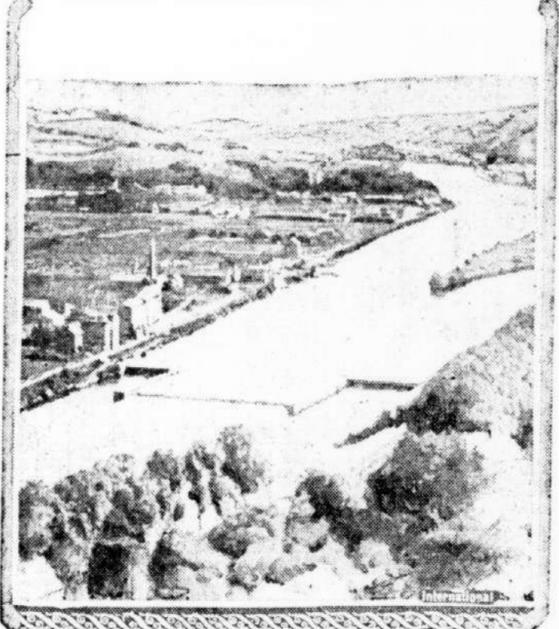


LEGENDS OF OLD-BELGIUM



Valley of the Meuse in Belgium.

ASKED to pluck the prettiest flowers of our Belgian folklore, I stand blinded and hesitate. What shall I choose in this bouquet, over rich in its mingling of brilliant colors and tender hues? Shall it be pearls of sacred mistletoe fallen beneath the Druid's knife; lilies grown in the shadow of convents and monasteries; roses reddened with the blood of tournaments and the carnage of age; or perchance, pale daisies of the field sprung up unheeded amid the cow pasture? All equally are precious, writes Louis Lagasse de Loicht in the London Times. Daughters of a fertile land sared in the course of ages by storms let loose from the four corners of the earth, are they not the expression, the poetry, the sap of love and hate, the very soul, in a word, of a people fashioned by martial blood and bathed in the sunshine of idealism?

Every Belgian is thrilled by the past. It is his staff and bread of life. Hence his love of cavalcades, joyous entries and processions, the ever recurring delight of most of our villages. Great taste is often displayed in the ordering of these parades, in the building of the triumph—to which Rubens and Jordans did not scorn to devote their talent. And it is as if the figures of legend and history which pass through our streets had stepped down from the canvas of old masterpieces to be closer to the carresses of the crowds.

Sometimes the ceremony represents but an episode, a scene of chivalry or of mystery from the middle ages. In Bruges, suddenly awakened from its melancholy miracle of the holy blood, the triumphal escort of a prince consecrated to the conquest of the holy land moves in a rolling stream of glistening steel amid the glamor of rich silks and precious broderies, the clashing of arms and the embrazen peal of trumpets.

Supreme Drama of All Time.
At Furnes, on the last Sunday in July, the procession of "penitents" reenacts the supreme drama of all time. For weeks the city prepares for it. The actors' parts are more coveted than public honors; some are jealous of the part as hereditary rights. Over the dense crowd, pressing ever closer and closer, the revered figures pass in procession. And the Christ appears, weighted down by his cross, a living and staggering Christ, scourged till the blood runs from him. A shiver of religious fervor passes over the faithful. "Mercy!" a penitent cries aloud in pain. Every window is a garden of tapers, candles and lights whose flames flicker in the wind blowing from the sea. Sacred chants mingle with the piping of reeds, the noise of rattles and the wailing of horns. The crowd sobs and sways and wrings its hands and falls into prayer as, following the Crucified one, the penitents pass. The men in sackcloth and the women closely veiled do penance, and their naked, torn feet bleed on the stones of the road. Perchance beneath their cloaks of burlap noble ladies, whose flaxen hair and white bodies are the love treasures of this sensuous and mystic Flanders, are paying the ransom of a kiss!

Mons, the home of the guardian saint of the British army, is the theater every year of the famous Lumecon display which ends the procession of Ste. Waudru. At midday to the tolling of the great bell, otherwise heard only as a war alarm, St. George gives battle to the dragon. After a deadly combat, the dragon, according to rite, crashes down in the dust, shot through the nostrils, and the devils are chastised by the brave followers of the victorious knight. Before entering the lists the fabled "beast" flays the crowd with mighty blows of his tail. The people of Mons believe that a blow from the tail brings

good luck. What matter if it hurts? On occasion both municipal officials and clergy take part in the festivities, and frequently our ancient customs put them to uncouth tests. Each year a procession leaves Grammont and goes to the Oudenberg. Prayers are said in public, after which loaves and fishes are distributed to the crowd, and the burgo-master offers the priest a silver loving cup filled with white wine in which tiny minnows are swimming. A wry face, a grave gulp and the career of a little fish ends in the pastoral stomach. And so it goes till every notable and every minnow has faced the same ordeal. At nightfall hill bonfires upon the surrounding heights light up the countryside. "This said that these customs date back to the worship of Ceres.

"Three Entwined Ladies."
The story of the warlike virtues and tragic deaths of the "three entwined ladies" is another jewel of Meuse folklore. In 1554 Bouvignes is furiously attacked by the king of France. The town is taken, but the valiant citadel of Crevecoeur still holds out. Assault after assault is repulsed. At last, the defenders are now a bare hundred, including old men, women and children, then fifty, then ten—at last three young and beautiful women. "The Ladies of Crevecoeur" still hold out desperately. They are about to be taken. Rather than serve at a king's feast, they climb to the topmost ramparts and entwining their arms throw themselves into the Meuse, forevermore the gentle guardian of their womanly honor. Until this day the stream continues to weave its liquid blue shroud over their white bodies.

Doubtless the folklore of Flanders differs from the Walloon traditions and customs. The latter are light and gay, the former rich in color and full of quaint beliefs. The Flemish ceremonies begin by prayer and the solemn warnings of priests who thunder from their pulpits—"Hell, mind ye, opens beneath the feet of blond maidens who trip the merry dance; beware for misfortune will surely visit the stable and weigh upon the head of the bravely yeoman too easily tempted by foaming beer and the smiles of women." But the last words of the priestly warning have scarce died away before the festive board cracks beneath the good feelings of this earth, and ardent youth feels that it lives. As evening falls on the gay Sundays of August, ribald songs and old-time dances end these village fetes worthy of a Rubens or a Teniers.

WHITTLING OUT OF FASHION

Decline of Ancient and Honorable Pastime So Marked as to Have Been Noted.

Come to think of it, there is some truth in the statement that whittling is a lazy or tired man's pastime, is going out of existence. A storekeeper says: "I used to set a box out in front of the store for the boys to set on, and the next day they'd be nothin' left of the box 'ceptin' a lot of whittlin' littered like around the sidewalk. But now a box will last just about all summer. . . . No, whittlin' ain't what it were!" At a railway station the agent remarked that whereas a waiting-room bench had a shorter life in the older days "than a two-bit harmonica," the present benches in the men's waiting room over which he had jurisdiction had lasted well on to 18 months. And at past office, blacksmith shops, livy stables and elsewhere the crowd no longer amuses itself with knife and soft wood. Perhaps men are too busy. The storekeeper referred to above has another theory. He says: "They're too cussed lazy today to whet their jack knives."—Exchange.

HE FIGHTS TO PUSH BIG BASEBALL PROBE



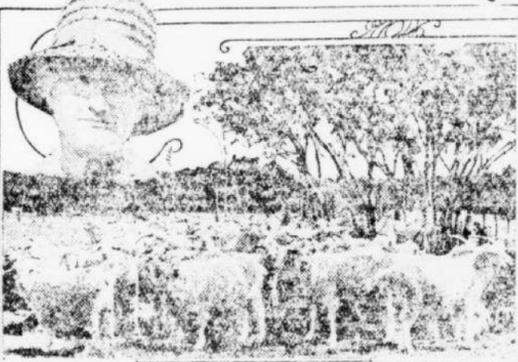
H.L. Repogle, states attorney, who is hot on the trail of the traitors to clean American baseball. He is one of the leading figures who have led in the recent investigation which has unearthed the greatest baseball scandal in history.

FOUR YEARS A HUBBY



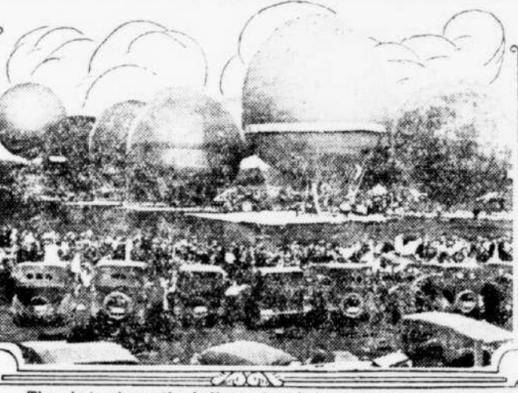
Posing as a man to evade perils of the slums, Jacqueline Gay, an Indian girl, married her girl pal and worked in a mission for four years. Her identity was learned through a suit filed against a man she alleges sold her drugs while surreptitiously selling the slums.

SHE IS HAILED "ANGORA QUEEN OF WEST"



It has often proved true that destitution and want in the extreme are the opening of the very channels to success. Such was the case of Mrs. Margaret Armer, who about 20 years ago was left a widow with six small children, with only a section of arid land in New Mexico as a means of support. Today she is the proud owner of 3500 pure bred Angora goats, which she has made a business of breeding. Mrs. Armer says her success is due to a thorough understanding of the goat industry and the ability to make quick decisions in purchasing desirable foundation stock. Some of her sires have gone as far as South Africa and New Zealand. Three hundred bucks and dams are auctioned each year, few selling for less than \$500 each.

Balloons of All Sizes in National Race



The photo shows the balloons just before starting on their long flight from Birmingham, Ala. One of the contestants from the navy was forced to descend on Lake Erie after hanging 13 hours over the water. Another of the balloons is reported to have reached Ontario, Canada. The winner, which has not yet been decided, will be judged by the number of consecutive hours remaining in the air.

DESERT HERO KNOWN TO FEW

Dog That, With Its Master, Was Savior of Many Lives, Well Cared For in Its Old Age.

Rufus, the dog hero of the desert, who has saved many lives, is ending his declining days in a dog sanatorium at Pasadena, Cal., where he is well cared for. The end of the dog is not far off, says Our Dumb Animals in a recent issue. He is spent and feeble after his many long and weary journeys over the burning and blinding sands with his pioneer master. He will no doubt soon fall asleep.

Lou Westcott Beck and Rufus were intrepid pioneers in a life-saving project that received scanty support and tardy recognition. Together they fared forth on their mission of mercy, Beck carrying signboards and cans of paint, Rufus laden with saddlebags of restoratives and poison antidote. While the man set up the guideposts, or painted the water signs, the dog succored many a prospector who otherwise would have died miserably from delirium of thirst or the venom of snake bites.

The work of these two great benefactors is over. Beck died in July, 1917, and since then the government has appropriated one hundred thousand dollars to carry on the project that he and his devoted dog started. Rufus will be well provided for by a veterinarian who was a personal friend of Beck's. The old dog's years of hardships, of life-saving service on the desolate wastes, are not without their reward. His many friends who used to see him on the streets and pat him with approval as he started out on his desert trips will not forget him in his old age.

FLOWERS THAT GIVE LIGHT

Fact Not Generally Known Is That Many Common Plants Have a Dazzling Luminescence.

Most people have seen the plant colloquially called the burning bush, and have struck a match and applied it to the feathery flowers and leaves in order to see the delicate flame run over the surface of the plant without affecting or hurting it! But it is not so well known that there are a number of flowers which throw off luminosity all their own, and among such plants are the common marigold, certain sorts of lilies and the oriental poppy, as well as that familiar and popular favorite the nasturtium.

It is related that on a warm summer evening in the year 1762 the clever daughter of the famous Swedish botanist, Linnaeus, noticed that some nasturtiums in her father's garden were emitting tiny but distinct flashes of light; first one flower then another would throw out an evanescent beam. Though at first her assertion was received with doubt, other investigators soon proved it to be true, and it is now known that not only nasturtiums but many other flowers exhibit this luminosity. Camellias have been seen to glow with a moonlike radiance.

FARMER HAD REAL THING

Peculiarly Mean Joke That Is Said to Have Been Played on an Indiana Sheriff.

"Say, sheriff," said a voice over the telephone to the sheriff of a nearby Indiana county a few days ago. "This is Ike Stubbins. Well, Jim Stubbins, a neighbor of mine that I been havin' trouble with, is on his way to town right now with a load of 'white mule.' He's goin' by the Cornbread road, and if you hurry you and your men will have plenty of time to catch him before he reaches town."

"He's got the 'mule' all covered up with a canvas tarpaulin on the back of his wagon."

The sheriff swore in two deputies and went to the Cornbread road. The officers saw approaching them in leisurely fashion a big farm wagon drawn by two horses that were driven by a man answering the description of Stubbins.

"Halt, in the name of the law!" ordered the sheriff. "Have you got a load of 'white mule'?"

"I sure have. I gotta admit it," replied the farmer who by this time sensed that somebody was being made the victim of a joke. "Look fer yerself, sheriff, under the cover there."

The sheriff raised the tarpaulin and gazed on the melancholy form of a real white mule which had passed away following an attack of colic and which even then was on its way to a reduction plant in the nearby city.—Indianapolis News.

Gasoline Production

Production of gasoline showed a big increase during the first quarter of his year, 1,026,445,000 gallons being produced as compared with 898,535,500 gallons during the same period a year ago. Consumption increased about 30 per cent during the quarter, and exports about 12 per cent.—Goodrich Travel and Transport Bureau.

WORSE THAN CHICKENS.

"What did you raise in your garden last year?"

"Nothing. Some kids in the neighborhood raised Cain in it."

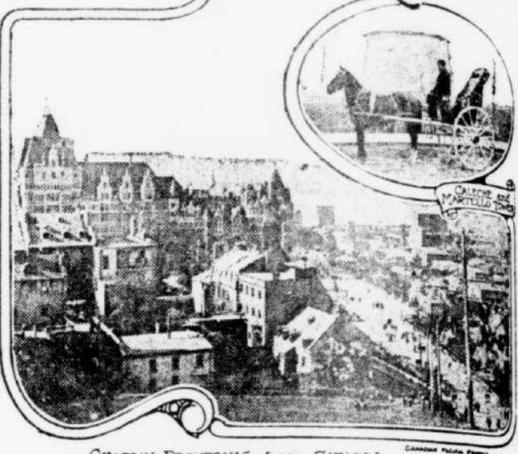
Geology and Finance.

Some day the coal will all give out. Yet, as we fear the worst, we are convinced beyond a doubt, the cash will vanish first.

Incredulity.

Fortune Teller—I see on the cards that you are going to be married. Fair Patron—I don't understand how you can see that on the cards when I haven't ordered them yet.

Quebec: History and Romance



CHATEAU FRONTENAC from CITADEL.

QUEBEC, the cradle of New France, will celebrate its four hundredth birthday within a few years. It is the oldest city in North America, and its story is not only history but romance. It is a unique city, standing alone as a sort of historical hyphen between the days that are and the days long gone by, which cannot be duplicated either in the old world or the new. Jacques Cartier, a sailor of St. Malo in France, discovered its site in 1535. He was the first white man to set foot upon the soil of Canada, the name of which is derived from "Kanata," the Indian word meaning "A Collection of Huts." Two years later Cartier made a second voyage to the St. Lawrence and became friendly with Donnacona, an Indian chief who was ruler of Stadacona, a village which then occupied part of the present site of Quebec.

Following Cartier came Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, and scores of other intrepid soldiers of fortune, who founded and built the city, fought with the Indians, and explored the Great Lakes, the Mississippi river and vast areas of the interior of the United States, which were named Louisiana by La Salle.

The old and new still rub shoulders in Quebec. Its inhabitants spoke French more than three centuries ago, and the majority of them still speak the same language. Many old buildings with romantic histories are still to be seen, and in striking contrast to them are splendid buildings of modern construction.

"What a Beak?"

When Cartier's sailors first sighted Cape Diamond, a mighty crag projecting into the St. Lawrence, and towering 200 feet above it, they were said to have exclaimed, "Quel Bec," meaning "What a beak." This, according to some authorities, is how Quebec got its name. The first settlement at Quebec was on the shore at the foot of Cape Diamond, and later Frontenac built the Chateau St. Louis, a combination of residence and fort, on the heights above. The early French settlers of Quebec were almost constantly harried by the ferocious Iroquois, who many times killed the outposts and charged the stockade surrounding the fort itself, despite the fact that it was defended by small arms and cannon. The Iroquois came from what is now New York state, and from time to time French soldiers and their Indian allies, the Hurons, crossed the St. Lawrence and penetrated the wildernesses over which the Iroquois roamed, destroying their villages as a matter of reprisal.

Dufferin Terrace, Quebec's favorite promenade of today, overlooking the vast stretches of the St. Lawrence, was the scene of numerous Indian attacks. A big hotel closely resembling an old French chateau now stands on the very spot where stood the Chateau St. Louis, and still of the cellar of this famous fort is part to be seen beneath the planking of the Terrace. When Sir William Phipps' fleet sailed upon the St. Lawrence in 1690 and deposed Quebec's surrender, Comte de Frontenac, the heroic and valiant French governor, replied to the summons, "I will answer you from the mouths of these cannon."

Phipps opened fire from the river and Frontenac's guns replied from the heights with such good aim that the English fleet retired. In the lower town today stands a picturesque little church, Notre-Dame des Victories, which was struck by some of the English cannon balls, and received its name from the victory over Phipps and for another deliverance in 1711 when a second English fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker was almost wholly destroyed by a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence while on its way to attack Quebec. Wolfe's batteries at Levis, across the river, also partially destroyed it in 1759. Notre Dame square, upon which this church faces, is the oldest part of Quebec. Here stood Champlain's "Habitation," a house and fort and the first building erected in 1608 when Champlain founded the city. All traces of it have long since disappeared, and even the place where the intrepid soldier governor was buried is unknown.

Decency.

We don't know any better way of getting along in this world than by just doing the decent thing. Success experts may go right along preaching the doctrine of skill and application and energy and efficiency and what not, but when you get it all bottled down the fact remains that success is nothing more than doing the right thing because it's the right thing to do. There never was an decent chap who wasn't a success, nor an indecent chap who was. (Chests sometimes get rich and get necked to the top, but they don't succeed. Nothing but decency wins friendship and approbation and a well-earned anywhere, and that's all that counts in the end.)—Frank Press.

HOME SWEET HOME

by Earl Hurst



Italy's Plague of Fleas.
To foreigners life in Italy is "be-darned-itch" after another, because of the annoying prevalence of fleas, which seemingly do not bother the natives, but exist in staggering quantities to those who go there to visit and sight-seeing. Kenneth L. Roberts says in the Saturday Evening Post that there is no hotel, palace, restaurant, train or railway station that does not, at a moment's notice, provide fleas for the foreigner who may step into one of them.