



CHAPTER NINE—Continued.
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"I ain't eggactly used to this kind of a job, but if you'll look out of the window, I'll have it chopped an' split corded in a minute," said Mr. Blenkinsop.

He got along very well with his task. When they began eating he remarked, "I've been lookin' at that picture of a girl with a baby in her arms. Brings the water to my eyes, it's kind o' lifelike and nat'ral. It's an A number one picture—no mistake."

He pointed at a large painting on the wall.

"It's Pauline!" said the Shepherd. "Sure she's one o' the saints o' God!" the widow exclaimed. "She's started a school for the children o' them Eytalians an' Poles. She's tryin' to make 'em good Americans."

"I'll never forget that night," Mr. Blenkinsop remarked.

"If ye don't forget it, I'll never mend another hole in yer pants," the widow answered.

"I've never blabbed a word about it to any one but Mr. Singleton."

"Keep that in yer soul, man. It's yer ticket to Paradise," said the widow.

"She goes every day to teach the Poles and Italians, but I have her here with me always," the Shepherd remarked. "I'm glad when the morning comes so that I can see her again."

"God bless the child! We was sorry to lose her but we have the picture and the look o' her with the love o' God in her face," said the Widow Moran.

"Now light yer pipe and take yer comfort, man," said the hospitable widow, after the dishes were cleared away. "Sure it's more like Christmas to see a man an' a pipe in the house. No, you can't help me with the dishes, and I wouldn't have you pottering around me if you could. Heavens, no! A man in the kitchen is worse than a hole in yer petticoat."

So Mr. Blenkinsop sat with the Shepherd while the widow went about her work. With his ruffled hair, clean-shaven face, long nose and prominent ears, he was not a handsome man, but there was something in his face today that had been absent for so long that it was a new man that sat at the table of the Widow Moran, a man whom happiness and the feeling that he had really got back his Old Self had transformed.

"This is the top notch an' no mistake," he remarked as he lighted his pipe. "Blenkinsop is happy. He feels like his Old Self. He has no fault to find with anything or anybody."

Mr. Blenkinsop delivered this report on the state of his feelings with a serious look in his gray eyes.

"It kind o' reminds me o' the time when I used to hang up my stockin' an' look for the reindeer tracks in the snow on Christmas mornin'," he went on. "Since then, my ol' socks have been full o' pain an' trouble every Christmas."

"Those I knit for ye left here full of good wishes," said the Shepherd.

"Say, when I put 'em on this mornin' with the b'iled shirt an' the suit that Mr. Bing sent me, my Old Self came an' asked me where I was goin' and when I said I was goin' to spend Christmas with a respectable family, he said, 'I guess I'll go with ye, so here we be.'"

"The Old Selves of the village have all been kicked out-of-doors," said the Shepherd. "The other day you told me about the trouble you had with yours. That night, all the Old Selves of Bingle got together down in the garden and talked and talked about their relatives so I couldn't sleep. It was a kind of Seiffand. I told Judge Crooker about it and he said that that was exactly what was going on in the Town hall the other night at the public meeting."

"The folks are drunk—as drunk as I was in Hazelmead last May," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "They have been drunk with gold and pleasure."

"The fruit of the vine of plenty," said Judge Crooker, who had just come up the stairs. "Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed as he shook hands. "Mr. Blenkinsop, you look as if you were enjoying yourself."

"An' why not when yer Self has been away an' just got back?"

"And you've killed the fatted turkey," said the judge, as he took out his silver snuff box. "One by one the prodigals are returning."

They heard footsteps on the stairs and the merry voice of the Widow Moran. In a moment, Mr. and Mrs. Bing stood in the doorway.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bing, I want to make you acquainted with my dear friend, Robert Moran," said Judge Crooker. There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes as Mrs. Bing stooped and kissed him. He looked up at the mill owner as the latter took his hand.

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Bing.

"Is this—is this Mr. J. Patterson

Bing?" the Shepherd asked, his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes, and it is my fault that you do not know me better. I want to be your friend."

The Shepherd put his handkerchief over his eyes. His voice trembled when he said: "You have been very kind to us."

"But I'm really hoping to do something for you," Mr. Bing assured him. "I've brought a great surgeon from New York who thinks he can help you. He will be over to see you in the morning."

They had a half-hour's visit with the little Shepherd. Mr. Bing, who was a judge of good pictures, said that the boy's work showed great promise and that his picture of the mother and child would bring a good price if he cared to sell it. When they arose to go, Mr. Blenkinsop thanked the mill owner for his Christmas suit.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Bing. "Well, it mentions itself purty middlin' often," Mr. Blenkinsop laughed.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" the former asked.

"Well, sir, to tell ye the dead honest truth, I've got a new ambition," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "I've thought of it nights a good deal. I'd like to be sexton o' the church an' ring that ol' bell."

"We'll see what can be done about it," Mr. Bing answered with a laugh, as they went down stairs with Judge Crooker, followed by the dog Christmas, who scampered around them on the street with a merry growl of challenge, as if the spirit of the day were in him.

For a time they walked in silence, each member of the little party busy with their own thoughts. The Shepherd of the Birds had made a pro-



"I'll Have It Chopped an' Split an' Corded in a Minute," Said Mr. Blenkinsop.

found impression on the mind of Mr. Bing, and he was realizing that there was more to the world than a fat bank balance.

"What is it that makes the boy so appealing?" Mr. Bing asked of the Judge.

"Well, he has a spirit untouched by any evil thought, unbroken to the lures and thorny ways of the world of which he knows nothing, for one thing," answered Judge Crooker.

"He has a wonderful personality," Mrs. Bing remarked.

"Yes, he has that. But the thing that underlies and shines through it is his great attraction."

"What do you call it?" Mrs. Bing asked.

"A clean and noble spirit! Is there any other thing in this world that, in itself, is really worth having?"

"Compared with him, I recognize that I am very poor indeed," said J. Patterson Bing, and his associates in the financial world would have had difficulty in recognizing the voice with its unaccustomed note of humility.

"You are what I would call a promising young man," the Judge answered. "If you don't get discouraged, you're going to amount to something. I am glad, because you are, in a sense, the father of the great family of Bingleville."

[THE END]

Up to Mrs. Smith.

Jack was visiting a neighbor who always had a supply of home-made cookies on hand. She gave him one, which he ate, and Jack asked for a cookie to bring to his mother. When he reached home he said: "Mother, Mrs. Smith said she was sorry but there was a bite out of your cookie,"

CZECHOSLOVAKIA



Slovak Girl in National Dress.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Czechoslovakia, which has recently lifted a ban against the importation of American cotton, may thus become one of the first of the Central European countries to start in motion the stream of products between America and that portion of the world.

Because it is a colorful country with quaint people and customs and costumes, observers have often written almost exclusively of these phases of life in the new nation. But it is also industrially of great importance. This is especially true of the Czech part, which is usually called Bohemia. It was the workshop of Austria-Hungary. If you saw an Austrian velvet hat on Broadway or an Austrian-made Turkish fez beside the Golden Horn, the chances were four to one that it was produced in what is now Czechoslovakia since four-fifths of the industries of the former Hapsburg monarchy were concentrated there.

Textiles formed the largest group of prewar industrial products, and made the country an important customer for the cotton exported from our southern states. It is estimated that about one million bales of cotton are required each year to keep the Czechoslovakian textile factories busy.

The textile industry is centered at Bratislava, which is Czechoslovakia's main port on the Danube, to which vessels of a thousand tons can come at all seasons. In spite of the financial difficulties of Central Europe a market for the finished product seems assured. Every country in Central Europe needs textiles.

Skoda Works Transformed.

The great Skoda munition works at Pilsen, the main source of Austro-Hungarian war materials, were as famous in their way as the Krupp factories at Essen, Germany. They are still fully capable of making some of the most powerful of war engines, but in these days of peace for Czechoslovakia there has been a striking transformation. While guns and swords are not literally being beaten into plowshares, the machinery which has turned out every variety of ordnance in the past is now busily engaged in making tools, locomotives, car wheels, printing presses, and various other implements of industry, transportation, and enlightenment.

Bohemia is known, too, for its glass. One of the important centers of glass factories is what a younger generation of geography students were taught to call Karlsbad, one of the world's best known watering places. The town's new Czechoslovakian name is Karlovy Vary, a change which to the outsider seems very much like the deliberate destruction of a valuable trade-mark. Czechoslovakian glass is best known, perhaps, by two special products, the so-called amethyst glass and emerald glass.

Sugar, Beer and Water.

In the northern portion of the republic, near large fields of sugar beets, are located numerous sugar factories which turn out large quantities of this product. Before the war about \$10,000,000 worth of sugar was sent out annually from the territory which now constitutes Czechoslovakia. One of the most recent suggestions for facilitating the export of American cotton to Czechoslovakia is that sugar from that country be exchanged for the cotton.

The name alone of Pilsen (now Plzen) tells in part the story of another important industry of Czechoslovakia. It is the raising of hops, the preparation of malt and the brewing of the famous Pilsener and other beers. Both the raw materials and the finished products have always been exported in large quantities. An industry that may seem in a way a striking contrast to that of brewing, is the sale of waters from the famed springs of the new republic. Bottling mineral water may not sound like a big industry but the mineral waters of the Bohemian and Moravian health resorts are widely sold. One peculiar thing in traveling in Europe is that on the restaurant cars one is forced to drink the mineral water of the country through which he is passing.

Slovakian Paper Industry.

Slovakia is not so highly organized along industrial lines as is Bohemia but it has vast forests and already there are many paper mills, some of them still running under the old Hungarian names. But these are all small affairs and so far the paper and wood pulp industry has not been developed to anything like the proportions which could be reached in a stable, industrious Europe. In Slovakia, too, one may see bentwood chairs being made for the American market.

Czechoslovakia is short of coal but this may be a good thing in the long run, for Slovakia is one vast storehouse of hydraulic power and there is enough unused water power among the Slovakian hills and in the fashionable high Tatra region to run all the factories that are likely to be started for a long time to come. The Tatra mountains are rivals of the Swiss Alps for scenery. There the wealth and aristocracy of Hungary have been accustomed to go for generations for mountain-climbing and other outdoor recreations.

While Bohemia, the land of the Czechs, is predominantly an industrial country, Slovakia, the home of the Slovak portion of the partnership is at present chiefly agricultural. There are to be found the quaintest and most artistic of the peasant costumes of the republic, which are a never-ending delight. The men wear white shirts, embroidered at wrists and throat and faultlessly laundered, a thickly braided vest, wide white trousers, high boots, and a round topped hat circled by a wide figured band.

How the Women Dress.

The women run the whole gamut of color and a group of them makes a picture on which the eye must linger. Their skirts of plain black reach only a few inches below the knees. Just below the waist is a line of fine embroidery. Their stockings are thick and serviceable. Some have small square colored designs knitted into the dull black. Their shoes are stout and usually high cut. High soft leather boots are worn by some. The jacket which reaches to the waist may also be plain except for an applique design of hand-made lace.

Where then is the colorfulness of the women's costumes? It is in the gay and striking head-dress and apron. White and red are the favorite colors for the head shawls, but the aprons—the real adornment for which the other clothes seem merely the background—are every color under heaven—bright green, changeable to gold; yellow with a silver overlight, pink, blue, carise and all the other colors that feminine fancy may choose. When a few hundred of these gaily-colored aprons are displayed in one moving picture, the scene is a charming one indeed.

The hand-work that of old was put upon women's costumes, utilizing as its materials home-made vegetable dyes, produced artistic results. But with the growth of industrialism less and less of this old-fashioned work is being done. Aniline dyes are being substituted and machinery is being called upon to turn out its products quickly and in great volume. The factories, too, are attracting to the towns the women who would have engaged in the home work. Thus gradually the arts of the past are being lost.

Even from the tiny villages of Slovakia, hitherto the stronghold of rural customs, young girls are going to the cities. They have neither time nor energy to do the fine needlework that made their mother's costumes things of beauty, nor money to purchase similar clothes made by others. They are coming more and more to wear white hats with wide brims, spotlessly white dresses, and white stockings and slippers. These newer costumes are charming but lack the beauty and individuality of the old.

BOARS MUST GO

French Government Decries Their Extermination.

Lovers of the Chase Will Regret the Passing of Animal that Furnished Good Sport.

British soldiers may regret the fact, remarks an editorial writer in the Manchester Guardian, that the French government has declared war to the death against the wild boar . . . but the extermination will be a lively process.

"The British soldier's piquant sense of the forefigness of France was renewed when he marched through Amiens about Christmas time and saw a newly killed wild boar hanging by the heels outside a butcher's shop, with all his dark bristles still on him," says the Guardian.

"Half the French country houses in which our staffs lived had on their walls one or more heads of wild boars killed by the men of the family in the splendid forests of Crecy or Hesdin, where British officers out riding in leisure hours would often see a mighty sow cross a glade or scamper along outside the fringe of the forest, attended by her litter of fast-trotting sucklings.

"The noble savage is now to be hunted, shot, trapped and assailed with every form of frightfulness till he goes the way of the bear, and draws back his western outposts into the Black forest and some of the other great forests of Germany, Austria and Russia, where he is still much valued as a beast of venery. At any rate, he has held his ground in western central Europe longer than the bear, who dares not show his nose out of the western edge of the thick forests of pine and scrub in the lower Engadine, near Zerneth. The bear, too, had a bad time during his last efforts to subsist further west. One of the last certified appearances of the bear in the canton of Berne—except in the celebrated bear-pit of its principal town—was in 1792, when a redoubtable specimen settled at the Little Scheidegg, now beloved of tourists, near Grindelwald, and abandoning the seemingly vegetarian habits of his race, ate any sheep he could catch on either slope of the pass.

"He seems to have set up a reign of terror comparable to that of the famous Great Dog of Ennerdals in our lake district, but he was at last slain in single combat by a Grindelwald youth, whom he endeavored to embrace and who broke his skull with the butt end of a musket, after partly filling him with lead. The victor in this gentle and joyous passage of arms was given 20 francs by a grateful canton. Money used to go further then.

"Our last English wild boar was probably dead before the Eighteenth century was born, though the family may have hung on rather longer in out-of-the-way parts of the Highlands, now happy in possessing likewise the only British specimens of the wildcat. Evidently the wild boar, while he lasted, was very much in people's minds. Witness the names of the taverns, Falstaff's and others, and also his place of honor as one of the four heraldic beasts of the class and as the crest of Richard III. He seems to have preceded the turkey as the staple thing to eat on Christmas day, and a trace of this greatness survives in the custom of serving up a boar's head at dinner on Christmas day in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford."

Spanish-American Art in West.

Experts tell us that out of the welter of noble efforts, salutary aspirations, abject misery and ignoble moral corruption, another form of ornamental design is appearing that has a character all its own and yet can pass by the name of Spanish-American art. This new form of esthetic activity is proving a fanciful and most artistic character as well as being most utilitarian in its methods of construction. Such is the art now growing up in California, New Mexico and Arizona.

The great southwest playground, in its careless and casual life, is doing America a great service by demonstrating how ancient principles of art and handicrafts, founded on the sternest necessities of economy, struggling against untold hardships, designed house furnishings that combined art with the simplest lines and the most economical methods of construction. It is quite evident that if our housing problems are to be solved in a constructive manner we must realize that there can be beauty in simplicity and even in poverty.

Delhi Capital of India.

Because of its rich history as the fountain-head of power in India, Delhi—not Calcutta, which was then the capital—was chosen in 1877 as the site of the durbar, or gathering of native kings and princes, at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed empress of India. Again in 1903 Delhi was chosen when a durbar was held to crown King Edward VII emperor, and once more in 1911 when George V assumed that title. On the latter occasion the new emperor announced that this ancient city of emperors would be restored as the capital of India and its 250,000,000 subjects.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Unwritten.

"We are told that Russia now has many unwritten laws."

"It seems probable," said Miss Cayenne. "The laws appear at times to change so rapidly that no typist could keep up with them."

FELT LIKE AN IRON BAND AROUND HEAD

Mrs. Osborne Says She Shudders When She Thinks How She Suffered.

"For years," said Mrs. V. B. Osborne, of 718 Lancaster Ave., Lexington, Ky., "I have been in a run-down condition; nervous, weak and dizzy. I was acutely so nervous that any sudden noise or excitement would produce a palpitation of my heart that frightened me. I absolutely could not climb stairs, for to attempt such would thoroughly exhaust me.

"I had nervous headaches and when they came on it seemed that an iron band was drawn tight around my head. I now shudder when I think of those headaches. My stomach was weak and I could not digest the lightest liquid food. Any food of a solid nature caused nausea and the sickening sensation remained for hours.

"My misery was almost unbearable. My sleep was never sound and I was worn out all the time. My condition was indeed a very deplorable one. I finally sought treatment in Cincinnati, but nothing helped me one particle. I was on the verge of giving up in despair when a neighbor pleaded with me to try Tanlac. I obtained a bottle of the medicine and began its use.

"I began improving at once and soon felt my nervousness and dizziness disappearing. Then my headaches left me and I realized my strength had returned. My appetite and digestion improved and I am now so much better in every way. This Tanlac is a wonderful medicine and the only one that ever really helped me. I hope every poor woman who is suffering as I did will try it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

About Colors.

Is your room small? Then avoid yellow and red in its furnishing. They are warm colors and make a room look small. Use grays and violets to give a "roomy" effect.

BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH

Mrs. Williams Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her in Health

Overpeck, O.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me both before and after my baby was born. I suffered with backache, headache, was generally run down and weak. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and decided to try it. Now I feel fine, take care of my two boys and do my own work.

I recommend your medicine to anyone who is ailing. You may publish my testimonial if you think it will help others."—Mrs. CARRIE WILLIAMS, Overpeck, Ohio.

For more than forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring women to health who suffered from irregularities, displacements, backaches, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues." Today there is hardly a town or hamlet in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been made well by it. That is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for such ailments.

Enriching the Language.

"No doubt," says the Luray Herald, referring to the French brought back by our soldier boys, "our language will keep such expressions as bean tote, bone jar, billy dog, lugsery, auntra noo, fox paws, Jenny's pa, silver plate, three beans and toot sweet."—Boston Transcript.

A new size package! Ten for 10c. Very convenient. Dealers carry both; 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

BRICK AND BLOCK BUSINESS—Made poured concrete brick and blocks. Outside is inexpensive. Merrill Moore, Creston, Iowa.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 24-1921.