Enormous Power of Resistance in Barrel

Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial.

Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids.

The barrel possesses tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts or pins; it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in the middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chines. Although not calked, barrels are water tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hogshead.

"Rebel's" Good Reason for Self-Accusation

Just after the assassination of President-Elect Obregon of Mexico, people were seeing rebels in every stranger, but there was real surprise at police headquarters in Mexico City when a man with battered rifle and full cartridge belt presented himself and told Senor Robelo that he was a rebel.

They took him at his word and locked him up, but the chief, in the meantime, sent out detectives to get a line on the man. A week later, having reported that they could find nothing concerning him, the chief brought the self-sentenced prisoner before him. He was the picture of misery and squalor.

"Where did you fight, as a rebel?" asked the assistant chief of public safety.

"Nowhere, senor," was the surprising reply.

"What? Then why give yourself up as a rebel?"

"Because," sighed the wretch, "I would rather be shot than go back to my wife."

Singer's "Parlor Car"

Although it seems reasonable that a woman should have a finger in anything connected with a parlor, yet it is perhaps not generally known that Jenny Lind, the famous singer, was in a large degree responsible for the modern "parlor car." When she came to America with P. T. Barnum, the engagements of her tour obliged her to spend much of her time traveling from place to place on the wretched railroads of the period. To ease the discomforts of the trip, she had the seats removed from an ordinary car and replaced with chairs, tables couches and such pieces of furniture as might be found in an ordinary parlor. She called it jokingly her "parlor car," and out of her idea grew the present pullman chair car.

What Would You Do?

"I have only been married four months and sure got an ideal husband. We have an acre of land and are real happy, except that my husband makes me so nervous by walking in his sleep and he tries to get out of the window. Last night he carried all the clothes on the front porch. I can't understand this. It seems to be a dream. Is there any way to overcome this awful thing? When he does this I can hardly breathe. Please tell me what to do," a young wife inquires.—Los Angeles Express.

Liberia

The population of Liberia is entirely of the African race; about 100,000 of the dwellers along the coast may be considered civilized. The number of American negroes is estimated at 20,000. Liberia was founded in 1822 when a settlement was made at Monrovia by negro freedmen from the United States with the assistance of American colonization societies. It was declared a free and independent republic on July 26, 1847. Its constitution is modeled on that of the United States. Electors must be of negro blood and owners of land.

Yale's Football Song

It is a Yale tradition that "Boola-Boola," the football song of that university, was introduced to the class of 1901 by Albert Hunt Marckwald after he had heard it sung in the South Sea islands. As a native ditty it had been sung there for centuries and Marckwald started the class singing it simply as a folksong. Another student, Allan Mortimer Hirsh, took it up as a group song, then as a football air, finally having it set to music as a popular song.—Detroit News.

Loyalty Supreme Test

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Faith Clarke's Career

By MARY GREEN

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IT WAS the first time in Faith Clarke's career as stenographer in the Gage Manufacturing company that she had been late. Her small purse had slipped from her numbed fingers on her way from the Blair street home to the corner, where she customarily took the bus. She had retraced her steps, but the rapidly falling snow had hidden the place where it had fallen.

As soon as she had taken her seat in the room where nine other stenographers worked and had opened her typewriter desk to begin transcribing notes from dictation taken late the previous afternoon, Faith was aware of the fact that something of unusual interest was in the air.

Eventually Faith Clarke pieced together the information that Thomas Gage, Jr., son of "the big boss," had arrived. He had previously had charge of the western plant of the concern, but had now come to assume control of the main office and would need a private secretary.

For an hour little work was done. The buzzing of voices was incessant, and there were frequent pauses in work for powdering of noses. Then a hush suddenly fell on the room, for the door had opened and Mr. Mills, office manager, entered the room with a tall, keen-eyed stranger.

Never had the stenographers' room of the Gage Manufacturing company hummed with such incessant clicking of the typewriters, and never before were ten heads bent in such keen attention to work. Mr. Mills and the stranger stood talking in subdued tones, but obviously the stranger was making observations. Then they left the room and the door closed.

After the noon lunch hour the girls took their places promptly.

Jimmy, the office boy, came in with a message to Faith Clarke. She was wanted in Mr. Gage's office, and she departed at once, without even looking in a mirror.

In spite of dry throat and trembling knees Faith Clarke took a trial letter from Mr. Gage with lightning rapidity and transcribed it in an adjoining office without a fault.

"I think, Miss Clarke," he said, "that you may consider yourself advanced to the position of my private secretary. It is an advancement, because it will mean thirty-five dollars a week, and you are now getting twenty-five."

"I am sorry," Faith said slowly, "but I—if you don't very much mind, I'd rather not."

So that was the end of that, and Mr. Gage decided to put off for another day the choosing of a private secretary. That evening after close of the office he walked for several miles in the direction of the hotel that was his temporary abode. As he walked he could think of nothing but the case of Faith Clarke. Why had she declined his offer?

His meditations were suddenly interrupted, when his downcast eyes fell upon a small purse lying on the sidewalk before him. It was half covered with snow. Mr. Gage picked it up and opened it. It contained $2.45 and a key attached to a wooden tag marked "Room 99, Blair Street Home." Mr. Gage asked the policeman at the next corner where the Blair Street Home might be, and was directed to a boarding home for girls.

It was a dingy place inside and out. He asked the attendant at the desk whether she would take the purse, at which the attendant mechanically reached out to a cumbersome electric press button and rang nine times and then nine times more. "I've sent for ninety-nine," said the attendant wearily. "I'd rather have you give it to her yourself."

Mr. Gage sat waiting on a narrow uncomfortable black walnut bench in the hall and presently to his surprise appeared in the gloom Faith Clarke.

"Are you ninety-nine?" he asked rising. Explanations concerning the loss and finding of the purse were soon over. Mr. Gage lingered, sitting there beside Miss Clarke in the dingy hall. He told her that he felt this a good opportunity to try to persuade her to accept his offer.

Faith Clarke looked about her and then back to Mr. Gage.

"You see," she said, "this is home to me. It's the only home I've known since I left my uncle's in the country and that wasn't at all happy. It's a working girl's home—the rule is that no girl earning more than twenty-five dollars a week can live here. If I accept your proposition I would have to leave this home."

Thomas Gage, Jr., felt something very much like a lump in his throat, at the thought that this dingy place, with its odors of sanctity and poor cooking, could mean so much.

"Still, I'd like to do your work," Faith admitted. "It would be so much more interesting. Would you let me do it with the same salary?"

It was there in that dingy hall that Thomas Gage made up his mind that he would probably woo Faith Clarke as his wife. "A girl who loves home as much as that," he assured himself, "ought to make a wonderful wife."

Two months later he asked her to marry him, and, of course, Faith accepted. It was then that she found that there was a little bank account to her credit, showing a weekly saving of ten dollars a week. "It's yours to do what you want with it," Mr. Gage told her.

"I'm going to give it to the home," said Faith.

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