

MOHAMMED'S TAIL

By GEORGE PHILLIPS.

Miss Theodora Bingham, director of the Mission School for Girls at Damascus, tossed upon the back of her camel. The file of beasts stretched away before and behind her, each with its swarthy Arab attendant, while Sheikh Abdullah, riding on his white mule, passed slowly alongside of the caravan, his hands holding the reins loosely and an expression of benign self-satisfaction upon his face.

Though she was the only woman with the caravan, Miss Bingham was not in the least perturbed. She had spent a lifetime in Damascus, she had seen the school grow from a thatched building to a lovely establishment covering two acres, numbering 300 inmates. She had just returned from a visit to New York, and was carrying back \$7,000 in subscriptions, which, with a knowledge of the native methods of exchange, she had secreted in her baggage instead of forwarding through one of the extortionate native banks.

At Jerusalem she had joined the caravan, under the protection of the Sheikh Abdullah, to insure her safe arrival unmolested by desert nomads. And now Damascus was only two days' journey away, and the little package reposed in the saddle-bags among her other possessions.

Miss Bingham put out her hand to assure herself of its presence there. But it was not there. It had disappeared during the noonday halt.

"Her mind worked quickly. She remembered now that she had left the baggage for a couple of minutes to speak to the sheikh. Somebody must have suspected what it was she guarded so carefully. The thief had taken the money, and it was still in his possession.

As the sheikh rode slowly back Miss Bingham beckoned him. The old man came riding up on his mule.

"Somebody has stolen \$7,000 from my bag," she said quietly.

Sheikh Abdullah looked at her benignly. "O foolish woman, why did you not entrust its care to me?" he asked. "Had I but known you had so large a sum my head should have answered for its loss."

"Well, I guess it was foolish of me," answered Miss Bingham, "but anyway,



"Son of a Jackal," He Roared.



"You've been drinking again!" said the wife, reproachfully.

"I object to your expression," answered the husband, with great dignity. "I will admit, though I don't need to, that I had a drink. What of it?"

"You promised me that you were going to quit."

"There you go! Does a promise to quit, as you so inelegantly put it, mean that I may never accept a drink when I am invited? Does it force me into a beastly state of teetotalism? Does it mean that I must confess to my friends that I am so weak that I must never be asked to—"

"Pardon me for being ungrammatical again, but may I ask you to can the oratory? Listen! I can go downtown without getting a drink—why can't you?"

"Possibly you can, my dear. Indeed, I will acknowledge that you often do. But look how popular I am!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Prominent Virginian Statesman.
Zedekiah Kidwell, for many years a prominent figure in Virginia politics, was born 139 years ago in Fairfax county, Virginia. He was graduated from Jefferson Medical college in 1839 and practiced medicine for some years. Later he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. In 1849 he was a delegate to the convention called to revise the Virginia constitution. He was a representative in the state legislature for several terms and served in congress from 1853 to 1857. During the Civil war period he held an important departmental post under the Confederate states government in Richmond. Mr. Kidwell died in Fairmont, Va., April 27, 1872.

Gentle Intimation.
"Job," said Farmer Cortmossel, earnestly, "every year when the frost sets in you come back home asking how soon dinner will be ready."

"Yes, father. And you haven't failed to receive me as the prodigal son."

"No. But I want you to revise your schedule and change your season. I want you to quit comin' as the prodigal son an' see if you can't drop in once in a while as a regular payin' summer boarder."

To Set Stencil Colors.
After stenciling, if you will press a hot flatiron over the pattern stenciled, you will find that it makes the color fast so that it cannot be washed out when the fabric is laundered. If you have mixed too much oil with the paints and smeared the fabric, place a blotter over the smear and press with a hot flatiron. The oil will have been absorbed when the blotter is lifted, so that it is not noticeable.

Knitting Always at Hand.
New England Woman of the Old School Was Never Without That Favorite Occupation.

New England farmers less than a hundred years ago found their flocks of sheep one of the most valuable assets of the farms. The wool they turned over to the "womens-folks," who picked and cleaned it. Then it was sent to the carding mill, where it was carded and laid into rolls. In the farmhouse these rolls were spun into yarn on wheels turned by hand.

Since most of the wool was white and only a few pure white garments were needed, many of the farmers' wives colored their yarn. Then to their many accomplishments they added the art of weaving. They also knit. Knitting was a universal art. Every housewife and every girl knit.

Every self-respecting woman always had her knitting at hand. She knit as she talked, knit while visiting her neighbors, knit while she sat warming herself by the stove or the fireplace, knit when she was half-asleep and was waked up by dropping a stitch, knit in the morning, knit at noon, knit at night. The gentler sex of the whole countryside knit, knit stockings for themselves and socks for the "men-folks"; knit white stockings and gray socks with blue toes, blue socks with red toes, and for variety, plied socks or ring-streaked and speckled.

They knit mittens, so comfortable on frosty days; mittens white, mittens blue, mittens blue or blue striped, with white for the boys, and such prettily red mittens for the dear girls; knit comforters to wrap round the boys' necks, white and blue shawls, tipets and leggings of various hues. While a part of the product of the knitting needles was sold, most of it went to home consumption.—Galusha Anderson, in "When Neighbors Were Neighbors."

She Lets Him Know.
It is much safer to shout with the crowd than against it. That is why the crowd makes such a noise.—Printers' Ink.

but Abdullah seemed equal to the occasion.

"Since Mohammed has refused to assist me," he said, "may stripes be his portion, and the lowest place in the world to come. I have another method, for in the palm of each man I can read his acts of the day. Stand together and each man hold up his hand, palm upward."

When he had assembled his men the old sheikh went along the line, peering closely into each uplifted palm. Suddenly he stopped and jerked a man out of the row.

"Son of a Jackal," he roared, "even now thou hast the Frankish woman's bag and the money."

The man fell grovelling upon his face, and a fearful awe was on the countenance of each of his comrades.

"Bring it here at once," the sheikh continued, "and if there be missing the least quota of a farthing thou shalt rot in Damascus Jail."

Five minutes later Miss Bingham was in possession of her \$7,000 again, and not a single bill was missing.

"But how did you do it, sheikh?" she inquired, a little later in the evening. "It seems as wonderful to me as it was to them."

"O Frankish woman," said the sheikh, a twinkle in his eye, "the thief did not lay hold of the mule's tail, fearing that he would bray."

"Well," inquired Miss Bingham, still mystified.

"Thus, O teacher of womanhood, the sweet-smelling powder with which I had rubbed the tail of Mohammed was not transferred to his palm, as was the case with the other men."

"Then the thief was the man whose hand did not smell of the sweet powder?" inquired Miss Bingham. "Well, that beats everything!"

"Verily, there are more ways of cooking a hare than boiling him, O Frankish woman," replied the sheikh, smiling.

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GREAT PIECE OF MACHINERY

Composition of the Human Body Truly Has Been Called Fearful and Wonderful Thing.

There are exactly 198 bones in your body. In the spinal column are 24; in the sacrum, or coccyx, 2; in your head, or cranium, 8; in your face are 14; the hyoid bone is one. Your chest and sides have 25, your right arm has 32, your left arm has 32, your right leg has 30 and your left leg 30.

Your heart beats from 70 to 86 times a minute, but the pulsations vary according to age: At birth, 130 times a minute; at 1 year of age, 120; at 3 years, 90; at 7 years, 85; at 17 years, 80; when full grown, 75; in old age, 65.

The normal adult has seven quarts of blood in the system. It is dark blue in the veins, because it is saturated with carbonic acid, because its oxygen has been burned up and used in providing vital heat. The red blood is arterial, having lost its carbonic acid and become purified by its contact with the pure air in the lungs, from which it has taken a fresh stock of oxygen for the system.

The average temperature of the normal adult is 98 degrees. At midnight it is 97, at 4 a. m. it is 96, at 8 a. m. it is 98½, at noon it is 99, and at 4 p. m. it is only 96½.

We breathe 15 times a minute normally and while the lungs hold between four and five quarts of air, only about a pint is taken at each inhalation. About 10,000 quarts of air pass through the lungs every 24 hours.

His Excuse.
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of the WASHINGTON who never FAILED

MODERATION and determination are the two dominant characteristics of which time has not robbed Washington. Of them, the first is the one which has deprived him of a great deal of the appreciation which has been lavished on less deserving characters.

What ever the vices of the man, they were always held within respectable restraint. Whatever his virtues, he never gave them undue prominence.

So it is that, after more than a century, there has come a tendency to depreciate the ability of the one man who, more than any other, would naturally be exalted. For a long time it was held that his fame was tarnished because he swore red oaths at the battle of Monmouth. That was succeeded by the present epoch, which has chosen to regard him as a lovable gentleman, with enough horse sense not to make a fool of himself and, by a series of events over which he had no control, to become the father of his country.

And yet it is doubtful if another character of the age is more to be admired for its many-sided excellencies. As a man, warrior and statesman, Washington yields to no figure of his time.

What place Washington held, in his own day, must now become a matter of interest. Shortly after his death, Felix Fauleon voiced the opinion of the French parliamentarians when he addressed the legislative assembly as follows:

"The tomb has claimed him who was the model of republican perfection. This is not the time to trace all this truly great man has accomplished for the liberties of America, the generous inspirations which he imparted to the French who were attracted to his school of arms; the sublime act which will ever add lustre to his memory, when, after having exerted his talents in giving liberty to his country, he voluntarily relinquished supreme power to conceal his glory in the obscurity of private life."

Naturally, Napoleon was attracted to the great general who led an army of ragamuffins to victory, after a long campaign of almost unparalleled vicissitudes, and whose power was attested by the fact that none of his general, except Wayne, accomplished much after they left him. When the news of his death reached France, the first consul issued the following order:

"Washington is no more! That great man fought against tyranny. He firmly established the liberty of his country. His memory will ever be dear to the French people, as it must be to every friend of freedom in two worlds, and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the Americans, bravely fight for liberty and equality. The first consul, in consequence, orders that, for ten days, black crepe shall be suspended to all the standards and flags of the republic."

At almost the same the Gazette de France said: "Washington is dead! The news in the time of the directory it would have been imprudent to announce. Now, the heart may with confidence abandon itself to all the generous emotions of the soul, and we may dare to weep at the tomb of a great man. A general funeral service has been ordered in America, and this will be observed by the citizens of every nation. No period has sustained a loss so irreparable as the end of the eighteenth century."

This concluding sentence may be taken as generally expressing the estimation in which the "father of his country" was then held. Since then, with that flash tendency to appreciate high-sounding phrases rather than sound statesmanship, it has become the fashion rather to exalt the orators and the writers, who had secondary roles, than to accept the verdict of colonial times. It is doubly strange, too, that in a country whose citizenship is rapidly altering, because of the large and continuous additions from foreign lands, should have no one great work, not even an essay, which vitally and vigorously presents the character of its first great general, statesman and citizen.

When reading the first president's letters, it seems strange that his correspondence should never have excited more attention or study. By comparison they are almost unknown when one considers for example how much attention and controversy has been directed of late years to lives and writings of Hamilton and Burr.

Very strange it is, indeed, that the correspondence of so commanding a character as Washington should be so little known to the ninety and more millions of people who owe their liberty and prosperity to him. And to the fact

that his letters are so little read may be attributed the further fact that his fame is that of a successful general rather than of a broad constructive genius, whose all-sealing statesmanship guided a new nation of his own making to greatness.

Also, it is probable that no man who wrote as much as he did put so little on paper that is open to criticism. Read a dozen or more volumes of his correspondence, as compiled by Sparks, and you will find not one epistle which does not bear tribute to his love of freedom, his wisdom and kindness of heart. All of them show why he never failed in anything of consequence he undertook. Without exception, they bear witness to the thought, the careful consideration, the sound judgment of the writer.

With these qualities dominant, there is lacking, as a matter of course, the bias, the egotism, the proneness to give way to the passions, that have caused so many able men to fall.

Above all, there is an abounding love of freedom, an all-pervading desire to serve the best interests of his fellowmen, that cannot fail to touch the heart of any one who cares to read the old volumes that have been shelved in favor of so much less worthy material.

Take him, for instance, as a soldier. His earlier show that he realized fully the difficulties of the tasks ahead of him. First of all, his breadth of vision prevented his army from being divided and subdivided by the claims of the various colonies that the troops they raised should be devoted to their own defense. As he wrote to the governor of Connecticut:

"I am by no means insensible to the situation of the people on the coast. I wish I could extend protection to all, but the numerous detachments necessary to remedy the evil would amount to a dissolution of the army, or make the most important operations of the campaign depend upon the piratical operations of two or three men-of-war and transports."

Again, when he was recruiting his forces, he was dismayed by the fact that not all the people were animated by motives as high as his. To his secretary, Joseph Reed, one of the closest of his friends, he wrote:

"Such dearth of public spirit, and such want of virtue, such stock jobbing, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantage of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement, I never saw before, and I pray God's mercy I may never see again. What will be the end of these manoeuvres is beyond my scan. I tremble at the prospect. Could I have foreseen what I have experienced and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command."

His letters during the winter at Valley Forge are models of their kind. But nothing he wrote, during his period of command, bears higher tribute to his character as a man than his letters to General Gage that "the officers engaged in the cause of liberty and their country, who by the fortune of war have fallen into your hands, have been thrown indiscriminately into a common jail, appropriated to felons."

General Gage insolently replied that but for his clemency the captured men would have been hanged, and made counter-charges that British captives were mistreated. To this Washington replied with the following letter:

"I addressed you, sir, on the 11th instant, in terms which gave the fairest scope for that humanity and politeness which were supposed to form a part of your character. I remonstrated with you on the unworthy treatment shown to the officers and citizens of America whom the fortune of war, chance or a mistaken confidence had thrown into your hands. Whether British or American mercy, fortitude, and patience are most prominent; whether our virtuous citizens whom the hand of tyranny has forced into arms to defend their wives, their children, and their property, or the merciless instruments of lawless domination, avarice, and revenge, best deserve the appellation of rebels and the punishment of that cord, which your affected clemency has forbore to inflict; whether the authority under which I act is usurped or founded upon the genuine principles of liberty, were altogether foreign to the subject. I purposely avoided all political discussion, nor shall I now avail myself of those advantages which the sacred cause of my country, of liberty, and of human nature give me over you; much less shall I stoop to retort and in-

fective, but the intelligence you say you have received from our army deserves a reply. I have taken time, sir, to make a strict inquiry, and find it has not the least foundation in truth. Not only your officers and soldiers have been treated with the tenderness due to fellow-citizens and brethren, but even those execrable pariahs, whose counsels and aid have deluged their country with blood, have been protected from the fury of a justly enraged people. Far from compelling or permitting their assistance, I am embarrassed with the numbers who crowd to our camp, animated with the purest principles of virtue and love to their country.

"You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source with your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable, than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for purity, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it.

"What may have been the ministerial views which have precipitated the present crisis, Lexington, Concord and Charlestown can best declare. May that God, to whom you, too, appeal, judge between America and you. Under his providence, those who influence the councils of America, and all the other inhabitants of the United Colonies, at the hazard of their lives, are determined to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges which they received from their ancestors.

To Washington's high personal character, and his lack of small weaknesses, his correspondence also bears testimony.

HOME TOWN HELPS

MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM EVIL

How Chicago Man Made Immense Fortune at the Expense of Small Communities Everywhere.

A merchant prince died in Chicago and left \$15,000,000 to his heirs, every cent of which was made in the mail-order business.

We would not dispute the dead man's honesty or criticize him for making this fortune in a manner that is certainly legitimate. But whence did these millions come, and from whose poverty grew his wealth? asks the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The answer is the familiar indictment of the mail-order business as it has developed in Chicago. From men and women who were lured by attractive pictures to pay retail prices plus the heavy cost of carriage from Chicago; from people who searched the pages of catalogue and would not enter stores of their own towns, where the same goods at the same price were sold; from buyers who sent to Chicago merely to give their purchases that distinction of being of distance—from these came the millions that made the great mail-order king.

If the evil ended here we should regret the stupidity of a certain class of purchasers and stop at that. But the fortune of the mail-order kings is gained at the expense of progress in rural communities scattered over the continent.

Here is the case: The little country merchant puts in his stock, bought of merchants in his own state. He buys the best, and intends to sell it honestly and at a fair profit. He waits. His cheaper goods are sold and his staples are purchased. But his dress goods fade on the shelves and his farming implements rust in his storeroom. His neighbors buy of him only what they must; their larger purchases are made from Chicago mail-order houses. The merchant is forced to sell what his customers will purchase; those who have helped to ruin him criticize the paucity of his stock.

The Chicago mail-order business cripples the local merchant. It limits the stock of the stores. It builds up great fortunes and a single city, at the expense of those who would proclaim progress the country over.

POSITION OF STREET TREES

Writer Comes Forward With a New Idea Which at Least is Worth Some Consideration.

Had the writer the privilege and pleasure of planting a row of trees and framing the laws governing street trees, their planting, preservation and care, he would have no parkway next to the curb, but would have it on the inside of the sidewalk, next to the property line. This would give the street a broader appearance, but the trees out of reach of wires, of horses, change the street grade, away from many hills. It would place them where more air, food and water could reach the roots at all times and allow of their retaining branches lower down than is possible where they are close to the curb and obstructing free passage of horses and vehicles.—Los Angeles Times.

Women Like This Man.

Women like a man who understands their clothes. They may dress for each other—and it is quite a fallacy to suppose that they dress for men, still they do like a man who has a feminine touch or two about him. "A man who has a medal with three clasps and understands the cut of a skirt is God's last word in men."

The very nicest women fall terribly with neckties, and they may know no more of trousers beyond the fact that they are customary. In the matter of hosiery I found her to be sound. When she rejected the socks they were "selling" I knew her for a woman in a thousand. "The things that are 'selling' are the things one doesn't buy," she remarked to the man who was serving me, and I very nearly cheered. There are women in existence—and nice women, too—who would have made me buy socks that looked like summer blouses.—From "The World's Daughters."

Motto for Civic Workers.

Improvement societies and similar bodies working for the general good of all should adopt a characteristic motto, not alone to print upon their stationery, but one that will serve to keep in mind the purposes for which the organization was formed. The following strongly appeals as peculiarly fitting:

For the cause that lacks assistance, Against the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that we can do.

Dat Ox.
Guest—Walter, are you sure this is oat-tal soup?
Walter—Yessuh.
Guest—But I've found a tooth in it.
Walter—Well, I don't know, suh; but I reckon dat ox must have been biting his tail.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fresh From the Old Sod.
Pat and Mike had got half way around the menagerie tent when they came to an opening marked "Exit." "Wonder what kind of a beast that is?" said Pat. "We'll go in and see, anyhow," said Mike, and next moment they found themselves out under the stars.

Here's a Thought.
It is much safer to shout with the crowd than against it. That is why the crowd makes such a noise.—Printers' Ink.