"Things Worth While"

By VINCENT G. PERRY

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Teas, dances, house parties, masquerade balls, golf, yachting, motoring—Kathleen was tired of them all. No sooner had one finished than another started. Her aunt had accepted invitations for her that extended months ahead. There was hardly a day that she could count on as her own. The thought of what lay before her bored her. There would have been some variation if Aleck had been going to be there, but she was sure he would not be. Something terrible had happened to Aleck, she was convinced. She had heard nothing of him for nearly a month, and to think that they were engaged, too! He had probably met some other girl he liked better, and had, perhaps, married her and was on a honeymoon. She determined not to feel melancholy about it, for, she assured herself, their engagement had been nothing but a farce, anyway. He had intended marrying her for aunt's money, and she sought the social position that his name would bring her. Besides, it had been considered a good match. Love? Why, that was only for country girls and story books!

Just the same Kathleen did feel melancholy. Aleck was different from the other men she knew. He was not nearly so artificial as the others. Perhaps that was why he had forgotten her. She couldn't help acknowledging that she was artificial—her every movement and word had been part of a pose while in his company. No wonder he had wearied of her. Oh, to be the little country girl she had been before she went to college! Oh, to have the dreams she had had then! Her college course was not to blame, she told herself in fairness. It all



"You Bet I Am Aleck."

came from coming to live with her aunt instead of going back to teach the country school, as she had planned. Of course it would have been foolish to have turned down the chance of becoming heiress to her aunt's immense fortune, but she wondered if it had made her happy.

Kathleen jumped to her feet hastily. It was useless to sit there getting sentimental. She looked at her engagement pad wearily. "A Red Cross tea at Mrs. De Vain's" for that afternoon. Another bore, she reflected, as she rang for her maid to assist her to dress.

Mrs. De Vain's tea dragged through the afternoon. It was hot on the lawn, and Kathleen had just about decided to feign illness as an excuse for leaving, when the feature of the afternoon's entertainment was announced—an address from Miss Marshley, a returned nurse from the front. Miss Marshley had a gripping personality and a great story to tell. Kathleen did not miss a word of it.

"You have no idea what is going on over there," Miss Marshley said as she neared the end of her address. "How lucky we are to be safe here at home enjoying entertainments like this one while the boys are bleeding on the fields of Flanders! Every one of us should do something to bring the war to an end—things worth while. We can, and we must! Pleasure must be forgotten and the stern duties of life taken on. Every one must help where she is best suited to help. It would be ridiculous to suggest to you ladies to go out on farms where help is needed most, but there is some other place where you are needed. You have judgment—find that place!"

Kathleen sat quite still after the speaker had finished, her mind working rapidly. What a useless being she was, she thought. What little value she was to the world when every one was needed to be valuable! The few dollars she had given to patriotic purposes had been given to her by her aunt and were not a sacrifice at all. She would have to do something—one of the things worth while. What was she best suited to? There was not a thing that she had learned at college or since that would help in any way in the winning of the war. Then her mind traveled back to the days before she went to college—the good old days on the farm. She jumped to her feet with a little cry of joy as she thought of it. She would go back to the farm, where help was needed the most! She would show these shallow-brained women that she was a real person after all. She would show Aleck Beatty that she was not the artificial girl he had mistaken her for. The thought of Aleck caused the triumphant smile to fade just a little. Aleck was really one of the shallow brains, too, though she hated to admit it.

Two weeks later found Kathleen milking cows. She had insisted upon being put to work almost upon her arrival home. How fine it was to be back at the old farm again! She wondered how she could have left it for the life in the city.

As the milking progressed, Kathleen became conscious of the fact that some one was watching her. She realized, too, that it was the man whom she had noticed working in the next field, when she first started to milk. Trying to make it appear quite accidental, she looked up. When her eyes met his she almost overturned the pail of milk.

"Aleck!" she cried excitedly. "What are you doing here? You are Aleck, aren't you?" After she had spoken she was afraid she had made a mistake, for the man before her was in overalls and was as brown as a berry, but if he wasn't Aleck he was his double.

"You bet I am Aleck!" he replied, as soon as he could gain his voice, "and the most surprised Aleck in the world!" He climbed over the fence, without waiting for an invitation. "You look sweet in that milking costume, and you are really milking! Where did you learn to do it?"

She told him as hurriedly as she could, for she was eager for an explanation, too.

"That is just why I came to work on the next farm," he said when she finished. "I was sick of being dressed up all the time and not getting anything out of life but a bored existence. I wanted to enlist, but they wouldn't take me because of my stiff knee, so I came out here to help with the crop. I am a soldier of the army behind the army."

"You are wonderful!" she told him, breathlessly. "Why didn't you write to me and tell me all about it? You didn't let me know whether you were dead or alive."

"I didn't think you would care, and, besides, Kathleen, I made up my mind to give up the old life forever and, you see, you were part of it."

"I understand," she said quietly, trying to choke back the lump that had risen in her throat. "Perhaps it is for the best. I am really just a butterfly."

"No, you are not," he cried. "You are not a bit like a butterfly, and you never were. You just pretended. It is all changed now, for you have left the old life, too. It was harder to give you up than anything else, for I really love you. Let me tell you how much, dear."

DREADED SNAKE UNDER FALLS

According to Indian Superstition, Reptile's Breaking Loose Ended in Destruction of Villages.

Formerly, according to Indian superstition, there dwelt under Niagara falls a gigantic snake, which now and then would make its way to an Indian village and coil itself around the town. It swallowed the people, and made itself further obnoxious by poisoning the springs and wells with its spittle.

The Hiwassee river, in the southern Allegheny region, is infested by an enormous leech. Occasionally a certain ledge of rock is exposed when the water is low, so that people are tempted to cross over it. Anybody who tries to do so, however, is inevitably seized and sucked down.

Near the head of the Savannah river are the famous Talula falls. It has been well known for centuries that the Thunder Spirit lives beneath these falls, and its roaring may at any time be heard in the noise of the cataract.

One hundred miles to the southeast of Death valley (in California) is Dead mountain, which is the abode of multitudes of ghosts. At all events, the Indians so believe, though when one approaches the mountain one perceives that the spooks are merely broken and precipitous rocks shining white in the sun.

Life of Chilean Girls.

The Chilean girl's reason for being is marriage, and one of her earliest lessons is that woman's place is indeed the home and that man is ordained her master, the World Outlook says. Old maids have a particularly horrid time in Chile and most of them take the veil. There is little else for them to do, for they can't all become schoolteachers and no other career is open for the young woman who does not marry. Women journalists, doctors, lawyers, stenographers and clerks are practically unknown.

Perhaps this somewhat oriental ideal of Chilean womanhood explains why the tinkling of the piano rather than the clicking of typewriter keys is the chief mechanical noise one hears at the Santiago College for Girls, and why the most important exercise is an exhibit of fine needlework and hand-painted china rather than essays on "Why the Woman Needs the Vote."

Famous Writer of Songs.

The songs that George F. Root composed or arranged during the Civil war would almost fill a volume. With George Root music was a profession. He was born in Massachusetts in 1820, and studied music both in this country and abroad. Before, during and for a considerable time after the Civil war, Mr. Root was a music publisher in Chicago.

Previous to the war he had written a number of cantatas and similar compositions, but when the war started he turned all of his attention to composing war songs.

One of the most spirited songs was "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and its composition should entitle him to rank among the makers of living national music.

Next to "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the most popular of Root's war songs was "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

The Kind Hard Knock

By OSCAR SWIFT

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The Elton church that was responsible for McDonough Institute had been pastorless a month, when in early spring the Rev. Joseph Palmer preached his trial sermon.

The littlest teacher at McDonough, Miss Anne McCall, detained at home that morning, asked her roommate, the youngest teacher, how the people liked his sermon and his preaching. Edith sniffed slightly. She'd worn her new crepe de chine that made her hair look like ropes of gold, and the man was middle aged!

"He's what you'd call brilliant, Anne, but he won't be called."

"Why?" wondered Anne.

"The man hasn't any pulpit voice," Edith explained. "He speaks scarcely above a whisper most of the time. He had fever and it affected his voice, and now he has to preach in places where they can't afford to be particular."

Joseph Palmer had intended returning to his home in the next county that evening, and wondered why he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain and attend the young people's meeting that evening. But when Anne McCall arose and sang the "Wondrous Story"—her voice mellow and sweet and reverent, her gray eyes shining—he knew why he had remained.

"Fathers and mothers have told me," he said when asked to speak a few words, "they wanted their children schooled that they might have an easier time in the world. Girls and boys, that's a mistake. Education never made life easier, but it does make it more pleasant—yea, much more pleasant! Life is a school—a school of hard knocks, and all of you will have to take a course in it. I know, young folks," he smiled whimsically, "I've got a diploma in this school, and sometimes I think I'm taking a post-graduate course!"

After the meeting the young people were allowed to linger a few minutes for "social conversation" before lining up for marching home, and the pastoral candidate came to Anne, in the back of the house, to thank her, he explained, for her song.

"It was like a new song to me," he said, his eyes alight. "I love the way you sing it!"

His eyes fell on the fragrant pink-and-white spray of arbutus in the bos-



"I Intended My Work to Fill My Life."

om of her white dress. "I meant to get a piece of arbutus," he told her, "from the bowl on the hotel table this evening, but I forgot it. Would it be asking too much—"

Half vexed, for some of the girls were looking on curiously, Anne handed him the spray.

"Thank you," he said, "and now I must go. I know your people won't call me," he added in a lower tone, "after they hear Ledyard next Sunday, but Nat's my dear friend—I'd love to know that you like him. Could you write—I mean would you let me write to you occasionally?"

Anne found herself blushing.

"Why, any of us would be glad to send you a line to let you know that," she stammered.

"Thank you," he murmured again, "and forgive me for detaining you—I could not help it! Good night!"

Ever since Anne McCall with her hard-earned diploma—paid for by table waiting, mending, tutoring—had come to Elton, she had loved the blue rim of the mountains, the shining-leaved rhododendrons, and the wide bowlder-strewn river. Nor had she grown tired of her work among the girls, but sometimes she had felt something was lacking in her life.

"I ought to change schools," she thought periodically, "it's staying too long in one place."

But Miss Lister, the president, had been there in content twenty-five years, and Miss Spear, the sewing teacher, nearly as long. So Anne stayed, and her eyes that were starry, grew wistful.

On Saturday there came in the mail for her a box holding six red, half-blown hothouse roses.

"Dear Lady of the Song," the card beneath them read, "please wear these tomorrow instead of the arbutus of which I robbed you last Sunday."

Anne divided the roses with her roommate, but slipped the card out of sight.

Two weeks after the Rev. Nathan Ledyard was installed as pastor of the church, and with his wife and baby moved into the parsonage. A week later Anne, at the station, saw the young pastor greeting a broad-shouldered man, with thick, graying hair. Unseen herself, she had time closely to observe Palmer before they went away. She wondered she had not observed before how well set up he was, and how his fine black eyes lost their wistfulness when he talked.

The next Saturday evening Anne, invited to take tea with the Ledyards, found Palmer in their little parlor. In the course of the evening she learned that his conversation was a delight and his laugh infectiously boyish.

"I'd love to stay for tomorrow," he told her as he escorted her home, "but I must go to Lone Fir, where I preach once each month. You see, some folks want me, if I must only whisper my sermons to them, but they can pay me but little, so I've little money to do good with. It's been only three years since I could preach, but I ought not to complain," he went on, "I'm getting some success since I began to write for the magazines—but I find I'm wanting, with all the heart in me, something I've no right to wish for, or expect to get, and it goes hard!"

"I intended my work to fill my life," she said to herself that night. "I thought if I ever permitted myself to think of anything else—he'd have to be a success in what he'd chosen to be. Don't you go crying, Anne McCall; you're thirty-five years old, remember!"

But the dignity of thirty-five years did not keep the little teacher from sobbing herself to sleep, nor from crying over the beautiful letters that after that came weekly from Trentville.

"Palmer's going to preach in Barstown tomorrow," Ledyard said to Anne one Saturday in late July. "Cicely and I will miss him awfully."

Under his keen glance Anne flushed painfully. They had long since read Palmer's secret and were doing their best to help him to his heart's desire, but even Cicely had begun to despair.

The next morning the flood came. By noon the river, a raging torrent, was over the links on its bank and the timbers of hundreds of houses were coming by on the yellow flood.

"Half Barstown's gone by this time," Anne heard an old man near her say, "and no tellin' how many's ketched and drowned!"

Anne could not sleep that night. He might be among the dead! The next morning Edith called her.

"They're sure six were drowned at Barstown, Anne—Mr. Palmer, for one. He was rescuing a baby somebody'd left, and—well, it might be best for him—afflicted so. Why, Anne, Anne!"

Anne was shaking her. "Hush!" she said hoarsely. "He'd a better right to live than you or I!"

In the early morning the Ledyards came for Anne. They were going to try to walk to Barstown. It was only five miles, but it seemed a thousand to Anne. Once they passed a baby's bed in a mass of drift across their path. Anne felt her heart break at sight of that little empty cradle.

"I wish I had let him know I loved him," she told herself, her lips cold. "I could have taken my savings and bought us a home, and he could have written and studied. He wanted—he wanted to tell me he loved me, and I was not willing to listen!"

"Mr. Palmer wasn't drowned," a man told them at the ruined town, "but somethin' hit him and he's badly hurt."

At the house in which Palmer lay the doctor met them.

"He's not dangerously hurt," he told them, "only got some broken ribs."

Anne waited outside until Ledyard and Cicely came out. Then they made her go in. He was lying, spent with suffering, his eyes shining like coals in his white face. She had meant to say she was glad to see him alive, to know he was not dangerously hurt. She had meant to be very calm and self-possessed.

Instead she threw herself down by the cot and laid her dark head on his breast, whispering, "Joey—Joey! I love you! Do you still want me?"

His eyes glowed. "Want you? My sweet, has there ever been a minute when I didn't want you?"

A little later, holding her fluttering hands in both his weak ones, he smiled whimsically at her.

"I thought yesterday I'd received another cruel knock in the school of hard knocks, but today I know it was a kind hard knock, Anne—Anne, dear!"

Tin Plate in Rolls.

Tin plate in the shape of continuous rolls, like tar paper, instead of in the shape of flat sheets as at present, is now possible. A power-driven soldering press has recently been designed for joining and soldering the sheets into a continuous strip for roofing purposes. One man can operate the machine, hooking the sections of tin plate together and operating the solder and flux on the seam. The capacity is four seams a minute or 20 boxes of tin plate a day. It is claimed that by use of the machine a better and more durable seam can be made than by hand, and that it will be solid and uniform on both sides, the solder penetrating and welding all parts of the seam. The economy and convenience to the roofer from the tin-plate roll thus produced need not be pointed out. The process of roofing with tin becomes identical with that of the roofing with tar-paper rolls.

Michaelmas Day.

An old-time holiday falls on the twenty-ninth of September. It is Michaelmas day, properly named the day of St. Michael and All Angels. For centuries it has been observed in England as a religious festival, although now its secular side is more thought of than its religious side. As a rule in England rents are paid, not monthly but quarterly, and for generations one quarter ends on Michaelmas day. It is, therefore, a busy day with landlords and tenants. It was also the day on which the old towns elected their magistrates and aldermen for the ensuing year. "The only other remarkable thing connected with the day," says an old authority on these matters, "is a widely prevalent custom of marking it with a goose dinner."

HASTENED JOB FOR MINISTER

Youth Couldn't See Any Four Years' Courting if He Had to Visit Girl on Horseback.

Cupid's wings were slightly scorched when the request went forth to leave our automobiles in our garages on Sunday and thus aid in saving fuel, says the Indianapolis News. But a youth in Sullivan county—quite loyal to his country and his sweetheart, too—remembered the days of his father and acted accordingly. When 7 o'clock came he went to the family barn, ignored the presence of his new roadster, took down his father's ancient saddle, put it on one of the plow horses and gallantly rode forth.

But not far did he ride. Either the horse unaccustomed to a rider or the youth to riding did something which irritated the other, for soon the youth was prone in the road and the horse was galloping toward home.

After a while the young man got up from his prostrate position. Dazedly he looked around him. Then he talked to himself: "My father," he said, "asserted that that saddle took him to court mother weekly for more than four years. Well, for myself, I'll say there was something radically wrong with father. If I had to ride on that saddle four years to see Nellie—well, never mind, I'll propose tonight."

He did and Cupid chalked up one against Mr. Garfield.

FLED FROM ARMORED CARS

Bedouins in Wild Confusion When the British Forces Made Use of "Tanks" in Desert.

The appearance of armored cars in the desert struck terror in Senussi hearts, and the whole country was soon covered with men and camels trekking off to the southwest. On getting through the camp the cars went on independently, shooting all loaded camels and men within reach. Two of these camels carried mixed loads of petrol and high explosive shell. The perforated petrol cans caught fire, and the shells exploded, which made the camp followers fall on their knees, beat the ground with their foreheads, and call on Allah's aid.

"The Turkish gunners stuck to their guns like good men. When we passed them without killing them they turned round and continued firing at us, so that we had to go back and finish them," one of the officers told me. The cars collected three mountain guns and nine machine guns with a quarter million rounds of small-arm ammunition and several boxes of shell. Two of the cars stood by all night to protect the captures, and the remainder retraced their tracks to Sollum, to find our infantry in occupation. The Senussi did not venture on Aziza again. —From "The Desert Campaigns," by W. T. Massey.

MADE TIME OF GAY REUNION

"Beating the Bounds," in Virginia, at Least, Drew Together Neighbors From Far and Near.

"Beating the bounds" was a specially important duty in the colonies, where land surveys were imperfect, land grants irregular, and the boundaries of each man's farm or plantation at first very uncertain. In Virginia this beating the bounds was called "processioning." Landmarks were renewed that were becoming obliterated; blazes on a tree would be somewhat grown over — they were deeply recut; piles of great stones containing a certain number for designation were sometimes scattered—the original number would be restored. Special trees would be found fallen or cut down; new marking trees would be planted, usually pear trees, as they were long-lived. Disputed boundaries were decided upon and announced to all the persons present, some of whom at the next "processioning" would even be able to testify as to the correct line. This processioning took place between Easter and Whitsuntide, that lovely season of the year in Virginia; and must have proved a pleasant reunion of neighbors, a May-party. In New England this was called "perambulating the bounds," and the surveyors who took charge were called "perambulators" or "boundsgoers."—Alice Morse Earle in Child Life in Colonial Days.

Good That Is Evil Spoken Of.

Our good is often evil spoken of because of our thoughtlessness. The woman who looked askance at a stranger who had been shown into her pew did not really mean to hurt that stranger's feelings, to send her away from church that day with the inward resolution never again to enter its doors, but such was the effect of her lack of thought. Our good is often evil spoken of because of the unnecessary harshness of our manner. It is an oft-repeated excuse of offenders of this kind, "I was born with an unfortunate disposition; I am brusque, and have no fineness of touch; it is hereditary." This is an attempt to dodge responsibility, to transfer the censure to our ancestors—who cannot defend themselves. Harshness of manner may be temperamental, but it is hardly constitutional. It is an ungracious and harmful habit, and it can be cured.

Influence.

The world is only just beginning to understand the extent to which individuals and nations may be and have been swayed by silent mental influence. A man prefers, of course, to believe that he is the master of his own conclusions and the arbiter of his own conduct; but let anyone ask himself how he arrived at any given conclusion or decided upon a certain line of conduct, and unless he can own to an intelligent conception of divine principle upon which he relies for guidance, he will have to admit, if he is equal to the analysis, that he has been swayed throughout his career by influences not his own.—Christian Science Monitor.

Useless Without Cooperation

A telephone set up in an African Jungle, even if connected with other telephones, would be of no value, because there would be nobody there to use it.

In any telephone conversation, the persons at both ends of the wire are the predominating factors upon whose cooperation satisfactory service depends.

Good service is made possible by clear speaking, prompt answering, attentive listening, and avoidance of unnecessarily prolonged conversations.

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THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

COFFEE IN LAPLAND

Beverage Made in Peculiar Way Pronounced Excellent.

Sweetened in Primitive Manner, the Refreshment Is Passed Around Among Guests After Host Has Partaken of It.

An American consular officer in Scandinavia gives the recipe for making coffee among the Lapps, when they are so fortunate as to have it at all.

Dinner was eaten out of doors, and the one dish of the meal consisted of roast lemmings, little creatures something between a guinea pig and a rat, and as the officer admits "exquisitely peculiar" as to their flavor.

The party squatted in a ring about the fire, watching the roasts, all except a wrinkled old woman, who as an expert, was intent upon a more tedious ceremony. Out of a skin knapsack she had taken a small skin bag. From this she extracted some 12 green coffee beans, which she proceeded to roast one by one in a small iron spoon.

When they were cooked to her taste she bruised them to coarse fragments between stones and put the result with water into a copper kettle, which had one lid in the usual place and another on the end of the spout to keep out smoke and feathery wood ash.

Then the whole mixture was boiled up together into a bubbling froth of coffee fragments and coffee extract. She cleaned it by an old trick which is known to campers all the world over. This was to throw into the kettle a small splash of cold water, when the coffee grounds were promptly precipitated to the bottom.

Then she poured the clear, brown, steaming liquor into a blackened bowl of birch root and handed it to the good man, her husband.

After he had taken the bowl in his fingers the woman hunted in a leathern knapsack and produced a lump of beet sugar. The host bit a fragment from it and lodged it in his teeth, then he lifted the bowl to his lips and drank.

In a more civilized man this would of course have been rudeness; in a savage it was a simple act of courtesy. It was a plain assurance that the bowl contained no poison. Then he handed it on for his guests to drink in turn, and the American says that he does not know that he ever tasted better coffee.

Finding Fault.

Addison says, "What an absurd thing it is to pass all over the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities!" But that seems to be the habit. About the first thing we try to find in a man is his faults. They are apt to transcend his virtues, even if the virtues are mountain high. It is a deplorable habit, for it not only does great injustice to the person criticized, but it hurts the critic himself. It lowers his views of life and confirms the habit of seeing the worst side of human experience and losing sight of the bright side. No man can be a moral man, or a religious man of any faith, who is constantly searching for the faults of people. The first duty a man owes to his neighbor is to look for the bright side and he will then find, in most cases, that the dark side is much smaller than he suspected. The thing to attack is the sin, for we will discover that that is greater than the man who is guilty of it.—Ohio State Journal.

Lots to Say.

Three of them had been in one little room for three days, an American, a Frenchman and an Italian. Came a Red Cross man on the afternoon of the third day.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the American, "you might get an interpreter. Tony and Gaston and I have been trading tobacco and showing each other our girls' pictures and saying 'oui' and 'si' and 'yes' for three days now, and we've got a lot to tell each other if you can get somebody to help us out."

WAS USED TO QUICK ACTION

Moving Picture Scenario Writer Accustomed to Taking Things "on the Fly," as It Were.

He had never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment for me. There is one advertised in this morning's Planet, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please'."

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth street, and the bride and groom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem—er—a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride, as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the groom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the last five years I've done nothing but write moving-picture scenarios."—Film Fun.

Historic Old Lusitania.

Among the historical mementoes in old Lusitania, which is an ancient name of the western part of Hispania, including a part of modern Portugal, is an ancient church ruin which stands off the Rue De San Roque. It is the former Carmo Cathedral, a conspicuous object high above the Baixo. The outer walls and piers and arches of the naves still remain. The chancel and chapels retain their roofs, and in the precincts an archeological museum has been established. Here many relics from ruined ecclesiastical buildings have found a refuge, among others two stone fountains in the Arabic style; one from the extinct monastery of Penha Longa, on the serra of Cintra. The other was brought from Barbary after the conquest, in 1462, and given to Prince Henry the Navigator, who presented it to the Faro church as a holy water receptacle. There it had been lying neglected for years in the cemetery.

Joy of Carrying a Cane.

To go a journey without a walking stick much would be lost; indeed, it would be folly. A stick is the flywheel of the engine. Something is needed to whack things with, little stones, wormy apples, and so forth, on the road. It can be changed from one hand to the other, which is a great help. Then if one slips a trifle on a downgrade turn it is a lengthened arm thrown out to steady one. It is the pilgrim's staff. On the upgrades it assists climbing. It is a weapon of defense if such should ever be needed. It is a badge of dignity, a dress sword. It is the scepter of walking.—From "Walking Stick Papers," by Robert Cortes Halliday.

Chrysanthemum in Japan.

Back in the sixteenth year of the reign of Emperor Kwammu was the first poem written to the chrysanthemum, or kiku, but away back in Japanese mythology the flower was reverenced above all others. Originally it was called the kuku, presided over by the goddess Kuku Hima. The [illegible] feast was first kept by Emperor Murakami in 1611. And still the guests follow the empress through her gardens on the ninth day of the ninth month, lunarically speaking, and reverently watch the crimson crowns poised on slender stems beneath their silken coverings.

If Wife Knew!

A story of the recent attempt at a strike in Great Britain: Coming out of his engineering works, the head of a firm saw one of his men sitting by the gate eating dinner.

"Hello, George, what are you doing here? I thought you were on strike."

"So I am, sir," replied George, "but I have to bring my dinner down here to eat it, just as if I was at work, and mouch about all day, so as the missus won't know I'm on strike. My word, if she knew!"—Christian Science Monitor.

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