Americans in Ranks of Canadian Legion

In the earlier years of the World war many thousands of Americans joined the Canadian expeditionary forces. Such an incident as here follows was of daily occurrence in Canadian recruiting depots.

The place, say, is Calgary. There walks in a strapping, travel-stained man. "You're British, of course?" says the recruiting officer, carelessly. "I've come in from Spokane." "Um. Sorry, but we can't take you. Only British, you know," says the recruiting officer, but he gives the man a queer sort of look, which is lost upon him for the moment.

The man moves off, crestfallen. A Canadian corporal sidles up. "Say, you've come here to enlist? Well, take half an hour's walk around the city, and just recall that you were raised in Medicine Hat [illegible] thur, or anywhere you [illegible] this side of the line." [illegible] grasped, and the only pos[illegible] be trouble is with the medi[illegible] cer.

In this way Americans [illegible] total strength of five battalions [illegible] the Canadian forces. For a time these soldiers wore a distinguishing badge, but for diplomatic and other reasons the badge was subsequently modified. The five battalions were known as the American legion. They were the most unruly lot of an unruly but heroic army, the Canadian expeditionary force.—Chicago Journal.

Nothing Suffices to Break Punning Habit

In the kingdom of Rougaria a law against punning has been passed. Citizens in that country may play upon horses, roulette, keno, pianos or even saxophones, but they must not play upon words.

Abube-Asap was the first man condemned under the new law. Convicted of first-degree punning he was sentenced to be hanged.

However, on the night before the morning set for the execution the warden entered the cell of Abube-Asap bringing good news.

"Congratulations, Abube-Asap!" he said. "The king has signed your pardon. You are a notorious punster, the worst in all Rougaria. However, the king has decided to give you another chance on condition that you swear never to pun again! What do you say to that?"

"No noose is good news!" said Abube-Asap.

So the pardon was withdrawn and Abube-Asap was hanged.—Stray Stories.

River Under Ground

Lost River is a name given to a deep gorge where the water of the Moosilauke Branch brook disappears from sight, and at times from sound, for a considerable distance under massive bowlders. It is the third great natural wonder in the Franconia mountains, standing next after the Profile and the Flume, far surpassing the latter in its surprises, its massive architecture, and unique in its dark, gloomy caverns. The gorge itself is about one-half mile long, 20-30 rods wide and 40-75 feet deep to the brook bed. It was discovered in 1895 by R. C. Jackman of North Woodstock.

Look Out for the Snails

In some parts of Wales the natives indulge in the thrills of a snail race. With a dash of paint upon their shells to identify them the snails are started across a space about a yard square, being attracted to the end by a pile of wet ivy leaves. The snails often develop an unfortunate habit of going to sleep during the race and they must be jockeyed by the use of small sticks by their owners. The owners of the snail which crosses the line first takes the purse.

Very Much So, Yes

Mae—You're a mounted police? How romantic!

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AUNT SALLY, GARETH AND CHARLOTTE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

SHE had married Gareth without giving a thought of his past life. He had appeared and she had accepted him and that was all there was to it.

But they were scarcely past their honeymoon when that other life, from which he had seemed permanently detached, began to make intrusion.

They were having breakfast in their three-room flat, with its new fittings, when Gareth said:

"I've simply got to go and see Aunt Sally. I can't neglect her another minute."

The name as she heard it was not unfamiliar to Charlotte. Two or three times she had found Gareth writing letters and when she had asked him, according to her new rights, who was to be the recipient he had replied: "Aunt Sally." And now here was Aunt Sally again, cropping up at the least warrantable moment.

"Bother Aunt Sally!" Charlotte said.

Gareth looked straight at her. She was so pretty, so bewitching, all pink, pink negligee, pink boudoir cap with a knot of pink ribbons over her left ear, and pink cheeks. She had been his wife for a month and three days and he adored her. Still he didn't like her saying, "Bother Aunt Sally!"

"You don't understand about Aunt Sally," he said quietly. "You've never let me tell you about her. But you'll like her when you know her. We'll take the week-end and go to see her."

Charlotte dipped into her cereal with dainty indifference, selected one tiny morsel and carried it toward her lips. Then she paused. It was her prettiest pose. No silver-sheet star simulating breakfast could have done better.

"I shan't go," she pouted. "I hate old women. And you won't go, either. You'll stay with me, won't you, Babe?" she smiled upon him.

But Gareth did not smile back.

"Don't fool!" he said with finality. "I'm going and you're going with me."

"But, of course, I shan't." Charlotte did not like being told to do things. At home she had been a petted infant. She did not like the big-boss idea in husbands. Hitherto Gareth had submitted to her every whim. He'd have to now. That old Aunt Sally! She hated her.

Gareth leaned forward across the table with one of his most direct looks. His chin had an odd thrust-out look.

"All right, my dear. You may stay at home, but I shall go," he said.

All day Charlotte was sure that he would change his mind before night. And when night came she was sure that he had. For he said nothing about Aunt Sally. Neither did she.

Two days more passed. Then on Saturday he came home to lunch with his week's work finished. She was putting the last touches to the salad when she heard him doing something in the bedroom. She went to see and found him packing a bag.

"Why, Gareth Warren! What are you doing?" she gasped.

"Packing my bag," he replied.

"But what for?"

"I told you several days ago. I'm going to spend the week-end with Aunt Sally.

He had then not given up at all! Charlotte stared in amazement, trying to understand this new phase in his nature.

"Oh, Gareth! You won't leave me!" she wailed.

He smiled upon her.

"No, I'll take you with me if you want to go."

So she went. What else could she do? But she went unwillingly, protestingly, with a grievance against her big boss and with her heart distilling hatred for Aunt Sally.

After a four-hours' journey they alighted at a small station. Gareth took her arm and the bag and they walked through the cool, tree-shaded village streets till they came to a small gray house with a trumpet vine beside the door. Gareth went in without knocking.

"Aunt Sally! Aunt Sally!" he shouted.

They found her in the kitchen—a tiny, white-haired old woman with wistful blue eyes behind spectacles. The spectacles had to come off on account of tears as Gareth enfolded her and kissed her.

"And this, Aunt Sally, is Charlotte," he said.

"You dear child!" Aunt Sally expected to be kissed and Charlotte had to do it. She felt a little thrill somehow when those blue eyes turned upon her.

They had supper immediately, cold sliced meat and thimble biscuit and fruit cake and fresh applesauce—all very plain and delicious. Afterward Gareth wiped the dishes, with one of Aunt Sally's aprons tied round his waist. They had great fun over it and Charlotte went out and found a cat to play with and left them together.

As the moon arose they sat on the porch, and Gareth and Aunt Sally talked. Charlotte smelled the white jasmine in the garden and watched the moon and was silent.

At an early hour they went upstairs to the best chamber. But before they entered it Gareth led Charlotte to another room, a small room, with many boyish belongings. Snowshoes and fishing rods on the wall, school banners over the bureau, old books, shells, stones.

"This," he said, "was my room, and Aunt Sally has kept it just as it was."

It was a crowded, ugly little room, Charlotte thought, and it did not construct for her that other Gareth, the boy who had lived there.

"It smells musty," she said with a laugh, and went to the well-aired guest chamber.

They went to church next morning, a drowsy proceeding, only enlivened for Charlotte by the curiosity her entrance occasioned. She had worn her orchid organdie and looked charmingly bridelike.

Dinner was a dull affair. There was chicken—for it seemed Aunt Sally had been expecting them—chicken and biscuit and mashed potatoes. Afterward Gareth begged leave of Aunt Sally to go to look up an old boy friend.

For the first time Charlotte and Aunt Sally were alone together. It was an awkward situation. Charlotte could see that Aunt Sally felt it as much as she.

"Wouldn't you like to come upstairs with me? I want to show you some things," Aunt Sally said.

They went upstairs to Aunt Sally's plain white room. Aunt Sally knelt down before the old-fashioned chest of drawers, opened a drawer and began to take out things which filled Charlotte with amazement and wonder. A little yellow shirt, a worn baby shoe, a rattle, a tiny pair of knit mittens.

"You see, Gareth's mother died when he was born, and he came right to me," Aunt Sally was saying. "I was not married and there was nobody else to look after him. I may say I mothered him from the very start."

She sat there, the little silver-haired old maid, with Gareth's baby things in her lap, dwelling upon them fondly.

Suddenly Charlotte could see him, sturdy, rosy, toddling in the little shoes. She took one of them in her hand. Her eyes overflowed. She kissed it.

Then all at once she was on the floor beside Aunt Sally and was kissing her, too.

"You dear little woman! What a lot I owe to you—my Aunt Sally" she cried.

No National Anthem by Act of Congress

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is regarded as the national anthem of the United States. It is so recognized by both the War and Navy departments. However, it has never been made the official emblem by act of congress. The official regulations of the army say: "The composition consisting of the words and music known as 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is designated the national anthem of the United States of America. Provisions in these regulations or in orders issued under the authority of the War department requiring the playing of the national anthem at any time or place will be taken to mean 'The Star-Spangled Banner' to the exclusion of other tunes or musical compositions popularly known as national airs. When played by an army band, the national anthem will be played through without repetition of any part not required to be repeated to make both words and music complete." The office of naval intelligence says in a communication to the Pathfinder Magazine: "'The Star Spangled Banner' is the recognized national air of the United States. None others have official recognition. "America" is sung at church services aboard naval vessels." Thus it will be seen that "The Star Spangled Banner" is regarded as our national anthem, while "America" is regarded as our national hymn although neither has been so designated by act of congress.

Finding Ships in Fogs

Will the smoke screen, laid down to protect battleships, become obsolete and useless? Possibility that it may is suggested in a recent invention by John L. Baird, television expert, whereby an electric beam is made to penetrate smoke and mists and produce a sound whenever it meets an obstruction, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The nature of the obstacle is determined by focusing the beam upon a screen attached to the apparatus. Tests with the outfit on a coastal steamer running between Dundee and London indicate that the electric eye will be of great help in locating vessels in fogs, thus resulting in a decrease of maritime accidents, with a possible reduction of insurance rates as a consequence.

What Youth Expected

A family living in an Old York road town was upset over an injury to the paw of the family cat. The father took the animal to a veterinary and the children, three young boys, insisted on making the trip. Their mission was successfully accomplished and they returned home to tell mother all about it.

The second son, who is six years old, said: "Why mother, that cat doctor was a man." His mother asked: "Well, John, what did you think he would be?" The sober and discontented reply was: "I thought he would be a big cat." Daddy laughed at the idea, but Johnny cried and said: "Well, Thomas thought so, too." Thomas, the older son, refused to commit himself.—Philadelphia Record.

Great Actress' Prank

Sarah Bernhardt, generally credited with never having laughed or joked while on the stage, is said to have played a prank on an actress, presumably Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in retaliation for a joke the latter had played on her. There was a scene wherein she had to grasp the hands of Mrs. Campbell, to help her over the rock. The astonished Mrs. Campbell discovered that the "Divine Sarah" carried a raw egg and left it crushed in Mrs. Campbell's hands, but went on with the scene as if nothing had happened.

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A devout Buddhist, Doctor Imazo, of Osaka, Japan, held a mass for the souls of the flies whose death he had caused by a deadly fly poison he invented. He invited priests, newspaper men and friends to the ceremony and read a funeral scroll, asking the pardon of the flies. Priests chanted the funeral mass and the assembled mourners joined in prayers for the repose of the flies' souls. After the ceremony Doctor Imazo paid the priests liberally and invited the mourners to an elaborate dinner.

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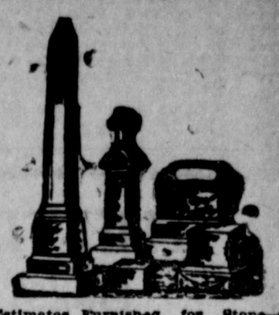

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