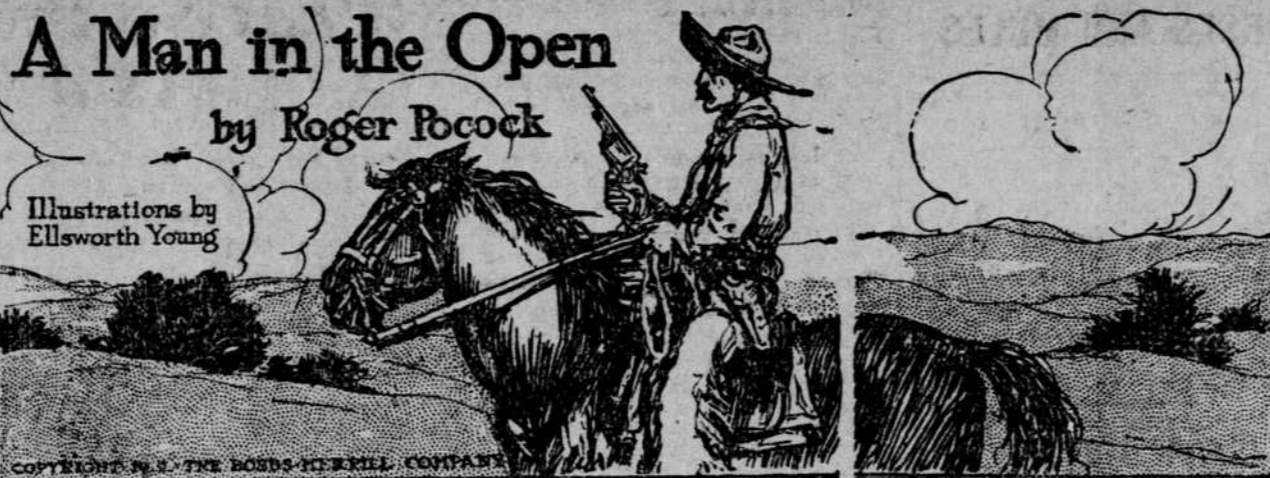


A Man in the Open

by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young



Copyright © 1924 by The Board of Missions, Inc.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

I remember which port—some where up the St. Lawrence where we loaded lumber for the Gulf of Mexico, but the captain and me was away fishing. Mother had come from the Labrador to find me, old gray mother. She put on her round horn spectacles to smile at the mate aft, and the second mate forward, the ordinary seaman painting in the name board, and Bill in his bos'n's chair a-tarring down the rigging, and the boatman laundress who'd been tearing the old man's shirt-fronts. She just sat happy at the sight of the Pawnticket, and she surely admired everything, from Old Glory to Blue Peter—until our nigger cook came and spilled slops overboard. Seems he'd had news of the lady, and came to grin' but was back in his galley, like a rabbit to his borrow, while she marched up the gangway. "Can't abide dirt," says mother, and even the new boy heard not a word else 'cept the splash. For mother just escorted that nigger right through the galley, out at the other end, over the port rail, and boosted him into the blue harbor, for the first and only bath he'd ever had. Then she took off her horn spectacles, her old buckskin gloves, and her bonnet, and set to cleaning a galley which hadn't been washed since the days of President Lincoln. She hadn't time to listen to the wet nigger or the mate, and carry a man on board could get more than yea or nay out of mother. She cooked them a supper too good to be eaten and spoilt, then set the dishes to rights, got the lamp a-shining, and axed to be shown round the ship.

The cap'n and me comes back along with the dinghy, makes fast, and climbs aboard. There's old gray mother, with the horn specs, calm in her own kitchen, just tellin' us to set right down to supper. Cap'n lives aft, and I belongs up forward, being ordinary seaman, and less important aboard than the old man's pig. Yet somehow, mother knew, feeding us both in the galley, and standing by while we fed. Never a word, but mother had a light for Captain Smith's cigar, and her eyes looking hungry at me for fear she'd be sent ashore.

"Well, ma'am," says the captain, "sent your baggage aft? Oh, we'll soon get your baggage aboard."

Then I heard him on deck seeing mother's damage into the spare berth aft, and the nigger's turkey thrown out on the wharf.

Sort of strange to me remembering mother, gaunt, bitter-hard, always in the right, with lots to say. And here was little mother sobbing her heart out on the breast of my Jersey. Just the same mother changed. Said she was fed up with the Labrador, coming away to see the world, meet folks, and have a good time; but would I be ashamed of having her with me at sea?

Shamed? All the ways down to Joe Beef's clear to Rimouski you'll hear that yam today, of how the old sea custom of winning a berth in fair fight was practiced by a lady, aboard of the Pawnticket.

You've heard of ship's husbands, but we'd the first ship's mother. And the way she crept in was surely insidious. Good word that. She's got to be queen, and the schooner's a sea palace, when we suddenly discovered she only signed as cook.

Now we're asleep at eleven knots on a beam wind, and Key West wide on the starboard bow, the same being in the second dog-watch when I'm invited aft. There's the old man setting in the captain's palace, there's mother at the head of the table sewing, and she asks me to sit in the mate's seat as if I was chief officer instead of master's dog.

"Son," says she—queer, little, soft chuckle, "son. You'll never guess." I was sort of sulky at having riddles put.

Then the old man gets red to the gills, sitting. He slips hisself on his fat knee and wriggles. Then he up and kisses mother with a big smack right on the lips.

"Can't guess?" says mother.

"I'm the old man," he giggles, "she's the old woman." Then he reached out his paw. "Put her there, son!" says he; "what's yer name, boy?"

He'd a hand like a bear trap. "Smith!" I squealed. "Smith!"

"Fast," says he. "Fill yourself a goblet of that ere sherry wine, with some sugar. Drink, you cub, with me and Mrs. Smith. Now off with ye, and pass the bottle forward."

Next day, or next week, or maybe the Monday following, the ship's got a headache, with the sky sitting down on the mastsheads, the sea like oil, the sheets slapping the shadows on the deck, where the tar bolts, and our feet is like overdone toast.

The sky's like copper edged with sheet lightning, then there's scud in a hurry overhead, the horizon folding in, and a funnel-shaped cloud to the southward wrapping up the sky. There's no air, and I noticed the binnacle alight, so it must have been nigh dark under that funnel cloud. Just as it struck, some one called out "All aboard!" and I heard the mate yell, "You mean, all overboard!"

Couldn't see much at first, as I was busy getting mother out of the drowned cabin. When I'd stamped a halyard round her and the pump of the mizzen, I'd just breathing time. The sea was flattened, white under black sky, and what was left of us was mostly blowing about.

Dad was just taking command again of what remained. No use shouting either, so he hung on and beckoned. The masts overside were battering holes in us, until we cut adrift. Then to the pumps, but that was sort of an ex officio just to keep us warm. Workin's warmer than waiting.

Being timber-laden we couldn't sink, which was convenient. But, as mother said, there wasn't any grub on the roof, and we couldn't go down-stairs. For instance, we wanted a drink of water.

Well, now, we been three days refreshing our parched mouths with beer stories, when a fishing vessel comes along smelling salvage. Happens he's one of them felucca-rigged dago s'wime out of Invicta, Texas. His charges was quite moderate, too, for a breaker of water and some fancy grub—until we seen the bill.

I never knew till then that our old man was owner. Of course that's all right, only he'd run astern with his insurance. That's why he'd stay with the ship, so it's no good talking. As to mother, she come aboard the felucca ship's cat in her arms, and a sort of cold, dumb, going-to-be-good-and-it's-killin'-me sort of smile. She bore up brave until she struck the number-one smell in the dago's cabin. "It's too much," she says, handing me the cat, "too much. I'm going back to drown clean."

But I was to stay with our sailors aboard the dago, to fetch Invicta quick, and bring a tug. Dad trusted me, even to play the coward and quit him. I dread to think back on the passage of four days to the port of Invicta.

Now in them days I was fifteen, and considered homely. The mouth I got would be large for a dog, smile—six and three-quarters. Thar ashore at



Boosted Him into the Blue Harbor.

Invicta, I'd still look sort of cheerful, so all them tug skippers took me for a joke. It was four days and three nights since I'd slept, so I suppose I'd look funny wanting to hire a tug.

I showed power of attorney, wrote in indelible pencil on dad's old dicky cravat, but the tugs expected cash, and the agents went back on me.

Nothin' doing Saturday nights at the office, tug crews all ashore, but the port will get a move on Monday. Trust grown men to know more'n a mere boy. The glass is down the gulls is flying inland, thar's weather brewing. I seen in my mind the sprays lash over the wreck.

It was dark when I went to the wharves with Captain McGaw to see the Pluribus Unum. He'd show me a tug cheap at ten thousand cash—stores all complete, steam up, engine on the premises, though he'd stepped ashore for a drink. Cute cabin he'd got on the bridge, cunning little glory-hole forrard. Why, everything was real handy, so that I only had to bat him behind the ear with a belaying-pin, and he dropped right down the fore hatch. All I wanted now was a navigating officer I could trust.

Which brings me to Mr. McMillan, our own second mate, buying a dozen fried oysters in a card box with a wire handle, all for twenty-five cents, though the girl seemed expecting a kiss.

"Hello, Frankie," says I, slapping him on the back. A foremast hand can make his officer act real dignified with less. "Say, Mac! D'ye know what Greed done?" I grabbed his oysters. "Greed, he choke puppy," says I, and in my mind I seen the gulls wheel around the wreck, where something's lying huddled. "Come on, puppy!" says I, waving Frankie down the street with them oysters, so all the traffic pauses to admire, and our second officer is running good. More things I said, escorting him maybe a mile aboard of the Pluribus Unum. And there I ate them oysters while he was being coarse and rude, but all the time I seen the wreck heave sick and sodden on the swell of the gulf, the circling gulls, and how they drove down, pecking at a huddle of torn clothes beside the wheel.

Up thar on the tug's masthead I was owing to being in the wrong, while Frankie Mac was promising faithful to tear my hide off over my ears when I'm caught.

"Please, sir," says I, "it ain't so much the oysters worries me. It's this yer Cap'n McGaw I done embezzled. Cayn't call it kidnaped 'cause he's over sixty, but I stunned him illegal with a belaying-pin, and I hears him groaning—times when you stops to pant."

But Frankie Mac wouldn't believe one word until he went down in the fore hatch to inquire, while I applied the hatch, and battened down.

So you see I'd got a tug, and the crew aboard, so the next thing was to take in the hawsers, shove off, and let her drift on the ebb.

It's a caution to see how many taps and things sets an engine-room, all of 'em heaps efficient. The first thing I handled proved up plenty steam, for my left arm was pink and blisters for a week. Next I found a tap called bilge-valve injection, which lets in the sea when you wants to sink the ship. I turned him full, and went to sit on the fore hatch while I sucked my arm, and had a chat with the crew.

They was talkative, and battering at the hatch with an ax, so I'd hardly a word in edgeways. Then they got scared we'd blow up before we were drowned. Allus in my mind I'd see them gulls squawkin' around the wreck, and mother fighting them. That heaped thing by the wheel was dad, for I seen the whites of his eyes as the ship lurched him. An' the gulls—

Cap'n McGaw was pleadin' with me, then Mr. McMillan. They swore they'd take me to the wreck for nothin', they'd give their Bible oath, they'd sign agreements. McGaw had a wife and family ashore. McMillan was in love.

I turned off the bilge-valve injection, opened the fore hatch, and set them two to work. They was quite tame, and that night I slept—only to wake up screechin' at the things I seen in dreams.

Seven days we searched for the wreck before we gave up and quit, at least the captains did. Then night came down black overhead, with the swell all phosphorescent. I allus think of mother in a light sea under a black sky, like it was that night, when our tug run into the wreck by accident.

I jumped first on board. The poor hulk lay flush with the swell, lifting and falling just enough to roll the thin green water, all bright specks, across and across the deck. Mother was there, her bare arm reaching out, her left hand lifting her skirt, her face looking up, dreaming as she turned, and turned, and swayed, in a slow dance. It's what they calls a waltz, and seems, as I stood watching, I'd almost see the music swaying her as she wove circles, water of stars pouring over her bare feet. Seems though the music stopped, and she came

straight to me. Speaks like a lil' small girl. "Oh, mummy," she says, "look," and draws her hands apart so, just as if she was showing a long ribbon, "watered silk," she mutters, "only nine cents a yard. Oh, mayn't I, mayn't I, mummy?"

And there was dad, with all that water of stars, washing across and across him.

CHAPTER III.

Youth.

A dog sets down in his skin, tail handy for wagging—all his possesions right thar.

Same with me, setting on the beach, with a cap, jersey, overalls, sea boots, paper bag of peanuts, beached wreck of the old Pawnticket in front, and them two graves astern. Got more'n a dog has to think about, more to remember, nothin' to wag. Two days I been there, and the peanuts is getting



When He Moves, There's a Tinkle of Iron.

few. Little gray mother, dad, the Happy Ship, just dead, that's all dead. I didn't hear the two horses come, but there's a young person behind me sort of attracting attention. When he moves there's a tinkle of iron, creaking leather, horsey smell, too, and presently he sets down along of me, cross-legged. I shoved him the peanuts, but he lit a cigarette, offering me one. Though he wasn't, he just felt same as a seafaring man, so I didn't mind him being there.

He wanted to look at my sheath knife, and when I handed it he seen the lettering "Green River" on the blade. He'd been along Green River and there's no knives like that.

Then I'd got to know about them iron things on his heels—spurs. We threw peanuts, my knife again his spurs, and he won easy. Queer how all the time he's wanting to show himself off. He'd never seen salt water before. So we went in-swimming, and afterward there's a lunch he'd got with him—quart of pickled onions, and cigarettes.

This stranger begins to throw me horse talk and cow stories. It seems cow-punchers is sort of sailors of the plains, only it's different. Seafaring men gets wet and cold, and wrecked, but cow-boys had adventures instead, excitement, red streaks of life. Following the sea, I been missing life. Why, this guy ain't no more'n two years older'n me—say, seventeen, but he's had five years ridin' for one man, four years for another, six years in Arizona, then three in Oregon, until he's added up about half a century. Says his name's Bull Durham.

Well, his talk made me small and mean as a starved cat, but that was nothing to the emotions at the other end of me when he got me on one of them horses. I wanted to walk. Walk! The most shameful things he knew was walking and telling lies. If I walked he'd have nothing more to do with me. I rode till we got to the ferry.

You know in books how there's a line of stars across the page to show the author's grief. I got 'em bad by the time we rode into Invicta City. Draw the line right thar:

We're having supper at the Palladium, and I'm pretty nigh scared. There's a menu to say what's coming. In French so you don't know what you're eatin', and durned if I can find out whether to tackle an a la mode with fingers or a spoon. Bull says it's only French for pucker, a sort of four-legged burrowing bird which in-

habits silver mines, but if I don't like that, the lady will fetch me a foe par Well, I orders one, and by the lady's face I see I done wrong, even before she complaining to the manager. I'm surely miserable to think I've insulted a lady.

The manager's suspicious of me, but Bull talks French so rapid that even froggy can't keep up, although he smiles and shrugs, and gives us sang-fraus to drink.

This sort of cocktail I had, was the first liquor I'd tasted. It's powerful as a harbor tug, dropping me out of the conversation, while the restaurant turns slowly round with a list to starboard, and Bull deals for a basket in the front window full of decorated eggs. Says they're vintage eggs, all verd-antique and booky. For years the millionaires of Invicta has shunk from the expense. My job when we leaves is to carry the basket, 'cause Bull's totting a second-handed saddle.

I dunno why Bull had to introduce me to the gentleman who keeps the peanut store down street—seeing I'd dealt there before. Anyway, I'm introduced to Affable Jones, and I'm the Marks of Worms—the same being a nom de plume. We proceeds to the opery-house, climbs in through a little hind window, and finds a dressing-room. Affable Jones dresses up as a monk, Bull Durham claims he's ragged out already as a vice-bishop, and I'm to be a chicken, 'cause I'm dealing vintage eggs in the cotillon. All the same, I'll left there alone for hours, and it's only when they comes back with a cocktail that I'll consent to dressing up as a chicken—which in passing out through that lil' window is some crowded. We proceeds up street, me totting eggs, and practicing chicken-talk, and it seems the general public is surprised.

So we comes to the Masonic Hall, which is all lights, and band, and fashionable persons rigged out in fancy dress, dancing the horse doover. I got the name from Bull, who says that the next turn is my day bo on the omet cotillon. Seems it's all arranged, too. Affable Jones lines up the ladies on the left, the dudes on the right, all the length of the hall. Bull marches up the middle, spurs trallin' behind him, and there's me dressed as a chicken, with a basket of eggs, wondering whether this here cow-boy is two persons I see, or only the one I can hear. Band's playing soft, Affable serves out tin spoons to the dudes, and I deals each a decorated egg, laying it careful in the bowl of the spoon, till there's only a few left over, and I'm safe along with Bull.

So far everybody seems pleased. Bull whispers in my ear, "Make for the back door, you son of a sea cook, which offends me, being true; waves an egg at the band for silence, and calls out, "Ladies and gents." From the back door I see how all the dudes has to stand dead still for fear of dropping an egg.

"Ladies," says Bull, "has any of you seen a live mouse? On the way up among you, seems I've dropped my mouse, and it's climbing skirts for solitude."

Then there's shrieks, screams, ladies throwing themselves into the arms of them dudes, eggs dropping, squash, eggs going bang, Bull throwing eggs at every man not otherwise engaged, and such a stink that all the lights goes out. I'm grabbed by the scruff of the chicken, run out through the back door, and slung on the back of a horse. Bull's yelling "Ride! Ride! Git a move on!" He's flogging the horse with his quirt, he's yelling at me: "Ride, or we'll be lynched!"

My mouth's full of feathers, chicken's coming all to pieces—can't ride—daren't fall off. So on the whole I dug the chicken's spurs into Mr. Horse, and rode like a hurricane in a panic. All of which reminds me that the hinder parts of an imitation bird is comforting thar she bumps. Still draw them stars across.

I'm feeling better with twenty miles between me and Invicta City. The sun transpires over the eastern skyline, the horses is taking a roll, I'm seated on the remnants of the chicken, and Bull Durham says I'm his adopted orphan.

Looking back it seems to me that the first night's proceedings was calm. Thar was the fat German fire brigade pursuing an annual banquet across lots by moonlight, all on our way north, till the wagon capsized in a river.

Thar was the funeral obsequies of a pig, late deceased, with municipal honors, until we got found out. Then we was an apparition of angels at a revival camp, only Bull's wings caught fire, and spoiled the whole allusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

ROADS PAY FOR THEMSELVES

Incidents Related Whereby Several Southern Farmers Profited by Improvements Made by State.

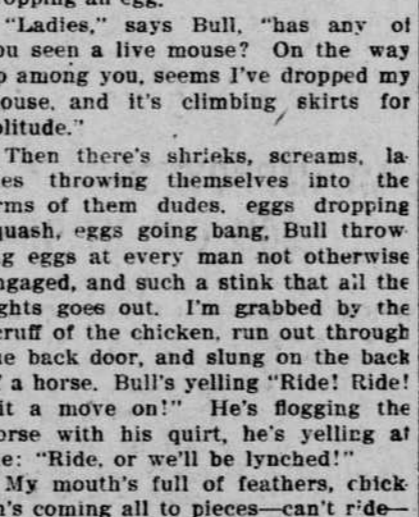
The direct effect that changing bad roads into good roads has upon land values and marketing prices, as well as the general economic welfare of the community, is shown in several concrete illustrations which were gathered by the United States department of agriculture. In Lee county, Virginia, a farmer owned 100 acres which he offered to sell for \$1,800. In 1908 his road was improved, and although the farmer fought the improvement, he has since refused \$3,000 for his farm. A near-by tract of 188 acres is said to have been sold for \$6,000. After road improvement, the same farm was sold for \$9,000. In Johnson county, Alabama, the people voted a bond issue for \$250,000 for road improvement. The selling value at that time was \$6 to \$15 per acre. The selling price is now from \$15 to \$25 per acre.

In another state, two farmers living at equal distance from a cotton market learned by telephone that cotton had gone up in price one dollar per bale. The farmer on the bad road hauled one bale of cotton which was all he could get over that road. The other farmer on the good road was able to haul four bales. The man on the good road gained four dollars by the rise in price, while his neighbor on the bad road gained only one dollar. A farmer in Sullivan county, Tennessee, had 100 bushels of Irish potatoes which he intended to market during the winter. Owing to bad roads, he was unable to haul the potatoes at all. They rotted in the cellar. In the meantime, the price of potatoes at a market point went as high as \$1.40 per bushel.

MACHINE FOR WORK ON ROAD

Tar-Spraying Apparatus Gives Good Satisfactory Results on Macadamized Thoroughfares.

Particularly satisfactory results are claimed for this system of applying tar to macadam roads. The tar is heated and applied to the road under



Spraying a Road Surface With Hot Tar.

a pressure of about 150 pounds to the square inch, and at a temperature of from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit, being sprayed through fine nozzles. Each spraying head comprises four nozzles. So applied, the tar will be more quickly absorbed by the road, penetrating to a considerable distance.

ROADS AND COST OF LIVING

Good Road Is Not Only Convenience and Pleasure, But is an Actual Economic Necessity.

Until very recently the vast majority of people failed to understand that the good road is not a mere country dweller's convenience, or the means to motorists' pleasure, but that it is an actual economic necessity, says Suburban Life Magazine. That it costs the farmers of this country more for a ten-mile haul of produce from farm to town than it does to ship that produce from New York to London, is a fact that it costs farmers abroad from one-half to one-tenth as much to haul a ton a mile on a road as it does the farmers of this country, is another fact. That practically every pound of flesh and bushel of wheat we consume must travel over a road at least once and sometimes twice before we eat it, is a third fact. The three are the answer to one part of the question: "Why does it cost so much to live?" Someone has to pay for the depreciation in the value of horses and vehicles caused by poor roads. Someone has to pay for the extra time it takes to haul cotton to market, when two mules are required to haul two bales ten miles in one day, when on a good road the same two mules could haul 24 bales in the same time with the same effort.

Calif to Save.

No calf should be saved as a future member of the dairy herd unless she has a good high producing mother and a sire who can transmit these traits in his female ancestry.

Getting the Money.

There's money in hogs, but it requires industry and gumption to get it out; but then this is true of all business.

Thermometer Pays.

Summer or winter a good dairy thermometer pays its way wherever dairy cows are kept.

Keep Mangers Clean.

Don't expect your horses to relish their feed unless the mangers are clean.

That Vacant Chair.

Perhaps it is more sad when a chair is vacant in life than in death. Men make a feast. Many who might belong at the table are not there. Death has not claimed them. What the world votes to be failures has kept them away. In the race as it runs they are the laggards. Perhaps, in our reckoning they will never win. Had you noticed how in the next generation their children almost always arrive? The poor man's son is the rich man of tomorrow and the children of "failures" are the country's future successes. There is an ebb and flow of fortune which must surely reconcile us all to the rhythm of being. Who dares estimate life by a single generation?

—Los Angeles Times.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Furgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

What is a Mustache Worth. What is the cash value of a mustache? The question is raised by a forthcoming legal action in France, in which a young man is suing his late employer in peculiar circumstances. He recently obtained the position of valet to an attaché of the Chinese embassy here and one of the conditions of his employment was that he should shave off his mustache. The young man complied with this instruction and sacrificed his hirsute adornment, not without regret. But a week later he was discharged and he is now suing the attaché for \$20 as damages for the "esthetic prejudice" that he has suffered through the loss of his mustache. This would seem to be a modest valuation, especially when one takes the esthetic prejudice into account.

JUDGE CURED HEART TROUBLE.

I took about 6 boxes of Dadds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dadds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly, PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan. Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy. Dadds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dadds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Another Foolish Question.

"Hello, Doubleday! Taking something for your health?" "No, I'm taking something for my sickness."

Well Thought Of.

"How popular is Kaleesed?" "Well, he has three daughters, two porch swings and a touring car."

At that a man's fool friends are about the only ones who will lend him money.

If a man would be honest he must keep in training.

"Don't Mope"

just because your appetite is poor, the digestion weak and the bowels constipated. What you need just now is a short course of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It tones and strengthens the "inner man" and helps you back to perfect health and happiness. But be positive you get

"Hostetter's"

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 Women's \$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50 Children's \$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00

Don't doublet supply you with cheap shoes. Why not give them a try? The value you will receive for your money will amaze you. If you would visit our factory, the largest in the world, you will see how our shoes are made, and how carefully we select the material for our shoes. You would understand why they are so long-lasting, and better than other shoes you have ever worn. Your dealer should supply you with these. Don't take a substitute. Name stamped on bottom. Show your money to the factory, by Parcel Post, to save money on your footwear. Write today for the illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W.L. DOUGLAS, 210 Sparks St., Brockton, Mass.

GET LIVING AMUSING OTHERS

Roughly Estimated, Ten Per Cent. of the Population Caters to the Pleasure of the Rest.

It has been roughly estimated that 10 per cent. of us, the people of the United States, keep busy and earn our living by amusing the other 90 per cent., according to the World's Work. This 10 per cent. includes those who do the actual work of amusing; singers in grand opera, light opera, concert; actors in the "legitimate" theaters, vaudeville, in burlesque, in small shows; performers in the various departments of the innumerable circuses, carnivals, street fairs, baseball players, football players, basket ball players, motor races, aviators, boxers, innumerable exponents of innumerable forms of professional sports.

It includes also the people who promote these amusements; who incorporate companies and manufacture devices to be used in amusing—film companies with armies of employees in the moving picture field, for example; the people in their large office

forces; the people who manage and direct theaters, amusement parks, race courses, athletic fields, etc.; stage hands, mechanics, electricians and employes in countless other ramifications of the general business of amusement.

It includes those who originate schemes of entertainment, those who finance them, those who manage them, those who execute them, those press agents, advance men, sign painters, "spellers" and "barkers," etc., who advertise them and draw the attention of the rest of us—the patrons who comprise the other 90 per cent.

Thinks Aged Must Deserve Respect.

Many people tell you that you must be respectful to older people, quite leaving out of the question whether or not they're worthy of respect. I've known some of the most obstinate, bad-mannered, unkind, unjust old people because they were old. I've known a grandmother who would actually bribe her grandchildren to disobey their mother, her daughter-in-law. I've known an old man who by his un-

ceasing bullying and heckling actually broke down the health of his son, who was carrying a heavy burden of care, but who might still be a well man if his father had not literally worried him into sickness. In both these cases I hold that the respect of the daughter-in-law and the son were misplaced, and that the old folks should not have been allowed to subject their kin to such ill treatment. Just being old is no guarantee of qualities worthy of respect.—Woman's Home Companion.

English Poetry as Chants.

Masterpieces of English literature are now being set to chant music by the West London Ethical society. Swinburne's "The Holy Spirit of Man," Walt Whitman's "Whoever You Are," and Wordsworth's "The Soul That Rises Within Us" are among the poems lately thus sung, partly as unaccompanied solo, partly as harmonized chant. The president of the society entertains the rather bold hope of eventually obtaining the introduction into English church service of readings from the masters of English literature.

SHOW THE GAMBLING SPIRIT

Bidders at Auction Sales, Without Funds, Find Delight in Just Avoiding Being Shown Up.

One of the funny sights, to the person who didn't bid at all, at the Morison Park real estate auction, was the look of high courage, shading insensitively into reckless daring, on the face of some man who was bidding \$300 when he knew he would have trouble raising 30 cents.

"A-trun dolls! A-trun dolls!" the auctioneer would call, trippingly on the tongue. "A-trun dolls! Going at a-trun dolls. Going! Unless!" The strain on the bidder's face would be terrible to behold. What on earth was he going to do if the lot was knocked down to him? What was he going to do, he asked you, with wild, beseeching eyes.

"Why doesn't somebody go on and bid? I don't want the darn lot," he whispered to his next neighbor one night