

Your credit may be good, but your money is better.

Nobody has as yet made a success of predicting the end of the world.

If a man knows all about you and he still loves you, he'd do it to the top.

When the south pole is discovered let somebody stay there and sit on it.

When a woman acquires a job lot of trinkets she begins to speak of her jewels.

The auto runs over you and you die. The airplane runs over you and you don't mind it a bit.

The proof that there is no coal trust is found when the temporarily embarrassed one tries to get a ton on tick.

The smog boats of the future will be employed to yank the dark and menacing clouds out of the aerial highways.

On her last trip over the Lusitania consumed \$16,000 worth of coal. How would you like to be the Lusitania's coal man?

"What is a kiss?" asks the New Orleans States. If the editor of that paper doesn't know by this time he never will learn.

Perhaps neither Peary nor Cook would have discovered the north pole if they'd known there was going to be such a fuss about it.

Mars is only 35,000,000 miles distant from the earth now. It is a fact, however, that there are a good many wide, open leads between the two planets.

The idea that there is always room at the top may be all right, nevertheless it is fortunate that Cook and Peary didn't reach the north pole at the same time.

During "aviation week" at Rheims an aeroplane was fined twenty francs for reckless flying. He did not run into any one, nor did he smash into anything; he merely frightened the spectators.

Dr. Murphy says the man who discovers how to kill the cancer germ will be a greater man than the discoverer of the north pole. We might make a smaller claim for the man who shall discover a hair restorer that will restore.

Yes, fellow citizens, your Uncle Sam sits on the North Pole, rests one foot on the Far East, the other on the Far West, and with his horny hands digs a ditch across the middle of the hemisphere, while his sons capture all the prizes of the air and earth. (Defeating applause.)

A law has recently gone into effect in New Jersey which compels all vehicles—not only automobiles, as is the custom everywhere, but all teams using the public highways at night—to carry two lights, one in front and one in the rear. Such a law, faithfully enforced, is a cheap and practical method of safeguarding highway traffic, not only from collisions, but also from the numerous accidents which result from bad places in roads and bridges.

Continued efforts are making by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to discourage the practice of sending indigent consumptives from the East to the West and the Southwest. It has lately reported that more than seven thousand persons, hopelessly diseased, go from the East every year, only to die in one of the free States favored by consumptives. Tuberculosis can be cured or arrested in any part of the country, and the percentage of cures in the East is nearly as great as in the West.

The most cursory survey of the world's literature, dramatic or otherwise, will convince anyone that the profession of humorist or true comedian is one of the most exacting ever known. The joke-smith may get a momentary laugh from an audience that is willing to take the will for the deed. But the man who would set his name among those who have made permanent additions to the world's fun must have a list of specifications for a permit to make a road through a Pinchot reserve. He must have insight, sympathy, knowledge of character. He must have a sense for fact that is felt beneath his arliest wags of fancy. He must have an ear for the right word that no correspondence school can confer. It is easier to be a wit than to be a humorist; easier to laugh at people than to laugh with them, or make them laugh at themselves.

The rush of thousands of eager individuals to the Indian land openings in Montana shows to what an extent land hunger is besetting the people. It is a question if one out of a thousand among those that have registered in the hope of securing Indian reservation land has any intention of settling and honestly "farming it," even if he is lucky. The land hunger has become an obsession, fed by the lottery method the government sees fit to utilize in distributing those lands. It is the old story of "taking a chance," and the individual pays railroad fare and living expenses, which amount to no inconsiderable sum, in the hope of being one of the lucky ones in Uncle Sam's lottery. If a plot of ground is drawn, no doubt it will be scorned as something undesirable—for even the most productive western land is not enticing in its sagebrush form. It means hard work to bring a productive farm out of raw western land, and most of those who take part in such

speculative rushes are not of the sort to carry the game through to its finish and to make actual ranchers of themselves.

Recently there died a man of wealth and prominence whose business was conducted in accordance with a policy of enlightened self-interest—that active endeavor toward personal advancement which takes into account in large measure the general good. He was a manufacturer of bicycles, and realizing that improved highways meant increased demand for the products of his factories, he became a pioneer in the movement for good roads. Realizing also that a more general appreciation of the many pleasures and benefits of outdoor life would mean more bicycling, he established a magazine devoted to such life. The two causes which he helped along in energetic and practical fashion need no defense. Both are generally accepted as important factors in the material advancement of the country and in the personal welfare of its people. When the bicycle declined in popularity this man engaged in the manufacture of automobiles, and continued his advocacy of good roads. That he prospered by his far-sightedness vindicated the wisdom of his course, even from the selfish point of view. Every man is justified in promoting his own welfare, in protecting his own interests and in acquiring a competence against the inevitable old age. It is his duty to do this, and happy the man, and happy the community in which he lives and labors, when he does it in such a way that those around him are benefited rather than injured. Not all can be great manufacturers and gain wealth by leadership in national movements, but every person can act on the sound theory that self-interest is best served, not by the narrow selfishness which sees only the present day and the immediate surroundings, but by the far-sightedness which includes the days to come, and the comprehensive planning which involves the common welfare and progress.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

The idea of mercy is not associated to any great degree with the American Indian. Yet he is not now—and never was—uniformly implacable and hard-hearted. In a book on "The Columbia River," W. D. Lyman recounts an incident, which if not typical, is at least worth repeating for its intrinsic worth. Between the Shuswaps and the Okanogans there was a deadly and long-continued enmity. This was ended in a curious and interesting manner. The Shuswaps had captured the only daughter of the Okanogan chief. She was led with other captives into the Shuswap camp. The boasting warriors were gloating over the poor victim, and the squaws were discussing the greatest possible indignities and tortures for her, when an aged white-haired chief got the attention of the tribe. He declared that his heart had been opened, and that he now had been tormented and death ought to end. He proposed that instead of shame and torture they should confer honor on the chief's child.

He said, "I can hear the old chief and his squaw weeping all the night for their lost daughter."

His then proposed that they adorn the captive with flowers, put her in a procession, with all the chiefs loaded with presents, and restore her to her father.

The girl, meanwhile, who did not understand a word of the language, was awaiting torture or death. What was her astonishment to find herself decorated with honor and sent with the gift-laden chiefs toward her father's camp.

On the next day the mourning chief of the Okanogans and his wife, looking from their desolate lodge, saw a large procession approaching, and they said, "They are coming to demand a ransom."

As the procession drew nearer, one of the men said that it looked like a woman adorned with flowers in the midst of men with presents of robes and necklaces.

"Then they cried out, 'It is our child, and she is restored to us!'"

They met the procession with rejoicing and heard the speech of the old Shuswap chief. And after that there was peace between the Shuswaps and the Okanogans.

"Speed" Means to Acquire Success.

When we use the slang "too slow" as applied to non-success we are speaking correctly, according to etymology, for "slow" conveys an idea opposite to that of "speed," and for more than 10,000 years the root from which "speed" has grown has preserved its influence. In a dozen languages and has continually signified the idea of quickness in grasping, in drawing to, in extending, in making room for action, in bringing prosperity and success by reaching out.

Our Aryan ancestors used the little word "spa," and from it has grown among scores of other words, our word "speed," which, through the centuries, has not been restricted to its meaning of velocity. It conceived the thought of velocity that reached out for success. It meant having room for action, to increase in the direction of prosperity. Without "spa" there was no "success."

Appropriate.

"What did Marie, the telephone operator, say when she broke her engagement with Harry Phlux?"

"Not much. She just dropped him, a note with an inclosure and wrote, 'Ring off.'"

American has a habit of worrying into a man his grave and then telling what a good man he was.

If a woman works a good deal, other women who do not work so hard say she works too much.

When it is said of a man that he is bold headed, it means that he is fool ish.

THE LEGEND OF THE PINE

Beneath Ben Jehoidah, he that led The armed host of Solomon, bent low Before that ancient king. "My lord," he said, "For leagues on leagues beyond the Jordan's flow I sought the priceless gift that now I bear To thee, beloved master. Lo! within This cup of golden berry sparkle fair Those drops that fell before the world knew sin— The Dew of Life, a draft whereof shall give Immortal youth—eternal, deathless spring— To him that drains their essence. Drink! and live Forever, Shield of Judah!" And the king, The noble beaker taking, paused a space To dream, as old men will; then, musing, spoke: "To live forever! So, when all my race Hath passed away, alone to bear the yoke Of earthly care? When none is left alive Of those I love, of those whom even now My heart desires? What! Shall I survive All, all my friends, such perfect friends as thou, True, gallant soldier? Nay, The sacred lands Let others rule; my days are growing few; Man's life belongs to God's almighty hands; And thus—I do as God would have me do!" He turned the cup, the precious drops were flung Upon the sands, and where with life divine They touched the barren waste, in beauty sprung That faithful tree, the never-fading pine.—Youth's Companion.



The conference at Conway had been brief. The man from the city had met the disabled master of railways and talked with him for a brief hour, and then the eminent physician had called a halt and ordered his patient back to his bath and his bed.

The man from the city had virtually completed his work, however. He was the sick man's successor, self-appointed, it is true, but with none to contest his claim.

He was conscious when he shook the old captain of industry by the hand, and the feeling added an unaccustomed tenderness to his parting words.

The man from the city had anticipated a two days' stay. He had used but one. And then a sudden whim seized him. The village where he had spent his boyhood, the old home he had never revisited, was but twenty miles away. It was not on the railway line, but he could rent a conveyance of some kind, perhaps an automobile. Anyway, he had made up his mind to see the village again.

It was a mild curiosity that prompted him. He had no old friends to reward. No grudges to settle. Yes, there was one.

He felt a sudden wave of bitterness cross his mind. It was absurd, of course—the thing had happened so long ago. But the anger was still there—anger against the man who had robbed him of Lucy Dalton's love.

He knew he had been robbed. He had found it out when too late. John Ingram had slandered him to the girl, and had brought up in his disfavor a cruel untruth. And Lucy had married John Ingram and all the world had grown dark and hollow for Jim Atherton.

He laughed at himself for his romantic folly, and yet despite the years that had elapsed those moments of anguish seemed very real.

He laughed again when he reflected that this bitter disappointment had been the making of him. If he had married Lucy Dalton he would have settled down in Winsted and might today be a plodding old rheumatic farmer. As it was, the loss of the girl he had loved had driven him to the great city and to-day his was a name that all men were thought to respect and many men feared.

Yet, unworthy as the thought seemed to him, he felt that it would please him to know that John Ingram had not prospered, and he had a keen desire to meet his false friend and remind him of his perjury.

"Seeing poor old Barton has made me sentimental," he growled. "What has Jim Atherton to do with old homes and early loves? Just the same I'm going over."

He stayed all night at the hotel, and after breakfast secured an automobile to carry him across the ridge. It was a pleasant ride, clear and cool, and Jim Atherton enjoyed it in his quiet way. He remembered walking over the same road the day he had turned his back forever on Winsted. Yes, there was the grist mill where the farmer had given him a lift. How well he recalled the sleek span of horses. He was a kind old man and had shown a friendly interest in the adventurous boy. Jim Atherton suddenly wished he could do something for the man who had extended the first helping hand to him in his earliest venture, but no doubt he had been dead many years.

"Pretty country," said the chauffeur. "Yes," his passenger agreed. "Ever this way before?"

"Not for many years."

"It doesn't change," said the chauffeur.

A moment later they came within sight of a white steeple and a cluster of houses nestling among the trees.

"That's Winsted," said the chauffeur. "It's too sound asleep to ever wake up."

Jim Atherton looked around.

"You may let me off here," he said. "I'll walk down the hill. I'm not going back to Conway. I'll reach the railway on the other side."

He pushed some bills into the chauffeur's hand and walked briskly down the hill.

The chauffeur stared at the money and then at the retreating figure.

"Who in blazes can the old chap be?" he muttered. He looked again

at the money. "He's too good a proposition for Conway to lose."

Then he regretfully turned the car and started on the return journey.

Jim Atherton sniffed the morning air. It seemed to have a familiar odor. There was something ozonic about it that put new life into his cramped legs. It gave a fresh briskness to his gait.

Yes, there was the old butternut grove where the farmer had caught him and made him saw wood. He laughed aloud at his early discomfiture. And there was the old schoolhouse—no, this was a newer building. But the maple trees were the same, and the noisy stream where he went fishing for shiners and bullheads, was still there. He could hear it babbling along behind the bushes on the lower level.

A man was sitting on the top rail of a nearby fence. He was a limp looking man and his attitude suggested an extreme degree of comfort. He was a man of perhaps forty, with pale blue eyes and a straggling growth of red whiskers. Jim Atherton halted this wayside figure.

"Good morning," he said as he paused and removing his hat let the cool breeze lift his gray hair.

The pale blue eyes surveyed him leisurely.

"Morning."

"Fine weather."

"Yes, but we need rain."

"Lived here long?"

"Born over there on th' Potter section."

"This your farm?"

"Nope. This is Ab Coleman's farm. I'm birin' out to him. Ab's down in th' village with a load o' stuff."

Jim Atherton faintly smiled. He fancied the genus hired man had changed but little.

"I suppose you know pretty nearly everybody in the valley?"

"Guess I do. There ain't 'nough newcomers to bother me."

"Then, of course, you know all the old families?"

The pale blue eyes half closed.

"What you sellin'?"

Jim Atherton suddenly laughed.

"Nothing that Winsted would buy," he answered.

"There was a feller here, writtin' up th' history of th' village once," said the hired man. "You got your picture an' some stuff writtin' 'bout you in th' book for five dollars. Bill Quigg paid him, an' Rodney Gear, and Bils Barnes, an' mebbe some others. Feller put up at th' tavern for a week an' then him an' th' money he'd collected, an' Sam Henderson's board bill, an' Tod Brown's Hairy Bill, all went away together an' never came back."

He laughed noiselessly, and Jim Atherton laughed, too.

"I don't write histories," he said and laughed again. "Perhaps I've done a little something toward making history of a certain sort, but there were no unpaid bills."

The owner of the blue eyes accepted the statement with a tranquil air.

"How'd you get over here?" he asked.

"I came in an automobile from Conway."

The straggly red whiskers suddenly quivered.

"Anything give out?"

"Nothing."

"There was a feller come through here las' September or mebbe it was later—an' somethin' give out with his machine, and Tom Sturges—he's th' blacksmith—was workin' on it four hours. He charged th' feller two an' a-half an' Dave Pitts says he paid Tom from a roll o' bills as big as your arm."

Jim Atherton nodded.

"No doubt he needed it all. Any amusements in Winsted?"

"Nothin'. Jev's a Sunday School picnic in the grove, an' a church fair in th' winter. Boys tried to organize a brass band, but it fell through." His blue eyes suddenly brightened.

"There's a gonn' to be a circus nex' week over to Monticello an' they say it's a clipper."

"You are going, of course?"

"I guess I be. I dunno. A lot o' th' boys are talkin' of goin' over together."

Jim Atherton produced a silver dol-

lar and passed it up to the man on the fence.

"Get a good seat," he laughingly said. "And don't forget the red lemonsade."

The straggly red whiskers quivered again and the pale blue eyes scrutinized the dollar closely.

"I'll be dummed," he muttered and slid the coin into his trousers pocket.

"You say you know all the old Winsted families," Jim Atherton remarked. "Do you know a man named Ingram, Jehn Ingram?"

"Yep. Know him well. John Ingram lives th' other side o' th' village on th' Ingram farm. He's poorly badly crippled up with rheumatism. Can't do much of anything 'cept hobble round. Old Doc Peaseley says he won't be no better. Only hope for him is to get out to Collyrado where it's dryer than it is here—but I dunno as he can afford to go—not, anyway, till he can sell his farm—an' nobody wants it."

"Is he alone there?"

"He's got his son, Phil, with him. Phil's doin' th' work. He's a pooty good boy, Phil is—mebbe a mite stuck up, but not so you'd notice it much. An' he's mighty good to his old dad. The boy's mother was de-termined he should have a college education an' he got it—though how she managed it I can't understand. But it ain't doin' him any good. He's jest tied down thar to the old man an' the farm."

Jim Atherton stirred uneasily.

"And the boy's mother?"

"She died 'bout four years ago."

"The man from the city put on his hat."

"Thank you," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by," drawled the man on the fence. He looked after his retreating figure. Then he drew his silver coin from his pocket and bit on it. Evidently satisfied with the test he slipped the dollar back and grinned until his blue eyes were almost closed.

Jim Atherton went down the main street to the old tavern and drank a glass of buttermilk, and asked about his lunch and the means of transportation to Monticello, the nearest railway town. And after he had sat on the old porch a while and half dozed in the sleepy atmosphere, he ate the simple fare that the tavern provided, and started out for a walk.

The air was warm and he walked slowly. Somehow he turned toward the Ingram farm. He remembered that the old swimming hole in the Four-mile creek, a favorite resort in that boyhood time, was just off the road in the ravine and close to the line of the old farm. He would visit the ancient resort.

It hadn't changed. It was still the same quiet, shaded spot. He dipped his fingers in the water. It was just of a proper coolness.

Jim Atherton was fond of the water. He had been a clever swimmer when he was a boy. It was an art he had practiced whenever opportunity offered. At the seaside resorts he had visited he always improved the chances for his favorite sport.

A sudden desire to get into the water came to him. He looked around. The place was absolutely quiet and deserted.

He rapidly removed his clothes and laid them on the big flat stone he had used for the same purpose seventy- and twenty years before.

Then he slipped into the water.

It gave him a pleasant sensation. The temperature seemed exactly right. He waded out to the deeper places and presently found himself swimming easily and lightly.

The old swimming hole had lost none of its alluring charms. He was floating on his back looking up at the interlacing branches of the trees, and the patches of bright blue sky beyond, and the drifting white clouds, when, without warning, his legs were seized by a terrible constriction. He tried to kick it off. He was powerless. He felt himself sinking and uttered a wild cry of terror.

He knew what had seized him. It was cramp. His mind was quite clear despite the drumming in his ears. He realized that he was drowning. He wondered how the "street" would take it, and what the papers would say. He offered no resistance as the waters drew him down. His head roared; there was fire before his eyes.

Then he was fighting and struggling. He struck out with his clenched hands. He clung madly to the dark thing that was his favorite swimmer.

The next thing he remembered was the sound of a pleasant voice. He was lying on the soft sod beside the swimming hole with his face downward. Somebody was rubbing him briskly with a coarse towel.

"You're coming back all right," said the pleasant voice. "Lie still until I get the circulation going. I fancy the cramp has gone. It was lucky I saw you leaving the road. And it was lucky, too, that I heard you call for help. You were in the deepest hole of all, and you gave me a hard fight for a moment or two. But you're all right. There. Now you can put on your clothes. No symptoms of a chill, eh?"

He was a fine looking young fellow, clear eyes and dark haired, alert and quick and cheery. He brought Jim Atherton his clothes and helped him dress.

"Sit here in the sun until you are warm through," he said. "Now you are looking yourself again."

The rescued man found his voice.

"Fine boy," he murmured. "Fate sent a worthy messenger. It's a good thing she didn't send a laggard. But, boy, you are dripping. Take care of yourself. Don't mind me."

"I'm all right," laughed the young man. "I warmed up working over you. I've a coat on the fence yonder, and I'll slip it on—and when my shoes are a little drier I'll slip them on, too."

Jim Atherton eagerly watched him.

"Boy," he said, "a good many people will think you have done a good afternoon's work. I confess I'm one of them. Give me your hand." He took the young man's hand and stared into his face. "You need not tell me your name. It is Philip Ingram."

The young man started.

"That is a very good guess," he said. "It is not a guess," Jim Atherton answered. "I know your mother." He

Old Favorites

The Grave. There is a calm for those who weep! A rest for weary pilgrims found. They softly lie, and sweetly sleep. Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky No more disturbs their sweet repose. Than summer evening's latest sigh. That shuts the door.

I long to lay this painful head. And aching heart beneath the soil. To slumber in that dreamless bed. From all my toil.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark? A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been. Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the room sport. Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam: Leave! thou shalt reach a sheltering port. A quiet home.

There is a calm for those who weep! A rest for weary pilgrims found; And while the moldering ashes sleep Low in the ground.

The soul, of origin divine, God's glorious image freed from clay. In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire. A transient meteor in the sky; The soul, immortal as its sire, Shall never die! —James Montgomery.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait. Nor care for wind or tide, or sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate. For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays. For what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways. And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day. The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray. Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy for the coming years; My heart shall reap where it has sown. And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw The brook that springs in yonder height; So flows the good with equal law Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky; The tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me. —John Burroughs.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

From Every Point of View it is Far Ahead of the Old City.

The new San Francisco is better than the old, writes Edgar French in a recent number of The World's Work. Fireproof construction of concrete and steel prevails in the business district. New types of architecture have taken the place of old-fashioned structures. Even Chinatown has felt the new impulse and is built better—less picturesque, it may be, but safer. The old landmarks are gone, but few continue to mourn them. A tradition is dead, but better traditions are building.

This is especially true in public morals and taste. The old San Francisco clung to a pride on a freedom of life often close to license. Dance halls and restaurants thrived on a line of tradition running back to the days of gold, when "everything went." Public gambling was a part of the same superstition.

Here has been a great change. The fire brought the people face to face with every problem of life, and the values of things were readjusted by a new standard. The race tracks are gone by a State law modeled after New York's, and the picturesque routine of the game has gone with it. Even the nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines, that have traditionally parted the foot from his money, are of the past. And an agent of a national organization of distillers and brewers only recently was warning the saloon men that prohibition stares them squarely in the face if they do not reform.

These things connote a last stage in evolution that is typical of all California. The frontier is gone. The west is like the east in every essential. The problems of San Francisco are the problems of Boston, and the same kind of people are working out their solution.

History in Woman's Garb. Never before probably were so many varieties of feminine historical costumes seen as were represented in the history pageant recently in Bath, England. The founding of that famous watering place antedates the Roman invasion of ancient Britain, says the New York Press, and every fashion in woman's dress used by the people of Bath since the days of the Picts and Scots, and of the wall separating Southern Britain from the savage tribes of the north, was shown by participants in the pageant. There were the flowing, fur-lined, heavy robes of the Saxons; the light, graceful draperies brought by the Roman invaders; the flowered and embroidered gowns of Norman women, who were up-to-date in all the mode, coming as they did from France; the ruff dresses of wild beasts' skins in which the Vikings, who swept through the country long before the Normans came, and every style of frock which garbed English women from the time of King Arthur and the Round Table to the present reign of King Edward. Each of more than 200 women wore a different costume illustrative of a distinct period in British history.

A Yarn of the Sea. "Yes, I've seen some rough times, sir. Once we was wrecked, and we've eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the old ship turned turtle, so we ate her, too." —Camell Saturday Journal.

Just in Time. A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passerby rushed to his assistance and after helping him to arise inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time. Eh?" —Lippincott's.

Named It Himself. Let any man who is skeptical of a woman's keen sense of humor read this little story and then be converted. Wife—Robert, if a man were to sit on your hat, what would you say? Hubby—I'd call him a confounded silly ass!