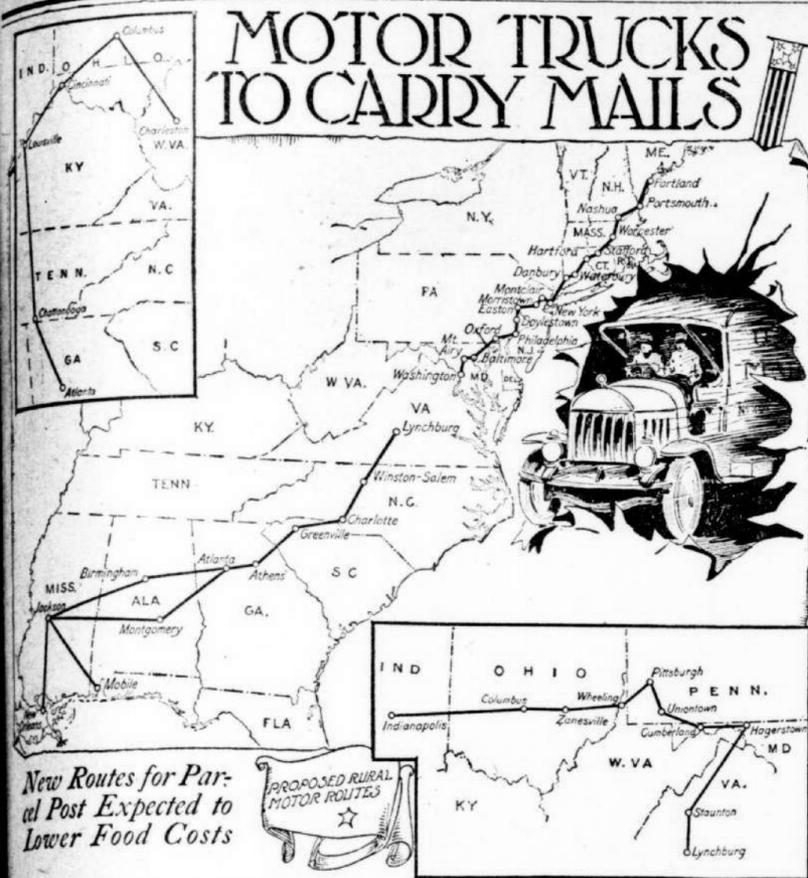


MOTOR TRUCKS TO CARRY MAILS



New Routes for Parcel Post Expected to Lower Food Costs

ITHIN, perhaps, the next few months motor truck parcel post routes will be in operation in various parts of the country, aggregating between 3,000 and 4,000 miles. One chain of motor routes will extend from Portland, Me., to New Orleans. Another will cover much of a large stretch of territory in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and West Virginia. On the Pacific coast routes will be established between San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., via Stockton and Fruitdale, a distance of 125 miles, and between Redlands and Los Angeles, Cal., via Ontario and Pomona, Cal., a distance of 75 miles.

It is the belief of the post office department that the operation of these routes, and others to be established, will materially aid in the distribution and in lowering the cost of food products.

The existing law does not provide for the employment of government-owned motor trucks or rural delivery routes, nor does it require the rural routes to use motor vehicles.

In the star route service, however, where the mail is carried under contract, a recent law permitted the post office department to designate the sort of vehicles to be employed, and in awarding new contracts the department will specify that motor trucks be employed on all routes where the roads are such as to admit of their use. These contracts are advertised in the Bidders, and where payment asked for the service is deemed to be excessive the department is authorized to provide government-owned motor trucks and to employ drivers for the operation of these routes.

A further extension of the employment of government-owned motor vehicles by its adoption for the parcel post service of the rural routes, will be made whenever congress enacts a law pending for that purpose.

Operating under the law as it now stands as applied to the star route service, motor truck routes, some under contract and some operated with government-owned motor trucks, are in operation as follows:

New York city to Port Jervis, N. Y., via Delhi, Montclair and Dover, N. J., a distance each way of 86 miles; New York city to Hammonont, N. Y., via Mount Olive, Bordentown, Trenton, and Piquette, N. J., a distance each way of 114 miles; New York city to Easton, Pa., via Monticello, Norristown and Somerville, N. J., a distance each way of 94 miles; New York city to New Milford, Conn., via Plainfield, Yorktown Heights, Briarcliff and Tonkers, N. Y., a distance each way of 91 miles; New York city to Hartford, Conn., via Whiteplains, N. Y., Danbury and Waterbury, Conn., a distance each way of 105 miles; New York city to Port Jervis, N. Y., via Piquette and Suffern, N. Y., a distance each way of 84 miles. Other routes being established are:

Philadelphia, Pa., to Easton, Pa., via Norristown and Doylestown, Pa., a distance each way of 98 miles; Easton to Philadelphia, Pa., via Bethlehem and Allentown, Pa., a distance each way of 51 miles; Pottsville, Pa., to Easton, Pa., via Orwigsburg and Danielsburg, Pa.; Harrisburg, Pa., to Reading, Pa., via Lebanon and Robesonia, Pa., a distance each way of 51 miles, and Harrisburg, Pa., to Hagerstown, Md., via Springfield, Ohio, via Dayton and Mansfield, Ohio, a distance each way of 76 miles; Portland, Me., to Nashua, N. H., via Portsmouth and Exeter, N. H.; Nashua, N. H., to Hartford, Conn., via Stafford Springs, Conn., and Worcester and East Pepperell, Mass., a distance each way of 127 miles; Hagerstown, Md., to Staunton, Va.; Staunton, Va., to Roanoke, Va.; Winston-Salem to Charlotte, N. C.; Concord to Statesville, N. C.; Charlotte to Camden, N. C.; Camden, N. C., to Columbia, S. C.; Florence to Columbia, S. C., via Darlington and Lydla; Columbia, S. C., to Chapin and Lexington, a distance of 70 miles and return; Charleston, S. C., to Columbia, S. C., via Summerville and Orangeburg, S. C., a distance each way of 126 miles; Orangeburg, S. C., to Augusta, Ga., via Langley and Williston, S. C., a distance each way of 77 miles; Savannah to Statesboro, Ga., via Pooler, Bloomingdale, Marlow and Brooklet, a distance each way of 53 miles; Augusta to Macon, Ga.; Macon to Columbus, Ga.; Columbus to Montgomery, Ala.; Greenville, S. C., to Atlanta, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala.; Birmingham to Montgomery, Ala., via Verbena and Marbury, Ala., a distance each way of 106 miles.

With the exception of a branch between Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va., the course of which has not yet been decided on, a chain of routes has been adopted linking Portland, Me., with Nashua, N. H.; Nashua with Worcester, Mass.; Worcester with Hartford, Conn.; Hartford with New York

city; New York city with Easton, Pa.; Easton with Philadelphia; Philadelphia with Oxford, Pa.; Oxford with Baltimore, Md.; Baltimore with Washington, D. C.; Lynchburg, Va., with Winston-Salem, N. C.; Winston-Salem with Charlotte, N. C.; Charlotte with Greenville, S. C.; Greenville with Atlanta, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga., with Birmingham or Montgomery, Ala.; Birmingham or Montgomery with Jackson, Miss. Routes will be established Jackson to New Orleans, La., and Jackson to Mobile.

These routes are now surveyed and are being advertised for bids. Where satisfactory bids are not received government-owned trucks will be used.

These routes already in operation with government-owned trucks are from Washington, D. C., to Leonardtown, Md., a distance each way of 54 miles; from Annapolis, Md., to Solomons, Md., a distance each way of 65 miles; from Washington, D. C., to Baltimore, Md., via Ridgeville, from Baltimore to Philadelphia, Pa., via Belair, Md., Oxford and West Chester, Pa., a distance each way of 110 miles; from Baltimore to Gettysburg, Pa., via Westminster, a distance each way of 53 miles.

Routes in the middle states will form a chain from Indianapolis, Ind., to Columbus, Ohio; Columbus to Zanesville, O.; Zanesville to Wheeling, W. Va.; Wheeling to Pittsburgh, Pa.; Pittsburgh to Uniontown, Pa.; Uniontown to Cumberland, Md.; Cumberland to Hagerstown, Md.; Hagerstown to Staunton, Va.; Staunton to Lynchburg, Va.

Further extensions contemplated but not yet surveyed are from Charleston, W. Va., to Columbus, O.; Columbus to Cincinnati, O.; Cincinnati, O., to Louisville, Ky.; Louisville to Chattanooga, Tenn., and Chattanooga to Atlanta, Ga.

FRICITION IN FAMILY IS FATAL

Unpleasantness in Home Creates Intangible Impalpable Atmosphere, Driving Children Away.

A few sarcastic words from the father, a sharp retort from the mother, that was all. But was it all? What about the effect upon Johnnie and Susie, sitting there quietly at their evening lessons? And did neither parent notice that Thomas slipped out of the house at the first intimation that there was to be a quarrel between father and mother? For quarrel it really was, although brief and clothed in the language of educated, respectable persons; and long after these harsh and unkind words had been spoken the atmosphere of the family living room remained charged with an emotional disturbance in which no one could concentrate his mind upon his reading or study.

Family friction is always fatal to happiness, says Mary A. Lasalle in Mother's Magazine, and when there are children in the home it is almost sure to work irreparable harm upon their minds and souls.

One of the most powerful causes of the exodus of young people from their homes at an age when they are not

fitted to enter upon the work of life is friction in the family. Young people are by nature loyal to their parents and it is almost never that a young person will give as a reason for his leaving home the fact that his father and mother quarreled or nag at each other or do not agree upon certain points.

Friction in the home creates an intangible, impalpable atmosphere in which the sensitive child chokes and pants for the free air of happiness, or is warped and stunted mentally and morally.

Had Seen Pictures.

Quite recently Bessie, an inquisitive little miss, was out walking with an aunt who weighed something in excess of 200 pounds.

"When good people die they go to heaven, don't they, auntie?" the little girl inquired innocently.

"Yes, dear."

"And they have wings and fly all around everywhere, too, don't they?" she persisted.

"Yes," returned the aunt.

"Well, auntie," the little child finally said, "I bet when you die and get wings and fly all about folks will think you're a Zeppelin."

and iron is claimed to have been in use in Babylon five centuries earlier. India is known to have had iron in abundance in 1500 B. C., and the Chinese "Annals" mention it as having been in use there in 2940 B. C., or nearly 5,000 years ago.

Where Cancer is Common.

Cancer is very common in the richer and more luxurious countries of the world, less common in the frugal countries, and very uncommon or absent in those countries where simple cereal,

vegetable or fresh raw animal food and fat are the staple, and where food and drink are unstimulating, fresh and cool—that is, not far above blood heat, without toxic matter, says a medical authority. In all countries the highest comparative rates are in populations accustomed to alcohol, tea, or coffee in large quantities, or to excess of food condiments or other irritants. Large increases have been noted corresponding to the increased amount of unnatural or inflammatory foods eaten or toxic liquids drunk.

Judging by Appearances.

"Dat tree ha: been struck three times by lightning, boss," said Sam.

"Impossible, Sam. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, you know."

"Well, say, boss, the thing what struck it yesterday bears a striking resemblance to what struck it before."

Last Resource.

"My dear, the doctor, says I'm in need of a little change."

"Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine."

The Poisoned Dove

By Richard Washburn Child

I came back from China and Japan a few months ago. A reporter on the pier in San Francisco said, "What do you think in the far East about when the war will end?"

That was the first expression about the war heard by an American returning to his native country and aching to know what Americans at home had been thinking, planning, doing, how we were expressing our manhood and womanhood, whether we would soon find a way to mobilize America and throw the giant force of her against the menace of men.

I heard this query with a sickened spirit. The reporter would never have asked the question unless in behalf of the readers of his paper. Could this represent the spirit of the people—the spirit of America?

I had heard the same question in England back in the days when the Zeppelins had just begun to come over London with the slogan "Women and children first."

"Over there," however, they learned long ago of the folly of living daily life with the sound of this question in their ears. They have learned that insidiously, quietly, imperceptibly, the persistent tap, tap, tap of this little question weakens the cause, turns the edge of determination, enters the subconscious mind like a slow disease draining off fighting spirit, manhood, and the dash and power of the one purpose, and beats upon that which should be the unbreakable will of people who must win.

More Dangerous Here.

For America, this question haunting the minds of its citizens is more dangerous than it is "over there." Our soft prosperity, our distance from the struggle, tempts weak men to cling to the comforts of peace. We have not felt the gaff of war. Not yet have we learned the pain of that full deep thrust of regret that when democracy called for us, we, the pioneers of liberty, asked why and how and when—but, at first, did not come. We have not learned even the prelude of that day when the war will have seized upon and wrung our hearts, when the ghosts of our men come back to sit in the farmhouse kitchen or in the leather chairs of the club, to click the latches of village gates, and march in invisible brigades up the asphalted avenues.

So the flabby men and women among us still go on asking in that voice of childish eagerness, "How long will the war last?"

And the selfish retailer, trader, or financier, fat with gain and ease or lean with avarice, thinking of the effect of peace upon the market, asks, "What would be your guess about the end of the war?"

And even the thoughtless and the ignorant and empty-headed, who would otherwise say, "Is this hot enough for you?" or "Do you think it's going to snow?" say now, "Well, when will the war end?"

The Two Types.

Test the spirit of these questions by the two types—those who ask them and those who do not. Which is the type of person whom you would trust for character, courage, and sense, for unflinching determination when something has been begun, to "see it through?"

I remember leaving Kitchener's office in London to visit the recruiting at Scotland Yard. Six feet four inches and 250 pounds of retired British army veteran, hardened, reddened, grizzled, was my escort. That was in 1915.

"There's too much wondering when the war will end," said he. "My three boys have gone."

"To France?" said I, misunderstanding.

"To rest," he said, straightening. "Killed in action. Perhaps 'tis that which makes me squirm when I hear any Britisher guessing about the end of the war. My good sense would tell me anyway. If you see two men fighting, would you put a bet on him who was wondering when it would be over?"

"No."

"Nor I. When they ask me when the war will end, I say, 'Something like a year or two after the Prussians think it time to stop.'"

For a contest between two men, two football teams, two nations, or two great alliances struggling in the greatest war of all, over the greatest issue of all, there can be no other doctrine. When John Paul Jones' antagonists asked him if he was ready to stop fighting and he answered that he had not begun to fight, it was not John Paul Jones but his enemy who was wondering "when it would be over."

No man, no woman who contributes even by innocent, thoughtless mauling to a mental attitude expressed in wondering when the war will be over is fulfilling the obligation of Americans to go straight and hard and together for the one united, persistent purpose to which the United States has dedicated our strength. A job is to be done. A job is to be finished.

Dangling Peace as Bait.

Germany will be glad at any moment to divert us from the idea that the job is to be finished, when in our judgment it is finished, and attract us as much as possible to the idea that our job will be finished some place short of that by dangling peace as bait for cowards and fools.

Here in Washington this policy of

Germany is understood. It is the primer lesson in an analysis of Germany's policies.

The state department knows well enough that Germany has tried unsuccessfully endless moves to make peace a decoy—to create a morbid appetite among the peoples who have been trying to make democracy safe—an appetite for rest, for an end of deprivation, loss, suffering, for relief from stress, for a temporary comfort bought at the price of principle—the principle of finishing the job.

The secret service of the allied countries know well enough that millions of German money has been spent to make Americans talk and think not of the job to be finished but of peace.

Some day there will be exposed, in all its extent, the systematic, elaborate methods which Germany has used in an endeavor to poison the opinion of neutral countries and plant among the weaker and more gullible citizens of those countries fighting to rid the world forever of war and the tyranny of militarism the weed of premature peace. It has been Germany's purpose to choke the crop of courage and steal the nourishment away from determination.

Trail Is Found Everywhere.

The trail of this well-organized attempt can be found everywhere.

In Russia, back in the days of the czar, industrial leaders of Petrograd and Moscow who came in contact with workmen, bureaucrats in the offices of government, and officers at the staff headquarters of the Russian army at Mohileff, who came in contact with soldiers recruited from various parts of the empire, told me that one of the well-defined purposes and special efforts of German agents was to stimulate among the industrial and laboring classes in Russia thoughts of peace, of the comforts, the relief, and the hope of peace, all of which would serve to eat like a rot into the hearts of the people, tolling them away from the will to fight and the will to make a final peace upon sound principle only, and only when the job had been finished.

"Men will not fight hard when there is peace talk behind the trenches," General Alexieff said. And he expressed also almost the identical idea expressed to me by the retired British petty officer who took me to Scotland Yard, when the latter said, "If you see two men fighting, would you bet on the one who was wondering when it would be over?"

Should Learn From Experience.

The experience of other countries and our own experience with the desire of Germany that her enemies shall think, talk, and wonder about the coming of peace, ought to be enough for us.

Any contribution made by any American citizen to aid this purpose of Germany is an act which compares with a soldier at the front who turns his face to the rear.

Such a contribution may be actually traitorous. There are still constant instances of treason among those persons who stimulate peace talk with full knowledge that they are aiding and abetting the enemy.

Such a contribution may be morally rotten. There are those who talk peace because peace to their warped souls is dearer than the end for which we have entered the war.

Such a contribution may come from flabby sentimentality. There are still men and women who can only think of the horrors of this war instead of the greater horrors of other wars which are sure to come if we do not now make the menace of Prussian plotting and militarism impossible for the ages and generations of the future.

Such a contribution may be the result of a love of the sensational. There are still individuals and even newspapers who seek to attract attention by pretending that they have advance information of the coming of peace.

Such a contribution may be ignorant. There are still individuals so benighted that the cause of America is not clear and real in their minds. They fail to understand that America has entered this war to make democracy safe; to guarantee small nations the right of freedom from ruthless conquest; to crush the doctrine that the choice of development of each human being must be wrested away from him or from her and put in a dominant and autocratic machine of government. Failing to understand the nobility of our cause, they endure the war passively and prick up their ears at any word of rumor which concerns the end of the war.

Such a contribution may be merely sloppy. There are those who forget, who do not think, who lapse into lazy nothingness, and as yet far away from the bite of war, ask each other, "Well, when will the war end?"

Comforters of Enemy.

Consciously and unconsciously these are all comforters of the enemy.

Upon them and upon their traitorous or lax attitude of mind, Germany depends. She leans upon all "peace gossipers."

Germany has no need to fear a nation interested in peace and always talking and wondering about peace.

She may well fear when every last man and woman of us has no interest higher, more constant, and more single of purpose than that of finishing the job.

While she believes she can hoodwink Americans, she will release over and over again, by petty secret agencies, and by great diplomatic plays for the galleries, her peace poisoners.

Only when the job is finished, however, can we be interested in peace or peace talk.

The dove of peace that anyone sees flying before that time is German-stuffed and loaded with Prussian poison.

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nineteenth chapter of Job, the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses, is this: "Oh! that my words were now written, oh! that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in rock forever." The eighth chapter of Isaiah begins: "Moreover, the Lord said unto me, Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen concerning Maher-shalal-hash-baz." In the third Epistle of John occurs this: "I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write to thee."

"Group 31"

By Josephine Eleanor Anderson

Group 31 was apportioned to me as my special charge, and I saw the other man in the office regard me as if I possessed a new sense of importance, interest, pity—I knew not which—as I was handed an envelope containing detailed instructions.

You must know that the juncture had arrived in the affairs of the government when excess smuggling, counterfeiting ever being relegated to the rear for the time being, Treason seemed to snap in the air at every turn; the public never knew of the tons of seditious literature suppressed and destroyed, of the marked men warned to get out, who got out, of the hidden armaments and explosives traced down, and of what secret work was really doing to undermine the home integrity of the loyal ones.

I had joined the secret service because abruptly the whim, prejudice or perversity of Anson McLeigh had thrown me squarely upon my own resources. Briefly, I had fallen in love with Edna Warren, "only a stenographer." Uncle Anson referred to the fact just once, "Drop the girl, or me." "I shall marry Miss Warren some day," I told him firmly. As firmly he ordered me never to darken his doorway again.

I fancy Uncle Anson did not miss me much. The great foundry plant he owned had been turned to an immense profit in making munitions, and he was a hide-bound money-grubber. It was new business to me, and at the start the pay was that of a novice. As, however, I was graduated into more important work than running down mail complaints, I became interested in my task. For over a month I had been attending secret meetings of certain clubs where it was suspected the sympathies of the crowd were with enemies to the country.

Two shops had mysteriously gone up in flames, some barges blown up and three large steel plants. There seemed to be some system to these doings of the vandals. It was decided that some twenty different "groups" in as many locations should be placed under strict surveillance. I knew something about Group 31. Their leader was a man named Brosil. He had been an expert blast furnace worker and was not a citizen, and for over a year had spent most of his time in saloons frequented by a low-down foreign element. Opening my instructions, I found a number and knew that there was some record of him I was to consult at the identification bureau.

An odd character had charge of that department, an old man named Durken. He was absorbed in his work from morning until night, and was famed as one of the best-posted men in his line. As I gave him my instruction number, his hand moved as if mechanically in the direction of one box among the thousands in a cabinet covering one whole side of the room. He drew out a picture and handed it to me. On its back was written in ink the criminal record of the man—burglary, arson, manslaughter.

"When you nail Brosil," observed old Durken, "if you nail him, see to it that I have a chance to interview him."

"They say redhot pliers cannot influence him to speak one incriminating word," I said.

"I'll make him speak. Once, and a retrospective look came into Durken's eyes. "I was a traveling mountebank, you wise fellows would call it. Not so, I made a specialty of hypnotism when public exhibitions of such were new. Very well, then. Of all subjects I liked, the one most impressive was this Brosil. If it comes to what he might tell, land him here, will you?"

"Yes, if I can ever find enough against him to warrant an arrest." I agreed. "So far he has been the slickest of the crowd."

I made up for a typical representation of the down-and-out man, and ate free lunch in the saloons which Brosil and his cohorts favored as meeting places. Trailing him to his possible den of refuge, I was completely baffled. Brosil made turns and windings and false leads that threw me completely off the trail; but the fourth night I landed him, and the next afternoon I prepared to find out why he had chosen a top room in an old, half-occupied factory building as his place of shelter.

I had managed to find a hiding place under a dark stairway covert and planted myself there. At one end of a side corridor was a sink. Brosil came out to get some water in a tin pail. As he was out of view for the

space of half a minute I glided to the half-open door of his room. The one I entered was where he ate and slept. Beyond it, guarded by a heavy steel door, just now ajar, was a small den of a place, with no ventilation except a small 12 by 12 window from which the sash was missing. There was some soft coal, a latchet and some kindling wood in a corner.

The room partook of the construction of a vault, in a measure. I believed that upon his person or secreted in his den this man had documents, plans, some evidence that would incriminate him and his fellow plotters, and be of value and assistance to the government. I dodged behind a curtain that screened a cot where Brosil evidently slept. From there I watched him.

Brosil did some puzzling and interesting things. He picked from a table a tiny box made of thin whalebone and strung with a strand of fine wire. I saw him put himself in range of the little window. He lifted out his sash. About fifteen feet across a narrow court was a high warehouse. One of the windows on the top floor was open for ventilation. Beyond it some bales showed. Abruptly the truth flashed upon my mind. The building opposite, I recalled distinctly, was a storage house for government hospital supplies.

Brosil fitted a headless piece of metal to the bow. He aimed it across the court. It went through the open sash. It was only a test. He picked up another arrow. This one had a great mass of black sulphur attached to the head. I saw the scheme in process. The second arrow, striking the bales, would ignite, and millions of dollars' worth of government stores would be destroyed.

"Drop it!" I ordered, but the arrow had left the bow. However, my interference had disturbed the delivery. The inflammable arrowhead struck the window sill, spluttered and fell to the court below. There was a struggle.

It was well that Brosil was smaller than I. He made a desperate resistance, discerned that I would finally overpower him in the melee, kicked shut the iron door, seized the key, threw it out through the window, and, as I bound him hand and foot, viewed me savagely, but with a sort of specious triumph.

I saw then I would find it absolutely impossible to get out of that room unaided, for the iron door was set solid and he counted on my being unable to escape until some of his expected comrades arrived. That might be at any moment. In going about the room I discovered a written sheet holding four addresses. They were the warehouse next door and three plants making munitions. These were evidently doomed structures. I saw the importance of getting this information and my man to headquarters speedily.

Finally an idea of calling aid struck me. Just outside the little window was a giant electric feed cable. I reached out with the keen-edged hatchet and gave it a mighty cut. It spluttered, shocked me but half parted. Within fifteen minutes, as I calculated, a repair crew located the break. One of them was suspended from the roof.

"Call the police. Reach this room at once," I ordered.

"Did you cut that cable?" demanded the repairer.

"Yes."

"Pretty risky business, fooling with the public service," he growled.

"Worse for you, if you don't act as I tell you for the government service."

In an hour my prisoner was at headquarters. He never spoke or winced until confronted by Durken.

"Well, Brosil, shall we try some of the old hypnotic stuff?" queried Durken.

The man paled. He was a desperate man, but true blue to his group. I noticed him fumble in his coat and then quickly pass his hand across his mouth. The incident had no significance to me at the time, but we soon knew that to evade giving away his secrets he had taken an instantaneously fatal dose of poison.

"All ready?" spoke Durken, making a pass at Brosil, and then paused. "He's beat us!"

He had. The man sat facing us with staring eyes was stone dead, the engaging shadow of a defiant smile on his face.

One of the four places to be blown up was my uncle's munition plant. We arrested the others in time to prevent the plot. My uncle learned of my share in the case, and there was a reconciliation.

Edna, my fiancée, became my wife, and the restored indulgence of my uncle enabled us to begin married life with both income and a home of our own.

Playing War.

Bobbie, aged five, was playing war with pillows. His mother kept calling him to breakfast, and at last, growing impatient, she took a stick and started upstairs. Bobbie, engaged in his battle, was saying: "Now France is beating, now Germany," and when he saw his mother he crawled under the bed saying: "Here comes America, and she always beats."

Making Tapestry Brussels.

Tapestry Brussels carpet is a poor imitation of the real Brussels. Many colors are used in it. The design is made first on squared paper, the scheme of color in each pick of the pattern is studied out, and the succession of it sent to the printer. The skeins of yarn to be used for the loops on the surface of the carpet are wound on a large cylinder, attached to which are troughs of color which come in contact automatically with the yarn and print it according to the succession of colors indicated in the design. The skeins are taken from the cylinder, showing crosswise streaks of varied color, and are carried to the steam chest to have the dye set. When the carpet is woven, the pattern is complete, but has a less distinct outline than the real Brussels.

Discouraging Appreciation.

The mayor of the town had been asked to assist in the annual entertainment given to the inmates of the parish workhouse. He consented with great complaisance, and went made up as Mephisto. For a time his antics

and pranks were the delight of the company. A scrap of conversation he chanced to hear, however, put a damper on his enjoyment. "Ain't he enjoyin' of hisself?" remarked one old man to another. "Wut a treat it is for the likes of he! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?" "Well," replied the other, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this!"—Yorkshire Post.

The Black Hills.

The Black Hills of the Dakotas are in many ways our most beautiful bit of scenery, describes a writer. Lacking the grandeur of the Rockies, they have a glamour of isolated loveliness which gives them the charm of the place cut off and secluded—the charm that belongs to lonely islands and to the little towns of the northern wilderness. The Black Hills are a mountain islet in a sea of plain. They have the streams, the forests and the storms of the Rockies and in their Bad Lands they have the fantastic wild curves, buttes and mesas of the painted desert and the Grand canyon. Also, nowadays they have auto roads.

Languages in California.

A trial which occurred in San Jose, California, the multiplicity of tongues of the state, was a source of amusement to the Christian Herald. Prof. J. H. Wilson, in a recent article in the Theological Review, presents a pretty nearly all of the available information on the subject. The "iron rule" which has been earliest in use in the world, where iron was used for various purposes as early as 2500 B. C., the people of Nippur used iron knives and swordheads as early as 2000 B. C.

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