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Meaning of "Solo"
The word Solo, which means "so frequently in the Psalm is usually believed to be a direction to the musicians who chanted the Psalms in the temple. Matthewson, the great musical critic, wrote a book on the subject, in which, after rejecting a number of theories, he came to the conclusion that it is equivalent to the modern "da capo," and is a direction that the air or song is to be repeated from the commencement to the part where the word is placed.

Importance of Good Health.
Good health of itself is no sure, does not sum up the whole secret of personality. But it is a most important element, as you will presently appreciate when you adopt rules of living that result in a constant bettering of your health. You will begin to feel more self-reliant. You will attack business matters more masterfully. You will feel it far easier to sway others by your personal influence.—H. Addison Bruce, in Chicago News.

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"Baby Bonds" and "Baby Beef"

By C. M. MORRISON.

It appears that the "Baby Bond" and "Baby Beef" idea got tangled up in the boyish brain of Bobby Young, at or about the same time. "Bob" was, officially, Robert Young, Jr. But his old man considered that he himself was the author of the classic phrase: "I can take one mule and one nigger and show you more about farmin' on one 40 acres than all these book-farmin' fellers can show you on a hull quarter section."

Well, what are you going to do about it, when you have a father who is no thicker than that back of the ears, and who is just that narrow between the eyes? It looks like there wasn't much room for argument, don't it?

Bob wasn't much of a youngster to argue, anyway. He had got hold of the pure-bred beef idea and then the "Baby Beef" scheme got planted in his gray matter. He had it all figured out that if he could get hold of the right kind of stock he could feed some young beef steers that would be just about the slickest things that ever stepped on a feedlot scale. But to get the right kind of steers and to hold and have them in his own name and be-hoof, so to speak—well, that was a different kind of an animal.

The W. S. S. campaign hadn't got much more than well started till Bob was all interest. Savings accounts meant nothing in his young life and the only bank he had any dealings with was an old tin box that he kept his savings in and well hidden under a loose board in the attic. The words "Baby Bond" as applied to the War Savings Stamp of the Five-Dollar denomination kept ringing in his mind and he began to connect them up with his pet project about "Baby Beef."

Now with enough "Baby Bonds" it would be possible, after a while, to turn in and buy the raw material for his "Baby Beef" feeding project. It might take a year or two, though, and a year or two seemed a mighty long time to a youngster who was still wrestling with cube root and mensuration in the country school house, while he felt like he ought to be studying feeding tables and mastering the Babcock tester.

The thing to do was to make a start. Out of its dark hiding place under the oaken flooring of the old farm house came Bob's tin box. The next time the mail carrier came around he was somewhat surprised to see a freckled lad rise up out of the fence corner at the turn of the road and order three of the "Baby Bonds."

Bob was making his start. Somehow it seemed a lot easier to save money when you had something plainly before you that you wanted to do. Then, too, it looked like chances to make money, enough to go a good way toward buying another "Baby Bond," kept turning up.

The walnut trees seemed to understand that it was necessary for a boy to make a little more money than usual that fall, for the trees were laden and walnuts were never higher in price. Minks, muskrats and skunks were not inclined to walk obligingly into traps, but a good many of them got tangled up on the steel jaws of Victor and Newhouse before the trapping season was many weeks old.

With one thing and another the youngster who had set out to collect himself some "Baby Bonds" and some "Baby Beef" found himself in possession of about fourteen or fifteen of the "Bonds" by December 15. It had been a hard struggle and took a good deal of self denial, but there the W. S. S. were, all tucked away in the old tin box.

A day or so later, his mother's brother, a red-faced, brown-handed citizen of Wyoming, made the pilgrimage "back home." He had been growing Shorthorn beef out on the ranges and he loved, above all things, to talk beef, particularly Shorthorn beef. In Bob he found a kindred soul. He soon gave up Bob's father as a sort of a hopeless case, but he and the boy put in a lot of time together. It wasn't long, of course, until he had got at the whole story of the "babies," the "bonds" and the "beef."

"I'll tell you, Bob," he said as they sat by the kitchen fireplace on Christmas Eve. "This bond and beef scheme you've got in your head is mighty nigh to all right. It will be slow picking for you. But you keep hammering along now. My Christmas present to you this year, one of them, anyway, is going to be a promise.

"You keep going with this plan of yours and I'll back you in the beef end of the business. For every dollar that you will stick into the little 'bonds' by next Christmas I'll put up two dollars. I've a hunch that you will have about enough by that time to make a start on the beef end of your little old scheme."

"You little old green rascals," Bob addressed his "Baby Bonds" that night when he turned in, "looks like you've just about made good on your part of the job already. What's a year, anyway? I'll bet I have the slickest little old bunch of forced-fed steers one of these days you ever saw."

INTEREST TALKS.

Sing a song of Thrift Stamps.
Lay aside your coin,
For five and twenty W. S. S.,
The Savings League to join.
When the five years are ended,
Then the interest will sing,
"See how money grows and grows
If saving you begin."

THE RESULT

By MILDRED WHITE.

"She doesn't think I'm worth a pleasant word," Richard bewailed, "and I love her to distraction."

Fan's elder sister smiled.

"Fan usually appreciates what others prize," she suggested meaningly.

"You think," the lover asked, "that I ought to go about flirting with other girls in order to win Fan's favor? Well—I can't. Besides the other girls might not be so impressionable."

"Charming modesty," Eleanor laughed, but she realized the truth of the statement.

"It is strange," she said, "how all men young and old, flock about my little Fan. Of course, she is the dearest girl in the world, but she treats them all so mockingly, one would think they'd resent it. Her young heart has not yet been awakened. Dicky, and you have as good a chance as any. I have told you—Fan always desires the unobtainable. If you could make her just a bit jealous—"

"Of whom?" the man asked brusquely.

Eleanor considered.

Girls were inexplicable creatures. Far be it from herself to bring upon this earnest friend the reproach of a broken heart. Richard broke the silence.

"I know," he said, "great idea, if you will coincide. You shall be the object of my apparent adoration, Nell; I'll make love to you under Fan's saucy nose, and if she should become jealous we will take it for a sign."

"Me!" Eleanor gasped. "Oh! she wouldn't be jealous of me, Dicky. I'm too old, older even than you."

"By a few months," the man answered calmly, "and not observable to the other's eyes. You are safest guess, Nell. When the game is over you can return to—your knitting."

Eleanor gazed down at the colored wool in her hands. Something in the careless remark saddened her. Always, it seemed, that had been her lot. After the game was over—she returned to her knitting. At Fan's age she had been as gay and popular as she, but the merry game had not lasted long, for the arms of her small orphaned sister had reached out to her demanding loving protection. And Eleanor had not failed in the giving.

She wondered now wistfully, if Fan might not laugh at the very thought of herself as a rival.

"You cannot object if you would," Richard said. "I am determined to be your adoring slave. A certain red-gold head appears on the horizon. Kindly unwind this wool from my trembling fingers."

Eleanor laughed. Dicky had posed ridiculously at her feet with the crimson wool stretched between his hands. Obediently she began to unwind, as he watched her. The intoneness of his gaze brought a flush to Eleanor's cheek; it was an amusing game, the elder sister desperately restraining a girlish giggle as Fan came suddenly upon them.

"I want," Fan began promptly, "to go in my boat; please, get it for me, Dicky."

"Can't," Richard absently murmured. "Have to help Nell with this wool; afterward she's going to show me the view from the ridge."

The young girl's eyes widened.

"You mean," she asked, "that you don't want to go with me?"

"Not exactly that," Richard replied apologetically. He was evidently embarrassed; "Nell asked me first, you see—"

"Oh! all right," Fan answered airily. "Bobby will be glad to take me."

She was humming a tune as she left them, but the glance she threw at her sister was inquiring. Eleanor seemed happily oblivious.

Throughout days which followed, the elder sister often found that inquiring glance bent upon her. Richard persistently played his part. He formed a habit of reading aloud to Eleanor afternoons in a nook on the shore, plainly discernible from the bathing spot which Fan and her admirers frequented.

The game grew in interest and excitement. When the younger sister was absent they discussed in secret enjoyment her fancied symptoms of jealousy. Then one day Eleanor came to meet Richard vaguely troubled.

"Fan is with that Bobby person all the time," she said. "I thought at first that she was trying merely to pay you back in your own coin. But Bobby's a winsome lad. You'd better go back to her, Dicky, before it is too late."

So Richard went to take up his old allegiance. Fan proved strangely disappointing. He had never before realized her lack of appreciation for literature. He and Nell had so enjoyed those old books together, and Fan was frankly disinterested in his work. Nell had grasped with wonderful intuition the details of his business. Swimming and motoring were all right in their way, but one couldn't be dragged about in that sort of foolishness forever, he reflected; so for comfort Richard went back to the elder sister.

"I'm sorry for you Dicky, so sorry!" Nell began sympathetically. "Fan is actually engaged to Bobby."

"Thank goodness!" Richard was startled to hear himself exclaim. He paused. A red golden head showed in a doorway.

"I knew that you and Eleanor were meant for each other," triumphed the owner of the head. "But you were both so dreadfully slow—in finding it out." (Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

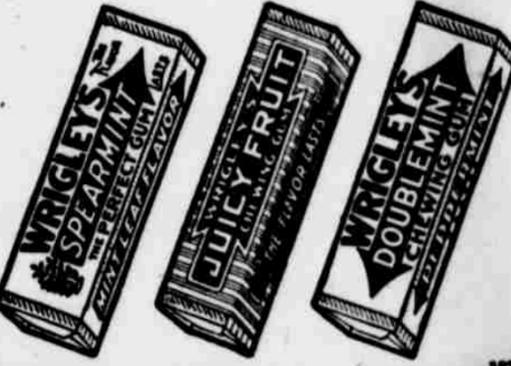
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