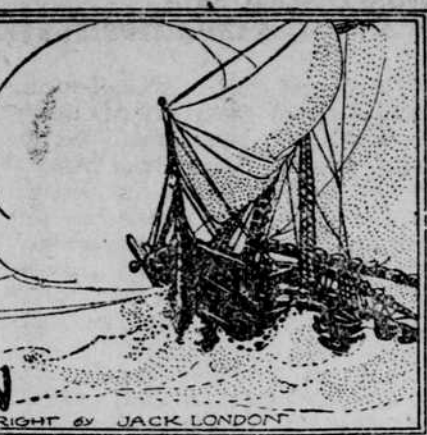


The SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sealing schooner "Ghost," Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to trade waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cookery cook, Mugridge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Mugridge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big eat the little..." Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf hires a seaman and makes it the basis for another philippic discussion with Humphrey. Wolf caricatures Mugridge in his cabin.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

In the end, with loud protestations that he could lose like a gentleman, the cook's last money was staked on the game and lost. Whereupon he leaned his head on his hands and wept. Wolf Larsen looked curiously at him, as though about to probe and vivisection him, then changed his mind, as from the foregone conclusion that there was nothing there to probe.

"Hump," he said to me, elaborately polite, "kindly take Mr. Mugridge's arm and help him up on deck. He is not feeling very well."

"And tell Johnson to douse him with a few buckets of salt water," he added, in a lower tone for my ear alone.

I left Mr. Mugridge on deck, in the hands of a couple of grinning sailors who had been told off for the purpose. Mr. Mugridge was steeply spluttering that he was a gentleman's son. But as I descended the companion stairs to clear the table I heard him shriek as the first bucket of water struck him.

Wolf Larsen was counting his winnings.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars even," he said aloud. "Just as I thought. The beggar came aboard without a cent."

"And what you have won is mine, sir," I said boldly.

He favored me with a quizzical smile. "Hump, I have studied some grammar in my time, and I think your tenases are tangled. 'Was mine,' you should have said, not 'is mine.'"

"It is a question not of grammar but of ethics," I answered.

It was possibly a minute before he spoke.

"Dye know, Hump," he said, with a slow seriousness which had in it an indefinable strain of sadness, "that this is the first time I have heard the word 'ethics' in the mouth of a man. You and I are the only men on this ship who know its meaning."

"At one time in my life," he continued, after another pause, "I dreamed that I might some day talk with men who used such language, that I might lift myself out of the place in life in which I had been born, and hold conversation and mingle with men who talked about just such things as ethics. And this is the first time I have ever heard the word pronounced. Which is all by the way, for you are wrong. It is a question, neither of grammar nor ethics, but of fact."

"I understand," I said. "The fact is that you have the money."

His face brightened. He seemed pleased at my perspicacity.

"But you wrong me by withholding it," I objected.

"Not at all. One man cannot wrong another man. He can only wrong himself. As I see it, I do wrong always when I consider the interests of others. Don't you see? How can two particles of the yeast wrong each other? It is their inborn heritage to strive to devour, and to strive not to be devoured. When they depart from this they sin."

"Then you don't believe in altruism?" I asked.

He received the word as if it had a familiar ring, though he pondered it thoughtfully. "Let me see, it means something about co-operation, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it now. I ran across it in Spencer."

"Spencer?" I cried. "Have you read him?"

"Not very much," was his confession. His "Psychology" left me butting around in the doldrums for many a day. But I did get something out of his "Data of Ethics." There's where I ran across 'altruism,' and I remember now how it was used."

"What else did you run across?" I asked.

"In as few words as possible," he began. "Spencer puts it something like this: First, a man must act for his own benefit—to do this is to be moral and good. Next, he must act for the benefit of his children. And third, he must act for the benefit of his race."

"And the highest, finest, right conduct," I interjected, "is that act which benefits at the same time the man, his children, and his race."

"I wouldn't stand for that," he replied. "Couldn't see the necessity for it, nor the common sense. I cut out the race and the children. Any sacrifice that makes me lose one crawl or squirm is foolish—and not only foolish, for it is a wrong against myself and a wicked thing. I must not lose one crawl or squirm if I am to get the most out of the ferment. Nor will the eternal movementless that is coming to me be made easier or harder by the sacrifices or selfishness of the time when I was yeasty and acrawling."

"Then you are a man one could not trust in the least thing where it was possible for a selfish interest to intervene?"

"Now you're beginning to understand," he said, brightening.

"You are a man utterly without what the world calls morals?"

"That's it."

"A man of whom to be always afraid?"

"That's the way to put it."

"As one is afraid of a snake, or a tiger, or a shark?"

"Now you know me," he said. "And you know me as I am generally known. Other men call me 'Wolf.'"

"You are a sort of monster," I added audaciously, "a Caliban who has pondered Setebos, and who acts as you act, in idle moments, by whim and fancy."

His brow clouded at the allusion. He did not understand, and I quickly learned that he did not know the poem.

"I'm just reading Browning," he confessed, "and it's pretty tough. I haven't got very far along, and as it is I've about lost my bearings."

Not to be tiresome, I shall say that I fetched the book from his stateroom and read "Caliban" aloud. He was delighted. It was a primitive mode of reasoning and of looking at things that he understood thoroughly. He interrupted again and again with comment and criticism. When I finished, he had me read it over a second time.



"He Leaned His Head on His Hands and Wept."

and a third. We fell into discussion—philosophy, science, evolution, religion. Time passed. Supper was at hand and the table not laid. I became restless and anxious, and when Thomas Mugridge glared down the companionway, sick and angry of countenance, I prepared to go about my duties. But Wolf Larsen cried out to him:

"Cooky, you've got to hustle tonight. I'm busy with Hump, and you'll do the best you can without him."

And again the unprecedented was established. That night I sat at table with the captain and the hunters, while Thomas Mugridge waited on us and washed the dishes afterward—a whim, a Caliban-mood of Wolf Larsen's, and one I foresaw would bring me trouble. In the meantime we

talked and talked, much to the disgust of the hunters, who could not understand a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three days of rest, three blessed days of rest, are what I had with Wolf Larsen, eating at the cabin table and doing nothing but discuss life, literature and the universe, the while Thomas Mugridge fumed and raged and did my work as well as his own.

"Watch out for squalls, is all I can say to you," was Wolf's warning, given during a spare half-hour on deck while Larsen was engaged in straightening out a row among the hunters.

I was not altogether surprised when the squall foretold by Louis smote me. We had been having a heated discussion—upon life, of course—and grown overbold. I was passing stiff strictures upon Wolf Larsen and the life of Wolf Larsen. The dark sun-bronze of his face went black with wrath, his eyes were ablaze. He sprang for me with a half roar, gripping my arm. I wilted and shrieked aloud. My biceps were being crushed to a pulp.

He seemed to recover himself, for a lucid gleam came into his eyes, and he relaxed his hold with a short laugh that was more like a growl. I fell to the floor, feeling very faint, while he sat down, lighted a cigar, and watched me as a cat watches a mouse. As I writhed about I could see in his eyes that curiosity I had so often noted, that wonder and perplexity, that questioning, that everlasting query of his as to what it was all about.

I finally crawled to my feet and ascended the companion stairs. Fair weather was over, and there was nothing left but to return to the galley. My left arm was numb, as though paralyzed, and days passed before I could use it, while weeks went by before the last stiffness and pain went out of it. And he had done nothing but put his hand upon my arm and squeeze. What he might have done I did not fully realize till next day, when he put his head into the galley, and as a sign of renewed friendliness asked me how my arm was getting on.

"It might have been worse," he smiled.

I was peeling potatoes. He picked one up from the pan. It was fair sized, firm and unpeeled. He closed his hand upon it, and squeezed, and the potato squirted out between his fingers in mushy streams. The pulpy remnant he dropped back into the pan and turned away, and I had a sharp vision of how it might have fared with me had the monster put his real strength upon me.

But the three days' rest brought the trouble I had foreseen. It was plainly Thomas Mugridge's intention to make me pay for those three days. He treated me vilely, cursed me continually, and heaped his own work upon me. He even ventured to raise his fist to me, but I was becoming animal-like myself, and I snarled in his face so terribly that it must have frightened him back.

A pair of beasts is what we were, penned together and showing our teeth. He was a coward, afraid to strike me because I had not qualified sufficiently in advance; so he chose a new way to intimidate me. There was only one galley knife that, as a knife, amounted to anything. He whetted it up and down all day long. Every odd moment he could find he had the knife and stone out and was whetting away till I could have laughed aloud, it was so very ludicrous.

It was also serious, for I learned that he was capable of using it, that under all his cowardice there was a courage of cowardice, like mine, that would impel him to do the very thing his whole nature protested against doing and was afraid of doing. "Cooky's sharpening his knife for Hump," was being whispered about among the sailors, and some of them twitted him about it. This he took in good part, and was really pleased, nodding his head with direful foreknowledge and mystery, until George Leach, the erstwhile cabin-boy, ventured some rough pleasantry on the subject.

Now it happened that Leach was one of the sailors told off to douse Mugridge after his game of cards with the captain. Leach had evidently done his task with a thoroughness that Mugridge had not forgiven, for words followed and evil names involving smirched ancestries. Mugridge menaced with the knife he was sharpening for me. Leach laughed and hurled more of his Telegraph billings-gate, and before either he or I knew what had happened, his right arm had been ripped open from elbow to wrist by a quick slash of the knife. The cook backed away, a fienish expression on his face, the knife held before him in a position of defense. But Leach took it quite calmly, though blood was spouting upon the deck as generously as water from a fountain.

"I'm goin' to get you, Cooky," he said, "and I'll get you hard. And I won't be in no hurry about it. You'll be without that knife when I come for you."

So saying, he turned and walked quietly forward. Mugridge's face was livid with fear at what he had done

and at what he might expect sooner or later from the man he had stabbed. But his demeanor toward me was more ferocious than ever.

Several days went by, the Ghost still foaming down the trades, and I could swear I saw madness growing in Thomas Mugridge's eyes. And I confess that I became afraid, very much afraid. Whet, whet, it went all day long. The look in his eyes as he felt the keen edge and glared at me was positively carnivorous. I was afraid to turn my shoulder to him, and when I left the galley I went out backward—to the amusement of the sailors and hunters, who made a point of gathering in groups to witness my exit.

Several times Wolf Larsen tried to inveigle me into discussion, but I gave him short answers and eluded him. Finally, he commanded me to resume my seat at the cabin table for a time, and let the cook do my work. Then I spoke frankly, telling him what I was enduring from Thomas Mugridge because of the three days of favoritism which had been shown me. Wolf Larsen regarded me with smiling eyes.

"So you're afraid, eh?" he sneered.

It was plain that I could look for no help or mercy from Wolf Larsen. Whatever was to be done I must do for myself; and out of the courage of



"You Are a Man Utterly Without What the World Calls Morals."

fear I evolved the plan of fighting Thomas Mugridge with his own weapons. I borrowed a whetstone from Johansen. Louis, the boat steerer, had already begged me for condensed milk and sugar. The lazaretto, where such delicacies were stored, was situated beneath the cabin floor. Watching my chance, I stole five cans of the milk, and that night, when it was Louis' watch on deck, I traded them with him for a dirk as lean and cruel-looking as Thomas Mugridge's vegetable knife. It was rusty and dull, but I turned the grindstone while Louis gave it an edge. I slept more soundly than usual that night.

Next morning, after breakfast, Thomas Mugridge began his whet, whet, whet. I glanced warily at him, for I was on my knees taking the ashes from the stove. I put the shovel away and calmly sat down on the coal box facing him. He favored me with a vicious stare. Still calmly, though my heart was going pitapat, I pulled out Louis' dirk and began to whet it on the stone. I had looked for almost any sort of explosion on the cookery's part, but to my surprise he did not appear aware of what I was doing. He went on whetting his knife. So did I. And for two hours we sat there, face to face, whet, whet, till the news of it spread abroad and half the ship's company was crowding the galley doors to see the sight.

Encouragement and advice were freely tendered, and Jack Horner, the quiet, self-spoken hunter who looked as though he would not harm a mouse, advised me to leave the ribs alone and to thrust upward for the abdomen, at the same time giving what he called the "Spanish twist" to the blade. Leach, his bandaged arm prominently to the fore, begged me to leave a few remnants of the cook for him; and Wolf Larsen paused once or twice at the break of the poop to glance curiously at what must have been to him a stirring and crawling of the yeasty thing he knew as life.

But nothing happened. At the end of two hours Thomas Mugridge put away knife and stone and held out his hand.

"'Wot's the good of mykin' a 'oly show of ourselves for them mugs?' he demanded. "They don't love us, an' bloody well glad they'd be a-seenin' us cuttin' our throats. Yer not 'arf bad, 'ump! You've got spunk, as you Yanks s'y, an' I like yer in a w'y. So come on an' s'hyke."

Coward that I might be, I was less a coward than he. It was a distinct victory I had gained, and I refused to forego any of it by shaking his detestable hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR CHIEF RESIGNS

GARRISON QUILTS WILSON'S CABINET WHEN PLANS FAIL.

DISAPPROVED GUARD SCHEME

Also Opposed Philippine Independence Measure; President Will Take Charge of Program.

Washington—Secretary Lindley M. Garrison resigned because President Wilson would not "irrevocably" support the continental army plan and because he opposes the administration's program of setting a definite time for Philippine independence.

President Wilson immediately accepted his resignation. The president himself probably will take personal charge of the administration's national defense plans in congress.

Assistant Secretary Breckenridge also resigned as a mark of loyalty to his chief, whose views he shared. The president accepted his resignation also.

It is known that one of Sec. Garrison's principal reasons for his conviction that only a federal continental army, instead of a reorganized National Guard, could be the main military dependence of the nation, was his belief that some day the United States may be called upon to defend the Monroe doctrine, and in that



Lindley M. Garrison.

event he foresaw the National Guard might not be available for use outside of the United States before a declaration of war.

The acute difference of opinion, which led to the break, began early in the year, when opposition to the continental army plan began developing for congress. There had been in definite rumors of the possibility of the secretary of war leaving the cabinet, but they never were countenanced in official quarters. The secretary everywhere was regarded as one of the strong men of the administration.

Mr. Garrison is the third member of President Wilson's cabinet to resign. The first, Justice McReynolds, resigned as attorney general to accept a seat on the supreme court. The second, William J. Bryan, resigned as secretary of state because of differences with the president over the conduct of the submarine warfare controversy with Germany.

When the president went into the middle west recently to speak on national defense it was understood that he undertook the trip partially at the suggestion of Mr. Garrison. During the tour the president spoke at every meeting in favor of the Garrison army plan, but said that he was not particular about details as long as a reserve of approximately 500,000 trained men was secured. It is said that Mr. Wilson's failure to refuse any compromise on the subject in his speech was the direct cause of Mr. Garrison's resignation.

Beet Sugar Seed Released.
New York—Fifteen tons of sugar beet seed recently released by Germany for shipment to the United States, soon will be delivered here, it is said.

Miners Against Military Act.
Lancaster, Eng.—At a miners' conference here a resolution was adopted expressing opposition to the spirit of conscription and determining to exercise vigilant scrutiny of any proposed extension of the military service act.

Permits Passage of Petroleum.
Athens.—The British minister and the director of Greek customs have signed an agreement whereby vessels carrying American petroleum will be permitted to reach Greece unmolested.

Cannot Seize Interest.
Hartford, Conn.—Federal Judge E. S. Thomas here has ruled that \$30,000 interest for thirteen years on savings accounts of the Danville hatmakers cannot be attached to pay the \$252,130 judgment against the hatmakers' union members as the result of a boycott.

Harding Is Candidate.
Sioux City, Ia.—Lieutenant Governor W. L. Harding of Sioux City has announced his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor of Iowa.

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

Feb. 14, 1915.

Germans prepared for offensive in Alsace.
Russians checked Germans in Lyck region.
Fierce fighting in Bukovina.
Albanians invaded Serbia.
French aeroplanes routed Zeppelin near Muelhausen.

Feb. 15, 1915.

Russian lines held in the north.
Austria announced Bukovina entirely evacuated by Russians.
Germans retook Czernowitz.
British submarines appeared in the Baltic.

Austrian fleet bombarded Antivari.
Germany told U. S. it would be willing to recede from blockade decree if England would let foodstuffs for civilians enter Germany.

Italy and Holland protested against German war zone decree.
Austrian aviators fired on Montenegrin royal family at Rieka.

Feb. 16, 1915.

French forces gained in Champagne.
Germans occupied Plock and Bielsk and Russians fell back in North Poland.
Austrians won in Dukla pass.
British merchant collier Dulwich torpedoed.

British aviators made raid in Belgium, and French aviators attacked Ghisteltes.

Feb. 17, 1915.

French steamer Ville de Lille sunk by German submarine.
Two Zeppelins wrecked off Danish coast.
Allied airmen attacked network of Belgian canals.
Cholera and typhus raging in Poland.

Feb. 18, 1915.

Allies in West on offensive, Germans retiring from Norroy.
Belgrade bombarded by Austrians.
German submarine blockade of Great Britain begun.

Germany made unsatisfactory reply to American note.
Norwegian steamer Nordcap blown up by mine.

Feb. 19, 1915.

Germans abandoned march to Nieman but advanced on Plonsk and occupied Tauraggen.
Allied fleet began attack on forts at Dardanelles entrance.
French steamer Denorah and Norwegian tanker sunk by German submarines.

Passenger travel between England and continent suspended by Great Britain.
England defended use of neutral flags.

French aviator bombarded Ostend.
Steamer Batican sailed with relief supplies from 30 states of U. S.

Feb. 20, 1915.

Germans were repulsed at Ossowitz.
Russians bombarded Przemysl.
German warship Holger interned at Buenos Aires.
British steamer Cambank sunk by submarine in Irish sea.
Austrian aviator bombarded Cetinje.

Out of Old Albania.

Save in Epirus, where Greek culture holds the towns, and even the Moslem Albanians of the hills write (when they can write at all) in Greek letters, no foreign influence has yet invaded the intimate life of this exclusive race. Individual Albanians have, indeed, given their talents to bring unity or order to the life of other peoples. Half the captains by land and sea of the Greek wars of independence were Albanians from Epirus or the isles. Crispi came from the Albanian colony in Sicily; the khedival family imposed itself on Egypt; the last grand vizier of the old regime in Turkey was a South Albanian magnate. But no native church, no native literature, no local field for statesmanship has yet exercised the talents of a race which is certainly not the least gifted of the Balkan peoples. Until recently an Albanian educated was an Albanian lost.

The Real Need.

"Do you believe that we should have a more elastic currency?" asked the man who is always talking national finance. "Not much!" snorted the man with the shiny clothes. "It's elastic enough now. What they ought to do is make it more adhesive."

And Then Some.

It has been said that all the mean acts of his life are quickly brought before a drowning man. The same might also be said of a candidate for office.—Exchange.

Name Does Not Denote Value.

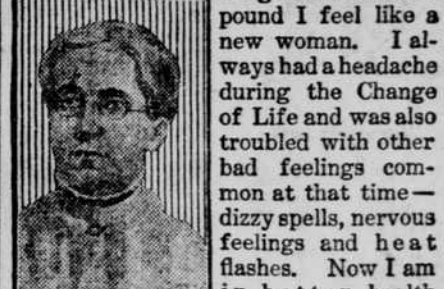
The original Delft pottery is undoubtedly of great value to collectors of antiques as it dates from the fourteenth century, but the name proves nothing, as any colored glazed earthenware made after the delft pattern may bear that name.

Violet Ray Hard on the Eye.
The ultraviolet ray is of all light elements the hardest on the eye. It is also called the actinic ray and is described as "like a little barbed arrow."

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

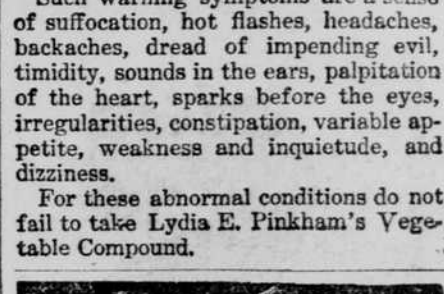
Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.



While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



SPECIAL NOTE FOR THE JURY

How Young Lawyer, Since Among the Most Prominent at the Bar, Belittled Evidence of Witness.

Joseph H. Choate, when a novice at the practice of the law, was engaged in defense of a case, and was told to trip up the plaintiff's star witness, who continually insisted, under examination, that his mind was above the ordinary.

"Now," said Mr. Choate, suddenly, "explain to the court why you objected to the noise this defendant made."

"Well," replied the bragging witness, "men of brains cannot bear noise; it disturbed my peace of mind."

"You say it disturbed your peace of mind?" queried the attorney.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"Your honor," cried the young lawyer, triumphantly, "have the jury note this witness admitting having only a piece of mind."—London Tit-Bits.

RED, ROUGH, SORE HANDS

May Be Soothed and Healed by Use of Cuticura. Trial Free.

Nothing so soothing and healing for red, rough and irritated hands as Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Soak hands on retiring in hot Cuticura soapsuds. Dry, and gently anoint hands with Cuticura Ointment. A one-night treatment works wonders.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 3 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Correct.

She—What's the difference between an old maid and a bachelor girl?
He—About \$5,000.

Rest Those Worn Nerves

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches and irregular kidney action mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. Don't delay. Profit by other people's experiences.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. J. T. Walters, Main St., Pullerton, Neb., says: "I had an almost constant pain through my kidneys and there was a dull, heavy feeling extending from my loins through my limbs. My entire system was run down. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They acted so effectively that I shall never hesitate to recommend them."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WOULD HONOR INDIAN CHIEF

College Professor Has Aroused Interest in the Memory of a Friend of the Early Whites.

Prof. Edward S. Meany of the University of Washington is arousing public interest in the memory of old Chief Pat Kanim of the Snoqualmie and Snohomish Indians. Chief Pat, a staunch friend of the early whites, is one of the forgotten heroes of pioneer days, and Professor Meany wants his grave marked with a suitable monument.

In the days when settlers had reason to fear the lurking red foes in the deep forests, Chief Pat Kanim's people were powerful where Everett now stands. It is not known just when the chief died, but he was buried on a bank of the Snohomish river.

When the grave was threatened by the overflowing river, relatives moved the remains to the little cemetery on the Tulalip Indian reservation, where many of the tribes he ruled in power now live in humble homes.

Rancroft's "History of Wash." tells of the chief's craftiness

driving Glasgow and Rabbeson from the first settlement on Whidby island in 1848. He made a great drive with dogs, and secured sixty deer for a feast of assembled warriors. He counseled in favor of driving the white men out of the country.

Glasgow and Rabbeson went back to Tumwater, and the next year Pat Kanim led an assault on Fort Nisqually. While Pat Kanim was parleying inside the stockade, his brother was killed leading an attack by the Indians. Pat Kanim was spared, and in 1850 he made a trip to San Francisco in a sailing vessel. What he saw on that journey made him resolve to become a friend of the white man. He faithfully lived up to that resolution for the rest of his life.

His Consistency.

"There is a peculiar appropriateness in Jack's prosecuting his studies."

"What are they in?"

"Criminal law."

Most Precious Gems.

Emeralds are worth more a carat than any other precious gems.

REMEDY FOR "ROSY NOSE"

Frequently Careful Chewing and a Pinch of Bicarbonate After Meals Will at Least Help.

If the nose gets very red after eating, or the skin of the face spottches in an unbecoming manner, the patient may be certain that her digestion is out of order. Careful chewing is the first requirement for a cure of this unbecoming flushing, and a little lime water or a pinch of bicarbonate could be taken after the meal. At all times the lean woman should strive to relax and do things slowly. She should strive to encourage the joyous life in her bonnet instead of the sorrowful one. She should eat when she is hungry, if it be so often as six times a day, drink plenty of fresh water, take sun baths and sleep in a well ventilated room. When she is on her feet a warm room will be far more conducive to health and plumpness than a cold one, and if she could get a little holiday in a genuinely tropical climate she would be still further benefited. But a quiet spirit and plenty

of nourishing food and rest are the essential things, and if these requirements are not considered there is not the least use of going any further. The travelers who take storm and stress along with them will never find the fountain of health and youth, especially if they are the thin sort.

What History Means.

It is not sufficient to discover the eternal and abiding core of history. For, having thus discovered it, it lies to our hands to be appropriated and assimilated and used for the work of the world in the present time.

Having eternalized history, it becomes every man's obligation to give it an immediate personal significance, to translate it, as it were, into such terms as will compel it to yield up its deepest content in strength and inspiration and wisdom for the enterprises of today.

On this view history becomes a problem which every age has to face for itself, reinterpreting its inwardness in the light of its own conditions and needs and appropriating it anew to meet the exigencies of its own situation.