What "Doing Your Bit" Means

By CHARLES H. MOORE

(Copyright, 1917.)

How can I help my country?

The American man, woman or child who silently but sincerely has sought to answer this question has felt the first thrill of patriotism.

For such as these a new day has dawned. Their self-imposed question heralds the promise of personal sacrifice on their country's altar for justice and democracy.

How can I help my country?

Can't you hear the answer?

It comes as clear as a shout in the silent night.

It answers from out the trenches "Somewhere in France"—from bearded throats of war-worn soldiers, the mud-stained, blood-stained, nerve-racked men of steel—from the thin long lines that stand between you and death—from those who *ARE* doing their bit.

It cries out to you from the wastes of "no man's land" where, beneath burning suns or in pale moonlight crawling in shell holes with the dead, cruelly tortured and wounded in the strife of your ideals of liberty and democracy, are those who are doing their bit.

Your answer comes in the silence of heroes on hospital cots—they who with gritting teeth, suppress the slightest groan and who return the smile of the brave gentle Red Cross nurse, praying to recover that they may join again comrades in the first line—to give their all with those who are doing their bit.

From the whirr of the "plane" in its reckless climb in the clouds to prove itself "equal to a whole regiment," comes your answer—from those airmen of daring who dare to do their bit.

From the ships, from the trenches, from the factories, from the farms, the voice of victory answers you, the victory of personal unselfishness over ambitious self.

Oh you, who could help if you would help, but who hesitate for self! Throw aside your convenience, your pride, your personal ambitions and do what you can do and commence doing right now.

You men, you women, you children, who claim to revere our national banner of stars and stripes—it's America first and not self that you must feel and live and battle for.

And you men of business. Will tax dodging and seeking "war profits" be the spirit with which *YOU* advance to do *YOUR* bit?

And you housewives. How many hungry families of these heroes at the front would the wasted scraps from your larders of plenty feed? Are *YOU* doing *YOUR* bit?

And you workers the whole land over? Would you willingly exchange your labor, your pay and your hours for those of a soldier in the trenches that you may steadfastly say you are doing your bit?

And you, people of wealth. Would you know what your bit is? Whether you frequent the churches or not, read your answer in the story of the *Widow's Mite and realize what share you must give if you would do your bit.

How much of the love for humanity is there in your soul?

Seek it out and put it to work unselfishly, for it is there and not elsewhere you will find your answer to what "doing your bit" means.

*Luke 21:1.

FOR THE POULTRY GROWER

Care of Hen House.

A clean, well ventilated hen house is an essential in profitable poultry keeping, according to N. L. Harris, superintendent of the poultry plant at the Kansas State Agricultural college.

No element is more neglected than proper care of the hen house, believes Mr. Harris. One essential in keeping the house in a sanitary condition is that it should be perfectly dry. A damp, poorly ventilated building is one of the most potent causes of weakened constitutions in fowls, and a resulting diseased condition.

The house should be disinfected thoroughly in warm weather at least every ten days. The disinfectant may be any of the commercial stock dips mixed with water to a strength of 3 per cent, or a solution of water, crude carbolic acid and kerosene.

A weakened condition, due to poorly cleaned houses, does not immediately effect the income. The results often are not noticed until the molting period when the fowls are more debilitated than at any other season.

It is a well-known fact that comfort among poultry is the keynote to success. Birds confined in houses infested with vermin as a result of unsanitary conditions are not comfortable and will not return profit for work or investment. The house should be so constructed as to allow circulation of fresh air, and where possible a liberal supply of sunshine. Sunshine should penetrate to all roosting quarters of the hen house since sunshine is unequalled as a germicide. It is not advisable to have the front of the house so open as to allow the wind to blow directly on the fowls, but they breathe much more rapidly than many other animals hence require large quantities of oxygen.

This applies alike to growing chicks and mature fowls. They are often confined in small, poorly ventilated coops from which they emerge in the morning in a semi-stupid state due to lack of oxygen during the night.

In all matters pertaining to the care of the poultry house, attention should be given to the comfort of the fowls since this is one essential to successful poultry culture.

Getting Even.

"Isn't it funny?" said Gladys, curiously, to her chum, Phyllis. "Father has promised to give me a pair of diamond earrings if I will stop having music lessons. I wonder why?"

"That's strange!" agreed Phyllis. "But you've never worn earrings, have you?"

"No. I shall have to get my ears pierced."

"That explains it," said Phyllis, an innocent smile curving her ruby lips. "He wants to pay you back in your own coin."

Suitor Not Offended When Door Is Shut in His Face

"The emotion 'love' is almost unknown amongst the people, and marriage is more a commercial bargain than an affair of the heart. . . . Except in a few cases, affection does not enter into the question of matrimony at all." So writes Nurse Hedderman in a book dealing with her relief work in the south isle of Arau, off the coast of Ireland.

The prospective suitor does not seem to enjoy "popping the question" to his future wife, and the method he adopts is nothing if not a thorough business-like undertaking. According to Nurse Hedderman, he starts forth in the small hours of the morning, usually during the Christmas holidays, accompanied by one or two friends. He knocks at the door of some suitable father-in-law, and if his suit is considered he is permitted to enter. All the family join in greeting him, and the bond is sealed without further ado.

Should it happen, however, that he is rejected, an order is issued from within to quit the premises. This repulse does not unnerve him; nor does he resent the dismissal at the time, but plucks up more courage, reappearing at another door to demand a bride on somewhat similar terms.

All Fats Should Be Saved To Reduce Shortage Which World Faces, Says Expert

The United States is confronted by a shortage of sugar and fats. The world has been facing a shortage of fats for two or three years. Fats and sugar are necessary human foods and since they serve practically the same purpose an increase of the supply of fats will serve to relieve the sugar shortage. The supply can be increased in two ways, by production and by conservation. Conservation offers immediate relief and is the quickest way of increasing the supply.

A large amount of fat is wasted in the average home because members of the family, especially the youngsters, do not like fat meat. A large percent, therefore, of the fat served in the American home finds its way to the garbage can. Where hogs or poultry are kept this is not entirely wasted, but these animals can obtain this energy-producing food from other sources which offer a cheaper supply.

P. F. Trowbridge of the University of Missouri college of agriculture, offers the following suggestions for conserving this important food: "All clean fats should be saved and rendered for edible fats (lard substitutes). Beef and mutton fats are hard and do not work in the kitchen as readily as the softer fats. Mix these fats with lard or refined cottonseed oil and a very satisfactory cooking fat is obtained. If mutton fat be rendered with milk (sour milk is even better than sweet) the objectionable flavor will be almost entirely eliminated. Poultry fat should never be thrown away but rendered for use in cooking. All grease and non-edible fat scraps in the home at all seasons and especially at butchering time should be rendered and saved for soap making.

"The government needs the fats," said Doctor Trowbridge. "We need them ourselves. The starving people of Europe need them. A waste of any kind of food at this time is unpatriotic."

HAVE A SMILE

Pleasant for Him.

Bobby (entertaining sister's beau)—Effie told me yesterday you was born to be a politician.

Mr. Simpton—A politician? Why does she think that?

Bobby—That's what ma asked her, and she said because you can do so much talkin' without committing yourself.

Muzzle Not the Ox.

Manager (excitedly)—Where is the apple to put on Tell's son's head? There isn't a moment to lose.

Stage Director—Tell ate it up because you refused to advance him money yesterday, and he said he was hungry.

A Generous Daughter.

Aged Admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me can give you.

Miss De Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well! Marry my mother!

A Vengeful Spirit.

Nurse (to bawling boy)—Why, Bobby, aren't you ashamed? I wouldn't cry that way if it was my hair that was being combed.

Bobby (fiercely)—I'll bet you would if I was doin' the combin'.

Too Modern.

She—You don't hear these good old-fashioned hymns sung any more at church.

He—I guess you are right. The congregation broke down last Sunday in singing "Old Hundred."

She—What was the trouble?

He—The organist tried to rag it by playing it fifty-fifty.

Reformed.

Mrs. Henpeck—I married you to reform you.

Mr. Henpeck—You succeeded. I'll never marry again if I live to be 1,000 years old.

Not Broke Enough.

Tailor—Cannot you give me a check on account?

Cholly—I would, old chap, only I think that I have a balance at the bank.

Wise and Otherwise.

Duties of other people are always duly clear to us.

The owner of a smart dog does most of the barking.

Life is one continuous round of unfinished business.

Weak is the man who hasn't strength enough to break a good resolution.

A woman likes to have people say that she is young looking and is a member of an old family.

It's as difficult to convince a stubborn man as it is to fasten a windmill by running corn through it.

It may be all right for a woman to marry in haste and repent at leisure, but a married man has no leisure.

Careless Papa.

They are telling this one, which may or may not be true, in the centers of civilization along the eastern seaboard.

A youth hired as an office boy by a New York concern was explaining to his employer the necessity for his having steady employment.

"You see," he said, "I have to help support my mother because papa isn't with us any more."

"Is he dead?" asked the head of the concern, sympathetically.

"No, sir; he's not dead, but they've got him in jail."

"In jail! What for?"

"Well, sir, he used to work in a bank over in Jersey, and they accused him of taking samples home."—Saturday Evening Post.

Stern Destiny

By Maurice Evans Talcott

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Roscoe Waldron turned at the gateway of the house he had just left and re-entered it. Its mistress had not accompanied him to the door and it stood open as he had left it. She had been stunned, dazed, when he had completed his mission by handing her a cold, formal legal document that crushed all of hope and independence that was left to her.

It was a handsome, though antiquated structure, surrounded by what had once been attractive grounds. It was sad to contemplate, and the thought had actuated his return, that he had just delivered to Elva Darlington the document which announced to her that it would be her home no longer.

Waldron entered the hall and paused at the door of the great parlor. She sat where he had left her. Her hands were twisted together, her classic face set stonily; her eyes were fixed upon vacancy. There was not the quiver of a muscle. And if some dread power that paralyzed and deadened had passed over her, she sat rigid as some statue. He advanced into the room. She shivered and looked up, mute despair in her bloodless face as he spoke.

"Miss Darlington," he said, in a tone of ineffible respect, and as well of sadness, "I tell you I am sorry that, as a representative of the attorneys of the mortgagee of this property, I was compelled to advise you that the foreclosure proceedings will be begun next week, unless the principal and delinquent interest of the mortgage are paid. This, as I know, you cannot meet, as one familiar with all the circumstances, I would not be much of a man to withhold a suggestion that might relieve you from your dilemma."

He could but note the eager, pleading expression of hope that stole into eyes to hold to steady composure.

"The sum of two thousand dollars must be paid," he went on. "I have

A White-Faced, Staring-Eyed Human Being.

one thousand dollars of my own in bank. I am willing to loan you this money on your plain note indefinitely, without interest, if your friends or relatives will make up the balance. I feel sure if you have the time you can eventually sell the property for many times the sum of the mortgage."

"But oh!" breathed Miss Darlington tumultuously, "I cannot bear even to sell the dear old house. I have few friends. My dead brother was my only near relative."

"Take heart of hope," spoke Waldron in a voice unsteady with emotion and quivering with resolve. "Let me think over this situation, which appeals to all that is sympathizing with my nature. I feel sure some way will be found to save the property. May I call upon you again tomorrow?"

She bowed her head in assent. She could not speak. Her glance read into the very soul of this complete stranger who held out a hand to save her. Thus Roscoe Waldron left her, never before in his young life so stirred up mentally.

The pathos and sorrow in the situation were well adapted to impress a true-hearted, impressionable young man. Up to two years previous Elva Darlington and her brother Vincent had lived in the old home. Their parents had left it in debt. Young Darlington was able to earn only a limited income in Leeville. He had gone West to better his conditions. At the end of a year he wrote Elva that he was about to return; that he had been successful, his letter breathing entire hope and elation.

Vincent Darlington arrived at Leeville, found the house locked up and his sister, who had not known precisely the day of his return, absent nursing a friend in a neighboring town. He went to a hotel, was bright and cheery in meeting his friends and acquaintances, and retired about midnight. The next morning Vincent Darlington was found dead in his bed. His hand grasped a revolver, upon the handle of which his initials were scratched. Powder marks showed around the death wound, indicating close range explosion, and a verdict of suicide was returned by the coroner's jury.

Stricken, crushed as she was, Elva Darlington resented this decision. She was able to learn, trying to trace the movements of her brother, that where he changed trains he met Mark Upton, now a worthless vagabond. He was seen to give Upton some money. It was sought to find Upton later, but he had drifted away. His watch and other jewelry were found on Darlington, and a small amount of money. His life was insured for $5,000, Elva being the beneficiary named, but the insurance company resisted payment on the ground of suicide.

So, Elva was left without a relative in the world, homelessness staring her in the face, for she could not hope to pay off the mortgage when it was due, and hence the visit of Roscoe Waldron.

The latter was in a serious, thoughtful mood as he entered the one hotel the town afforded. He noticed the name across the front, "Sanganash House," and he remembered that to be the name of the hotel where Vincent Darlington had met his death. Then he recalled a fact that was a startling coincidence. Waldron looked over the papers at the city office, giving details of the suicide.

"June twenty-seventh!" he murmured. "Just a year to-night since the tragedy occurred."

"We can't give you a single room. Would you mind a double-bedded one? You see, we are overcrowded on account of the farmers' convention," spoke the clerk, when Waldron asked for accommodations for the night.

"I would prefer a single room," expressed Waldron.

"Let him have twenty-four," spoke the proprietor in a half undertone, sidling up to the clerk.

"Twenty-four!" Waldron experienced a quick thrill. He distinctly recalled noticing in the old account of the suicide that 24 was the number of the room Vincent Darlington had occupied. He felt a certain squeamishness. Then he drove away the superstitious dread that probably made the room banal with the direct residents of the district.

Waldron went up to his room after his evening meal. He found it slightly stuffy, as though it had not been aired for some time. He sat in a chair, thinking deeply, for nearly two hours. Then, without disrobing, he lay down on the bed.

He had not intended to go to sleep, but he did. All was still when he awoke, except the stroke of a distant bell tolling out the hour of midnight. He had left the lamp burning. Abruptly his attention was directed to the window, as a slight noise echoed from that direction.

With a wild start, an irresistible ejaculation, Waldron arose in bed. Through a pane in the window he saw clinging to a heavy water pipe that ran beside it a white-faced, staring-eyed human being, a man who glared within the room like some restless wraith.

As Waldron arose, this being or apparition in turn uttered a curdling shriek. There was a clatter, the water pipe had given way, the uncanny visitant had fallen to the ground below.

Waldron hurried to the window, opened it and peered below. The man lay prone across a stretch of brick walk. Waldron ran from the room, down the stairs, past the drowsy night clerk, and around to the side of the building outside. The victim of the unsafe water pipe lay insensible. Filled with all kinds of strange thoughts, Waldron lifted him and carried him into the hotel. He shouted to the clerk:

"A man hurt, perhaps dying—send for a doctor!"

"It is not a doctor I want," gasped the victim of the accident, opening his eyes. "I'm done for."

"Mark Upton!" exclaimed the clerk, recognizing the injured man.

"Yes, I—I came back. I was driven here—to the room where I robbed and killed Vincent Darlington. Remorse has haunted me. I in turn was robbed of the money that tempted me when Darlington showed it in giving me enough to keep me from starving. Send for an officer of the law. I wish to make a confession."

It was made, the man died within the hour, and by daylight Elva Darlington knew from Roscoe Waldron that her brother's name was freed from the reproach of suicide and that the old homestead was saved.

She commissioned Waldron to act as her representative in dealing with the insurance company and settling the mortgage. He could have transacted all direct business with Miss Waldron by mail. Only too eager, however, was he to again view that lovely face. The second visit to Leesville was a mere subterfuge, but Elva had grown to depend upon this unselfish friend, who had been the means of solving the mystery and the misery of her young life.

And one bright day became the brightest of their lives—that upon which they joined hearts and hands to pursue their life journey together.

Fate and Fancy.

Many of us feel that Fate has not treated us fairly—that if we had had such and such an opportunity how full and satisfying life would be, says a student of human nature. But Fate is pretty accurate, after all. If we only look around us we will discover and all too quickly, that those whom we consider more "fortunate" have as much and even more to contend than we have.

Build Moonshades.

Mountain campers who scorn tents and sleep "in the open," have devised "moonshades" to shield their eyes at night, so that their slumbers may not be disturbed by the brilliant reflected light from the earth's satellite. The shade consists of a square of canvas stretched between the upper ends of two pointed stakes, which are driven into the ground in any desired position.

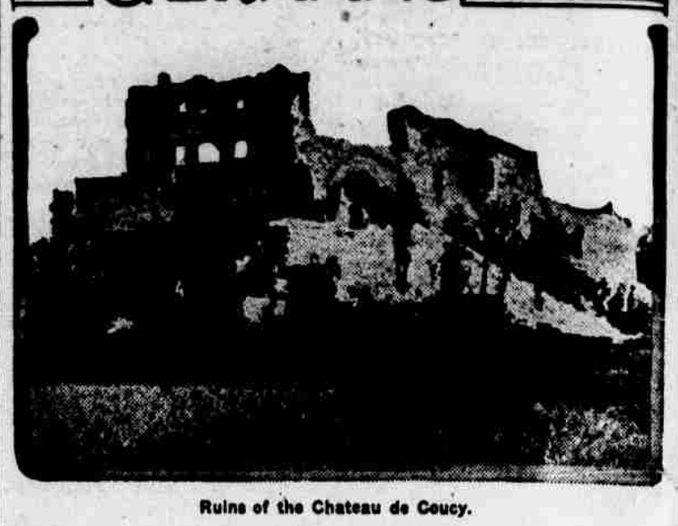
Causeless Alarm.

"I saw a hair-raising performance downtown tonight."

"Gracious goodness! What was it?"

"A barber rubbing a bald head with a tonic

FAMED CHATEAU DESTROYED by GERMANS



Ruins of the Chateau de Coucy.

THE Castle of the Sires of Coucy razed to the ground, bombed by the fleeing enemy. This was the brief, bald communique which struck a blow to French hearts second only in force to that delivered by the shower of steel rained for two years and a half on the famous cathedral at Reims, writes Blanche McManus in the Chicago Herald.

It was the spring before that summer cloudburst of war. We had opened that day for the first reading the "Ballades Francaises" of that eccentric and celebrated poet of the "quartier"—legitimate successor of him who gave fame to the long-departed Cafe Procope—Paul Fort; opened it, too, at his adorable musical tribute dedicated to this same grand old Chateau de Coucy.

Built some 600 years ago by a haughty seigneur by the name of Enguerrand, third of the line of Coucy, it was handed down for two centuries. Then a royal Louis of the reigning Orleans family, who evidently had a pretty taste in castles, having just built its splendid rival, the neighboring Chateau de Pierrefonds (also in the zone des armees but not yet liberated), bought it for 400,000 livres tournois, a unit of reckoning comparable to the franc of today.

After the usual martial vicissitudes of the times Cardinal Richelieu, in the seventeenth century, gave the fabric its first hard knock by ordering it dismantled as a fortress of the time. But its mighty walls resisted well, although the interior was gutted. Thereafter its debris served as a quarry for all the neighborhood, and it is easy to see that the solid houses of the little town huddling about the walls were built chiefly of its stones. Some sixty years ago it entered into the public domain of the French government, who commissioned the great French architect, Violette-le-Duc, master of modern Gothic, to restore it to the extent of consolidating its stately shell against further disintegration; then, too, it came to be officially classed as a monument historique and remained the most splendid feudal bastile of all Europe and a joy and a marvel to the eyes of all who came within its spell.

Everything Within Its Walls.

So much for history. Now for its reality, at least up to a few months ago. The Chateau of Coucy is the most perfect example of the self-contained mode of existence on earth and should make the commuting suburbanite blush for his wandering life. Everything for the requirements of the dwellers within was held also within its mighty grip, surrounded by its four towering stories of defenses, taller in their ensemble than many a cathedral spire. First the encircling outer wall, behind which in the old days lived the serfs in their wooden huts, but today inclosing the sleepy little village so typical of northern France. There was a rampart promenade, along which we followed, punctuated with the thirty-two tours of other days, and with but three gateways, one leading to Laon, one to Soissons, one to Chauny, all of them towns which are making rapid history at this moment. Here were gathered the tiny shops, the markets where provisions were brought from where they were grown in the fields below the walls.

Next the second ring of walls, surrounded by a deep moat opening only at one massive gateway. We crossed its drawbridge, still hung by the rusty chains of other days. These inclosed the working parts of the chateau, an orchard and a quaint formal garden in which the family took their airings. Circled about were the stables, retainers' quarters, guardhouses, armory, poultry yard, dairy, the falconry, cellars, storerooms, kitchens and all the attendant paraphernalia necessary to the care and comfort of the thousands of henchmen that rallied about the standard of Coucy.

In the center rose a chapel the original nucleus of the chateau. Foundations and a grass plot are all that remain. The fourth defense was the chateau proper, a great quadrangle as spacious as most chateaux in their ensemble. Each corner was crowned with a great cylindrical tower more than a hundred feet in height, their walls nearly five yards thick.

Then came the final defense, the great donjon tower, the kernel of the impregnable nut which has never been cracked, nearly 200 feet in height, 100 feet in diameter and at the base 30 odd feet thick, the most nearly perfect example of the medieval architecture of defense.

In 1914, a month after the opening of hostilities, the gray wave of the German army of invasion had swept over Coucy. Its great towers command the greater part of the battlefield over which writhe three armies in their titanic struggle. For this reason the enemy placed their anti-aircraft guns and searchlights on the topmost tower. When in the middle of March they finally uprooted themselves for the first time since the beginning from their trenches and began their backward goosestep out of France, it was not likely that in the holocaust of destruction which they left in their way, which included children's toys, family photographs and the doghouse, they would forget the Chateau of Coucy.

As the horizon-blue lines of the French vagues of soldiery came within sight of the huge pile of their nation's proudest medieval monument, so long hidden from their sight, thunderous explosions rent the fair sky of springtime above Coucy, and they saw with horror its great towers totter and fall through the veil of smoke. With an almost human groan there came to their ears the rending crash of the enormous fissure which broke through the stern heart of the great donjon. And so at last was cracked the kernel of the nut which had remained impregnable for 600 years.

COAST LINE OF BELGIUM

Nearly All of It, in Peace Time, Given Over to Seaside and Rest Resorts.

Perhaps in no other war in modern history have a few miles counted for as much in the scales of victory as in the present contest in west Flanders, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. The distance which separates the allied forces from full control of the coast of Belgium is only thirty miles. Possession of these thirty miles of coast line would not only wipe out the German submarine bases in Belgium, but it would also give the allies a new front upon which to attack in an effort to drive the enemy out of Belgium and northern Europe. Possession of this coast, therefore, would be a double victory to the allies, solely hampering the enemy's submarine operations, and at the same time affording an opportunity to roll up his right flank on land.

Nowhere else may be found a more striking contrast between peace and war than that afforded by the Belgian coast in 1913 and 1917. Practically the entire coast line in normal times is given up to the pleasures of the seaside cities and rest resorts. La Panne, Coxyde-Plage Oost-Duinkerke, Nieuport-Bains Westende, Middelkerke, Le Coq-sur-Mer, Wenduyne-sur-Mer, Blankenberghe, Heyst-sur-Mer and Knocke-sur-Mer are all places which remind one of the seaside cities of New Jersey.

Something New Under Sun.

New Zealand is considering the production of salt from sea water, utilizing its easily available hydroelectric power.

Among the merry-go-round novelties is an attachment that makes the wooden horses go over hurdles in a realistic manner.

Aluminum street cars have been adopted by a Swiss railway because of the metal's lightness and rust-defying qualities.

To provide a new food product, the United States bureau of fisheries will experiment with canning and corning seal meat.

Apparatus using a pivoted arm that is strapped to a man's shoulder has been invented in England to teach correct golf strokes.

An electric fan features a new filter to cool the water as it passes through fabric tubes by evaporation [illegible] from heavy [illegible] the use of ice.

Age Matter of Illusion.

We are never old, that is, we never cease easily to be young, for all life at the same time; youth is an army, the whole battalion of our faculties and our freshnesses, our passions, and our illusions, on a considerably reluctant march into the enemy's country, the country of the general lost freshness; and I think it throws out at least as many stragglers behind as skirmishers ahead—stragglers who often catch up but belatedly with the main body, and even in many a case never catch up at all. Or under another figure it is a book in several volumes, and even at this a mere instalment of the large library of life, with a volume here and there closing, as something in the clap of its covers may assure us, while another remains either completely agape or kept open by a fond finger thrust in between the leaves.—Henry Jones, in Scribner's.

The fly wheel of a new internal combustion engine for light duty forms a fan that forces air around the cylinders to cool it.

Torpedo-Proof Armor?

From Italy comes the news that a technical commission has decided patents should be issued for an armor plate which will resist torpedoes. Against such protection the most powerful explosives put in torpedoes are said to batter in vain.

Assuming the improbable, says the Toledo Blade, this invention would bring a new phase to the war, restoring the dominion of the defense over the offensive, releasing convoying warships for sterner business. This would constitute something like revolution in the methods of warfare. For that reason, if no other, it must be suspected that the Italian story is a hoax. Such revolutions come not in a jump, but slowly over a long period of years.

May Utilize Locusts.

Because locusts are rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid the government of Uruguay has appointed a commission to ascertain if the insects cannot be utilized in fertilizers, soap and lubricants.

Stove-Heated Garden.

The garden of James Swartz of Holter Dam, Mont., is heated by a stove from the inside, and is protected on the outside by a curtain which is lowered about it on a frame. The garden is seven feet square and consists of a series of terraces built around a hollow center to a height of ten feet. Mr. Swartz believes this arrangement will permit a longer growing season.

Strict Accounting.

A business man requires those who handle money to account for all expenditures, holds an employee responsible for the full amount trusted to him and demands vouchers for all disbursements. Even then he may not be satisfied without a cash audit by an accountant. Material should be accounted for on exactly the same theory as cash itself (although possibly less rigorously), says Stephen Gilman, in Industrial Management.

The king of Siam has a bodyguard of 400 trained and armed women doing service in his capital.

Early Day Buttons.

The ancients lacked buttons—one wonders, indeed, how they got along without them—but evidently they possessed studs of modern pattern, such as those with which we fasten our cuffs and collars. And, in truth, they did even have a kind of button (though not sewn on), which fastened garments with a pin and hook exactly in the way our brooches and clasp pins operate.—Exchange.

Dream Makes Author.

A well-known dream in which the facts are vouched for is that of R. L. Stevenson. This popular writer could dream when he liked, and could complete an unfinished dream of the previous night. According to Mr. James Payn, himself a famous author, Stevenson had a nightmare of a dual personality, and on that basis wrote the novel of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."—Tit-Bits.

The cultivation of tagety beans is something new in the state of Chihuahua. This legume came up from Mexico.