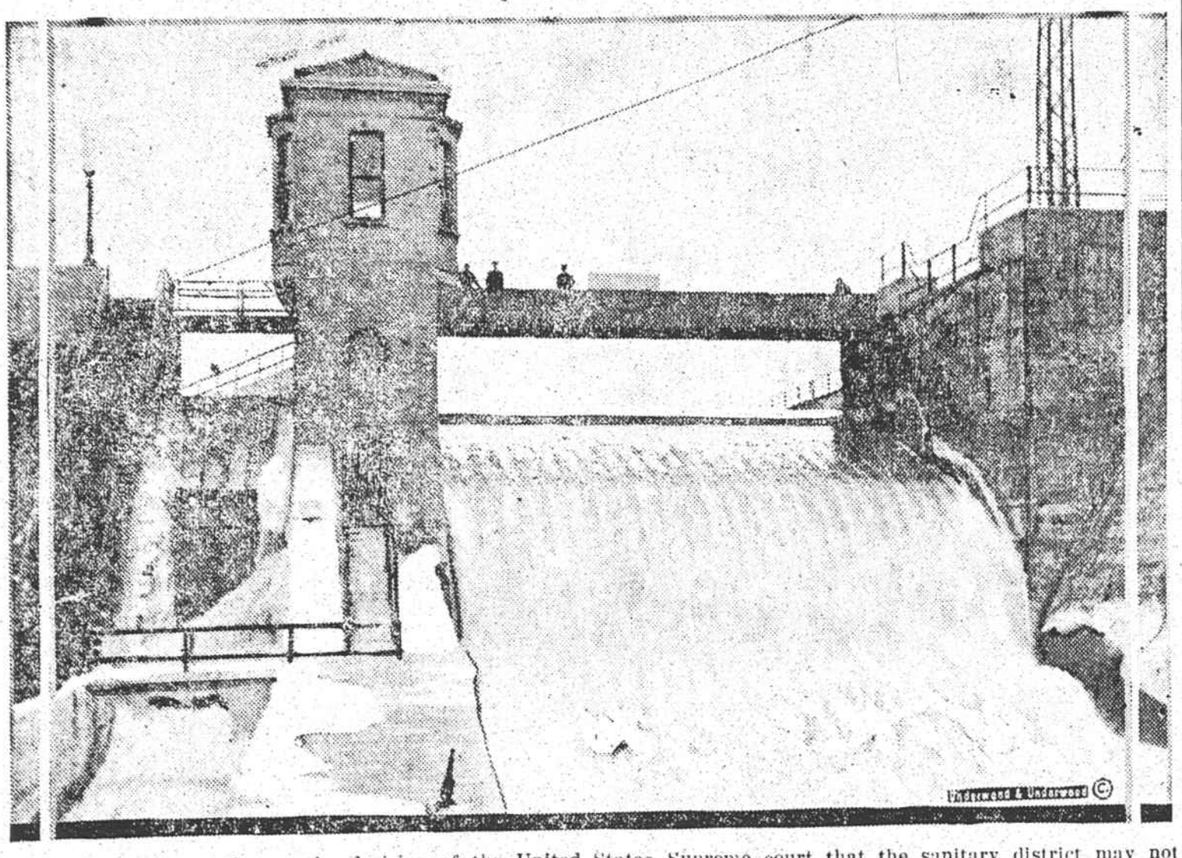
Long Time in Asylum

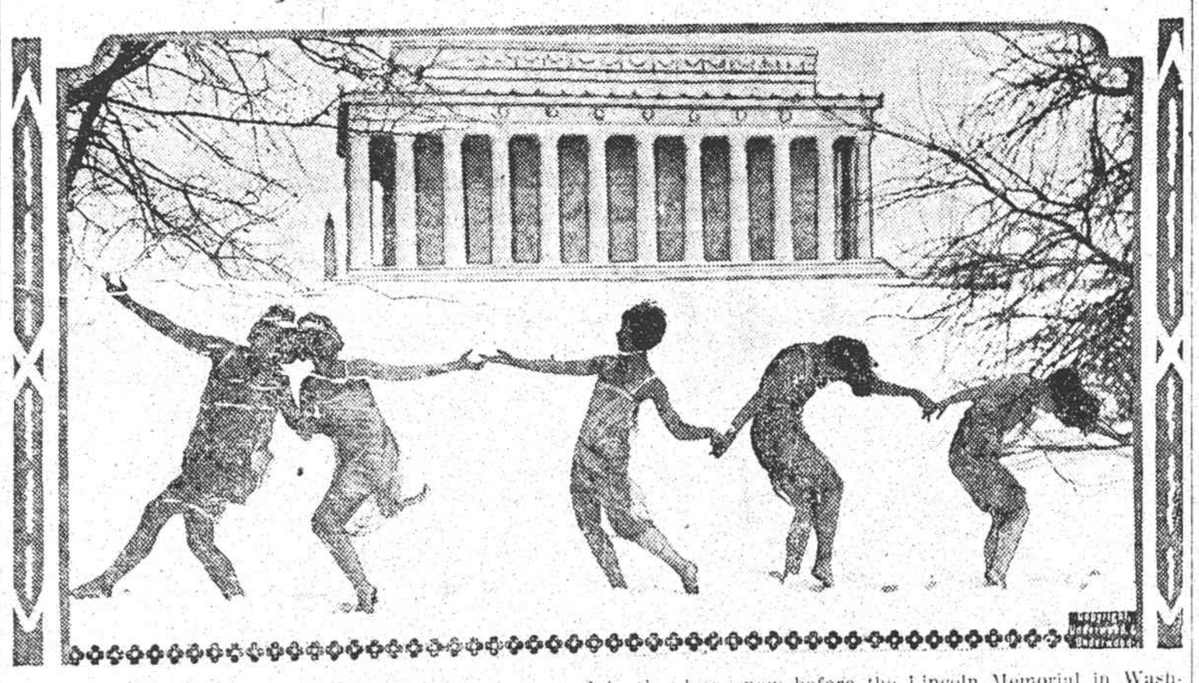
There is in a lunatic asylum near Paris a woman one hundred and eight years of age, who has probably beaten all world records for a long sojourn in an asylum for the insane. The woman became insane when she was eighteen and has been confined in the asylum for the last 90 years.

Chicago's Drainage System Crippled by Decision



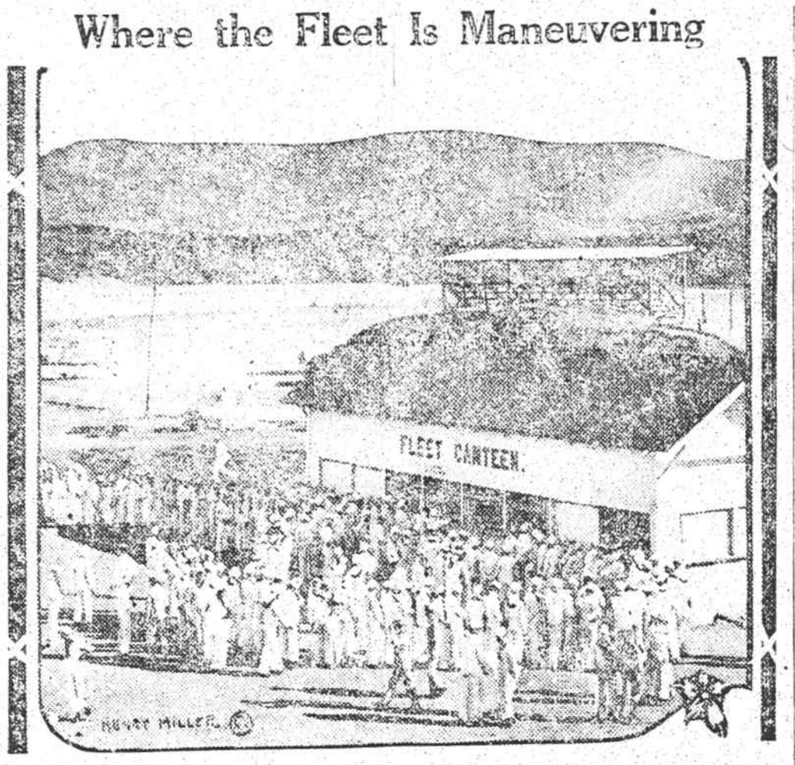
Chicago is alarmed over the decision of the United States Supreme court that the sanitary district may not divert from Lake Michigan more than 4,167 cubic feet of water a second. The engineers say 10,000 feet a second is necessary for disposal of the sewage. The illustration shows the dam at Lockport, Ill., which controls the level of water in the drainage canal.

Pretty Dance, but How About Their Feet?



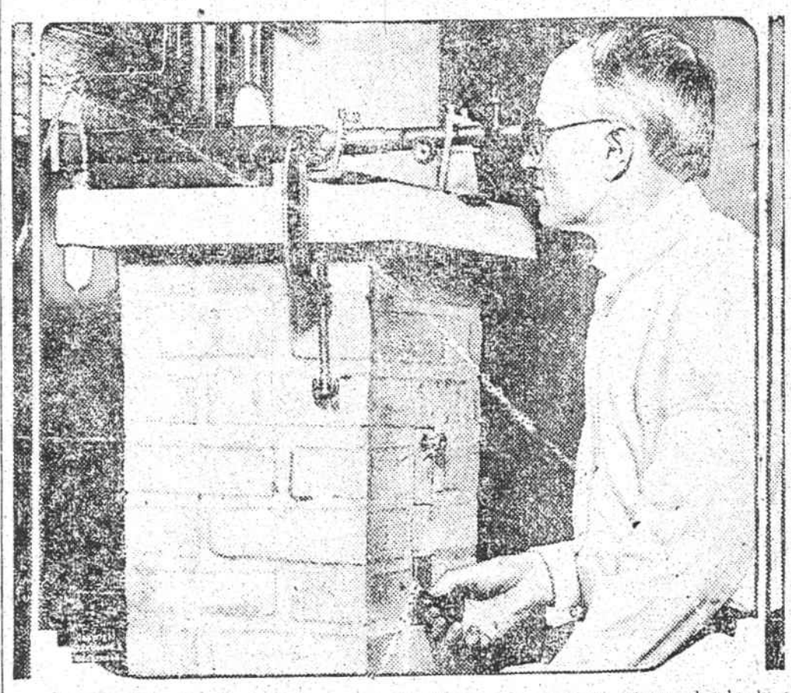
These girls of the Caroline McKinley dancers cavorted in the deep snow before the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, expressing their rejoicing over the passing of the storm.

Where the Fleet Is Maneuvering



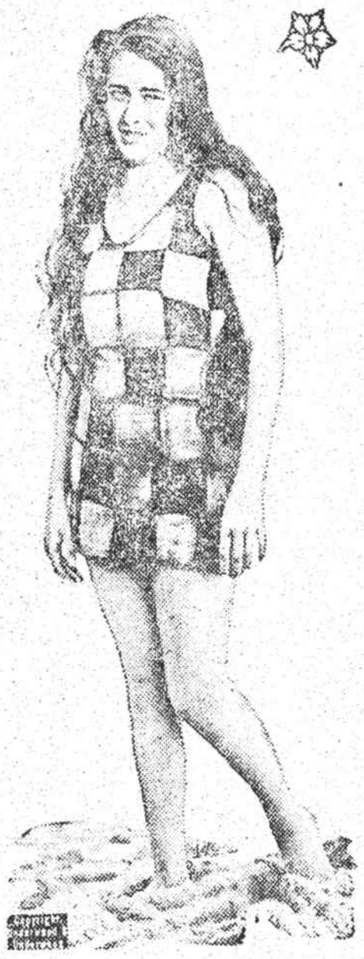
Here is the fleet canteen at Guantanamo bay, Cuba, where the gobs can "spend their money like sailors" while the Atlantic fleet is going through its winter maneuvers there. The canteen is run by the government and all articles are sold to the sailors at cost.

Heyl Reweighing the Universe



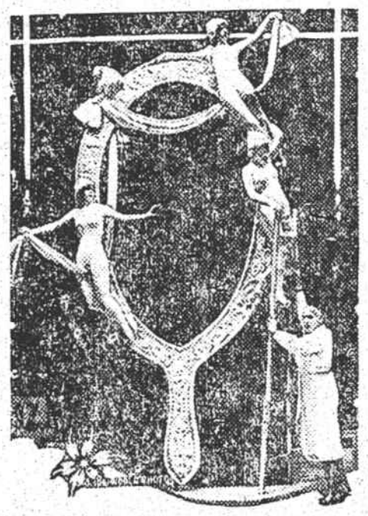
Dr. Paul R. Heyl, physicist at the United States bureau of standards, has decided to weigh the earth, the sun, moon and stars. He is making his tests in a dark cave 35 feet beneath the basement of the bureau of standards. He has suspended two accurately weighed gold balls from the end of an aluminum bar, which in turn is suspended by a light wire that allows the apparatus to rotate. Thus the balls follow a circular course much like the orbit of the earth in its rotation around the sun. The apparatus is being operated by Dr. Heyl from another room in order not to affect the experiment by the heat from the body.

BEACH CROSS-WORDS



Naturally the cross-word puzzle bathing suit arrived, coincidentally with the opening of the winter social season at Palm Beach; and here is Miss Margaret Kocher snapped at the Florida society resort in her new costume.

BERLIN LIKED THIS



Dr. Angelos of Berlin and his living mirror with which he recently created a sensation in the German capital.

Peter

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

IN HOT but helpless rebellion in her heart Alice Dorrance sat listening for the tinkle of the door bell that would herald the coming of Peter Smith—the coming that would condemn her to a life of secret misery.

It must be secret, she told herself. If she had to make the sacrifice, she would make it bravely. The world should never know what it cost her. She would flaunt her chains until the world envied her, believing her happy.

Happy! Happy!

The bell tinkled; she ran to the glass to powder her face, lest the flame in it should betray to Peter how she loathed him.

Then, abruptly, for the first time since she had promised her brother Fred that she would save him and had telephoned to Peter to come to her at once, she remembered that she had to do more than merely to accept Peter's proposal. She had to ask him to—to—Heavens! How could she ask him such a thing?

Peter might guess that she was selling herself and might refuse.—Oh! No! No! He would never refuse for such a cause as that. If he refused at all it would be because he was too stingy to—

Abruptly the stairs seemed to fly up and repel her, stumblingly she took a step forward, then Peter caught her, and she realized that she had reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Tha—thank you!" she gasped.

But Peter ignored this. "You're not hurt?" he gasped.

"No! No! Thanks to you! You're awfully kind—" she went on.

"Kind! I'd spend my life in being kind to you if you'd only let me! Say you will. Say you will!. Oh, say you will!"

Promptly she twisted in Peter's arms and looked up roughly into his face. "Let you be kind to me?" she bubbled. "Of course I will. Please lend me five hundred dollars."

Peter laughed back. "Five hundred? Sure thing," he promised. "How'll you have it? In gold? Right away?"

His tone frightened Alice. Abruptly she stiffened. "I'm not joking," she said, coldly.

"Not joking?" The smile vanished from Peter's lips. The clutch of his arms slackened.

"No! I'm not joking," she replied. "I'm in earnest. What's five hundred dollars? I'm worth a lot more than that. I'm worth all you've got."

Peter's face cleared slightly; from his pocket he took a checkbook and a pen.

"Make it to you?" he inquired, poising the pen.

"Yes! Please!" The words came faintly. Alice had won, but she was not happy.

Peter filled in the name slowly. Then suddenly he looked up. His puzzlement had vanished.

"Who is this money really for?" he asked quietly. "Of course it's not for yourself. Is it perhaps for that brother of yours?"

"No! No!"

"Evidently it is." Deliberately Peter put checkbook and pen back into his pocket. "You gave me a bad scare," he went on, in tones that Alice had never heard him use before. "What's Fred been doing? I wouldn't have believed him capable of putting you up to this. What's he done? Robbed the bank?" Peter's voice was kindly but compelling.

Somehow Alice knew that she was seeing the real Peter for the first time and that he was very different from what she had thought. Slowly she nodded.

"They've found him out?—given him a chance to pay back the money?" demanded Peter. "They would of course! Well! Don't trouble yourself about it any more. I'll straighten things out at the bank. Send Fred to my office tomorrow morning, and I'll see that he gets a chance to earn and pay back the money. He'll want to do that, of course." Peter bowed. "Good evening," he said.

Alice's eyes widened and her lips parted. "You—you're not going?" she quavered. "I—I—" uncertainly she stepped toward him.

But he held up his hand. "It isn't necessary, dear," he said, with a smile that was just a little bit twisted. "There's nothing for you to pay! Fred's worth saving, for his own sake."

"But—but—"

"Forget it! The rest is between Fred and me. So far as you are concerned, it's over. Put the whole thing out of your thoughts?"

"Ye-very well," Alice's voice was barely audible.

"Then, then—if what you said wasn't all pretense—"

The front door flew open, and Fred Dorrance bounded in. "It's all right," he gasped. "The bank has—Oh! Well! You—don't need to—to—" He saw Peter and broke off. Then— "Oh, Alice! You haven't promised to marry him yet, have you?"

Alice smiled. "No, Fred!" she said, gently. "I haven't promised to marry him yet. And I'm not going to promise. I'm going to ask him to marry me."

She turned to Peter. "It really was all pretense, Peter," she said. "But it isn't pretense any more. I know you at last, Peter, and I love you. I'l-please forgive me and—and—t-take me in your arms and—and marry me, Peter, dear!"

"For the love of Mike!" Fred was fleeing up the stairs as he said the words. And the two at the foot had utterly forgotten him.