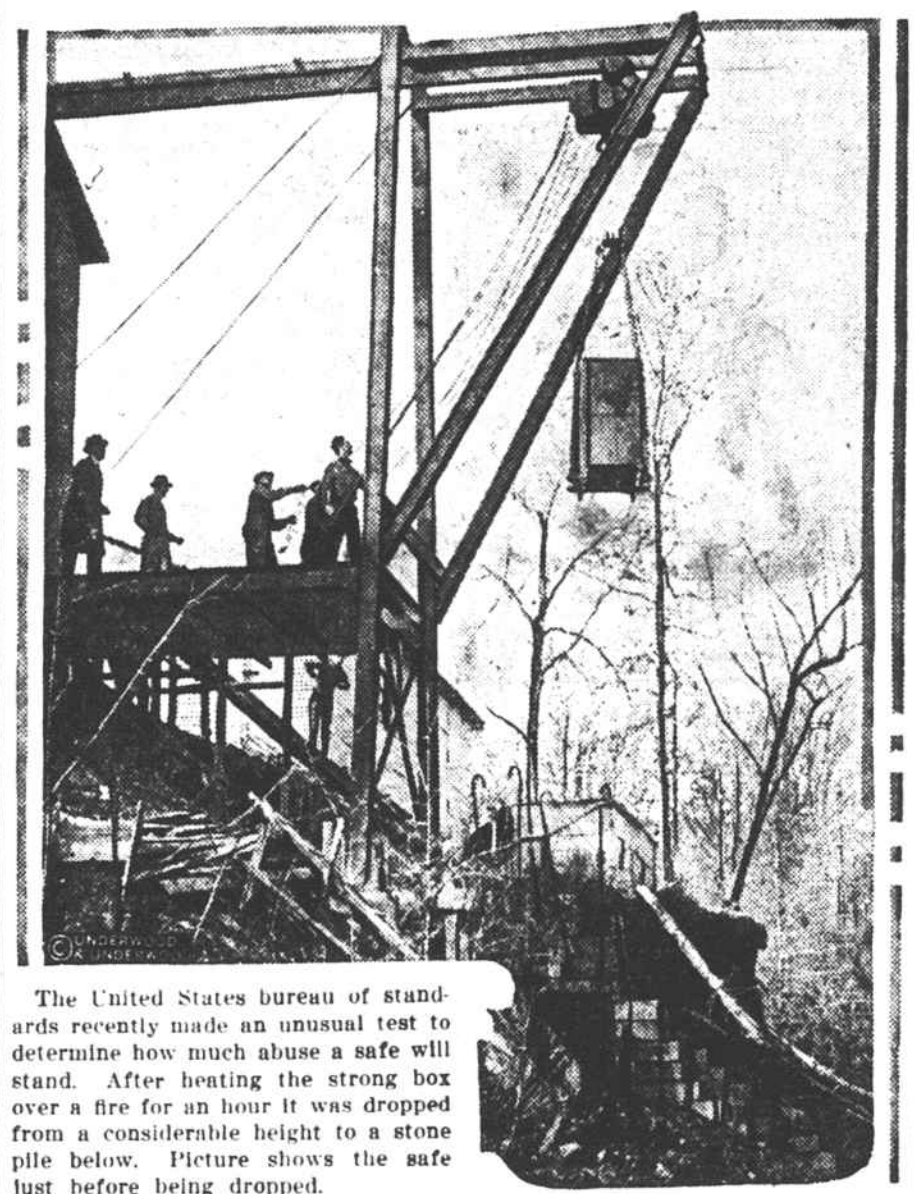
British Pay Well for

Mementoes of Napoleon

London.—Mementoes of Napoleon are always in demand here, and bring good prices whenever offered under the hammer. The famous draft manuscript of Napoleon's stirring appeal to his army in Italy in his own handwriting was sold at auction recently for \$750.

Three letters which Napoleon dispatched to Admiral Ganteaume, on August 15, 1798, upon learning of the Nile disaster, were disposed of for \$370. The first of these congratulated the admiral upon his fortunate escape from the catastrophe, another gave instructions as to the fleet, and the third letter ordered that 15,000 francs be distributed among the disabled officers.

Government Gives Safe Hard Test



The United States bureau of standards recently made an unusual test to determine how much abuse a safe will stand. After heating the strong box over a fire for an hour it was dropped from a considerable height to a stone pile below. Picture shows the safe just before being dropped.

PADRE'S HAT IS FOUND IN "LOST" MEXICAN GOLD MINE

Famous Old Cockroach Workings Rediscovered After Being Hidden More Than Century.

Yago, Nayarit, Mexico.—In the famous old Cucaracha (Cockroach) mine, near here, recently rediscovered after being hidden for a century and a quarter, miners are bringing up evidence of the Spanish padres who once owned these approaches to rich veins of gold.

One of the discoveries was a large felt hat, in a remarkable state of preservation. It resembles pictures of the headgear worn by Friar Tuck of nursery fable fame. It has a very broad and floppy brim and was made of a fine grade of thick hair felt, colored brown. Despite its burial for more than 125 years its fibers still are strong and appear equal to any used in modern hats.

The workmen have found also por-

tions of blankets and garments, showing fine material and weaving. The texture of these articles is far superior to the crude Indian and Mexican weave of the period, and this is regarded as certain evidence that the owners were alien conquerors who brought the stuff from Europe.

The padre mine operators were driven out of Mexico about 1812 and never permitted to return. Though the Cockroach mine was well known, its location remained a mystery until, recently, an American mining engineer found it by accident.

Legend tells that the retreating Spaniard, buried many bars of pure gold and silver in the vicinity of the Cockroach, and this tradition adds zest to the work of the miners.

Motive power for a new tire pump is obtained by holding it against the fan belt of an automobile.

Oldest Whaler Now

Floats on Own Lake

Boston.—The whaling bark Charles W. Morgan of New Bedford has completed the shortest voyage in its history.

It was the last voyage of the oldest whaler in the world and hereafter this old craft, which has plowed the waters of all oceans on the globe, will sail on dry land, for it will be placed in a specially constructed basin on the estate of Col. E. H. R. Green of Round Hill, South Dartmouth, where it will be kept as a perpetual memento of the American whaling industry.

The first dozen voyages of the Morgan were made to the Pacific ocean, north Pacific, Atlantic and Indian oceans, it always returning to its home port at the completion of each cruise. On the voyage it started October 6, 1886, contrary to its custom of returning to its home port, it arrived at San Francisco, and thereafter for nearly twenty years it made yearly voyages to the Japan and Ochotak seas. It left

San Francisco in 1904 and came to its home port.

The Morgan was built for Charles W. Morgan, and after two cruises it was sold to Edward Mott Robinson, Colonel Green's paternal grandfather.

The Morgan always took a crew of 35 to 38 men and in the 37 voyages made it took out 1,301 different men in its crews.

Hollywood Says Boyish

Type of Girl Vanishing

Hollywood, Cal.—The boyish type of beauty which last year reigned favorite, has been replaced by the slim, youthful and decidedly feminine creature, it was indicated by a contest in which 500 of the "most beautiful" girls here participated.

An average height of 5 feet 3 inches predominated among the 30 most winsome misses selected for appearance in a forthcoming film production. The weight of this "ideal 1925 girl" is slightly less than 118 pounds. She has gray-blue eyes and hair of golden chestnut color, bobbed of course, shingled in back, but not extreme.

Found Life Happier

With Gathering Years

Here's an editorial written by A. B. Farquhar, who died the other day in his eighty-sixth year. It's in the last chapter of his autobiography, and it sums up life as he saw it after he had passed the four-score mark.

And now, in conclusion, what does it all mean? What have these years taught me? Nothing of a startling nature—the incidents fade—but these principles remain:

- 1. That it is, as a rule, safe to trust human beings. Comparatively few are unfair, if you are fair yourself.
2. That troubles and apparent difficulties are but stepping-stones to progress—the most practical way of learning—and, as Greeley said, "The way to resume is to resume."
3. That there is nothing that will take the place of work, either to gain success or to gain happiness or to gain both—and I think it is possible to gain both if, in the striving and working for success, the dollar is not put above the man.
4. That one can and must keep faith with one's self.
5. That God is not mocked. You cannot break his laws without suffering.
6. That one's only dangerous enemy is oneself. In the ultimate no one can hurt you but yourself.
7. That friends are among the greatest assets—and the way to get friends is to be a friend.
8. That one should never seek anything for which one does not give value. This avoids the disposition to speculate—which is one of the greatest dangers that beset the business man.

Following these rules, the world grows in interest and life is happier with gathering years.—From The Nation's Business.

Delicate Instrument

There will shortly leave America an expedition that will travel half round the earth and will take daily measurements of the heat of the sun in the interest of long-range weather forecasting. It will occupy four years in this task. The instrument that will be used is a radiometer invented by the late Dr. E. F. Nichols.

This radiometer is so sensitive that the ray of a candle situated 7,000 feet away and focused upon it is sufficient to turn its vanes through several hundred scale divisions. Even the face of an observer, when placed in the position previously occupied by the candle, will produce a deflection of 25 scale divisions.

It has been suggested by a humorist that with this instrument one might almost note the approach of a friend, while still some miles distant, merely by the glow of his countenance. It might even detect the sun in an English summer.—London Tit-Bits.

Everything Running

One of the funniest things that ever came up in Judge-Summerfield's court was a suit for the annulment of a marriage, instituted by an irate father. It seems that the young couple, though their intentions had been suspected and they had been closely watched, had managed to elude the vigilance of their elders in a manner worthy of record.

"Yes, sir," cried the father, in giving his testimony. "The young scamp bored a hole in the water pipe, and while I was holdin' my finger over it an' waitin' for the plumber, darned if he didn't grab my gal and light out for the preacher."—Los Angeles Times.

Gentle Hint

Booth Tarkington was talking about a prolific novelist. "He turns out trilogies and psycho-analysis romances and new thought tales by the score," Mr. Tarkington said, "but the more he turns out the less he sells."

"I think I'll go to the South seas or somewhere," he said in a discouraged voice the other day to a critic. "Yes, I think I'll go off and rest up for a year." "I suppose," said the critic politely—"I suppose your public is beginning to suffer from writer's cramp, eh?"

Florine

Florine was a daughter of the duke of Burgundy and was betrothed to Suenon, king of Denmark, and she accompanied this prince to the first crusade, in 1007. She was to have married him immediately after the conquest of the Holy city. However, in a terrific battle with the Saracens, they were both killed, as were all their companions, not one being left to bury the slain.—Chicago Journal.

Wicks of Human Lamp

There are three wicks, you know, to the lamp of man's life: brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.—Holmes.

The Day

"Lez see! This is Saturday, haln't it?" asked an acquaintance. "I reckon so," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "I seed wife scarping and scouring the children this afternoon, and 'lowed it might be to fix 'em up for Sunday school 'mor'."—Kansas City Star.

Barber Philatelist

A London barber spends all his odd moments collecting stamps, and the walls of his shop are papered with stamps of all descriptions. He is also an art critic, his advice being sought when a person desires to purchase what is claimed to be a valuable picture.

Indians Well Named

The Snake Indians were so-called because of the characteristics of these natives in quickly concealing themselves when once discovered. They seemed to glide away in the grass, sagebrush, and rocks and disappear with all the subtlety of a serpent.

Stone Once Part of an Indian Platform Pipe

A Brown university student, Paul E. Burhoe, picked up an odd shaped stone on the side hill between Red bridge and the River road in Providence. He brought his find to the Rhode Island Historical society, where the stone was identified as the fragment of an Indian platform pipe, says Howard M. Chaplin, librarian of the Rhode Island Historical society, in the Providence Journal.

The stone itself is a fine-grained dark green soapstone or steatite, not particularly common in Rhode Island, but highly prized by the Indians, who made pipes out of it. The outer part of the platform is intact in this specimen, and although the bowl has been broken off, its outline is clearly visible as well as the hole leading from the bowl through the stem to the mouth-piece. Part of the stem is gone, but enough remains to give a good idea of the shape of the pipe.

The stem contains two holes leading from the bowl into the stem, which is unusual and may be due to a mis-

take of the maker or more probably to an attempt to repair the pipe after some slight break. In its perfect condition this pipe closely resembles the Rhode Island pipe which was found in Rhode Island a few years ago and is owned by Mrs. A. B. Bradshaw. It is of the same type of soapstone as the fragment found by Mr. Burhoe and given by him to the historical society.

Another platform pipe of slightly different design found in Westerly, and an unfinished pipestem found in East Providence are also of this sort of soapstone. The East Providence fragment proves that these pipes were made here even if the stone itself came from a distance.

The fragment found near Red bridge was evidently washed out of the bank by a recent hard rain, and serves to emphasize that Rhode Island still contains many undiscovered Indian relics, which may any time be brought to light by heavy rains, plowing or construction work.

Horticulture News. WATCH OUT FOR CANNERS. Get that spray... Horticulture News. Get that spray... Horticulture News. Get that spray...