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## The Wreck of the Limited

By EDWARD LEVINE  
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"SO IT IS YOU!" Florence Neasden made way for Enderby, and he sat down beside her. It was twelve years since he had seen this woman whom he had loved more than any one else in the world. Now the sight of her brought back the past in a surging flood.

"You are not married?"

"My husband died last year. And you?"

"I have a wife and two children." They talked. She was going to Philadelphia to stay with a married sister. Her marriage had not been happy. His Enderby was silent, but he thought bitterly of the shrewish wife at home, and the two children, spiritually hers, not his. All his soul went out in a rush of gratitude that he had been permitted to see Florence again.

"What fools we were to part!"

"What fools?"

And they chattered like children, conscious of that might never see each other again. He wondered whether he might ask her for her address. And while he wondered there came a dull grinding of the brakes, a lurch, screams—oblivion.

It was growing dark when he opened his eyes, luminous twilight, and a profound silence. He was lying in the wreck of the train. The other passengers had escaped or been removed. He was utterly alone. All about him were the charred timbers of his coach. Strange that he had escaped the flames; that he had been overlooked by the rescuers.

His mind was hazy, and it was only with an effort that he could remember what had happened. He had met Florence, he had intended asking her address; now she was gone forever. He would never find her again.

He got up, relieved to find that he had escaped injury, except for the concussion that had left him confused in mind. He was surprised to recognize the familiar landmarks. He had thought the train had carried him many miles on his business journey, but he was, after all, only five or six miles from home. It was confusing. There was no house near the scene of the wreck. . . . His head was aching. . . .

He started off to walk home. He hoped the news of the disaster had not reached Anne. She would be worrying about him. He hoped he did not look unusual. Anne went into hysterics at the least thing. He must tell her there had been a slight accident.

Absorbed in his plans for avoiding a scene, he hardly knew how far he had walked. He was surprised to find himself in the familiar street. He saw his house before him. A great flood of bitterness swept over him again as he thought of his futile life, of the happiness with Florence that he had missed.

He opened the hall door. He heard his wife in the living room. She was talking to a man, a stranger. He stopped at the door a moment and listened.

"Thank heaven John left us all comfortably off," Anne was saying. "He did that much for his family, at any rate."

"You must have had a hard time with him, poor little woman," said the stranger in a purring voice.

Anne shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, the past is past," she answered.

Suddenly Enderby realized that she believed him dead, killed in the wreck. Anne was taking the news calmly. He thought with renewed bitterness. In a few moments he would walk in and surprise them. But who was the man?

"Thank heaven he wasn't attached to his children," Anne went on. "They hardly missed him. No, he wasn't a good husband and father, but . . ."

Enderby started violently as he saw the man draw Anne toward him and her head go down on his shoulder. He was about to rush in when he heard him say:

"You must forget about last summer, Anne, and look to the future. You have been a widow nearly a year now, and—"

Nearly a year? John Enderby staggered, looked about him, conscious of a hideous unreality. And then . . . Florence Neasden. . . .

"John, dear, I have been trying so hard to make you see me and understand. You are not needed here any longer, John. Come, dear!"

And then he understood.

**Capacity Wins.**  
Chance is a poor mount, but capacity will carry a man past the winning post more easily and more surely.—London Express.

**Ring for Rheumatism.**  
Many persons believe that rheumatic pains are greatly relieved by wearing a certain kind of metal ring.

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## CAUGHT IN PASSING

"The House of God must be closed to no man."—Thomas a Becket.

Women were made before mirrors and have been before them ever since. Better to do a good deal near home than go far away to burn incense.—Chinese Proverb.

Moonlight suggests romance, but after a good many years the romance is reminiscent.

Assertion of equal rights is friend wife insisting on playing cards as expertly as friend husband.

A man may perceive his eccentricities if some one tells him about them; not otherwise.

Ancients had marble statues as fine or finer than any we can produce, but they did not have ice cream.

Lacing up shoes is the horror of dressing but that won't bring back gaiters.

It is with difficulty that one agrees with the tailor that winter clothes should be soaked in August.

Compliment people and they may deprecate their work; and neither one altogether means what he says.

What is not good for either a man's soul or his body may be illuminating to his intellect. It, too, is experience.

**BIG TELESCOPE FOR RUSSIA**  
Instrument Manufactured in British Factory Weighs Nine Tons and Is 45 Feet Long.

In view of the present condition of Russia, it is rather surprising to find that the Soviet government has ordered a telescope which is one of the largest in the world. This telescope has just been completed in a British factory, and will shortly be transported to an observatory on the shores of the Black sea. It weighs about nine tons, and the inside length of the tube is 45 feet. Heavy as the telescope is, it is so admirably fitted that it can be moved by electrical means as easily as if it were a small portable apparatus. The push-button system of control has been adopted, so that the operator has to do to direct the telescope to any part of the heavens is to press certain buttons. A second telescope, almost as large as this, is being made at the same British factory for another observatory in Russia. So delicate is the work on these giant instruments that about three years are occupied in designing and constructing them.

**The Real Reason.**  
It was summer-time, and the master had been entertaining the boys in his own garden and feeding them with generous supplies of strawberries and cream.

"Have you enjoyed your strawberry feast?" he asked as they were leaving.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said the reply.

"Then," asked the master, seeking to point a moral, "if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," said one small urchin, with an air of conscious virtue, "we shouldn't have had any sugar or cream with them."

**The Pity of It.**  
The tragedian came bursting into the smoking room of the theatrical club.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" he shouted loudly. "I've just signed a three year contract! Ten pounds a week and all expenses paid by the manager!"

"I'm jolly glad to hear that, old man!" said one of the members, jumping to his feet. "When do you open?"

"September 1, in Cape Town," was the answer.

The friend shook his head dismally.

"The ostrich," he said, in pitying tones, "lays an egg weighing from two to four pounds."—London Answers.

**Odd Experiences.**  
The strangest experience of my life was one day while in our orchard. I was sitting under a giant apple tree. Presently I got up and started away. Scarcely had I gone four steps ere a large dead branch fell to the spot where I had been sitting. I did not venture under dead branches again for some time.—Chicago Journal.

**Was Sure of Himself.**  
H. G. Wells has a genuine rival among the surrey drivers of Mackinac island. Passing one of these gentry with a prospective customer, we heard him say: "Madam, a ride with me is a history in itself. There won't be a spot where I won't have something to say."—Chicago Daily News.

**Women Are All the Same.**  
It is a funny thing, but while you can divide men into men and artists, women are all the same; they're all artists of a kind and women as well; any woman is better than a mediocre man, but no woman is as good as a clever man.—From "Last Week," by Nora D. Vines.

**Easy to Understand.**  
"Goodness! We'll miss the opera," she said, impatiently. "We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, somewhat acrimoniously.

"Ours," cried she, rapturously. "Oh, George, this is so sudden." Then she fell upon his neck.—Standard Times.

## SHORT SMILES

**Can't Fool the Farmer.**  
If an artist makes an error in a rural picture, a farmer will point it out first thing.

**Hard to Accomplish.**  
One has great difficulty leading an ideal life on an income of thousands per week.

**Value of a Smile.**  
A smile is preliminary to the cultivation of good manners. It is nearly half of them.

**A Difficult Problem.**  
Man's inhumanity to man generally results from the struggle over who shall run things.

**On Your Guard.**  
When you say a man is old-fashioned, it means that you have got to look out for his prejudices.

**Both in the Swim.**  
"My daughter sprang from a line of peers," said a proud father.

"Well," said her suitor, "I once jumped off a dock myself."

**One View.**  
Tip—What are you studying now?"

Top—Molecules.

"They look very distinguished if you can keep one in your eye."—London Answers.

**At the Shore.**  
"Why shouldn't a girl angle for a good catch?"

"No harm in trying, I suppose. But the biggest fish always get away."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Professional Instinct.**  
The Minister—Do you promise to love, honor—

The Lawyer—Best Man (absent-mindedly)—I object to the question as irrelevant.—Life.

**About the Same.**  
"Speaking of auto jokes—"

"Yes."

"I don't see anything new in the 1923 models."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**NOTED SHIP TO SCRAP HEAP**  
Former U. S. Cruiser St. Paul Which Was Commanded by Maine Hero, to Be Broken Up.

After Sigbee the St. Paul. It was only the other day that the commander of the Maine in her great tragedy went on to his last port. Now it is announced that the last ship that he commanded in actual war, a ship which was drafted into the service because of the needs of the war which followed the Maine tragedy, is to be sent to the scrap heap. So history closes another chapter.

There will be much regret at the passing of the St. Paul. Memory is still keen of the day when she and her sister ship, the St. Louis were hailed as the first members of a rehabilitated American merchant marine which was to rival that of any other country. They were, indeed, fine ships, swift, staunch and commodious, beautiful to the eye and not unworthy of comparison, with the best of the foreign liners, and they demonstrated the practicability of reviving the time when the steamers of the Collins line bore the blue ribbon of the seas.

But other days, other ships. The St. Paul was a splendid passenger ship and a staunch naval cruiser under Sigbee in the Spanish war. Today she is out of date and unprofitable for further service, fit only to be broken up for junk. Such is the story of twenty-seven years. It suggests to those who condemn the building of naval vessels on the ground that they will not last forever but have to be scrapped and replaced every generation that merchant vessels are subject to the same inexorable law.—New York Tribune.

**Queer Craft.**  
Montreal had some queer-looking craft in her harbor 31 years ago when Spain sent three exact copies of Columbus' ships across the Atlantic to the Chicago world's fair. Equally queer is a quaint craft just launched in the English river Thames. It is a model Japanese fishing boat. It has an overhanging prow and is propelled by a pair of sweeps over the stern. A mast is stepped amidships. Blue lozenges on the sides for ornament show the only paint on the vessel. Immediately after the boat's arrival it was put into the water, and, in spite of lack of paint or varnish, it did not ship a drop of water.

**In Honor of the Occasion.**  
In the English and American colony of business exiles at Tientsin, China, the visit of the Episcopal bishop is an outstanding social event. Not long since his eminence did a certain household the honor to dine in its company. The Chinese cook was duly impressed with the importance of the occasion and stimulated to do his best. He responded nobly. The menu was all that the most exacting ecclesiastic could have desired, but the top notch of achievement came with the dessert, the piece de resistance of which was a magnificent frosted cake, on the surface of which the chef had embossed these words:

"Hurrah for God!"—Harper's Magazine.

**Strike Invited.**  
"Husband quarrel about his meals?"

"Yes," said the patient woman; "sometimes I almost wish he'd get mad enough to go on a hunger strike."

**Opportunity.**  
The world with all its mystery spells opportunity. It means opportunity to be as well as to do, and opportunity for the personal life as well as for the general.—Hugh Black.

## BILL BOOSTER SAYS

"DID YOU EVER NOTICE HOW FOLKS WHO HAVE MOVED AWAY FROM HERE FREQUENTLY DECIDE 'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME TOWN' AND MOVE BACK? THERE MAY BE BIGGER TOWNS THAN THIS, BUT THERE AIN'T ANY BETTER ONES!"



## HUMMING BIRD OF THE SEA

**Smallest Seaplane Ever Constructed Is Designed for Use on Submarines of American Navy.**

The smallest seaplane ever constructed, intended for use on naval submarines, was tested by experts at the naval air station at Anacostia the other day. All submarines are to be equipped with this "humming bird of the air," as the bureau of naval aeronautics describes the novel craft.

In effect the new seaplane will be an enormous aid to the submarine, as it will give it a periscope thousands of feet in the air. It can be stowed in parts in the small space available in a few minutes. It measures eighteen feet over all and weighs scarcely one thousand pounds and has a three-cylinder, sixty-horsepower engine.

Some of the planes already have been delivered to the naval air station at Hampton Roads and it is expected they soon will be in service.

**The Train Talkers.**  
"My wife's played out sitting around in the heat. Guess I'll have to ship her off to the mountains after all."

"Mine, too. She says she's all in."

"And yet?"

"Well?"

"Just look at that pretty girl over there. Stenographer, I'll bet."

"Yes. I happen to know her."

"Now she looks as fresh as a daisy. Instead of lying around in a cool, comfortable home all day she has to work in a hot office from 9 to 5."

"No time to be hot, I suppose."

"Must be it."—Boston Transcript.

**Hired.**  
The steady tendency in our civilization is to get the same results with fewer employees. This constantly releases man power for the operation of new industries and expansion of old ones—that is, a gradual increase in our average standard of living.

Government issues figures showing that American farms in 1920 had 1,705,000 fewer workers than in 1910. In the same ten years the auto industry, movies and railroads added nearly a million employees to their pay rolls.

**Are Hiccups Rheumatism?**  
That hiccups may be due to rheumatism is the contention of Dr. Martin J. Chevers, a member of the British Medical association and a well-known Manchester physician.

"I have never failed to cure the most obstinate case by a few doses of antirheumatic medicine," Dr. Chevers states in a letter to the British Medical Journal. He admits that morphine may relieve the spasms, but adds that it does not go to the root of the cure.

His suggestion is particularly timely in view of the reported "hiccups" epidemic in France, which, it has been suggested, must mean that "hiccups" are infectious. One of the cures used in France is to apply severe pressure to the eyeballs.

**Small Courtesies Count.**  
Hall ye, small sweet courtesies of life! For smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight. It is ye that open the doors and let the strangers in.—Sterne.

**The Ananias Club.**  
"No, John," said his wife, "we won't buy a car even if everybody else in the neighborhood does own one. We are going to put our money in the bank and save it for a rainy day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Some Youthful Prodiges.**  
Macaulay was a historian at eight. Tennyson a poet as early; Byron wrote verses at ten; and Bacon was a philosopher at the same age. Mozart made his debut as composer and musician at six.

## MOTOR BUS GROWS POPULAR

**Hundred Electric Railway Companies Now Are Using It to Supplement Their Service.**

The motor bus grows in use. There are now, says Financial America, about 100 electric railway companies using motor buses. In a majority of these cases the motor bus is actually supplementing and adding to the service rendered. This list of 100 companies are operating approximately 1,000 motor vehicles, practically all of the single deck 25-passenger or 14 to 18 passenger type.

Most of the motor bus lines in the United States are operating on a ten-cent fare basis, and the opinion of electric railway officials is almost unanimous that a five-cent fare operation will not prove profitable. The public demand a seat, more speed, greater comfort and appreciate the safety factor of loading at the curb, and up to the present have indicated a willingness to pay the ten-cent fare rate.

The potential growth of this type of service is large. Already there are more than 40,000 motor vehicles in service in the United States carrying passengers over schedule territory (exclusive of taxicabs). The figures for Newark, N. J., are indicative of the possibilities. In 1916 there were 2,600,854 passengers carried by jitneys in Newark. Last year there were 70,375,000 passengers carried in modern motor buses, and the figures for the last few months indicate a 1923 total in excess of 100,000,000 passengers.

**TRAFFIC HALTS FOR PIGEON**  
New York Crossing Policeman Sees That Thirty Bird Gets Drink on Pavement.

Traffic was heavy and the policeman signaled, shouted, frowned and grined according to the changing character of the four-way crowds. The white signal flashed and waiting drivers prepared to throw in their gears and speed north or south. But the arm of the law warned them back. They craned around their windshields to find out the trouble. The policeman with arm still uplifted was gazing at a shallow pool of rainwater in the hot pavement, says the New York Sun and Globe.

"That bird shall have her chance," he growled at the nearest car. "She's tried to get a sip of water four times and what with all the pedestrians and cars and other interferences she's like to die of thirst."

The pigeon slipped peacefully, raising its sleek throat each time for the drink to slip down more smoothly. Then it waddled haughtily away.

The policeman's arm came into action and a satisfied grin spread over his ruddy cheeks. "Come along now, with your noisy cars!" he invited. "What's detainin' 'er?"

**Vacuum Cleaner "Blows" Organ.**  
In a church where an ordinary reed organ with pedal-operated bellows was used, it was desired to install an electric blower. As the reels of such an organ are sounded by suction, the air being exhausted from the wind chest by the bellows, it was found that a common vacuum sweeper could easily be made to do the work. A small hole was cut in the wind chest, and the end of the vacuum cleaner hose inserted, the connection being made airtight. The cleaner itself was set in the basement where it could not be heard while running. The result was entirely satisfactory, the cleaner doing the work just as well as an expensive electric blower.—Phil H. Brahma, Rutland, Vt.

## SPRAYING IS NOT HARMFUL

**There is No Danger if Proper Methods of Eradicating Pests are Used.**

A good many people have asked the question, "Will fruits and vegetables which have been sprayed be dangerous to use?"

It can be said that if they use the methods recommended for the different pests by the Department of Agriculture and the experiment stations there will be no danger. Of course in some instances, simply because of heavy spraying or spraying late in the season, there may be comparatively large quantities of spray material stuck to the fruit and vegetables at harvest time, especially where such products are grown in a dry climate. When heavy coatings of spray material are found, washing and wiping will remove much of this, usually almost all of it, and peeling will remove every bit.

Considerable fear, has been expressed by some that spraying of fruits and vegetables might leave enough arsenate of lead or copper on the surface to be injurious to any one who might eat the fruit.

Tight in this line experiments have been undertaken by the United States Department of Agriculture to determine whether there might be left on such fruits and vegetables which are sprayed enough chemicals of a poisonous nature to be injurious.

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## TOO FREE WITH HIS ADVICE

**Higgins Wants to Tell Smithers How He Should Buy Horse for His Wife.**

Higgins is troubled with an overweening curiosity about other people's affairs.

Occasionally, however, he comes a cropper, much to the delight of those whom he has been in the habit of victimizing.

The other day he met Smithers in a tramcar.

"Busy, eh?" he inquired in an off-hand way.

"Yes," said Smithers. "Been buying a horse for my wife."

"Have you?" said the other, his curiosity at once thoroughly aroused.

"Well, let me give you some points."

"Oh," said the other, "I concluded the bargain."

"Not without trying him, surely? Was he sound in wind and limb?"

"He appeared to be," was the reply.

"Doesn't he jib?"

"N-no, I reckon not."

"Stands without hitching?"

"Y-yes, I think so."

"Good gait?"

But here Smithers got up to leave the car. As he reached the door he called over his shoulder to Higgins:

"I forgot to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clotheshorse."

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**Flicker is Your Friend.**  
The red-shafted flicker or woodpecker is a persistent enemy of the ant family, says Nature Magazine. Many kinds of ants are extremely harmful. As wood borers they destroy timber and infest houses. Worst of all, they protect and care for many aphides or plant lice, which are the greatest enemies of trees, plants and shrubs. As many as 5,000 ants and ant eggs have been found in the stomach of a single flicker.

**Who the Jagellons Were.**  
The Jagellons were a dynasty that reigned over Lithuania, Poland, Hungary and Bohemia. The line began with Jagellon, who became king of Poland as Ladislas III or V in 1386, and ended with Sigismund II, who died in 1572.

**Carrying Out the Provisions.**  
A man walked into the village general store.

"I want," he said, "that tub of margarine and that bacon and all the other foodstuffs."

"Good gracious!" said the recently bereaved widow who kept the store. "Whatever do you want with all them things, Mr. Giles?"

"I dunno," replied the man, "but I'm the executor of your husband's will, and Lawyer Stiles said I was to be sure and carry out all the provisions."

**Find Secret of Old Dye.**  
Thanks to the vegetable and chemical chromatals created in American and European laboratories, it is now possible to reproduce the wonderful blues and reds in Persian rugs that have been puzzling the world's scientists for centuries.

**Touching His Pride.**  
Dealer (to impecunious client, to whom he sold a horse some weeks before)—You still like him?

Purchaser—Very much; but he ought to carry his head higher.

Dealer—I expect he'll do that all right when he's paid for.—Punch.

**In the Land of Ice and Snow.**  
Question—If a bride and groom on a honeymoon in the Alps, in midwinter, get lost, how do they keep from freezing?

Answer—They warm themselves on the mountain ranges.

**The Proper Word.**  
"James, have you whispered today without permission?"

"Only wunst."

"Leroy, should James have said 'wunst'?"

"No'm, he should have said twice."

**Speed.**  
Judge—Where wuz you when she threw the lamp—speak up—I say, where wuz you?

Witness—Soy, Judge, how do Ah know where Ah wuz when Ah wuz goin'—Life.

**An Incurable Disease.**  
Ridicule is a disease that attacks itself to all tyrannies and finally brings them to destruction.

**C 6 6**  
is a Prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know, preventing pneumonia.

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