Mothers of Men

By KENNETH GROESBECK

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The hot, good-natured crowd pushed slowly past the living skeleton and the fattest woman in the world, past the tooting, gaudy calliope, under the nose of the derby-hatted young man in shirt-sleeves with fog-horn voice, and into the tent containing the greatest show on earth.

The circus wagons, bright spots of color and tinsel, shimmered under the hot August sun.

The great white tent spread its glare of canvas over what had been a green field, and about it, like strange chickens of a stranger mother, clustered the booths of world's wonders, the candy and lemonade stands, and the camp of "the only cannibals living in captivity."

Beyond it, straining at its ropes like a living thing, strangest wonder of them all, rose the shining dome of a balloon.

In this, that very afternoon, the daring, aeronaut, Signor Mello Mellini, would make his nerve-paralyzing ascent, as before the crowned heads of the world.

A bell rang sharply in the inclosure, signaling the time when the great procession of wonders was to begin its triumphal march before the wondering eyes of the audience.

Its sound had hardly ceased, when a boy entered, a yellow envelope in his hand, calling laconically:

"Ryerson, Ryerson, telegram for Ryerson!"

At the summons, a strange figure rose from a corner of the inclosure. Its face was painted into a perpetual grin, its head was bald and shining, save for the regular occurrence of bright yellow spots, its costume was white and baggy, and its feet were long and flapping, like some impossible animal.

"I'm Ryerson," said the clown. "Give us the wire."

The boy handed it over, together with a stub of pencil for receipt signature, and made off.

Ryerson opened the envelope and read its contents. His first start was of amazement, and then, as he re-read the message, his face, under its painted grin, became set in hard lines. The literal, unemotional telegraph had brought him:

"We get turned out of the house today at five. Can't you do nothing?

"FATHER."

Utterly at a loss, he walked vacantly around the inclosure, his great feet flapping on the ground.

The second bell rang, and the living contents of the inclosure seemed to throw itself through a flap in the canvas, to be greeted with a clatter of applause from the tiers of human faces around the ring.

He did not know they had gone. His one realization was of an old man and an old woman, fifty miles away in the village of Lynburg, who that very afternoon were to lose the only shelter they had.

"Can't you do nothing?" The words seemed to burn his poor brain. A harsh voice broke in on him.

"You Ryerson, beat it into the ring! Get on the job, quick!"

It was Mainwaring, the proprietor, jeweled, and hard as nails, who had bustled through the inclosure, and was gone as quickly as he had come.

Ryerson, distracted with anxiety, walked not into the tent, but out behind it. Before him was the proprietor's wagon.

He hesitated a moment, and, as the vision of his father's seamed old face came to him, glanced quickly round him, ran clumsily up the movable steps, and into the wagon.

Mainwaring's small desk stood before him. He ran to it. It was locked. It was only a chance, at best, but in desperation he struck its front a blow with his clenched fist, and the flimsy affair came apart under his hand.

He threw up the flap, rummaged rapidly through the papers, opened drawer after drawer, until he happened upon a familiar leather-bound purse. He opened it, his eyes glistening amid the cracking paint, counted the contents rapidly, and crowded it into an inner pocket.

In a moment more he was on the ground outside the wagon, unobserved.

A church steeple rose over the trees at the end of the field. It was three o'clock. He had acted on impulse, and as he realized with a sinking of the heart, in vain.

He could never reach Lynburg in two hours. He looked round him like a hunted animal. As he did so, a thought struck his driven brain like an inspiration. The balloon!

He knew balloons, having made an occasional ascension to help out a regular balloonist during a former "engagement" that had featured in his checkered career.

He walked rapidly to the rope ladder which hung over the side of the basket, and, climbing it, almost fell into the light wicker framework. Signor Mellini was already there, at work arranging his ballast. He started to his feet as the strange apparition wriggled over the side.

"Oh, it's you, Ryerson," he said. "Why ain't you in the tent?"

"I want the balloon, Mellini," said the clown. "Get out of it."

"Ah, quit your kiddin'," said the distinguished signor. "It's too bloomin' hot!"

"Get out," said Ryerson ominously. "Get out, or I'll throw you out."

The aeronaut cast one glance at the white face, streaming with perspiration, and then, convinced he was dealing with a lunatic, jumped for the side, and slid rapidly to the ground. He shouted as he landed, and people began to run out of the tent.

No sooner had he gone over the side, however, when Ryerson pulled the patent release cord, and shot reeling into the air.

He remembered little of that particular ascension, as he looked back at it later. He remembered how slowly he seemed to move, but in the right direction. After an eternity, his straining eyes made out a familiar cluster of houses below him, and in his agitation, he pulled the valve-cord too far, and crashed down into the orchard of his father's house, to land in the top of an apple tree.

As he climbed painfully down from it an old man ran from the house shouting, to stop in amazement as he recognized in the strange, bedraggled figure, his son.

"Well;" cried the old man, as they met. "Is that how you circus folks travel? You got my telegram, son?"

"Yes," answered Ryerson. "I got it, father, and here's your answer."

He reached into pocket, and handed the wallet to the old man, whose eyes shone.

"Ye got the money, son?" he almost shouted. "Me'n mother won't have to get out?"

He threw his arms round the young man's neck, almost crying for joy. At that moment his mother ran from the house, and strange painted figure that he was, threw her arms round him, and kissed him tenderly.

When the old man explained what the boy had brought, motherlike, she thought less of the saved home, and more of the son who had saved it.

"I knew my boy would take care of us," she said fondly, her eyes glistening, and then, returning to the manner of the old days, "you go upstairs, Willie, and wash that stuff off your face, and get into a suit of your old clothes. You always was turnin' up unexpected!"

Ryerson said little at supper, after he and his father had packed the balloon into its basket. It was enough to have his mother hover over him, and pile his plate with food, and hear his father recount, over and over again: "How set back that old skinflint were when he come to put us out, and got his money for his trouble."

Early the next morning, after a sleepless night, Ryerson bade his father and mother good-by. They were too old to go and see him "act," and he explained that the circus was going on a long trip now, and that they might not see him for a year or more.

They kissed him fondly, and he set off over the dewy fields, looking back from the crest of the hill, to wave a farewell to the two old figures in the doorway of the gray, little farmhouse.

At the edge of the town, he found the familiar wagons, and the hurrying men, the poles going up as by magic, and the canvas spreading as if endowed with life. He pushed through the confusion, seeking the proprietor's wagon. He met a man he did not know, and inquired.

"The boss? Back of the fat lady's wagon there. Better keep away from him, stranger. He's hot today. Crazy man stole his cash, and went off in the balloon yesterday, and they ain't heard nothin' of him since." The man went about his business with a friendly nod, but Ryerson walked in the direction indicated to the proprietor's wagon.

He mounted the steps, a faint sickness in his heart, and knocked on the door. Mainwaring's harsh voice bade him enter.

He did so, and as the bull-necked man seated at the little desk caught sight of him, he seemed to lose the power of speech. His face became purple, and then paled. Then he seemed to explode.

"Well, I'll be hanged! It's Ryerson!"

Ryerson walked up to him and said doggedly: "I came back as quick as I could, Mr. Mainwaring. I guess you want me. But I ain't crazy. I had to have that money, and I took it, that's all.

Mainwaring stared at him a moment, in utter amazement. Then: "You came back? You ain't crazy? Guess I must be, then. What'd you come back for? You swipe my balloon and a wad, and then you come back. I don't get it. What's the game?"

Ryerson told him the whole story. He finished with:

"Lock me up, if you want to. The balloon ain't hurt, and I'll pay the cash back when I get out. But make it somewhere farther down the road, so the folks won't get on. It'd kill them, sure."

He finished, and looked down at his dusty feet, waiting for the blow to fall.

There was no sound in the wagon until he heard the scratching of a pen. He looked up fearfully, to see Mainwaring laboriously writing, his tongue in his cheek. When he had finished, he folded the paper carefully, put it in an envelope, and handed it to Ryerson.

He then got up from the desk, and strode out of the wagon, and Ryerson heard his roaring blasphemy at the tent raisers.

Dazed, Ryerson opened the envelope, and in Mainwaring's labored hand, read the following:

"You Ryerson, I guess you're a fool. You get out of this circus quick. You go to Chapman, where my brother runs a lumber mill, and you see what he sez to you. You pay back the cash when you gets it, and don't you think your the only man what's got a mother.

"Yours truly,

"A. MAINWARING."

"Mother Shipton" Hoax.

Mother Shipton was reputed an English prophetess of the time of Henry VIII. She was first heard from in 1641, when "The Prophecie of Mother Shipton" was published anonymously in London. In 1862 Charles Hindley reprinted a life of Mother Shipton, originally published by Richard Heady (London, 1684). He added some doggerel of his own and wound up with the prophecy that the world would come to an end in 1881. In 1873 Mr. Hindley acknowledged that the verses were a hoax.

Tired of Life Early.

Tired of life at ten was the excuse made by a boy at the Kingston (London) children's court when charged with attempting to commit suicide. Another boy saw him with his head on the railway track and they had a tussle before he could be got away.

ROAD TO SUCCESS

Obey General Order No. 1, Which Is Simply, Find Out!

Heads of Big and Little Business, Who Do This, Will Be the Winners in the Great Industrial Battle Now On.

Find out! That's general order No. 1 in American big business.

Can Du Ponts, who made three-quarters of all explosives used against Germany, swing that vast machine into a useful purpose of peace?

It hired 2,000 chemists, set them to research work and found out!

Can the United States double its wheat product and add a half to its meat supply? Spend $25,000,000 in research work along agricultural lines as it did two years ago and find out!

How can Standard Oil utilize every drop of that black ooze which pours from thousands of oil wells? By employing chemists and engineers who can find out.

Why does Armour have 125 subsidiary companies, many of them highly profitable, and which as the elder Armour said utilize every part of the pig but the squeal? Because it spends an immense sum to carry out that general order No. 1 of all big business.

Find out!

There are in the United States today 40 concerns, each of which spends anywhere from $100,000 to half a million annually on this great game of finding out, writes "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger.

It is the supreme day of the expert, the engineer and the chemist. It is the era of unlimited research work.

Is leather too scarce and expensive? Find a substitute.

Is there a famine in white paper? Set your researchers to discover a new crop.

Two-thirds of all the energy in coal goes up the chimney in smoke. The biggest fuel burners, such as the Pennsylvania railroad, spent big sums to find out a way to lessen the smoke and increase the heat in a boiler.

"Can you take that battery?" asked the general.

"I think I can," replied the colonel.

"Go take it," said the commander, "and don't come back until you do."

"Here's $10,000," says the corporation president to his chief of research workers, "find out how we can save a fraction of a cent on each ton of output."

And the fellow who can find out has won a great industrial battle and captured a battery from his more sluggish competitor.

One winter day in his banking office I saw Winthrop Smith hand a silver dollar to his old friend, the magician, Kellar.

"Here, do a trick," said the banker.

"Hands are too cold," replied the sleight of hand artist, but taking the coin he flipped it into the air and instantly it seemed as if it were raining silver dollars in Kellar's silk hat.

That's how some of the wizards in trade operate. By an apparent stroke of genius they multiply one dollar of profit into nearly a dozen.

"Luck," you say.

Not that at all. It wasn't luck which enabled the magician to manipulate the coins, but years of patient practice and study.

The follow who thinks he can win in business today without once following the injunction "find out," had better telephone for the sheriff to nail up his door.

Color Blindness.

Color blindness proves to be less simple than has been supposed, the defect being one of coloring instead of vision in some cases. As reported by Dr. H. E. Howe of the American Chemical society, eyes quite perfect in ordinary color perception have become weak or fatigued for red and then have responded to the green rays combined with the red from certain red glass. A veteran engine driver properly identified red light near at hand, while at considerable distance the signal appeared green. The disc of the lamp was found to be copper ruby glass and this and some other kinds of red glass permit rays toward the blue end of the spectrum to pass in mixture with the red. The use of selenium ruby glass is advised, its transmission of only red rays insuring that the normal eye will see no green.

Peculiar Patches in Sky.

Not less than 182 more or less clearly defined dark patches in the sky are recognized by Prof. E. E. Barnard in his latest catalogue. In some cases they are fairly round and regular, in others they are of complicated and contorted form and their appearance and sharpness suggest that they are dark clouds or nebulae cutting off a background made faintly luminous by unseen stars or diffused nebulous matter. Most, though not all, of the dark patches are in the region of the Milky Way, where so much of the material visible in the heavens is concentrated.

Belt Had Tightened.

Two soldiers from Fort McKinley, Maine, attended a bounteous repast on Thanksgiving day, and after partaking of the most varied assortment of dishes, the hostess inquired if they would have anything else. One soldier gazed longingly at the fruit, candy and ice cream as yet untouched, and remarked: "A little more room, please."—Everybody's Magazine.

Best Fruits of Romance.

A speaker was taken aback during a Sunday school session. He had been commenting on the blessings of matrimony, and just to see whether or not the class was really paying attention, asked one girl what she considered to be the best fruits of romance. The girl pondered a moment and then answered: "I should say the wedding date and the bridal pair."

PLAN YOUR RACE AND----WIN!



If it's a tie between INCOME and SPENDING, we lose. If we lose, we are handicapped on the next lap of life's relay. But if we beat our FOOLISH SPENDING, we start the next lap ahead of the game. If we keep up our saving pace, we distance the Wolf.

HOW LARGE SUMS CAN BE SAVED ON SERVICE

Most People Fail to Consider What Help in Home Really Costs in the Long Run.

In any plan for national economy British specialists think that the household rather than the family should be taken as a unit. Under household consumption they include (1) services rendered maintaining the house and its inmates, (2) the goods consumed or acquired by the inmates, (3) the general charges of cleaning, decorating, offsetting deterioration, etc.

As a start in a saving program the British Commission has pointed out that services should be valued even more highly than goods, as each person doing unnecessary and unproductive work not only consumes without producing, but is also depriving the country of possible productive power. Translated into terms of American saving, this service idea would mean, "Do not hire any one to do what you can do for yourself in spare time unless you find it directly profitable."

Few Americans are really honest with themselves as to the cost of services. Not one family in a hundred really knows what a servant actually costs. Most of them place the cost of her wages and fail to count in her food, light and other things she consumes. Most of them, moreover, have no way of figuring correctly the extra waste of food or extra breakage or wear and tear due to the fact that the servant does not have the interest of ownership for making things go as far as possible. Few families know at the end of the year the important total that the "odd jobs" man or hedge cutter or grass trimmer has cost them for service that might as well have been rendered as recreation or needed outdoor exercise by the man or boys of the family.

This, of course, does not mean that no service should be purchased. Where a housewife's time is worth more in money or other contribution to family well-being than the cost of a servant she makes a profit by employing some one who frees her to do better paid work than household tasks. In many cases physical or personal reasons make it essential to the welfare of the family to have help, but in many cases the time saved to the members of the household by servants is not utilized profitably in a monetary way or even in a way to make for real happiness or advancement.

Savings on service will give many people important sums to lend to their government and save for themselves through War Savings Stamps. In the case of children work is not only a practical means of earning and saving, but in itself is a valuable discipline for life.

THE CAVE MAN

Took What He Wanted.
He didn't say:
"By Your Leave."
He just helped himself.

* * *

The Civilized Man and Woman
Get What They Want with
Money.

* * *

In Order to Have Money You
Must Save.
Save First, Spend Afterward.
Nearly Every American Saved
During 1918
Keep Up the Habit Through 1919
And Don't Stop.

* * *

War Savings Stamps Form
The Nucleus of a
COMFORTABLE INCOME.
BUY THEM! KEEP THEM!
SAVE NOW!

Invest your surplus money in War Savings Stamps and watch it grow.

Permanent Colors.

Ancient Egyptians had a marvelous knowledge of colors, and they understood fully what colors would last. In the Egyptian papyri the ground colors are as good as ever they were. The Egyptians worked their outlines in lampblack, used clay for their whites, ferruginous earths for their reds, ochres for their yellows, and for green they used perhaps green jasper or mixed blue carbonate or copper with ochre. All these colors are permanent.

BANKS ENTER FIGHT AGAINST BOND SHARK

Plan is Devised Whereby Person Who Must Sell Will Be Given Square Deal.

Bankers in all parts of this district have been asked to take part in the war which has been declared against the bond shark. The campaign is to protect the small holder of Liberty and Victory Bonds. Many of these people are being preyed upon by profiteers in government securities and by salesmen of so-called wild cat stocks. Government bonds, which are the best security in the world, have been traded for worthless stock certificates which never have and never will pay one cent in dividends.

While every holder of Liberty and Victory bonds is urged not to sell, the fact is recognized that some persons bought beyond their buying power and they now find that for one reason or another—good reasons no doubt—they must sell. Bond sharks have taken shameful advantage of some of these people, according to reports received, and the banks are now lining up to put an end to their activities.

If a man finds that he must sell his bond he should take it to the nearest bank where he will be given its full market value or if for any reason the bank prefer not to pay the cash the bond holder will be directed to a reputable broker.

The Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond has sent an official communication to every bank and trust company in this district urging their cooperation. The point is made that no criticism is aimed at the reputable broker who is legitimately buying and selling bonds and other standard securities, but a determined effort will be made, and indeed is now being made, to block the activities of those persons who by misrepresentation are preying upon the inexperienced bond holders.

BUDGETING CHILDREN

Budgeting children will teach them the value of money and often make them more careful of their clothes and shoes. It will also bring out certain traits of character that nothing else will disclose and enable parents to correct faults before they become fixed habits. Any child old enough to be entrusted with money is old enough to be given a specified amount to spend each week, and to be told the value of saving a part of it.

Of course very young children may not be allowed to choose their own clothes, but training along this line may begin very early and a sense of values and suitability may be instilled.

Three grown girls in a certain family were given the same allowance for clothes, books, amusements, entertainment of friends, etc. At the end of the first month May had spent all of her allowance and stated that she had nothing to show for it. Jane had saved one-half of hers and deposited it in the bank. She had denied herself some badly needed clothing and bought a few showy articles with the amount spent. She had accepted entertainment from friends but was too stingy with her own money to entertain in return. Sarah produced an account book and showed that she had bought all the necessary articles of clothing, enjoyed several well chosen entertainments, and had purchased two War Savings Stamps, paying four per cent compound interest.

These are typical, and the information gathered from the first month enabled the father and mother to show May the folly of wasteful and careless expenditure, Jane the importance of providing necessities first and the virtue of generosity, and to commend Sarah for her unusual business ability and sense of thrift.

Silly Old Superstitions.

In the highlands of Scotland it is taken as a terribly unlucky sign if a dog should run between the bridal pair on their wedding day, and brides still tell the bees of their wedding and decorate the hives for the occasion, says the Philadelphia North American. In parts of England and Scotland there exists an ancient custom for which no one seems to know the reason, by which part of the wedding cake is broken over the head of the bride and the guests all scramble for a piece.

LOVE AND POETRY

Combination Long Prominent in Japanese Wooing.

Custom of Utagaki First Mentioned in Fifth Century, Though Believed to Be Much Older—Devoted to Verse Making.

One of the prettiest customs of old Japan that has survived the new order is the Utagaki, or gathering of Japanese young men and women in flower season to compose odes to the blossoms and to the moonbeams, forming friendships that often endure through life. It is first mentioned in the time of Emperor Yuryaku in the fifth century, although no doubt much older.

The Utagaki, or primitive form of wooing, according to which Utagaki was most fashionable, took place at Tsuwakinoichi in Yamato, in the vicinity of Mount Utagaki. At these happy gatherngs, if a man failed to win the heart of the lady he was bent on winning, the others made a laughing-stock of him and jeered him to indignation. Consequently, suitors were persevering in order to escape ridicule.

As the meeting came to order, if there was order, each of the participants selected a theme for the ode to be composed. After the composition was completed, the man recited his achievement to the company, and a lady was asked to recite hers; and so it went, men and women reciting in turn, until all had done.

Those whose verses pleased the audience most were then commended for their efforts. The man whose verse won most approval was to have the lady whose verse was deemed best. At least it was easier for the ladies to like the men who were most expert in these odes, which created jealousy among those not so expert. The upshot of it all usually was that all finally mated before the festival was over.

This custom of Utagaki continued popular for centuries. Competition in poetry and love was considered worthy of emulation. One does not wonder that it frequently led to war.

As a rule the higher classes did not allow their daughters to go from home unattended; but the Utagaki was always considered an exception to the rule. Nor is it remarkable that we often read in the literature of this period such expressions as "fell in love at first sight," and so on. It was only natural that in time, as civilization advanced, the custom of holding Utagaki should fall into disuse.

There is a belief in Japan that the custom of holding these poetic love-meetings is as old as the first emperor. It is said that an incident in the life of the imperial house gave rise to the custom of Utagaki. In those far-off days marriage, in 99 cases out of 100, took place by the exchanging of odes, which were expressions of love.—Japan Magazine.

Make 2,000 Ukeleles a Month.

The ukulele, the Hawaiian musical instrument, which has attained considerable popularity in the United States the last year or two, was first produced by a Portuguese at Honolulu, and it at once made a hit with the natives. It is made chiefly from a native wood known as koa wood. The peculiar tone is obtained only when well-seasoned wood is used, properly prepared and fitted. In the islands the instruments sell at from $3.75 to $20 each, according to quality and decoration. In the past year the monthly production of instruments has trebled, that for September amounting to 1,600. A company was recently organized at Honolulu to manufacture 2,000 ukuleles a month; it is estimated that the total output in the coming year will be about 40,000.

Will Develop Island Property.

Evidently there is one man in England who is not seriously disturbed by the idea that the ownership of large estates will progressively give way to the division of land into small holdings; at any rate Lord Leverholme has not hesitated to purchase Lewis island, which, next to Great Britain and Ireland, is the largest of the British isles. Lewis island covers some 770 square miles, off the west coast of Scotland, and has a present population of about 30,000 people. This, however, it is said, the new owner regards as quite an inadequate population for his island, which he thinks should reasonably support 300,000. His idea is to make his property the center of the British fishing business, and he has already shown his ability on the Mersey.

A Peer as a Corporal.

Lord Crawford, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, whose principal house is Haigh hall, Wigan, has applied as "Corporal Crawford" for membership in the Wigan branch of the Comrades of the Great War. In the early days of the war he enlisted as a private in the Royal Army Medical corps, served in France as a private, and was later promoted to a corporal, which rank he still retains. —London Mail.

Killing a Nursery Rhyme.

Mother—And are you learning anything in your lessons in natural history in school, Ethel?

Ethel—I think I am, mamma.

Mother—What have you learned?

Ethel—Well, it's taught me to think that it wasn't a cow that jumped over the moon at all; that it was a kangaroo.

Cultivate the Memory.

Back of the idea of cultivating a memory is the keener edge it puts on the brain generally, which is the making of the more attractive person. Is there anything duller than a woman who is just too lazy minded to try to remember names and places and has to refer constantly to a third person for aid in telling an incident?—Exchange.

HANDICAP IN LOSS OF EYE

Said to Depend Largely on Time of Life at Which the Accident Occurred.

What actual disability is involved in the loss of one eye? Accident insurance companies usually estimate it at 50 per cent, but Sir Arthur Pearson told the British committee on the administration of soldiers' and sailors' pensions that this was absolutely absurd, and suggested 25 per cent as a more reasonable estimate.

It depends largely upon the time of life at which the eye is lost. By binocular vision, says the Lancet, we fuse two slightly dissimilar images of an object, which are focussed upon the two retinas, and this enables us to estimate correctly the relative position or distance of objects. This power, however, is not confined to those of us who possess two good eyes. The man who has been blind in one eye from infancy possesses it in almost equal perfection with the possessor of two eyes. For many other factors unite to compensate for the absence of stereoscopic vision. These are atmospheric and shadow effects, parallax and, above all, memory of what the shape of objects really is, according to knowledge which has been acquired in early years, largely by the sense of touch.

On the other hand, if one who possesses this faculty is suddenly deprived of it he will be considerably handicapped, especially at first. A woman may find she cannot pour from a teapot into a cup without spilling the tea. A hammerman may take some time before he can hit the nail on the head with his former accuracy; indeed, whether or not he can ever attain it again is doubtful.

WHAT THE WORLD WAR COST

Ability to Meet It Consists in Country's Productive Power Exercised to the Limit.

The ultimate factor in war finance is not the dollar, but what the dollar can buy—at the moment when it is necessary to use it. The economic burden of a war is not borne by capital, that is, the stored-up savings invested in railroads, factories and banks, but by the productive power of the country, engaged in unproductive consumption. For war is waste, observes the April La Revista del Mundo.

When estimating the financial ability of a nation to make war a consideration of her wealth does not tell the story, just as a consideration of population, which would give Russia the first place, would be altogether false. It is the ability a nation has to master and mobilize her dollars and send them into the trenches and make them fight, that reveals her financial power as a military nation. Germany, with her long preparation, her autocratic government machinery, was able to conscript all production for war purposes, and mass her economic strength almost as speedily as she massed her fighting men.

Great Britain and the United States, not being versed in the science of war did not understand this factor. The economic resources of these countries were not mobilized and massed all at once, but each government was forced to take over more and more of the machinery of production as war needs became increasingly great. These two countries, with bulldog, but mistaken, determination, clung to the slogan, "Business as usual," as long as it was possible to do so. The business men of those countries believed that so long as there was plenty of money in circulation every one would be able to turn to, buy government bonds and thus assist in the business of war. But this fallacy is akin to the common one of mistaking dollars for wealth.

The cost of the war, as nearly as it can be estimated in money, shows the national debt which each belligerent now carries ranges from 4.6 per cent of the national wealth (in Japan) to 80 per cent of the national wealth (in Hungary). How these staggering liabilities are to be met is the problem for the future; but the United States, with a debt amounting to 6 per cent of her national wealth of $250,000,000,000, is in the favored position undoubtedly, facing unprecedented possibilities in credit expansion.

Threw but Seven.

The quartermaster's department in Hoboken is anything but a place of joy. It is where the effects of many thousands of doughboys who "went West" are sent for distribution. Each pitiful package or bundle or box is checked up and sent to the nearest relative. Occasionally, however, the solemnity of the situation is relieved by the laughter of some returned hero who comes to the depot to announce that he is not dead and to claim his precious belongings. The other day a burly negro appeared, wearing three gold chevrons and a wound stripe, laughing heartily at the thought of him being reported dead. As if any old Hun could kill him! He told a tale of terrible fighting and suffering, all the time smiling cheerfully, and allowing as how he hoped his personal effects would be located. A small package, with his name on it, was at last found and opened for final checking. It contained a wad of money and the tools which had helped to enrich the dark man—a pair of dice. There was much laughter, hearty handshakes and back slapping, when the soldier was handed the money and the African golf outfit, which only threw seven.—New York Sun.

For Hardwood Floor.

If an unfilled or undressed hardwood floor becomes gray apply a solution of two ounces of oxalic acid dissolved in just enough water to wet it well all over. Let stand 15 or 20 minutes; then rinse in cold water and proceed to wash without suds as usual.

Optimistic Thought.

Time is a better comforter than reflection.

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