Oh Boy! Ain't It Great?

JUST AS GENTLE AS A LAMB

This little girl is no more afraid of the big bull she is holding by the strap than if it were a little lamb. The animal has been shown at so many fairs that it will stand quietly anywhere. Generous premiums for cattle and other live stock are to be given by the New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

GOOD MORNING! COMING TO SEE US?

A pretty smug looking pair—these two. They have been fed on the fat of the land so long and so prodigally that it is no wonder they appear unusually contented. As good as they are, though, they will have to put up a hard battle to win any first prizes at the big New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

LAUNDRY MOVED WITH THEM

Washing Apparatus on Wheels a Comfort to the Doughboys at the Front in France.

A correspondent with the American army in France, while motoring near Verdun, met a sergeant who asked if he might ride with him to a pile of ruins that had once been a town. The chance meeting threw light on how a "doughboy" laundry operates. After the sergeant had entered the car he asked the occupants:

"You chaps ain't seen my laundry anywhere, have you?"

"Laundry? We didn't know there was a laundry in this part of France."

"Well, there is, and it belongs to us. At least it did yesterday. We've been transferred from the division to the corps. When I got back from headquarters the division had moved and the laundry was gone. I think they stole it. We used to be attached to a hospital; when they moved we hitched our laundry to a truck and went along."

"Your laundry is on wheels, then?"

"Yes sir. It needs wheels, the way this division is moving. Our laundry is a couple of big tanks on a wagon with a steam-heating apparatus. First we soak the duds in suds; then we steam them; next we bake them. In an hour everything is washed, rinsed and dried. When a bunch comes out of the trenches we give 'em new clothes and run the old ones through the washing machine; then we bake 'em and issue 'em out to the next gang, and keep things going. Fifteen hundred outfits a day—that's our average. Three weeks to launder the whole division."

As they neared the ruined village, he caught sight of the portable laundry, and with a "Thank you" he hurried off to take possession.—Youth's Companion.

Need for Eternal Vigilance.

"We first make our habits and then our habits make us," said an unknown sage. In other words, what we are at this moment, what we can do at this moment, depends not only upon making up our minds at the time being, but also upon how we have made up our minds countless other times in thousands of minutes already gone by and now out of our control. The one thing we cannot control is the past; it may, however, control us for good or for evil. The fact that we should remember in forming habits is that our minds and hearts are the meeting ground of strange conflicts; that good and bad in us are making opposite suggestions; that each is striving for the mastery; and that sometimes we are so self-deluded that the bad may seem to be the good. At any hour the beginnings of a vicious habit, perhaps through the suggestion of someone else or by our own carelessness, indifference, or faults, may find their way into our hearts. The price we must pay for continually proving and possessing the good is eternal vigilance.

MICKIE SAYS

First Middle West Railroad.

The first railroad in the Middle West was built in Michigan and ran between Detroit and Pontiac. The first section, extending as far as Royal Oak, was opened in 1838, and in 1839 it extended as far as Birmingham. It was not until 1843, however, that the Pontiac end of the line was completed. The first passenger coaches were divided into three rooms, benches being run lengthwise and passengers entering through doors in the center of the side. The rails were of strap or bar iron, spiked to wooden cross ties, but were so ineffective that they frequently broke, turned up and entered the cars, occasionally causing serious accidents. For this reason it was customary to sheath the bottoms of the cars with iron as a special protection.

A Lighted Pencil.

A clever little invention for reporters or any one who wishes to take notes at a lecture or jot things down where the light is poor is a pencil with an electrical torch attachment. A tiny flashlight battery is attached to it by a length of thin wire and the battery thus remains in the pocket when the pencil is in use. The bulb is just back of the lead and the switch is operated by the movement of the forefinger while writing in an entirely natural manner. Also the attachment may be moved along the pencil to allow for sharpening, or it can be changed from one pencil to another, and the tiny lights in the reflector throw a strong enough glow for whatever is written to be seen distinctly.

The Lesser Evil

By IZOLA FORRESTER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Well, of course you'll do as you please, Kathleen. You always have, and far be it from me to try to argue you out of it." Miss Coniston sat back farther in the wing chair by the bay window and spread her skirt carefully. But I'm your mother's own cousin and I shouldn't rest easy in my grave if I didn't tell you what I thought at such a time."

"Why did she ever leave such an idiotic will?" Kathleen interrupted stormily. She sat by the old-fashioned flat-topped desk in the middle of the library floor, both elbows planted on the melee of papers, while she cried plentifully in her handkerchief. It was half an hour since Graham, the family lawyer, had bowed his way out, leaving the only living relative of Mrs. Letitia Lovejoy to digest the will she had left. Everything, with the exception of two clocks, one colonial drop-leaf table, one curate's delight and one silver tea service, went to Kathleen. These were reserved for "my dear cousin, Mary Coniston, in loving appreciation of her care and friendship these many years."

The last paragraph, however, had come like a thunderbolt to Kathleen. She had always known that at her mother's death the estate would revert to her by her father's will, but here was a proviso tacked on, of which she had known nothing.

"Providing that said Kathleen Lovejoy shall marry my beloved godson, Randall Lovejoy Phelps."

"You can't tell me, Cousin Mary, that Randy didn't know all about this long ago and he could have saved me by

"Why Did She Ever Leave Such an Idiotic Will?"

refusing to marry me, then what could she have done about it? I hate him. I'd rather give up everything, the house and all, than marry him. It's the lesser evil, and I shall write to Mr. Graham and tell him so." Kathleen wiped her eyes belligerently. "I'm not one bit afraid of work, and you know it. I can go back into the motor corps tomorrow if I want to. They're going to keep up all sorts of branches in reconstruction lines, and I shall write an application tomorrow to be restored to service now that I am free from the care of mother."

Just two days later Randall Phelps sat in Graham's new office up in the Crandall building on Main street and heard Kathleen's opinion frankly expressed by letter. She would not follow the terms of the will. She would never marry Mr. Phelps, or anyone else under the terms of coercion, and she was leaving the house at once that there might be no further trouble.

"Where has she gone?" asked Randall, frowning at the portrait of Daniel Webster on the wall.

"Presumably back to the motor corps." Mr. Graham searched the letter again for verification. "Most unusual, but quite like Kathleen. Have you—er—have you had any serious quarrel?"

"Not recently. I haven't seen or heard from her since I got back. Two years ago, just before I enlisted we—we—or, the devil, Graham! I'm not going to have her do this. Give up her home and money for me. I don't want her to marry me on compulsion. What can I do legally?"

"Nothing," Mr. Graham told him dryly, "nothing at all." The terms of the will stood. Perhaps he might win her over by doing something in the same line as herself, first-aid, as it were, in the new building-up work with soldiers.

Randall smiled as the plan dawned on him, and he gripped the old lawyer's hand fervently. It did not need any words of his to prove his own stand on the will.

And not a week later, at the little local headquarters in the town, Kathleen received orders to call at the railroad station for the first consignment of convalescent soldiers to be sent up to the Lovejoy place, under Mr. Phelp's arrangement.

Never did any soldier ordered over the top go with a stiffer upper lip than Kathleen. Sternly she faced front and drove along the familiar roads until the row of tall Norwegian pines came in view, and there was Randall himself to welcome his guests, with Cousin Mary beside him to act as hostess.

They both nodded to her pleasantly, and Kathleen felt hurt and cold as they all passed up the box-bordered walk together. She was to wait there for the two nurses who had brought the men up. But long before they put in an appearance Randall came leisurely down to the car and lit a cigarette

Let's Be Cheerful

Being cheerful is one of the things that sustain the spirit of cooperation between you and the telephone operator. It means much to her and you benefit by it too. The service becomes more pleasant and generally more effective.

When you give a number to the operator, and when you talk over the telephone, let a bit of a smile creep into your voice. The voice with a smile wins —every time.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

before he opened up a conversation.

"You're needed here more than you are running that car, Kathleen."

"A matter of personal opinion, isn't it?" said Kathleen coolly. "You seem to be very pleasantly situated."

"Nothing has been changed. It is still your property," he said gravely. "I am only acting in your interests in the way I think you would aprove of. I'm going to do this all summer. I thought by September you would be tired of running the car, and we could be married about your birthday, the 17th, isn't it?"

"Did you tell Mr. Graham that we were engaged?" Kathleen tried her best to be scornful. It was hard when she saw the new D. S. O. on his breast. Her specialty these days was heroes, and it would be rather nice to have one in the family. Besides, his eyes were disconcerting.

"You gave me to understand we were—two years ago. If you insist, I shall turn the place over permanently as a home for disabled soldiers. I'm one myself, as it is; heart trouble."

She laughed. Down the path were the two nurses, walking slowly and chatting with some of the men. The time was short. He reached in an inner pocket and drew out a small, flat bill-fold she remembered giving him long ago.

Silently he opened it for her scrutiny. Around it was coiled a long curling strand of blond hair, making a frame. On the other side was a letter, the one she had written him that last day:

"I'm sorry I said no. I never dreamed you were really going. Never believe me when I say no, Randy. I'm still all yours until you return."

"Well, that only says 'until,' she faltered. But she knew the fight was over as Randall swung around with a ready smile and broke the news to his guests in this way:

"You boys are all welcome—until after the wedding."

SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA

Relic Held in Such Veneration That It Is Exhibited Only Once in Five Years.

To make full confession, I had not even known that the festival would fall in the year of our visit, not to speak of the very week. Of course, every lover of the East has learned that the Sacred Tooth is exhibited every five years for the adoration of the faithful, and in the interval neither prince nor millionaire can obtain a glimpse of its venerable form. Both the official head of Buddhism in Ceylon and the British representative would have to agree to any departure from this usage, so the rule is strictly observed. One instinctively asks why the relic is so sacred. The history of this solicitously guarded treasure, as narrated by the Singhalese priests, may be summarized as follows: When Buddha's body had been burned, an Arahat took an unconsumed fragment from the ashes of the funeral pyre. This was the left canine tooth, destined to become the most celebrated of the many wondrous relics of the founder of the faith. After a rather peaceful existence of about eight centuries, in the southern peninsula, it became so famous, and created such disturbance in the Brahmatic community that it was surreptitiously carried to the Buddhist center in Ceylon, concealed in the tresses of the Princess Kalinga. Naturally, such a priceless possession proved the cause of international strife. Once, at least, it was carried back to the mainland of India, but was recovered by Prakrama Bahu III, to become once more the source of untold blessings.—From "The Festival of the Tooth," by F. B. R. Hellems, in Asia Magazine.

LAZINESS ACTING AS SPUR

Good Work Done by Those Who Dislike It, and Want to Get Through and Rest.

The best work is done by the lazy people who want to get through and rest.

The industrious, active body, busy as a bee, and always at it, is very liable to become a putterer.

Mark Twain called attention to the fact that the ant, to whom the sage recommended the sluggard to go, spends most of his energy in running around like a drunken Indian.

The great humorist hated to move; he used to give the boy in the printing office a nickel to sweep around him, so that he would not have to take his feet off the table. At seventy he confessed that "all exercise is loathsome."

Laziness is not good in itself; but when joined to conscientiousness and a sense of responsibility, as it often is, it is the very best worker.

The world's work is done by those who do not like it. Nine persons out of ten would quit what they are doing if they could.

At the very beginning of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Hilda Lessways," is a luminous bit of philosophy:

"Hilda hated domestic work, and because she hated it she often did it passionately and thoroughly."

Mark Twain hated to write.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Farm Life.

MUST CONCENTRATE TO WIN

Though Thorough Absorption May Be Carried Too Far, It Is Necessary to Success.

There is always danger, when anyone concentrates, that the concentration will be carried too far—so far that it produces a narrow, one-sided and warped point of view. The great scientist, the great scholar, the great thinker in any line is usually not an all-around "good fellow." "Crabbed," "queer," "peculiar," "odd," "funny" and "warped"—are these not the adjectives that generally describe the geniuses of the world? The very effort to concentrate on the one subject which has brought success has made it impossible to keep in touch with the thousand-and-one currents of thought and topics of conversation which go to make up comfortable and easy-going life. Like the old sea captain, these geniuses miss something in their effort to fix their attention on one thing.

In spite of this danger, it is a good thing to work for concentration. The likelihood of becoming one-sided is big where genius is concerned, but then it can be excused. Most of us can safely concentrate our attention and still feel sure that we will keep in touch with the world about us.

Stuck on Them, Anyhow.

J. Ogden Armour, defending the meat packers, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Our opponents wouldn't say such hard things about us if they read our statements correctly. Our opponents misread and misunderstand. They are like the little child.

"A Sunday-school teacher asked a little child:

"'What do you know about Solomon?'

"'He was very fond of animals,' the child replied.

"'Yes? Why do you think so?' said the teacher.

"'Because the Bible tells us,' said the child, 'that he had a hundred wives and nine hundred porcupines.'"

Right Pivot.

A darky was unloading horses and when he had the halter hanks of six horses he started up the road toward camp and the stables. Just before entering camp the road turned sharply to the right; in fact, it made a right angle with its previous course.

At this point the darky with his six halter hanks experienced some difficulty in getting all the horses to make the turn and he was heard to shout: "Here, what's the matter with you all? Don't you all know how to make a turn to da right? Number one pivot! Pivot dar on de right."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3542-0218.jpg