

# Folk We Touch In Passing

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He Withdrew Himself Yet Further From the Common Life of the Valley Below.

## THE MAN WHO LIVED

In a far away yesteryear two men won fame in the art of letters.

The First Man withdrew himself to the heights that he might the better look out over the valley below and watch the folk who took the day's work seriously. He felt contempt for their struggles and strivings, and never failed to ridicule the smallness of their lives—their inconsequential aims and ambitions—but even while he ridiculed it gave him pleasure to dazzle them with the message which flowed from his pen in style so brilliant that the folk in the valley likened his brain to a crystal fountain because of its wonderful glimmer and glitter, and The First Man was pleased with the simile.

He withdrew himself yet further from the common life of the valley below and gave himself utterly to a new work which his publishers promised should make his name live forever, and when it was ready it indeed dazzled the world with its brilliance. It was saturated with smart epigrams; scintillated with wit; teemed with cynicism, and ridiculed all there was of sentimental charm in the world. From one end of the land to the other the book was read with admiration, and critics said The First Man was the greatest genius of his age. His cleverly turned phrases pointed with ridicule the ordinary way of human kind and made the people laugh so boisterously that they forgot that their own simple lives furnished material for his scathing sarcasm and joined their voices to the widespread praise accorded the clever writer.

In the valley below, where lived the folk whose aims and ambitions The First Man despised, The Second Man worked out his salvation in simpler manner. He, too, was a writer, but his books created small stir. He had no gift of brilliance, and so gentle was the heart of him that he could not have turned a clever phrase at the cost of a human hurt. But he knew the folk who lived in the valley, and he did his work among them. He did not despise their aims and ambitions, and his heart was large with sympathy for their common strivings and sorrows. And most of all he understood them and he loved them, and the messages he sent out to the world had their birth in the wellspring of their perfectly useful and normal lives.

The Second Man's critics said that he took life too seriously; that his work was deficient in humor and overburdened with sentiment, but just the same his books lay beside those of The First Man in the libraries and went into many a household where the name of The First Man was never spoken.

And after a while God called both The First Man and The Second Man to render unto him an account of their talents, and the admirers of each were left to keep their memories alive

in the world in which they each had lived.

A half century has passed since The First Man and The Second Man accomplished their life work. In the valley of life where folk work and love; are glad and suffer by turns; are tempted and sin; stumble and fall; or again fight and win, and otherwise live out their everyday lives The First Man's name is seldom mentioned by the passing generation, although once in a great while someone refers to the brilliance of his wit, and his books lie tucked away in dusty corners, unread.

But in every home The Second Man's name is a household word, and always it is spoken with a sort of reverence.

For he knew the folk who live always in the valley of life and in the simple and tender understanding which pervaded his work he will live in the heart of each successive generation as long as the world shall last.

**Tall Hats of the Past.**  
In spite of statements made lately to the contrary, tall hats were invented long before 1813. A Mr. Toft of Tottenham, who died in 1776, left £50 to the governors of the Tottenham free grammar school, the interest of which was to be devoted to the purchase of three tall hats as prizes for the three best boys.

The hats used to be purchased from a hatter in Bishopsgate street, named Greenway, for 24s, but in 1811 he informed the governors that a duty of 1s each had been imposed and the cost raised to 27s. The duty was again raised 2s each, and in 1813 to 2s 6d. The duty was afterward repealed, but by that time the governors were purchasing Bibles instead of hats for the boys.—London Mail.

**Peculiar War Honors.**  
A historian of the last war with Mexico states that the Mexican officials were not content with bestowing the honors of war on officers and privates who had shown valor in battle, but brevetted towns and villages as well. A hamlet was raised to a village when its inhabitants played a good part in the war, according to this writer, and a village to a city. Thus the city of Alvarado rose from the village of Alvarado by special decree issued as a reward for the bold attitude of its residents toward the invaders.

**The Death Tick.**  
Anyone who has watched through the night hours by the bed of one who is dangerously ill can readily understand how the faint tick, tick within the woodwork of the wall came to be regarded as a sound of evil omen. In order to make this peculiar noise the insect draws in the antenna and intermediate legs, and, resting principally upon the median legs, strikes its head against its support by a sort of rocking motion. It is by this noise that the male calls the female.

## LEFT IN ORPHANAGE, NOW SEEKS MOTHER

Lonely Girl Makes Pathetic Appeal for Help in Finding Parents or Friends.

Philadelphia.—Weary of being alone in the world without knowing where her mother and other relatives are, Miss Emma C. Hayes of Binghamton, N. Y., has, through a letter, made a pathetic appeal to Superintendent of Police Robinson to aid her in a search that she is making for her parent and friends.

The young woman, according to her communication, was placed in a local Catholic orphanage when a child and kept there until she was eleven years old, when she was indentured to a family living at Friendsville, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, with whom she remained until three years ago, when she decided to earn her own living. She is now nineteen years old.

"Life without a mother, or at least not knowing where to find her, is somewhat of a burden," she wrote to the head of the police department,



My Mother Called Several Times.

"and I sincerely hope you will succeed in finding her for me. There is no question but that my mother had deliberately kept her whereabouts a secret, as far as I am concerned, while she practically turned me adrift in this world.

"I was born in Philadelphia, or at least I was told so, and while a child was placed in St. Vincent's home. After I had been sent there, my mother and another woman, who, I was led to believe, was an aunt, called to see me several times, but their visits suddenly ceased. My mother subsequently wrote me, giving her address as No. 42 Oxford street."

## FOUR HENS TO SETTLE CASE

When They Decide "This Is Our Roost," Litigation Will Come to an End.

New York.—Under instructions from City Judge Beall, a Yonkers policeman turned loose four hens and followed them to see where they went to roost. Upon the report he will make will depend the judge's decision as to the ownership of the fowl.

Mrs. Mary Katatch of 286 Orchard street and Luigi Citorea of 290 Orchard street claim the hens. They went to court about it and Judge Beall quickly realized he would need expert advice. He decided that the best experts were the hens themselves, and ordered that they be permitted to show which was their home.

"I want you, officer, to see that there is no interference with justice in this case," said Judge Beall to the policeman. "We had a spaghetti hound case here that could not be settled because someone ate the spaghetti intended for the dog. We had a pigeon case in which someone got the birds drunk. Don't let anyone interfere with the actions of these hens."

## BABY HEROINE FIRE VICTIM

Saves Playmates From Possible Danger and Perishes Herself as Result of Burns.

Passaic, N. J.—As the result of burns suffered in trying to stamp out a bonfire which threatened her playmates, Elizabeth T. Green, four years old, the daughter of Thomas M. Green, Clifton avenue, Athenia, died in St. Mary's hospital.

Her mother had warned her against fire and when a group of children started playing around the remains of a bonfire Elizabeth tried to extinguish the flames. Sparks set fire to her dress and she was rescued only after she had been fatally burned.

**Murdered His Cousin.**  
Elija, Ga.—Austin Wright, who killed his cousin, John Wright, in this county 28 years ago, has returned and surrendered himself to Sheriff Milton of Gilmore county. The Wrights were chums and in a scuffle Austin cut John in the leg, inflicting a wound from which he bled to death. Austin immediately left and had never been heard from until a few days ago.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Compiled by a Substitute While the Regular Man Was Away From His Desk.

A good way to save money on your gas and electric light bills is to spend your evenings at theaters and restaurants where the management pays for the lights.

If your husband's hair shows signs of falling out, try pulling his ears instead. They very seldom come loose. Installment collector and other undesirable callers can be made to keep their distance by means of ripe tomatoes served at long range.

A society matron, whose position demands that she entertain a great deal more than she can really afford has discovered that by serving a few bird shot with each portion of guinea hen the guests can be made to think they are eating game.

A young wife of our acquaintance tried for years to break her husband of the habit of bringing home unexpected guests to dinner. At last she took the advice of a friend and flirted desperately with the very next man her husband invited to the house. After that there was no more trouble.—New York World.

**From a Sinner's Diary.**  
A sinner can't lose. Some of his ships are always coming in.

I know a man who would spare no pains or expense doctoring an enlarged or otherwise out-of-tune liver. Yet he treats aching, aspiring, longing, loving hearts with scowls and sneers and sharp discouragements.

I know a woman who is for letting you have what you want when you want it, who favors vacations before you have to go on the stretcher.

Love—something that makes you want to surround and be surrounded by.

There's never a time when 'tis safe for a doctor to eat onions.

So take your pick—die off and be mourned, or live on and be cursed.—Lynette Fremire in Judge.

**Of Course.**  
"Did you ever hear such silly rot as that line of Tennyson's: 'Half a league, half a league, half a league, onward?'"

"What is there silly about it?"  
"Why, anybody knows that not more than half a league can be going onward at any given time. For every game one team wins some other team has got to lose one."

**Money's Worth.**  
"You are charging more for summer board than you did last year."

"Yea," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "We've got a lot of new tunes for the phonograph an' my son Josh has learned all the latest dances."

**Keen Wit.**  
Gotcha—I ran into a burglar last night.  
Jake—How'd he get away from you?  
Gotcha—He went through me.

But a married man always gets everything that is coming to him—and then some.

**In the Trenches.**  
"No blankets, captain."  
"Well, boys, we'll just have to cover ourselves with glory."

And many a chap who talks like a wise man acts like a fool.

## WHEN PA TRENCHED

Started His Garden on Highest Scientific Principles.

It Was a Peaceable Imitation of War, So He Finally Enlisted the Aid of a Belgian Refugee—The Grippe to Blame.

"If you're going to have good crops in your vegetable garden, the thing to do is to trench it," quoth Pa Jenkins.

For some days Pa has been showing symptoms of garden fever. Not only has he pored over seed catalogues, of which he accumulated a score or more, but he has been reading of the most modern methods of making the back yard garden support a family, et cetera. A space of some 20 by 50 feet is devoted to the Jenkins gardening experiments.

"What's trenching?" asked Ma.

"It's what the Belgians do," informed Pa.

"Huh!" sniffed Ma. "It's what the Germans and the French and the English and all the rest of those crazy people over there are doing. I don't see any sense trying it on here."

"You don't understand," explained Pa. "All fine gardeners do this trenching. They dig a deep ditch, about 18 inches down. Then next to it they dig another ditch and so on, throwing the dirt from one ditch into the other each time. That gets the soil all stirred up and aired and it makes things grow better."

"And who," inquired Ma, "does the digging in this family?"

"Me!" announced Pa, straightening up and striking his broad chest. "I need the exercise, anyway. I'm getting all soft and good for nothing sticking to my desk all day. A man makes a mistake not to do any hard physical labor. The creator intended us to use our bodies as well as our minds, and we have to suffer for it if we don't."

"Well," remarked Ma, "don't come to me with your aches and pains." And she ostentatiously set out the arnica bottle.

Pa ordered several bags of expensive fertilizer, which he scattered lavishly over the 20 by 50. He also bought a new spade, which he said was built especially for trenching and which cost accordingly. He demanded his garden shoes from last year, and was peeved when he found that Mike, the dog, had chewed one of them into a pulp.

But he donned the rest of the outfit—an ancient pair of pants frayed around the edges and stained with honest soil, blue shirt that had been washed into streaks, coat that any Weary Willyum would scorn, a straw hat of old vintage, broken in the crown so that a tuft of Pa's hair, like a warlock's stuck out belligerently, and a new pair of 10-cent store gloves.

Pa started trenching. For a while the soil flew and Pa whistled blithely. Then he stopped whistling. After a while he leaned on the spade and gazed speculatively into the hole he had made. He dug again. He rested oftener. The sweat rolled down his face. He felt it tickling his ribs. He pulled off his coat and hung it on the fence. When Ma called him to dinner he was red, damp and exceedingly dirty.

"Great work!" he asserted. "I could eat a bear."

Ma gazed at the long, narrow hole Pa had dug.

Pa ate a real meal, punctuating it by telling how fine he felt. Then he went forth again and trenched until dark.

Pa went to sleep in his chair that evening and Ma had a time to get him to bed. He declared he would sleep like a log, but he talked trenching in his sleep and groaned so loudly that Ma had to shake him awake.

"Ouch, where am I?" he grunted. "Shan't I get arnica, Pa?" anxiously queried Ma.

Pa was so lame next morning he could hardly straighten up, but insisted he was all right. Later in the day a stolid looking individual in overalls presented a note to Ma.

"Dear Ma," ran the note. "This man is a Belgian refugee and knows all about trenching, so I've hired him to help him out. I'll be home early. Doc Smith says I'm not over the grippe yet, Pa."

## Victims of the Drug Habit.

According to a recent estimate of the United States public health service, the number of persons in this country who are victims of the drug habit is about 70,000, and the number of doses of narcotic drugs consumed by them annually is about 850,000,000. This estimate is based on figures collected in the state of Tennessee where under a recently enacted anti-narcotic law 1,403 permits were issued in six months to persons petitioning for the privilege of using narcotic drugs, and the consumption of such drugs amounted to 8,498,200 average doses.

## Resembled Dining Car.

Jim Sullivan, typical American tramp, carried a kitchen cabinet under his coat, and when arrested in Red Wing, Minn., the following things were found: Eight large, raw potatoes, weighing seven pounds; one quart bottle of sweet milk, one ten-cent loaf of wheat bread, one-half dozen tea biscuits, one-half dozen rolls, fresh; two one-pound packages of ground coffee, two aluminum salt and pepper shakers, glass cruet filled with vinegar, one rap onion and two Japanese paper napkins.

## His Natural Mistake.

"You criticize us," said the Chinese visitor, "yet I see all your women have their feet bandaged."

"That is an epidemic," it was explained to him gently, "which broke out in 1914. Those are called spats."

## Did Not Hate Him That Bad.

"I was telling Titewad this morning that shells for a 12-inch gun cost \$500 each."

"Well, what about it?"

"He said he wouldn't shoot one of those at his worst enemy."

## Has the Air.

"That new clerk of yours seems to be an important person about here."

"You are right."

"Then he is important?"

"No. He seems to be."

## Few women would care to be angels if they couldn't talk out loud to each other while the heavenly choir is singing.

Tell your troubles to your friends if you would know how weak their sympathy really is.

But you can never measure a man's achievements by his own tongue.

# A Good Breakfast— Properly Selected—

Means a running start toward the day's work.

There's concentrated

Energy

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FOOD

It contains the rich elements from Wheat and Barley in form for easy digestion; and so quickly absorbed that it makes itself felt in body and brain.

"There's a Reason"

FOR

# Grape-Nuts

## WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food.

A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says: "I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."