

71, HE STROLLS 'CROSS CONTINENT



Still going strong though past three score years and ten, Henry Stewart, of sturdy Scotch stock, is now strolling from San Diego, Cal., to Washington, D. C.

CORNWALL LAND OF FAIRIES

People of That English County Firmly Believe in Existence of the "Little People."

A Cornish handbook recently published mentions that there are five distinct varieties of fairies in Cornwall and enumerates them as follows: The "Small People," who were supposed to be the pre-Christian inhabitants; these are gradually fading away.

The "Spriggans," attached to cairns, cromlechs and other ancient monuments, with which it was unlucky to meddle.

The "Piskies," full of mischief and finding great joy in leading mortals astray.

The "Buccas," spirits of the mines, associated in local legend with men from the East, doomed to work underground until the Resurrection.

The "Brownies," kindly and good, the spirits of the household, ever ready to do what they could to assist mankind.

There are numerous legends of the adventures of mortals with these fairies and only a few years ago men returning from Redruth, Truro, Penzance and some other market towns would turn their coats inside out before venturing to cross the wild moors or downs, in order to guard against being led away by the Piskies.

Once a miner, working in one of the levels, heard his name called distinctly. He was afraid to follow. His name was called again and this time more vehemently. The miner threw down his hammer and went to investigate. Almost immediately a mass of rock fell on the spot where he had been working. The warning had saved his life.

The Buccas or Knockers were so feared at one time that people who had to pass a disused mine after dark took special precautions to prevent their presence being known.

AFTERMATH

By ORA REDMOND

It was a clever little letter, subtle, whimsical—just the sort to pique the interest of the most indifferent. Bob had read it several times before deciding to accept the challenge of the last few lines—a gay little challenge that meant much or little, as he chose to interpret it.

"And so, if you are still the same old Bob, with an eye to what the other half of the world is doing, come and see what my share of it is up to. I am still the true daughter of travel, but if you will but say the wish my wings shall be folded for a little time, and a cozy fire and chairs for two shall be in the order of things for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

"Just like Peg," he declared, as he studied the letter, "dear little, jolly Peg."

For with the perspective given by the years that had passed, Peg and their Auld Lang Syne seemed very jolly and very dear indeed. This reminder of her brought back incidents, long forgotten, of his college days, when he had been an incorrigible dreamer, and Peg his confidante; theirs a merry camaraderie with a certain breath-taking tacit understanding of fuller depths to be sounded in some faraway day. Memories madly stirred, shaking off the mental dust of years. He was carried back beyond the considerable success that he had gained through the stifling of his earlier ambitions.

He was whistling merrily as he made an unusually careful toilet.

The room into which Bob was ushered was much as Bob had expected it. High up in one of the city's hotels, it held the usual impersonal substantial air of comfort common to such establishments, and with it a little transitory touch of hominess which is the knack of the born traveler.

The Peg that greeted him was his Peg, only a trifle older, and wiser, and very much at ease. Chattering comfortably of things and people they both knew, she enclosed him in the largest chair, lighted the gas and turned off all but one rose-shaded lamp that gave the room over to a soft twilight. Then, seated opposite him, she turned the subject to the years that had passed since they had met. Where had he been? Was his work congenial?

Under her frank regard Bob felt uncomfortable. How could he explain to this confident little visionary, to whom he had once poured out desires for adventure and travel, that manufacturing clothes-line had come to mean more to him than the lure of Tunis and Bagdad? For the first time he realized how different was his life from his early expectations. The knowledge brought an accusation from the boy submerged in the man he had become. Impatiently enough, he disposed of his story and asked for hers.

Leaning forward in her chair, chin in hand, she studied the fire thoughtfully. "I think that from the first, Bob, our old dreams have influenced my course of action."

Bob felt a guilty twinge. Here were memories fresher than his. Her matter-of-fact tone was reassuring, however. Evidently she wasn't going to sentimentalize over it.

"Life used to be more real, more vivid to you than to me. I thought it was through some failure of mine to live up to your dreams that we drifted apart, and lose each other's aims so completely. But opportunity came, and I used it. All these years I have been seeking romance in out-of-the-way lands. It hasn't been all play, but there have been many, many compensations. My latest book is lying there on the table. It will be on the market soon."

Bob opened the book which she indicated—a collection of essays in a somewhat philosophical trend.

"I am Youth," sprang out at him from the printed page. "Embodied in me are all the colorful dreams to which I am heir, venturing and assured."

"Before me lie the trails to far-away lands, where I may spend my energy; the mystic lure of Bagdad and Calcutta; the frozen wastes of Siberia; the romance of Venice and the charm of Nice—playgrounds for my unsatisfied fancy! The whole world is mine if I will claim it, not only this little slip of ground where Chance has placed me. How, then, could I ever consider the stolid comfort of middle age in exchange for my heritage?"

Just like Peg again; and if he but knew it, like the boy who sent her out on the quest. But this time an unaccountable anger assailed him. Stolid comfort, indeed!

He was vastly impatient to get away from the fancied criticism which her faithfulness to his outgrown ideals held. He drew a breath of relief when he passed through the lobby, out into the street.

Left alone, Peg stared quizzically into the fire. Her ironic smile broke into a grin, relieved, almost merry. "Peg, old dear," she addressed the reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece, "a fool there was! Think of the fun we've been missing, keeping the ideal alive for a clothes-line manufacturer! But tomorrow, we'll pack up for the last time, and we'll welcome old age in a plump, shapeless bungalow apron!"

Woman's dress nowadays may begin a little late and end a little early, but the cynic exaggerates when he says the modern girl's motto is, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off today."—London Opinion.

Mufflers. "The modern girl muffles and hices her ears in her hair," says Uncle Jed, "but from my observation she still contrives to hear when a man proposes to her."

CHARLIE ROBERTSON IN A HERO ROLE



When he pitched a no-hit, no-run game without a man reaching first, this pet of the White Sox didn't realize he would get writer's cramp from autographing baseballs for pretty girl baseball fans, but that is just what happened. The girls kept Charlie busier than his player opponents.

DIDN'T SEEM LIKE SAME SHOW

Clown's Comment Should Have Given Manager Just a Little Food for Thought.

The circus train had pulled in and they were unloading the animals. One of the owners was motoring around town and, passing a big billboard, was surprised to see one of his clowns scanning it with all the rapt fascination of a country schoolboy.

"That's a good one on you, Jake," he laughed, "takin' in the show, huh? That's the limit. Why, you've seen that show 1,000 times."

The clown glanced at the name above the flaming board and then at the promising and glowing pictures again. "By gosh, boss, you're right!" he exclaimed. "It's our show, ain't it? But there sure is a lotta things here you been keepin' back from us."—American Legion Weekly.

McGinty Had Lost Things.

"McGinty is a foine feller." "Is he?" "He is, indeed. Great friend of mine. Did you notice how heartily he shook hands wid me?" "Oid did." "Great friend of mine. He wasn't satisfied wid shakin' my hand." "No?" "He grabbed both my hands—foine feller—grabbed both my hands." "Hm! Oid know McGinty. He was lookin' to the safety av his watch."

Perfectly Safe.

First Thief (in hotel bedroom)—Go quiet, Jim. There's a woman asleep in that room. Second Thief—It doesn't matter if she wakes up. "It don't? One scream would bring half the folks in the house to the door." "She won't scream. If she wakes up she'll throw a sheet over her head and keep still." "Why will she?" "Her head is all up in curl papers."—Stray Stories.

The man who yearns for liberty must learn that self-government begins where charity does.

Another thing that infringes upon one of the poor man's inalienable rights is the alarm clock.

Domestic clouds are seldom sinister if there is a little creature about the house to raise a squall.

Still, what American citizen would feel flattered by being held for a ransom of 15,000 pesos, Mex.?

If it is true that jazz is dead, there's a chance of our having some musical comedies with music in them.

Russia's extremely high, not to say nebulous, thinking does not have enough of a living back of it.

ASOD'S FILM Fables THE CONCEITED DONKEY. A Jackass carried through the throng. An image, as he walked along. He noted how the gathered crowd bowed down before him. He grew proud. And stood stock-still. His driver layed him. And thus proceeded to upbraid him. "It isn't you they bow to, Jack. But it's the image on your back!" Moral—it's likely that the mob bows, not to you but to your job. —Esop, Jr.

CLEAR CASE OF DECEPTION

Aunt Amanda Had Ample Evidence That Mrs. Umson Was Ashamed of Her Birthplace.

Aunt Amanda, who is visiting her nieces in the city, recently accompanied them to a social gathering. "Did you enjoy yourself?" they asked, after the party.

"Yes, but I want to tell you something about that Mrs. Umson. I earned every cent for his Christmas gift, made kimonos and dressing sacks for some friends."

And a man, who was near enough to overhear, said to his companion: "If I had a wife like that, I'd frame her."

"I wouldn't want her at any price. She's too good to be true. My old girl cheats me out of every cent she can lay her hands on. I'm used to it. It's one of the rules of the ring. Wouldn't want her to be different."

Which seems to show the variety of opinions—undoubtedly a wise dispensation of nature, since life would be somewhat monotonous if all of us were made in the same mold—like candles. —Washington Star.

SMATTERINGS

Why don't chattering teeth usurp the function of the tongue? Silence is golden when you can't think of a satisfactory answer.

When did writers first begin to spell the interjection "Huh" "Humph"?

Wise is the married woman who is capable of drawing the line between coxing and nagging.

It doesn't matter if a father does know less than his son—just so that he is able to support him.

Cynicism is usually the second growth in a man who has been excessively disappointed in himself.

Says the pessimist: Enlarge your acquaintance and get into more trouble.

A man may gush over a woman or vice versa, but the gushing is seldom natural.

It is an easy matter for some real estate dealers to make mountains of molehills.

When the honeymoon is on the wane, she begins to find him out—nearly every night.

The man who is always telling you how much he does for others will bear watching.

When anyone asks "How are you?" you are not expected to offer a detailed answer.

Sometimes a married man dislikes to visit people who try to make him feel at home.

Old Surgeon Time removes as many physical troubles as other surgeons do with a knife.

Yes, Louie, even a married man may have his own way—after his wife decides on the direction.

Nearly all the knowledge in the world has been acquired at the expense of somebody's burnt fingers.

Men who are always telling you things for your own good mean well, but they are awfully tiresome.

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Uncle John's Josh. 'ONE OF THOSE DRUMMERS SAID THAT HE WAS AN ASSET TO THE WORLD, BUT SAM VENTURED THE STATEMENT, "NAW-YO AINT BEN ET YET."

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HOME TOWN HELPS

CITY SHOULD BE BEAUTY SPOT

Traveler Singles Out Atlanta, Georgia, as Ideal Residence Town, for Variety of Reasons.

The importance of insisting upon making our city a cleaner, more attractive city and one of which we may be proud, was brought home to the writer while attending a national advertising convention at Atlanta, Ga. After making a tour of the residence and suburban districts, as well as the downtown business portion of Atlanta, I was very favorably impressed. It was quite evident that the citizens here are making every effort to have their city known, not only as a progressive and up-to-date center, but as one of the beauty spots of the South as well.

In our own Kansas City should we not take more seriously the suggestions of a just and successful newspaper and give more thought and attention to the cleaning up, painting and beautifying of our downtown districts? To my mind, the present is the critical period in the life of our great city, and we should be careful not to allow our interest in its financial welfare to overshadow our desire to be known in the future as the city beautiful.

Advertising is one of the biggest factors in business, but before we can take advantage of that means we must get our business, or our community, in such a condition that we are justified in offering it to the public. —Kansas City Star.

WORK FOR CITY'S INTEREST

Best Kind of Business Man Recognizes the Duty Which All Owe to the Community.

What does a business man owe to the city in which his business is located besides the payment of taxes? Nothing, some close-fisted and tight-lipped business men will say. But they are not the biggest success, nor are they the kind of business men who get the most out of life. The business men who make the biggest successes and who get the most out of life are the kind who believe they owe something more to the city in which their business is located than the payment of taxes, who believe they owe it what they can contribute of active aid in solving the problems that confront the social, political or commercial. Fortunately for the cities of this country, there are many able business men who, disregarding the advice of the kind of business men who say that it may cause them to lose some trade if they take sides in a city's affairs, are devoting considerable of their time and talents to doing something for the general good of their city. And the number of such good business men is growing.—Lawrence (Kan.) Telegram.

Plant Trees.

There is no question about the need, the value, the absolute necessity of planting trees in America. Any small argument against it is overcome by big arguments by people who know the true subject.

There is but one question left—how many trees do you plant? You don't have to do the actual work. Pay your money to the American Legion. The boy scouts of the country have offered to take orders from the legion and plant trees, and giving money is the least of the task.

If there is anything you want to know that you haven't been told about trees, you are welcome to write the American Forestry association at Washington, and you will be sure of a courteous reply, and a quick one.

Home Owning.

If home owning is promoted the profit to the country eventually will be greater than any outlay so far suggested. It is an investment in practical patriotism. It means more young men growing up in the country with an intense practical loyalty to the nation and its institutions. It means unity and strength based upon appreciation of service rather than disaffection and weakness due to apartment contempt for such service.

Road Improvement.

The time is near when all main roads will be paved and lined with trees and shrubbery. This beautification movement is well along already, thanks to the splendid memorial tree campaign which will plant a tree for every American soldier who served in the World War. We're now in the era of road building, and we soon will lead the world in permanent, connected highways.

His One Chance.

Mr. Constant Knagg—You don't mean to tell me your wife allows you to interrupt her lectures?

Mr. Henry N. Peck—Along toward the finish she gives me a slight chance while she gathers her breath for the last word.—Houston Post.

Some Time Ago.

"When we were first married you were only too glad to wipe the dishes."

"I know, but that was when you only had two dishes."

TOO MUCH LIKE WORK.

Why don't you go down, Weary? Aw, shucks! Look at their boot gettin' up again.

Victoria Bridge. The Victoria Jubilee bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal was originally known as the Victoria tubular bridge, and was named the "Victoria" after Queen Victoria. It was formally opened by King Edward VII, (then prince of Wales), in 1891. But when the tubular bridge was replaced by a cantilever bridge, built in 1897 and 1898, on the piers of the old bridge, it was given the official name of the Victoria tubular bridge in honor of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee in 1897. It is still popularly known, however, as the Victoria bridge.