

In Spite of the Fortune Teller

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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When Betty Peyton consented to play the fortune teller at Mrs. Edmond-Ashley's annual garden fete she did so under the supposition that it would be an easy way of passing the time at an affair where she knew nobody and would, in a way, be a means of doing her best as a favor in return for the recent great kindness done her.

As she regarded herself in the mirror after an hour's application of all she had learned in the amateur theatricals which had served to pass so many hours of the summers spent in the hills at Simla, she assured herself that her dearest friend would never recognize her. And it would have indeed been difficult to detect beneath the burnt umber complexion, swarthy brows, gaudy turban and oriental draperies of the image which confronted her the Anglo-Saxon fairness and winsome charm of Betty Peyton.

"You're simply perfect, my dear!" Mrs. Edmond-Ashley's voice was all admiration. "Your booth is down by the rhododendrons—and remember you are supposed to be the real article. After advertising that unreliable Hindu woman as my leading card, I simply dare not go back on it. Incidentally, I honestly think you look more genuine than she does!"

During the early part of the evening, custom was very brisk and Betty had her hands full, literally and figuratively, with palms, both masculine and feminine, demanding to be read. Then, as the liquid notes of the Hawaiian quartette floated out on the lantern illumined air, the guests drifted away to listen, and Betty was left alone, resting a dusky hand and



"The Sahib—He Sail From Kurachi?"

gazing pensively out into the sweet-scented night as one who peers into a future too dim to decipher.

She was wondering why it was that she and Paul Brighton could not have met naturally without being thrown at each other's heads since childhood. Gossip, the length and breadth of India, she told herself bitterly, had coupled their names together until no doubt he felt the same aversion to her that she did to him. And all because their fathers, closely associated for years, had made so evident their wish to see their children wed one another.

It was when she learned that Paul, now Captain Brighton, was to be transferred to the same post as her father, that Betty made up her mind to run away, and writing to her aunt in America, whom she had never seen, opened the opportunity for the invitation to spend the summer at the latter's country home.

Suddenly, breaking in upon her meditations, a tall figure advanced through the shrubbery and, throwing himself down on the cushions before her, silently held out his hand. As he did so, the swaying lantern above her shone on his lifted face. Thunder-struck, she nearly uttered a cry, then, with great effort, checked herself. It was Paul.

What was he doing here? Would he recognize her? No, that was absurd, and presumably her aunt would not disclose her identity. These thoughts flashed through her mind as she bent above his palm.

Then she had an inspiration. Of all the people she knew, Captain Brighton, after his years in India, might have some faith in the occult.

Slowly she began, in hesitating, broken patois. "The sahib—he sail from Kurachi? Yes—I see it here. Also, he must beware ver' light lady; must be careful. Light ladies ver' bad for this sahib—bring bad luck, bad fortune, sickness, death, oh, ev' thing. Much better think on dark ladies—ver' dark."

She hoped that in the semidarkness he did not observe her sudden pause as she recalled the fact that her hostess daughter, Joan, was of an exceedingly dark skin, and Mrs. Edmond-Ashley might naturally not wish to be considered as making a big farce

attention to her daughter through the medium of a fortune teller at her own garden party.

But her patron merely gave a grave, "Thank you," and, rising, went his way, leaving Betty wondering how much faith he had in her abilities as a seeress.

That night Mrs. Edmond-Ashley congratulated Betty. "You were a tremendous hit—and everybody believed you real. Why, Capt. Paul Brighton, just arrived from India on a mission in which my husband is concerned, says he has seen hundreds like you sitting on the road to Delhi. Incidentally, he's coming to tea tomorrow, and between you and me, I believe he's a bit gone on Joan!"

The following afternoon Betty, in her own character, met quite informally the man between whom and herself she had endeavored to put several continents. They had shaken hands quite casually, while he remarked with candor that he had known her for many years. Then he had turned to Joan and asked if she played tennis.

The next month for Betty was much like this game which followed, in which she was quite out of it all, watching the maneuvers of Paul and Joan from the sidelines. And little by little she began to regret; first, her impulsive departure, then her prophetic utterances, which apparently he had taken so seriously. For, no doubt, he knew she had gone to avoid his presence at the post and was reveling in his chance to demonstrate how little her repulses troubled him.

Then an odd thing occurred. In Joan's presence Paul invited her to go with him on a yachting party, and although surprised at herself, Betty heard herself accepting. On the evening of the trip she found Paul had drawn two chairs close together in a secluded corner of the stern deck. For a while they sat watching the play of moonlight on the scudding foam of the wake. Then, out of a clear sky, Paul turned to her and said: "You see, Betty, I took your advice about dark ladies!"

So he had known, after all—probably through her aunt!

"Well, I'm sure you found it good!" she managed to answer lightly. "But how did you know it was I?"

"Very easily," returned the man. "Once having seen you in a similar character at an amateur performance in Simla, I could not very well forget your skillful portrayal. Besides, having come several thousand miles in search of you, I was looking for you everywhere, although, feeling myself, as I know you did, that there had been enough outside management in our affairs, I was determined to tell no one my errand."

"But Joan—and your mission!" stammered Betty.

"Joan understands the whole thing and was helping me out—besides, she's engaged, herself!" retorted Paul. "As for the mission, that was a lucky coincidence. I'll admit, but knowing it was to be sent here, I pulled the wires and got myself appointed!"

There was a moment's silence. Then Paul leaned over and helped himself to the slim hand lying so temptingly near his own. "Aren't you afraid of the fate I foretold?" asked Betty whimsically, but not withdrawing her hand.

"If I am," declared Paul, "I'd rather endure it with you, my darling, than have all the luck in the world without you!" and won for his brave reply the reward it merited.

Great Sturgeon Fishing.

The scene of the sturgeon fishing is at the mouth of the river Volga, where as many as 15,000 sturgeon are sometimes captured in one day. The flesh is salted for use during the numerous fasts enjoyed by the Greek church, but the flesh, though valuable, and resembling veal when roasted in the same way, is not by any means the chief value of the fish. Isinglass and caviare are the two principal products which make the sturgeon so valuable. The air-bladder, when dried and properly prepared, is named isinglass, and this very valuable material is used to be annually imported to England from Petrograd in large quantities. Caviare is a preparation from the roe of the female fish. It has a strong, oily, and peculiar flavor, much esteemed by gourmards—at least, after they have become used to it—but not so much approved of by persons of simple tastes. The preparation of these two products gives employment to many thousands of persons.

Love in a Cottage.

There may be today just as much love in the world as ever, but of the kind the poets are wont to sing of, "love in a cottage," there is certainly a falling off—through lack of the cottage. Yet in some sections reports are that the shortage of houses is acting as a direct incentive to marriage.

The naive explanation is that when there were houses to be had the possession of one was a natural preliminary to wedlock, but now that they are not to be had, no one will think any the less of the newly married couple for establishing themselves in lodgings or in the home of their parents or even their friends—Deseret News.

Knowing Simpson.

"Do you know Simpson?" "I should say I do. I lent him a fiver."

"If you lent him a fiver I should say you don't."

Sure Thing.

"Do you think any member of the plant or tree kingdom would stick to man if given the choice?" "I think the dogwood."

HOUSE OF MODEST POPULAR LINES

Ideal Dwelling for a Family With Children.

LOW COST IS A FEATURE

Design Is Attractive and Has All the Essentials of a Real Home—Has Three Bedrooms and Sleeping Porch.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as architect, author and manufacturer, he is without doubt the highest authority on all home subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 127 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

To many people the most important considerations in the building of a home are substantial construction and comfort within. They are not keen about a pretentious exterior or some freakish design which will attract attention. Rather, they prefer a house of modest and popular lines, plain in design, but radiating a feature of good old-fashioned comfort. Too often in the construction of a house these fundamental features are overshadowed by the demands of a faddish age and as a result the finished structure is far from attractive and in many cases not at all comfortable or conveniently arranged.

These faults certainly cannot be found in the substantial, modest yet pleasing home shown here. While it is attractive, none of the more essential features of a real home have been sacrificed to gain this effect. It is one of the thousands of houses of the same type that are to be found in all sections of the country. Built of frame with a rough-faced concrete block foundation, a little variety has been gained in the outward appearance by the use of shingles as siding above the first story.

The front porch is wide, open and spacious, adding to the frankness of the whole design. A single door with

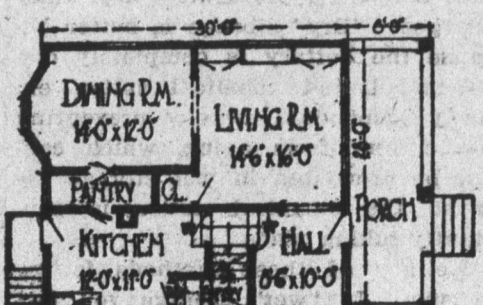


long, narrow panels and small panes above leads the way into the home.

The stern lines have been broken by roof dormers on each side. The house is practically square, being 28 feet wide and 30 feet long, not including the front porch. The advantage of square dimensions have been often emphasized in these columns. This type of house is very economical in cost of construction.

On the first floor are the three living rooms, or more specifically, living room, dining room and kitchen. The front entrance leads into a small hall, which in turn leads into the living room on one side and to the staircase to the floor above. The living room is 14 feet 6 inches by 18 feet, and is fitted with wall bookcases. Windows on two sides provide plenty of light and ventilation. A small closet in one corner provides storage place for clothes.

The dining room is in the rear of the living room and has double exposure, a large bay window of semi-circular shape in the rear and a window on the side. It is 14 by 12 feet. Access to the kitchen is afforded by a passage-way through the pantry, which is between the dining room and the kitchen.



First Floor Plan.

This passageway is made possible by two doors opposite each other in the pantry. The kitchen is 12 by 11 feet. A stairway leads from the kitchen to the basement.

Upstairs are the sleeping rooms and bathroom. Three bedrooms and a sleeping porch have been provided for. The bedrooms are all about the same size, each having windows on two sides. It is very important in building a home of this kind or of any other kind, that the bedrooms have plenty of window space through which ventilation can be obtained. The old idea

of no air in the sleeping rooms is now a dead letter. It has been found that plenty of fresh air is very beneficial in sleeping quarters.

For those desiring more ventilation, the sleeping porch can be used very advantageously. Each bedroom is provided with a clothes closet, while one has a large wardrobe.

Today the insistent problem is housing. Solutions have been found for international disputes, national controversies and many other far-reaching problems, but as yet none is forthcoming for the most vital problem of all. And as the time passes the situation becomes more acute. There is one



Second Floor Plan.

remedy—more homes—and only when the great mass of people realize that it is infinitely better than paying rent to pay on a home will this difficulty, or danger, be overcome. More people should own homes. With the gradual adjustment of the nation to pre-war conditions, indications point to a healthy reaction in the matter of home ownership. More modest, comfortable homes of the type shown here will go a long way in bringing the nation back to healthy, sane conditions.

STRAW BALLOT OLD CUSTOM

History Proves It to Have Been Used at Gladiatorial Contests in Ancient Rome.

America's quadrennial visitation has again ravaged the country from Key West to Puget sound, from Maine to California. It is the straw ballot, the New York Evening Post states.

The straw ballot, as such, is a disease that rages rampant only in the United States. Yet it has existed in other countries. In old Rome straw ballots were once used at gladiatorial contests. Later, because of a shortage of straw, the Romans had to use thumbs, an art at which legend has

it they became quite ambidextrous, and in Mexico, for another instance, straw ballots are not unknown, except that in the southern republic they are usually designated as "presidential elections."

One of the first references to straw is in Exodus, when Pharaoh pronounced his famous "Ye shall no more give the people straw; let them go and gather straw for themselves." Pharaoh was evidently the political boss of his day, and a shrewd one, for it is reported that "the people were scattered abroad to gather stubble instead of straw."

Notwithstanding the usefulness of ballots of straw—to which Webster pays its compliments as "a thing of smallest worth"—they are as fashionable now as appendicitis ever was.

Women Not "Immortals."

Women have applied for admittance to the French Academy, but the "immortals" already there are not in favor of admitting them. M. Poincaré is alone in courageously favoring the admission of women. If Mme. Garnier succeeds in forcing open the door, he says, he will not be the last of the Forty to congratulate her. M. Bourget holds that the traditions of the academy are against women being admitted. M. Emile Boutroux sees no objection—if it is the wish of the public. On the other hand, M. Alfred Capus cries, "Hands off the Academy!" He believes that on the day when a woman, or a foreigner, is admitted to the institution it will be destroyed. M. Henri Regnier holds that the rules could not be altered to admit women. If they are to be admitted it can only be done by a presidential decree.

Bibles by Weight in Russia.

In Russia Bibles are bought and sold by weight, in accordance with the decree of Lenin. The man who is "anti-Christ" to the Greek Orthodox church, has himself written books by the score, and not esteeming these products of his brain as "light reading" has ordained that all books be sold by weight.

Some extent the Scriptures are allowed sent in, and the Bible society must give account of the pounds and ounces. On the average, 220 Bibles make a ton.

New Year's Day in Many Lands

NEW YEAR'S DAY is a time for thanksgiving and mirth and happiness, and in some countries, for the interchange of gifts. It is also a day which, because it is the beginning of another year in one's life, has associated with it a certain sacredness which often takes the form of resolutions to do more and better things than one has ever done before.

It is appropriate that the series of 12 months should open on the first day of January, because this is the period of the winter solstice, the turning point of the year, the time when earth begins to be revived in anticipation of the coming of spring. The ancients understood this significance and, although several changes in their calendar took place before the present date was made permanent, January 1st has been, we are told, the generally accepted date since the reign of the Roman king Numa Pompilius, 672 B. C. He decreed that the year should begin as it now does, and added two new months to the already existing ten.

The first month was named January in honor of the god Janus, who was represented by the Romans as having two faces, this signifying that he was acquainted with both past and future events. On this first day it was the Roman custom to offer to Janus sacrifice upon twelve different altars. Among the offerings was a cake of sifted meal with incense and wine. The people took every precaution to conduct themselves so perfectly that nothing but good might be presaged for the coming year. Latin writers of the time say that all strifes and differences ceased at the New Year. The day was spent in visiting, feasting and exchanging gifts. Indeed, the burden of giving had become so heavy that during the reign of Claudius he felt forced to limit it by a decree.

In Belgium the children are especially active on New Year's. Their greatest fun is obtained by secreting all the keys belonging to the various doors of the house. Then they hide, watching, lynx-eyed, from their vantage-ground for the chance to lock up an unsuspecting parent or uncle or aunt. When once caught they are not freed until they promise a certain forfeit of sweets.

In France it is called "le jour de l'an"—the day of the year. Merry-making, calls and gifts reign supreme. Dancing, singing and wine also have prominence. Candy, not usually allowed to French children, is generously given out, January 1st is also the day for family reunions. And in the early morning hours relatives of anyone who has died during the year assemble at the grave for a brief service.

One of the prettiest customs in the world is that observed at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Many are the gay parties which gather on New Year's eve, and when the great cathedral clock begins to chime the midnight hour every window of every occupied house is raised. Each person lifts high a glass and with one voice the whole city cries out, "Prost! Neujahr." By the time the twelfth stroke is reached the windows are closed and quiet reigns as the old year draws its last breath.

In rural parts of Russia the children, who have arisen especially early on this holiday, start out on a house-to-house pilgrimage, with pockets brimful of dried peas and wheat. Doors are never locked in Russia, so it is an easy matter to enter. If the occupants of the house thus visited are asleep the children pelt with peas those whom they dislike, and then sprinkle wheat over their friends.

High mass is celebrated on New Year's at Madrid. Many presents are given between friend and friend, and by the rich to the poor.

A Chinese New Year custom is for the people to buy or bake small cakes made of rice, flour and sugar, which, with fruit and dates, they put on plates and place before the image of Buddha. This is the one time of the year when everybody is religious. New door gods are pasted upon the doors, consisting of colored prints of the reputed likenesses of two great warriors of ancient times, who were supposed to be defenders not only of the country but of the home. On the morning of the last day of the year they worship their ancestors and the Buddhas, and on New Year's day they worship the god of wealth for having brought them safely through another year.

THE RESOLUTION TREE.

Behold the resolution tree, Lugubrious to view; It stands so straight it backward leans, And all its leaves are new.

It does not glitter in the gloom, No cheerful gleam invites, There is no chance for jollity—The lid is on its lights.

And though alluring articles Festoon it round about, The branches are entirely hung With things to do without.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

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For Sale—Some real bargains in well improved farms located within 3 miles of Rensselaer. 120 a., 133 a., 212 a., 162 a., 80 a. I also have some exceptional bargains in improved farms of all sizes farther out from Rensselaer. For further particulars see me or call 246, office, or 459, home.—HARVEY DAVISSON.

For Sale—Having installed an electric metal pot for its model 6 Lino-type, The Democrat has for sale a 4 or 6-gallon gasoline air pressure tank with gauge, about 20 feet of 3/8 inch iron pipe with couplings and elbows, some gasoline burners, the metal pot taken out, etc. Any or all of the above will be sold at bargain prices.—THE DEMOCRAT.

For Sale—A lot of standing timber, 4 miles west of town on county farm road; 50 cents per load for dead timber, \$1 per load for green wood. Loads not to exceed 12 feet by 3 feet. No cutting or hauling on Sunday. Call me before entering premises—A. M. YBOMAN, phone 87-G, Mt. Airy exchange.

For Sale—The Democrat has for sale several bundles of heavy used wrapping paper, running about 27 to 28 large sheets to a bundle, suitable for putting under rugs or carpets, building paper or for wrapping heavy parcels, at 25 cents per bundle.

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Included in this lot are the following:

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WANTED

Poultry Wanted—Turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese, veal, etc.—PHONE 313 for prices.

Wanted—To buy poultry. Call 461 or 39 and we will come and get it. Highest prices paid.—WALLACE & HERATH.

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