

# The Higher Sacrifice.

By MYRTLE CONGER.

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The sound of gay voices came faintly from the distant campus. He looked at her and smiled. "I wonder if they recall any part of 'The Higher Sacrifice' they heard this morning?" she asked as she returned his smile.

"Not now, I think. The lecture was not for the campus grounds. They may remember it after awhile. Some years hence, perhaps."

"But doesn't it seem that anything affecting life so deeply must be remembered all the time?"

"No; I think not. You, for instance, are the dearest part of my life, and I'm afraid I don't remember you always. In my laboratory, for example, in my work before those eager young men and women, I forget you, Elinor. My demonstrations are never mixed with thoughts of this couch with its cool pillows and you."

"But you do not really forget me. You may not remember me in that way, perhaps, but you are conscious of me all the time, just as I am of you, when my class and I go creeping inch by inch through the inferno, shrinking and quivering before the sights that confront us there. One's consciousness doesn't need to imply couches nor pillows nor any objective things at all, need it?"

He laughed happily. The voices on the campus grew gayer.

"There," he said. "They're filled with the consciousness of 'The Higher Sacrifice.'"

She smiled a little. "I think he made it beautiful," she said.

"He made it too beautiful. Sacrifice—real sacrifice isn't like that. It is harsh and horribly commonplace, though it is not common. I don't think it especially productive of the qualities of character he described. It makes character neither sweet nor great. On the contrary, it makes hard lines, both mentally and physically. It ages and embitters. Look at Miss Lowell. She has sacrificed. I don't know of any one more unloved or unlovely. She always makes me feel an undercurrent of sarcasm or pessimism or something equally disagreeable in the smallest things she says and does."

"Well, dear, I thought you wanted my opinion."

"Yes, of course."

"Well, it isn't much longer. I wasn't much impressed by the lecture at all."

"You don't believe in sacrifice?"

"Yes, I do, but I don't believe it's either attractive or beatific, and I don't think it should be presented in that light to those who know so little of life. Sacrifice is difficult and forbidding."

"To me it is beatific," she said. He patted her arm tenderly. "Play for me, dear," he said. "Sing to me."

She rose and went over to the piano. He settled back into the cushions. She played. She sang. It grew dark. She had sung all the songs he loved best.

"How good you are, Elinor," he said. "Come here."

She went and sat down beside him, where he had made room for her without raising his head from the pillows. She smoothed back his hair with her hand. She kissed him.

"Oh, Winfred," she whispered. "My love, how I love you."

He drew her closer to him and closed his eyes contentedly.

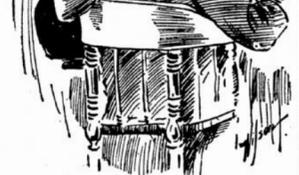
The voices died away on the campus. The moon came up.

He slept. She did not stir for fear of waking him. She sat looking out into the quiet night, thinking of the lecture they had heard that morning and of the divine sublimity of the higher sacrifice.

II.

They had been spending their vacation together with her mother at her cottage in the mountains. Her cousin Lucie was with them.

And the time was near when they all must return to the bustling world.



"Play for me, dear," he said.

On one of the last days, Winfred and Lucie went off to the cliffs together. He begged Elinor to go with them, but she had some reason for remaining. Neither could ever remember what reason she gave, but then human affairs do not turn upon reason. After they had gone, Elinor's mother spoke to her about her lover and her friend, but Elinor only smiled. She knew that it would come and she had prepared to smile.

When they returned later in the evening Lucie's face was flushed and there was a light in her eyes that Elinor knew. It was the light her own had held when Winfred kissed her for the first time.

She went up to them and took Lucie's hands in her own. "You may as well tell us, you two," she said gently and steadily. "Winfred, my dear friend, am I to wish you happiness? The mother here has been questioning me. She was afraid that you and I—that you were more than my friend, but I have told her that you are free, free to love my cousin Lucie. I saw it long ago. Before you had begun to dream of it, Winfred. Before either of you had, I think."

She took Lucie in her arms. She hid her white face against the girl's warm cheek. She felt that Winfred was looking at her, and she dreaded the happiness in his eyes.

Lucie freed herself. She took a step toward her lover, then stopped and held out her hands to him. "Why,



"Were you never in love before, you great, grand man?"

Winfred," she exclaimed, delightedly, "they have guessed it."

He looked past her at Elinor. Their eyes met. The soul of the woman looked out of them, calm in its agony.

"Elinor!" he said.

His impulse was to go to her. The old days could not die.

"Elinor."

"But Lucie stood between them. He felt her hands upon his breast. He felt her silky hair against his throat. He heard her laugh softly."

"Why, Winfred," she was saying. "I do believe you are frightened. Were you never in love before, you great, grand man?"

Elinor had turned, and passing her arm through that of her mother, left the room with her.

Out of the Past, rose the voices on the campus, submerging that of the little girl who clung to him and laughed because of love. And in that still, far-off night, he heard Elinor speaking, "To me, it is beatific."

Water with Fixed Air.

A magazine published in 1823 gives the following method to improve water for drinking: Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel churn, where it may be agitated to any degree that may be wished for. In the course of its being thus agitated it will absorb atmospheric air, and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, palatable and wholesome, to be obtained with little trouble and expense, and accessible in its utmost perfection to the poorest individual. Those who wish to drink this wholesome beverage in its utmost perfection should, after having it boiled and filtered, cause it to be churned as above directed, then bottled, with a couple of dried raisins in each bottle; this will give it a sufficient quantity of fixed air. If then used it becomes truly delicious.

Epigram on Clubs.

The immense growth of London clubs and of the opportunities afforded for games of chance may serve to recall an epigram which "Bentley's Miscellany" attributed sixty years ago to Sydney Smith.

He was at a Sunday dinner at Holland House, when the hostess said that woman's passion for diamonds was surely less ruinous than man's passion for play at his club. Thereupon Sydney Smith took a card and wrote the following impromptu:

Thoughtless that all that's brightest fades,  
Unmindful of that knave of spades,  
The sexton and his subs;  
How foolishly we play our parts!  
Our wives on diamonds set their hearts,  
We set our hearts on clubs.

An Esteemed Contemporary.

A one-horse Republican contemporary run by a one-jackass power mental dynamo says that the only silverites now in Nevada are office-seekers. We are willing to bet his head against a pumpkin (the most even odds we can think of) that if there is any non-silverite in Tonopah he is the one. And if good writing means good thinking he really doesn't know what he is; the idea that two and two makes four being yet in progress of filtration through the slum deposit he fondly imagines to be a brain.—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

Prince and Poet.

Prince George of Prussia, 76 years old, is the eldest member of the house of Hohenzollern and is known as the "Hohenzollern poet." He has written under the pseudonym of "George Conrad" a number of tragedies, notably "Maedra."

# CHINESE CURIOS

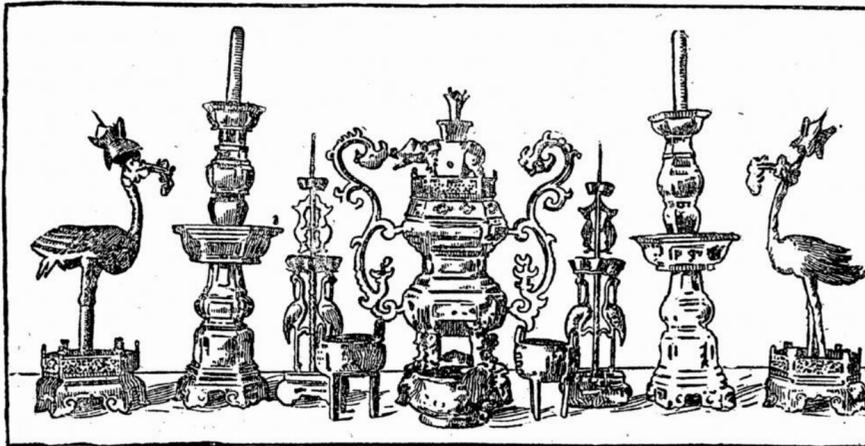


Metal Figures for Temples.

The American Museum of Natural History in New York has recently been enriched by the addition of a valuable collection of Chinese curios and works of art. This collection is the first instalment of the purchases made in China by Dr. Berthold Laufer, who went to the far east in the interest of the museum last June. He will remain in China several years, and the works of art, the antiques and curios which he will send will be of great value to the student. The recent shipment includes a huge carved state bedstead and many costly household articles, which show that the Chinese have expensive habits in that direc-

tion. There are hundreds of paintings which have not yet been placed in the cases. These represent the work of Chinese "old masters" and artists of the present time. The carvings are also representative of various periods. In the ivory collection there are many gaming devices, and some of the dice and playing cards are beautifully wrought. Several cases are filled with "made up" garments for men and women. Most of these are elaborately embroidered and decorated. Near these are specimens of embroidered and painted fans and decorations worn by women of high rank on festive occasions. A number

of shelves are devoted to men's headgear. The folded cloth caps of the peasant, the queer little hat of the rustic official, the caps of the great and of the small merchant, and the fur bound and fringe bedecked hat of the high official and learned man are notable objects of the collection. Near these hats and caps are the head-dresses of noble women, covered with bunches of red braid and silk flowers, and close to these, resembling them in many respects, are the gaudy head-dresses worn on the stage by impersonators of female characters, and a collection of masks, also used on the stage.



Silver Incense Burners and Table Decorations.

## DAREDEVIL RIDER "LOOPS THE LOOP" ON A BICYCLE

A group of circus men, newspaper men and photographers last week saw a dare-devil bicycle rider loop the loop at Coney island. With no other aid than the velocity accumulated by a rush down a steep incline the man rode up the concave surface until he hung head downward and continued on down out of the loop to dismount, cool and collected, 100 feet away.

The bicyclist was Robert B. Vandervoort, an electrician, who has gone over the loop-the-loop railroad known to almost every visitor to Coney island until he has come to look upon centrifugal force as a real, tangible thing.

Vandervoort's wheel is one especi-

ally constructed for the daring ride. It weighs about sixty-five pounds, has pneumatic tires on broad rims of steel, no pedals, no chain or gearing and no brake. There is no way for the rider to stop himself once mounted and in motion, except to fall off, and there is no mechanism to allow of the rider's attaining motion. It has two footholds for the rider's feet, where the crank shaft of a bicycle usually is.

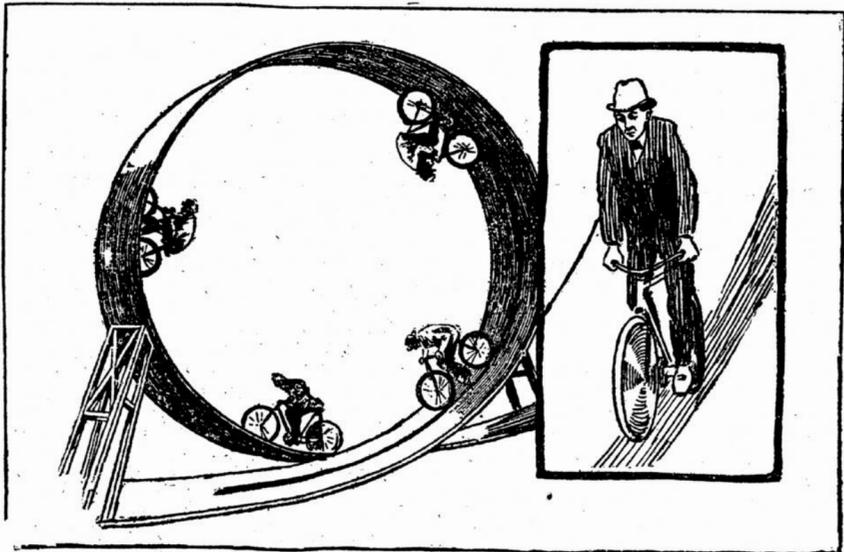
The thought of such a mass flashing along a surface at a speed sufficient to counteract for the moment the force of gravitation made those who were about to witness Vandervoort's exhibition feel creepy.

Vandervoort was quite cool. Crying

out that he was ready, he shot down the incline. Engineer Prescott explained that the speed was thirty-five miles an hour. Vandervoort began his ascent of the concave surface as straight and true as a bird might fly.

Everyone who saw the exhibition was intent to see Vandervoort hang downward for the moment he was passing the zenith of the loop. But he was past and out of the loop before those who watched could comprehend.

A rope arranged high enough to catch his handle bar and run through pulleys with a graded resistance helped to stop Vandervoort. The time was 6 2-5 seconds.



Vandervoort Going Around the Loop.

Rather Discouraging.

She—"And you are not going to spend the evening with me?"

He—"I am very sorry, dearest, but I have a pressing engagement and—"

She—"Then take back your ring. I'm not going to be engaged to a man who isn't willing to do all his pressing here."

A Very Attractive Girl.

She—"You can't always judge by looks, you know."

He—"You bet you can't. One of the loveliest girls in this town has a father who is president of a bank."

Chicago Record-Herald.

The Way to Keep Good.

Brooding over the evil that you have done will never correct that evil. Rather will it make possible a repetition of the thing dwelt upon. Set your mind the other way. Think honest, pure, kind, courageous thoughts all the time, and your mind will have no time for their opposites.—Success.

So Many Do.

Quian—"You say the cigarette fiend died suddenly?"

DeFonte—"Yes; his life went out with a puff."

A Boston Secular Breakfast.

I know of a white-haired man of perhaps seventy years who, just as regularly as the sun rises, goes into restaurant in Newspaper Row and orders for his breakfast hot mince pie, squash pie, cheese and a cup of coffee. And yet there are no suggestions of dyspepsia in his appearance.—Boston Journal.

When poverty appears at the door love meanders away back and disappears.

A man can take a day off occasionally, but his rent goes on just the same.

### MADE PRINCE HENRY SMILE.

Odd Labeling of the Steins at the White House Dinner.

The impressive military reception of the royal visitor to the capital city, the display of gorgeous scarlet, mauve, cream and buff uniforms, with their yards of gold braid and silver lace, was not without its humor. One little feature of the famous dinner at the White House in the evening served to cause considerable merriment among the notable guests, which little incident having leaked out has served as a merry horse on a well-known boniface.

This same patron saint of the weiner schnitzel, the pumpernickel and Hofbrau is famed for his fondness for decorating all of the utensils of his place of business with more or less perfect likeness of himself.

His host received an order from the White House on Monday. It was for certain butts of brown and lusty Wuerzburger, brought from far across the seas, from the famous brewmasters of the old country. The beverage was to be accompanied by a large number of steins from which the guests might quaff the nectar and imagine themselves back once more in their own Vaterland. The brown-staved kegs were sent and sundry boxes of steins. Each guest, Prince Henry included, glanced down at the tall white mug as the foamy was placed in front of him, and few could keep down the emotions when they saw, painted brilliantly into the side of each stein, the familiar picture of the Pennsylvania avenue landlord and beneath the picture this motto, "Stolen from Ernst Gerstenberg."—Washington Post.

### IRRISISTIBLE APPEAL.

ale That Was Calculated to Touch Even Hearts of Ice.

"I will tell you what it is for," said the demure little trained nurse who had just asked for a contribution, "and I believe you will agree that it is a sad case and well deserving any aid you may care to give."

"Near my old home, down South, in Alabama, is a lake which, until last winter, had never been frozen, when for the first time a solid sheet of ice covered the surface of the water. On the shore of this lake was a cabin, the home of a happy family of negroes.

"One evening a large flock of wild geese alighted on the ice and settled down for the night. When darkness came the whole family armed themselves with clubs, went out on the ice, and started in to kill the geese, which they thought were asleep. But here they mistook the situation.

"The poor geese were wide awake, but could not get away because they were all frozen tight to the ice. Still, they made one mighty combined effort to escape and in doing so carried with them the layer of ice which had covered the lake, and with it the negroes, and flew straight up until finally they disappeared from view and were never seen again.

"None of this unhappy family was left behind except the aged blind grandfather, who had remained in the cabin, and it is for his benefit I am taking up the collection."—New York Times.

### The Corinth of St. Paul Has Vanished

Old Corinth, that St. Paul visited so frequently and which was one of the most important, luxurious, immoral and enterprising cities of his day, is dead and buried. Buttercups and dandelions are growing upon his grave as bright and cheerful as those that decorate the prairies of Kansas or the dooryards of New England. New Corinth, a modern town, which lies at the head of the gulf, resembles Santa Fe and other of the adobe towns of New Mexico and Arizona. It is surrounded by clay cliffs, weatherworn into fantastic shapes and the dust is quite as deep in the unpaved streets.

The same lean cattle, mangy dogs and half-naked children playing in the sunshine; the same diminutive donkeys, the modern "Greek slaves," bearing burdens that hide their bodies and leave only their legs and ears exposed; the same mud fences and adobe walls; the same bake ovens beside the cabins and women of similar features, wearing similar garments, picking the live stock out of the children's hair. Crowds of men are sitting at tables in front of the cafes drinking coffee and talking politics, and the same dilapidated vehicles that you see in the old Spanish-American settlements await the traveler's arrival at the railway station.

### Iceland to Have Wireless System.

Up to the present Iceland has been without a telegraphic communication with the outer world, partly owing to the poverty of the island itself and partly owing to the disinclination of the Danish government to provide the necessary funds. The Icelandic Althing has voted a sum of \$50,000 for the purpose, but as the Northern Telegraph company refuses to lay a cable with subsidies from foreign powers, the project has not resulted in anything tangible. The Marconi syndicate has approached the government with a view to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the Shetlands and the Faro Islands.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### Church Keeps Its Pastors.

Rev. Dr. Robie of Greenland, N. H., on Feb. 25 rounded out a ministry of fifty years over the Congregational church in that city. He is the seventh minister of the congregation, which was organized in 1706. Its first pastor served for fifty-three years and its second for forty-eight years.

The Shah of Persia has the finest collection of cats in the world.