RETURNING YANKS A HOMESICK LOT

Never Want to Look Statue of Liberty in the Face Again.

ARE WILD TO GET ASHORE

"When I Get the United States Under My Feet I'm Going to Stay There," Said One Homesick Soldier.

New York.—To understand the feelings of the Americans boys released from the war and pouring back into the United States as fast as steamers can bring them from Europe, one must have known the pangs of acute homesickness.

They are downright homesick.

You read it in the hungry eyes that peer from the troopships when the government revenue cutter with its little handful of Americans in civilian clothes runs alongside. From every inch of space along the gunwale, from yardarms and rigging, from the topmost pile of life rafts to the bottommost porthole, are yearning faces. They know the coming of the cutter is a sign of deliverance after the transport at the threshold of home has been detained at overnight quarantine off Fort Hamilton. Now they will be able to go on up the bay.

Faint "Ee-yow" Grows to Wild Yell.

At first a faint "ee-yow!" comes from one or two throats, and then ripples along the deck, increasing in volume and shrillness till it becomes a wild whoop, reverberating across the bay. A month ago it would have served for a battle cry. Today it is a shout of boyish delight, of greeting for the little cutter load of civilians—the first group of Americans the soldiers have seen in months.

Somewhere in that shout there is a plaintive note, and you get its meaning if you are one of those first civilians who board the transports as the group on the United States cutter Immigrant do, scrambling up a ladder while the boats are under way, for the troopships lose no time in starting their wheels at the signal from the customs officers.

"Does it feel good to get back?" you ask the first boy who grabs your hand on deck.

"Good?" he repeats fervently. "Gosh! Nothing ever felt so good in the world. You can tell 'em all when I get the United States under my feet it's going to stay there. Some bird said when he got back from the war he never wanted to look the statue of liberty in the face again. That's me. In a little bit she's going to see me coming home for the last time."

It was Tom O'Donnell of Chicago who made that long speech. He was one of the third constructional company aerial service, who came home on the British boat Orca, and he and more than 10,000 other "Yanks" returned from Europe this week and are now at Camp Mills, L. I., waiting to be mustered out.

As these troopships come through the Narrows into the upper bay the sun is rising like a huge red ball above the roofs of Brooklyn, silhouetting its spires and towering buildings and glinting across the rippling bay. Through an avenue of bristling masts the transport bears its soldier cargo on toward the North river till Fort Hamilton has been blurred into the morning mist and the masonry giants of lower Broadway stand out against the northern sky.

"Glad I'm an American."

And the homecoming soldiers, officers and men alike, lean against the rail and drink in the beauty of it all as if they never could get enough. An old-time bark swings at anchor close by, her four masts and square rigging in picturesque contrast to the crazy-quilt camouflage of half a dozen ocean barges moored near her. Ferries loaded with New Yorkers going to work scurry by, while their passengers wave handkerchiefs and cheer the homeward-bound soldiers.

An officer of the aviation corps—these first troops to come back are nearly all of the air service—takes a long, deep breath.

"The most wonderful roadstead in the world. It's glorious. I'm glad I'm an American," he said.

"You said something, brother," said a private who was leaning over the rail at his elbow.

RETURNING YANKS WELCOMED HOME

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The first troops to return to their beloved country are seen here on their way to Camp Mills leaving the ferry boat at Long Island City and passing through the crowds that gathered in great numbers to greet them.

FALL OF STATUE ENDS HUN LUCK

London.—All the world knows the story of the Madonna which was dislodged by German shell fire from its perch on the tower of the parish church at Albert during the first mad rush of the Huns through France in 1914. The statue did not fall, nor was it greatly damaged, but the base was so shattered that it hung precariously over the main road from Amiens to Bapaume, which passes under the very walls of the beautiful old church. For some reason, when the red tide of war swept westward through Albert, the Hun did not complete the destruction of the tower, and the statue still maintained its strange poise after the invaders had been rolled back at the battle of the Marne.

Days of Great Hope.

Those were the days of great hope. France was fighting with skill and determination. Britain was steadily increasing her small but wonderful army, and the Russians were advancing almost at a gallop through East Prussia. In fact, there were optimists who thought Germany would sue for peace before Christmas—Christmas, 1914! Some hint of the trend of popular thought was given by the quaint conceit which grew up in the hearts of the people, namely, that when the Virgin of Albert fell (as fall she must, in the opinion of all who saw the statue) the war would end in a victory for France and her allies. But the war did not end, nor did the statue fall, and the opposing armies settled down to nearly four years of trench warfare.

The Germans, who certainly never miss a point in their efforts to undermine their opponents' morale, seized on the legend. Varying it to suit their purpose they spread the story far and wide that when the statue fell France would lose the war. Now, the town of Albert possesses a most patriotic and efficient parish priest. No sooner did the Hun version of the story reach his ears than he sought out a skilled blacksmith. The two ascended the half-ruined tower, surveyed the broken base, and so braced and riveted the statue to its recumbent position that fall it could not until the tower itself gave way.

Hun Again in Albert.

So for many a day every British Tommy who marched to the front along the road to Bapaume raised his wondering eyes to the Madonna high above his head and few there were of any denomination who failed to find in its strange attitude a species of benign benediction. At last, during those black days of last March and April, the seemingly impossible happened. The British line bent before the fury of a German assault, aided as it was by long-continued fog, and the Hun was once again in Albert.

When the British retired the statue was still intact, but, whether by accident or design is not yet known, the Germans brought down the tower, and with it fell the virgin and child. And here comes the strange part of the story, to which latest development public attention is now directed for the first time. Hardly a yard farther did the German advance progress.

From that day onward the green-gray hordes were pressed back, slowly at first, but with an ever-increasing celerity which finally developed to a rout.

In a word the luck of the Huns deserted them when the Virgin of Albert was dethroned. From being the truculent conquerors of nearly all Europe they were forced to their knees whining for mercy. The foregoing facts cannot be gainsaid. Viewed in retrospect they form one of the most curious and interesting episodes of the greatest of all wars.

GERMANY MUST PAY

Nation Will Never Be Able to Make Amends for Damage.

FERTILE SOIL IS DESTROYED

Innumerable Unexploded Shells Will Make Cultivation Precarious—Doubtful If Land Can Be Reclaimed.

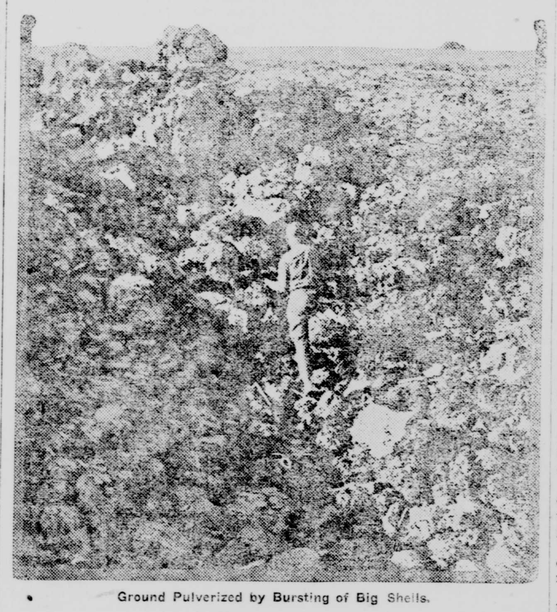
By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

What must Germany pay for?

That question can be adequately answered only when it is remembered that Germany started the terrible conflict in Europe for no reason other than that of conquest and loot; started it only to satisfy the selfish ambitions of a selfish people for world domination. That is being admitted today by what is left of the German nation; it is admitted by those who were directly responsible for the war.

And it is because Germany started this conflict for no reason other than that of conquest and loot that Germany owes to the world full payment for all the devastation which the war has brought, not only in so far as she can pay now, but in so far as she can pay for generations yet to come.

Among the many, many sections of Belgium and northern France that I personally covered, following closely on the heels of the retreating Hun army, was that which lies between what were the cities of Ypres and Menin, approximately 20 miles apart. Here, before the coming of the invading Boche, was what was considered the most productive soil of the world, and the most intensely cultivated. Here in a number of farm villages lived the Belgian peasant families, happy, thrifty people, each family cultivating the small fields which it owned. No fences separated these fields, no hedges cut them off from the roadways, and the families that cultivated the fields lived not on the little farms but in closely built villages of from 100 to 500 people each.



Ground Pulverized by Bursting of Big Shells.

Devastation Is Complete.

It is hard to realize today that these villages ever existed, that the land along this long, straight road was ever cultivated, ever produced foodstuffs for a people. In fact, it is hard to realize today that this was ever an inhabited country.

Of these peaceful villages, the living places of these farm people, there is no trace left. There are not even piles of debris, of broken brick and stone and lumber, to mark the spots where they stood. There is no single thing by which the returning peasants, wearily dragging themselves back to that spot which had been home to them and to their ancestors for almost countless generations, can mark the place where not only their home but their village had stood.

I have seen old men and women, wearied by four long years of exile, stand beside this road and gaze longingly over the devastated landscape, in an effort to locate some familiar object that would remind them of the spot they had known all their lives, and then turn away with tears on their cheeks because they could not find even one small object that would tell them of the homes, the only homes, they had known.

It was German ambition, German cruelty, German lust, German wantonness, German brutality, that were the cause of the destruction of these homes, of the agonies of a peaceful, thrifty people.

What can possibly compensate these people for their loss, for the misery they have suffered and must still suffer, for the homes and the associations that are gone forever? No, Germany can never pay in full, but she can continue to pay and pay and pay until there has been bred out of the German people that desire for war, that love of conquest, that brutality, that it has taken centuries, almost, to breed into them, and which has resulted in laying a whole world waste.

In all that 20 miles between Ypres and Menin, on both sides of that long, straight road, I am sure I did not see one square foot of soil that was not a part of a shell crater. What had once been the richest soil of the world is today but a waste, made so by the shells that fell upon it because Germany sought world domination. This soil has been destroyed by countless thousands of shells falling actually one upon another, each digging deeper into the earth until the very subsoil has been turned over and the land made worthless for cultivation for years to come, if indeed it can ever be reclaimed.

Unexploded Shells Buried in Soil.

There lie today on the surface of this land many thousands of unexploded shells, and there are buried in the soil many, many thousands more, each one of them a menace to any farmer who attempts to put a plow into the soil in an effort to reclaim it.

And this land is destroyed, as the homes were destroyed, because of German ambition, of German cruelty, of German lust, of German wantonness and German brutality.

Who is to pay for it? Who is to risk destruction that it may again be put into condition for cultivation, that it may serve the purposes of the human race? Shall the peaceful Belgian peasants, who had no part in the starting of this conflict, suffer their loss without compensation? Shall these peasants who have endured more than four long years of homeless agonies, who have suffered not alone the loss of homes and land but the loss of relatives and friends as well, be the ones to risk destruction in the effort to again bring these lands back to a condition where cultivation is possible? Shall they be blown to bits by the bursting of these shells, hidden as they are beneath the surface of the ground, when the plow strikes and explodes them? If undisturbed, those shells continue to be a menace for years to come, but who are to risk their lives in removing them?

Could the American people generally, and especially the American farmers, have seen the sights I have seen along this long, straight road between Ypres and Menin, they would say, as I say, it is the German who must pay; it is the German who must risk destruction in the effort to put this land again into condition for cultivation.

I believe that one condition of the peace treaty should be that Germany, either as one nation or proportionately from the several small nations that may be formed out of the German empire, should call its military classes to the colors each year as it has done in the past; but in place of putting guns into the hands of these men, and training them for the purposes of war—a war of conquest—that it should put these men into the territories she has devastated, to reclaim the soil and to rebuild the villages, the towns and cities the Huns have destroyed. Let these Germans, under guard of Belgian troops, take the risk of destruction; let them guide the plow that may strike the unexploded shell, and let Germany pay them the meager wages of the German soldier while they are doing this.

Should Pay and Pay and Pay.

That would be the nearest thing to an accounting that Germany can render to the world, but she should pay all that it is humanly possible for a people to pay who have so ruthlessly despoiled the world. Her people should pay, and pay, and pay, until they have learned beyond the shadow of a doubt that war for the purpose of conquest, for the purpose of loot, for the gratification of selfish ambitions, is the most unprofitable business they could possibly engage in.

And remember that the devastation to be seen along the road from Ypres to Menin is but an example of all the terrible destruction to be found throughout Belgium and northern France and Serbia and other countries that have been overrun by the conquest-seeking armies of the Boche. And remember, too, that it is not alone the devastation that is to be paid for, but it is the work and the tears and the economic loss of every nation that was called into the struggle to defeat the selfish purposes of a selfish people, that the world might be a decent place in which free men might live.

The Grist

By ARCHIE CAMERON NEW

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John Gates came out of a trance-like stupor and stared in disgust. He had not been the victim of a bad dream. No, he shivered, would that life were like that dream!

Two minutes before there had danced before his vision a picture of an old grist mill. He could see the trees lazily and happily brushing their leaves with every puff of wind, and the little dam that laughingly dashed its spray against its rocky formation. And his father, with his kindly old eyes and stooped shoulders, pouring into the mill's grist fine whole wheat.

And then he saw the pure-white flour, so much in keeping with the sacredly pure precincts about which he had scampered years before, barefoot, poor, but happy. And then the sweet smile of his mother—that dear, kindly soul, whose happiest mission was ministration to his boyish whims and an appreciative father's wants. And then he woke up!

For a moment he surveyed himself sadly. Those bare toes of his boyhood were now encased in rich, comfortable shoes, showing off in marked contrast the worn carpet on which they rested. He fingered nervously the well-tailored clothes that long since had replaced torn, ragged overalls, and smiled bitterly. And then he looked up!

An old man bent over a desk several feet away seemed to remind him of the old miller, his father, with his sparse gray hairs and stooped shoulders—until he looked up. A pair of rascally, cunning eyes met Gates' furtively, and then darted to a rough-looking individual waiting, as was Gates, on one of the chairs in a row about the wall of the large outer office. A buzzer sounded and the door of the inner sanctum opened.

"It's your turn next," huskily whispered the old man to the other. "Leave it to Jerry Bletzman. He'll fix you up."

The man grunted unintelligibly and rose hesitatingly to his feet. He, like most of his waiting brethren, had come to be "fixed up." And Bletzman, the far-famed P. Gerald Bletzman, self-styled "counselor at law," was to do the fixing," or, rather, the "unfixing." For Bletzman's many hired henchmen proclaimed that no matrimonial knot was too hard for their patron to untie.

"Jes' leave it t' me," boomed a raucous voice, which Gates recognized as Bletzman's as he hurriedly pushed a spidery-looking young man out of his office. "I'll get somethin' on her. They ain't none o' them too foxy fer Bletzman, are they, Pete?"

Pete, his assistant, acquiesced speedily with a chuckle, and Bletzman bent a beady eye on the man who stood close to Pete's desk.

"Come right in," he welcomed the other suavely, laying a sweaty palm on the client's sleeve. "Pete, bring th' gentleman's card in—now."

The door slammed and again the outer office subsided into a low murmur of voices.

So, mused Gates, this was what he had come to. A place where the sacred ties of marriage and motherhood were bandied about like packing boxes and card-indexed like a case of measles. Br-r-r!

And across the room, instead of the sweet smile of his mother, a gray-haired woman in gay clothes smirked fraternally at him while waiting her turn.

This drove Gates' eyes to his lap, on which rested a neat package, which he now untied. Dragging forth a yellowish paper, he fell to reading it, and again it conjured forth visions from out of a happy past.

There was a great high-ceilinged parlor, smelling deliciously of fresh-picked blossoms, and echoing the sound of many laughing voices and the crinkle of many stiff party dresses. And a rose-bower in the center, under which an ecstatic couple were receiving congratulations. And Gates, as he read his marriage license, heard anew, as if it were yesterday, the little old pastor's solemn warning, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Purty well prepared, ain't yuh, mister?" The voice at Gates' elbow caused him to thrust the paper back in the packet, as he looked up to meet the leer of the man on his right. "My old woman swiped mine," continued the other, enviously. "Leastways, she muster given it t' th' guy she 'loped with. Cost me fifty extra t' get a new one. Ain't women th' darnest yeggs?"

Gates stared at him unseelngly, but the last remark caused him to shiver anew. Lucille, his wife, a yegg? Never! She was a fine girl, through and through. They just couldn't get along—that was all. And some one had suggested Bletzman to him, and—

"Y'll come outa th' mill sadder an' poorer," vouchsafed another waiting one. "Bletzman'll see t' that."

"Out of the mill," echoed Gates to himself, in horror. To be sure, it was a mill; but what kind? Bletzman's mill swallowed up human souls and gave up what? Fine white flour? Could that hoydenish girl be likened to his father's flour? Or the decrepit, red-nosed wreck at his side who called his—wife—a—yegg? Or that old woman who flirted with him, and in whose brassy locket at her wrinkled neck there probably reposed pictures of her grandchildren? And was he to be made a party to "fixing" his wife—little winsome Lucille, whom he had wronged? Yes, he reflected, he had wronged her. No wonder she had complained of his friends coming to the house, drinking heavily, talking loosely and gambling madly. It had offended those finer sensibilities that now, in him, in the midst of Bletzman's revolting atmosphere, came back with a rush. Why hadn't he kept that promise to do so, the giving of which he had called hen-pecky? If he only had kept it—she might still be with—

Two doors opened simultaneously. Through one a burly individual shoved a man, and stood surveying the crowd of waiters.

"Who's next?" he vociferated, in his best barber manner, as if getting divorced was no more than a shave. "Ah, the little lady?" He advanced toward the outer door and Gates followed him with his eyes. And then Gates staggered, in horror, to his feet.

"Lucille!" cried Gates, as a pretty, slender young girl of obvious refinement hesitated at the threshold.

"I want to see—Mr.—Bletzman," she announced in a low tone, and that individual was about to take her outstretched hand when he was roughly pushed out of the way and a tall, muscular figure stood between him and Mrs. Gates.

"Lucille," repeated John Gates, forcing her to meet his gaze, "you have no business—here—this—place."

"What in the—," Bletzman started to splutter, edging himself toward the couple, but again Gates pushed him aside.

"Come, Lucille," he urged, taking her hand, and leading her toward the door. "Out of this—den. This is not for us. I came—as I know you did—to get—a—divorce." He brushed his free hand across a feverish brow as if to wipe away an awful vision. "Come, this is not the mill for us. Let's—go—back to Lochinvar—to peace. Let's be happy as we were before I came to the city. We—"

"Do you know you are interferin' with my business?" demanded Bletzman, in a seething rage. "This lady wants t' see—"

"Me," John finished Bletzman's sentence, restraining his clenched fists with an effort. "She wants to see me," he repeated. "Do you get that? And she will—exclusively—for the rest of her life—if she wants to." And then, as if the mighty Bletzman were no more than a troublesome beggar, Gates swung around and faced the trembling little girl he had promised to love, honor and protect. "Don't you, Lucille?"

As she nodded her head and buried her face in his sleeve, John led her into the corridor. He slammed the door and then breathed deeply.

"Even here the air is foul," he growled, putting his arm around her. "Come, let's hurry. We'll get the 3:20 train down. Dinner will be ready for us when we get there."

Inside the office Bletzman stared dumfounded at the closed door, then, shrugging his shoulders indifferently, ambled toward Pete's desk.

"Why didn' y' show 'im in quick?" he roared at Pete. "Couldn't y' tell he's th' kin' that think twice? If I'd seen him, I'd fixed it." Then he turned savagely toward the waiting line. "Next!"

Balsam Gum.

The gum of the balsam fir, Abies balsamea, is known commercially as Canada balsam, and is largely used in the manufacture of optical instruments and in various other ways about scientific laboratories. There is a constant market for it, the price varying with the quality and the supply. Some time ago a fair quality was worth 20 cents per pound.

Getting Oil From Peat.

In his method of converting peat into synthetic coal, S. C. Davidson, an engineer of Belfast, Ireland, returns to the peat vegetable oils that have weathered out, mixes with 15 per cent of pitch dust, and forms into square blocks by hydraulic pressure. This fuel is reported efficient and comparatively cheap.

Seemed Incomplete.

A new baby had come to the home, and the neighbors' little ones were allowed to come in to see him. A little one looked him over generally, then moved down to the bottom of the long dress and, quite puzzled, asked, "Ain't he got his feet yet?"

MUNICH AGAIN IS DANCING

Bavarian Capital Changed Little by Long War.

People Paler Than Their Wont, but Appear to Be Warmly Dressed.

Munich.—Munich looks much less changed after four years of war than those who knew it would have thought possible. The city appears far livelier and gayer than three years ago. Part of this impression is unquestionably due to the profusion of Bavarian-German flags everywhere, emphasized by the red banners of the socialists.

Although fairly dark in the evening, because coal must be saved, the streets are crowded during the early hours. Restaurants are open and a fairly palatable imitation of beer is served.

Every postage stamp one licks has a strange disagreeable taste because of the use of some substitute. Bicycle tires have been replaced by coils of steel.

The streets are as clean as ever and with stores as beautiful, although filled with articles the prices of which would have been unbelievable four years ago.

The suffering seems to fall heavily on the poor people. Food now is more plentiful because the signing of the armistice brought out stocks which have been held in reserve. The people are perhaps paler than their wont, but the street crowds appear to be warmly dressed.

The city has resumed dancing, which has occasioned a terrific editorial outburst from a portion of the press. Former Imperial Chancellor von Hertling's organ, the Bavarian Courier, says:

"Our enemies will be robbed of the last vestige of pity if they hear of this. Are they not right?"

Is Last Person to Hear of End of War

Manchester, Conn. — While many local citizens were claiming the honor of being the first to hear locally of the news of the signing of the armistice in France, Dr. W. E. Greene returned from a trip to Maine, where he had been hunting in the woods, and announced that he was probably among the last persons in the country to learn of the end of the war.

Friends for 40 Years Wed.

Hartford, Conn.—James H. Smith of this city and Mrs. Lillie F. Forsyth of Bristol, who knew each other 40 years ago in Granby and who had not met for 40 years until recently in this city, were married here. Each had been married before and a chance meeting and mutual sympathy in the bereavement of each led to the wedding.

WIFE SLAIN IN CZAR'S ARMS

Former Valet Tells of the Murder of the Entire Romanoff Family by the Bolsheviki.

London.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Amsterdam says the Kiev newspapers publish a story given by the valet of the former empress of Russia of the murder of the entire Romanoff family by the bolsheviki.

The valet said on July 17 all of the members of the family were taken to the cellar of the convent at Ekaterinburg and placed against the wall and shot one after the other. According to the story, the murderers granted the last request of the former Emperor Nicholas that his wife, who was ill, should die in his arms.

According to the valet, the Grand Duchess Tatiano was only wounded by the shots of the riflemen and was killed by blows from their rifle butts. All the bodies were burned in the outskirts of Ekaterinburg.

It is better to be sure than sorry.

Thinks That He Will See Again

Hero Blinded by High Explosive Shell Believes His Sight Will Return.

Philadelphia.—Just one doctor out of twenty—and himself—believe that the sight of Lieut. Frank Schoble, Jr., can be restored.

"A thousand doctors may tell me I'll not get my sight again, but I know that in a few months I'm going to see again," cried the young fighting man when told his case was hopeless.

The lieutenant was leading his men in a picturesque ravine in the Argonne forest in France when a high explosive shell blinded him.

WHOLE WHEAT TO ENGLAND

Decision of United States Food Administration Is Pleasing to British Millers.

Liverpool.—British millers are deeply grateful for the decision of the United States food administration to send whole wheat to England instead of flour.

"Our flour mills were about to shut down, throwing thousands of skilled workmen out of employment at a time when demobilization threatens to disrupt many industries," a prominent miller told the International News Service. "America's action in sending us wheat represents the highest type of world service. And it shows that the American miller is not selfish."

Girl Orphans in Demand.

Los Angeles, Cal.—That orphan girl babies find homes more easily than boy babies is evidenced by a report issued here by the Children's Home society of California. One hundred and thirty-seven families have applied to the society recently to adopt girl babies, while only 50 families want to adopt boy babies.

Kilmarnock, Scotland, has abolished half penny fares on the tramway cars.

How Cabinet Has Grown.

George Washington had only five cabinet officers—a secretary of state, a secretary of the treasury, a secretary of war, a postmaster general and an attorney general. A secretary of the navy was added under John Adams, a secretary of the interior under Taylor and a secretary of agriculture under Cleveland. The department of commerce and labor was created in 1903, under Roosevelt, and the department of labor was made separate under Wilson in 1913.

Eyes Had to Be Blue.

Blue-eyed babies always claim a preponderance of admirers. The fact has just again been emphasized—this time at Hampstead, England. It was announced in the press that the town officials had a "bonny blue-eyed baby" for adoption, and straightway 350 would-be adopters wrote to secure it. Unfortunately it was found that the infant's eyes had been wrongly described. The eyes were not blue, after all, and when they heard of this some of the ladies withdrew their offers.

LED WAY OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Building of Roads Marked Breaking Up of the Ignorance of the Dark Ages.

When light began to glimmer, day to break, on the dark ages (as we call them, and thereby impute to them, I think, along with their own darkness, no little of ours, much as the British seaman abroad has been heard to commiserate "them poor ignorant foreigners")—when daylight began to spread over the dark ages, what was the first thing to be seen? I will tell you what is the first thing I see. It is the roads.

I see the roads glimmer up out of the morning twilight with the many men, like ants, coming and going upon them; meeting, passing, overtaking; knights, merchants, carriers; justiciars with their trains, king's messengers, riding post; afoot, friars—black, white and gray—pardoners, poor scholars, minstrels, beggar men; pack horses in files; pilgrims bound for Walsingham, Canterbury, or to Southampton, to ship there for Compostella and Rome.

I see the old Roman roads—Watling street, Ermine street, Icknield street, Akeman street, the Fosse way and the rest—hard metaled, built in five layers, from the foundation or pavimentum of fine earth hard beaten in, through layers of hard stones, small stones (both mixed with mortar), pounded nucleus of lime, clay or chalk, brick and tile, up to the paved surface, summum dorsum; one running north through York and branching, as Hadrian had diverted it, to point after point of the Great Wall; another coastwise toward Cornwall; a third for Chester and on to Anglesey; a fourth embanked and ditched through the Cambridgeshire fens; I see the minor network of cross-roads, the waterways with their slow freight.—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "Studies in Literature."

Signs of a Good Time.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Did your children enjoy themselves at the neighbor's party yesterday?" Mrs. Bensonhurst—"They must have. We've had a doctor twice to Beatrice and three times to Bobby today."—Yonkers Statesman.

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