Prissy's Quest

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

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THE Wednesday afternoon Ladies' Aid society of Midhill was stunned into silence. Eleven pairs of hitherto busy hands were idle. Eleven flannelette night gowns for the small inmates of the Orphans' asylum were forgotten. The twelfth member of the "Aid," Priscilla Pratt, was standing at the door, her hand on the knob, her round face flushed, her eyes shining. In her other hand, she held some gaily colored, descriptive circulars, the covers of which bore a picture of a diminutive steamer.

"Think of it," and her voice was husky with emotion. "Four months of romance! Panama—Honolulu—Japan! Cherry blossom time in Japan! India—and the Taj Mahal! Egypt! The Nile and the Pyramids! Italy and Vesuvius—Venice! St. Marks and the pigeons! Monte Carlo and the Rock of Gibraltar! Mine . . . for . . . four . . . whole . . . months!"

Prissy had read the literature of 'The Golden Tour' thoroughly.

Mrs. Carruthers, the minister's wife, was the first to speak.

"We are glad you had the money left you by your uncle, Prissy. You have worked so hard taking care of your folks. Getting along in years . . . and never having married. Money . . ."

The newly made heiress started to button on her coat, her eyes traveling from face to face. She spoke slowly and distinctly. "Yes, all that! Getting along in years . . . never having married . . . and that is why I am going to spend part of the money Uncle Charlie left me . . . going around the world! I'm going to see things! Beauty, life! I'm going to find that romance they talk about."

Priscilla Pratt, the staid demure little spinster of Midhill—going around the world!

"A trip around the world!" and Mrs. Smiley clicked her teeth. "My, my. If you should change your mind, Prissy, you might take a nice little trip down to Pittsburgh. It's only a day's ride from here, and there are lots of theaters and pictures and big stores."

"I am going around—the world! You don't understand, none of you! I want romance! Something I have never had."

John Blake, Midhill's carpenter, was a regular caller at Prissy's little cottage on Main street. He lived across the apple orchard in the home he had built many years before, when he had first asked Prissy to marry him. John had always made things easy for Prissy. He had told her at that time, that he would wait—always.

Prissy had the circulars ready to show John when he came that night. His face was ruddy red from the cold and he held his hands out to the stove.

"Winter has set in now, Prissy, and you'd better get in another ton of coal while Jeff has it. And I told Watkins to leave you a few of his hubbard squash when he passes . . ."

Prissy was sitting very straight in her little rocking chair.

"I don't think . . . I'll need any more coal, John . . . nor any of the squash, although his squash are fine, I know."

John looked up quickly. "No?" he drawled.

"You have been a good, true friend, John . . . and I have thought, perhaps, some day I could repay you for all your kindness."

"It's been nothing, Prissy." John was embarrassed. "You remember what I told you twenty years back? When you were ready to come to me . . . I'd be waitin'? I ain't changed, Prissy . . ."

'I know, John. Life has been hard for me . . . and it would have been harder if it hadn't been for you. I want you to know I'm grateful to you. All my life I've dreamed of romance . . . and beauty. Life!"

John hitched his chair closer and leaned forward. He placed his big hard hand over hers. His voice was gentle: "Prissy, life is hard . . . if you haven't anyone to care for . . . or care for you. Hard . . . and lonely. And I love you just the same."

Prissy reached out for her sewing that lay on the window seat. She dropped it over the gaily colored circulars in her lap and her hands were folded on top of it; idle, just as eleven pairs of hands had lain idle that afternoon on sewing, at the Aid society. She met John's kind gray eyes, so near. He smiled at her.

"I'll do my best to make you happy, Prissy. I'll try to bring all the beauty I can into your life. All the romance and the happiness . . . that comes with love, Prissy dear. I'll love you . . . always."

She smiled at John and his hand tightened over hers.

"Do you suppose I could give you all the romance and happiness you have wanted all these years?" he asked gently. "Do you, Prissy? We might take a trip down to Pittsburgh for two or three days, but Peters is anxious to get the plaster on his walls so he can move in next month."

"Life wouldn't mean much if you don't have some one to love you . . ."

"Would you like to honeymoon at Pittsburgh, Prissy?"

"I have always wanted to go to Pittsburgh, John, since I was a mite of a girl. Always!"

Prissy's head was against John's shoulder now. "And they say the blast furnaces light the sky up beautiful, nights . . ."

Planes' Adaptiveness

The army air corps says that a biplane is stronger than a monoplane because the two wings permit truss construction for combat, or where the plane gets sudden strain a biplane is better; also it permits the use of shorter wings to get the same lift. A monoplane has the advantage of getting full efficiency out of the wing, and permits greater visibility. The monoplane's disadvantages are that it is designed for one particular purpose, such as straight flying or long distance.



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Benjamin Franklin Has High Place in History

The passing of generations has not dwarfed Benjamin Franklin. He seems to tower more and more over his contemporaries as the perspective of history lengthens.

This is hardly because Franklin brought the lightning down from the sky, or because he collected data on waterspouts and earthquakes, or devised a remedy for smoking chimneys, or invented bifocal spectacles, or made a clock, or had more than an average knowledge of medicine.

Nor is it due to his political services, great as they were; nor to his publishing and printing activities; nor to his having signed the Declaration of Independence.

He was the first "civilized" public man in America. That accounts for his ever-growing fame.

It was the many-sidedness of Franklin, along with his humanity and his magnetism, that has projected the greatness of him down to the present time. In his era the man was a modernist. There was nothing reactionary in his make-up and yet he was never a radical.

Benjamin Franklin's enduring fame rests upon the fact that he was far in advance of his day and generation. He would not be lost in this modern world, nor be bewildered by it. It is in the many ways in which he differed from his contemporaries rather than in his kinship with them that he stands out from his time.—Asbury Park (N. J.) Evening Press.

Changes in Viewpoint Brought About by Time

In Horace Greeley's time, youth was right and age was wrong, just as it is today, if one is to believe the story about the bright young reporter who thought the paper, as edited by Greeley, was old-fashioned.

Greeley heard about it and asked the young man into his office. He invited suggestions and listened while the mere lad told him what he would do if he were editor of the paper. His ideas were extremely radical for that day and unorthodox. Greeley listened patiently to the end and then said:

"Young man, you're a very good reporter. Now, I want you to come back to me when you're forty-five; after you have a wife and children and have become a property owner. Then we'll see if you still think the rest of us are all wrong."

"Holiness Church"

About 1880 three clergymen, Rev. Hardin Wallace, Rev. James Singer, both of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Henry Ashcroft of the Free Methodist church, conducted a tour of the southern part of California, preaching repentance and remission of sin or justification by faith of the sinner, and for believers sanctification or heart purity, which also might be received by faith, subsequent to regeneration or justification, and which could be advanced into personal holiness. Numerous bands of adherents were formed under the name of Holiness Band, the members of which, however, retained their membership with the churches of which they were already members. There were also many new converts. By 1896 the movement had grown large and property had been acquired, so that incorporation was necessary and was effected under the laws of California.

Ignorance and Intelligence

Intelligence is the faculty of understanding, the capacity for knowing or apprehending. One is ignorant who is without knowledge, who is uninformed or uninstructed. A person with a fair capacity for knowing might (and often does), by force of circumstances, lack so much in knowledge of the commonplaces of civilized life as to be called ignorant—though ignorance is very much a relative term. All persons are born ignorant, but may expect that experience will dissipate this condition to some extent; there is not so much hope for one born unintelligent.

Bears' Complete Stupor

When a bear retires for the winter, his sleep is very little like ordinary sleep. The state of unconsiousness is much deeper and far more difficult to break. Only one thing can break this death-like sleep, and that is temperature. A rise in temperature quickly will thaw out frogs, toads and snakes, which, while not listed among the "seven sleepers," spend the winter in complete torpor, at about the temperature of the earth around them.

How Kings Came by Title

Up to the time of Charles V, when a king of France, England, or Spain, was addressed, he was styled "Your Grace," wrote David A. Wells in "Things Not Generally Known." "But Charles," he continues, "wishing to place himself in a higher rank than other monarchs, demanded the title of 'Majesty,' a distinction which did not long continue, for the other sovereigns of Europe quickly followed his example."—Detroit News.

German Folk Festivals Recall Old Traditions

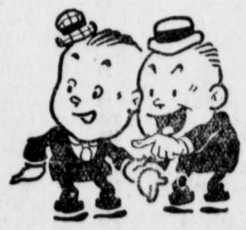
Many a tradition and ancient observance have succumbed to the frantic speed and insatiety of an increasingly materialistic age, but one still finds in Germany folk festivals that go back many centuries for their beginnings. This is especially true of religious festivals—like that of Oberammergau—in Bavaria, and other parts of the country where the population is predominantly Roman Catholic. In some instances, despite the march of secular and sordid trends, these archaic celebrations are perhaps more affectionately observed than ever before.

The "Leonhardtritt," or procession of St. Leonard, which takes place in parts of Bavaria every November, is one of the most popular of these old anniversaries. The most notable festival in honor of this saint is held annually at Bad Toelz, a spa renowned for its iodine springs, where thousands of sufferers from goiter and sclerosis seek relief. This famous resort is in the center of a rich farming and grazing country, and as St. Leonard has been the patron of cattle and other live stock ever since the Seventeenth century, it seems only befitting that his day should be specially honored here. In these ceremonies numbers of domestic animals, especially horses, are included, moving in columns around the churches, in humble obeisance to their patron and protector. Dancing and feasting on the part of the villagers generally end the day.—Deutsche Verkehrsblaetter.

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