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The Man About the House
 By MYRA C. LANE

"Now for goodness' sake take Polly out for a walk and give me a chance to get things cleaned up," said mother.

Father smoothed back his gray hair and rose. He laid down the Sunday paper. His wife was already beginning her housework. She had taken up the rug to shake, she was moving the furniture about the room in an aimless sort of way, and there was a worried look upon her face.

"Come along, Polly girl," said father.

He took his little daughter's hand, slipped on his hat, and they went out. The house was exactly like three dozen other houses along the street, a small, wooden structure with a tiny hall and seven rooms. There was the same strip of draggled lawn in front of each.

But in the distance were fields and hills, crowned with green. The wild country was all about them. They strode down the street together.

"Father, I don't like Sundays, because mother's always cleaning," said Polly wistfully.

"Cleaning? Oh, well, she's got to clean, I suppose," said father. He was thinking of a girl he had known before he was married, who was rather untidy, and would never have bothered about cleaning more than two or three times a year. What good times they had had together! It was strange how vividly her face came back to him after ten years of marriage.

"How'd you like us to run away, Polly?" asked father.

"Really?" inquired Polly, clutching his hand more tightly.

"Really, Polly. Run away somewhere where there's never any cleaning." He tried not to show his bitterness. "Just you and me, wandering along the roads. Or maybe—a train whistled in the distance—"we'll take a train somewhere and never come back. We'll go and see foreign parts, where the palm trees grow, and big birds, all blue and green and yellow and red fly through the branches."

"Oh, that'll be splendid!" said Polly, clapping her hands.

"Or maybe we'll take a ship to Italy, and see all the ruins and the picture galleries. Then we'll go on to Egypt and see the desert, and the camels going by with packs of rugs on their backs. What d'you say to that?"

"Oh, wouldn't it be nice!" said Polly.

They had begun to ascend the hill behind the town. They toiled up and stood looking down. The houses seemed isolated in a vast forest.

"Maybe we'll just walk on and on till the forest's all about us. And then we'll camp in the woods and light a fire, and catch some trout and cook them for dinner. And sleep under the stars. How about that?"

"Wonderful," said Polly. "But suppose it came on to rain, father?"

"The leaves will be so thick that not a drop of rain can come through. Besides, who cares for a little rain? Not we. Anyway, it's nicer than staying at home where there's cleaning going on, isn't it?"

"Much nicer," said Polly.

"Maybe I'm taking you too far. You're tired, dear?"

"A little bit," said Polly. "Oh, father, what a pity."

"What's a pity?"

"Did you know mother has duck and green peas for dinner?"

"Duck and green peas? What do we care for duck and green peas?"

"N—nothing," said Polly, a little wistfully.

"Maybe we had better be getting back and start next Sunday instead," suggested father. "It is a little late, isn't it, Polly?"

"A little, father," answered Polly.

They started back, very slowly and wistfully, but as they neared the house they went faster and faster. Such a delicious smell came from the dining room. And there stood mother at the door.

"Well, you have been for a long walk," said mother, smiling. "And you're just in time, for dinner's on the table."

They went in. The interior was as spick and span as a new pin. The odors that came from beneath the dish cover were simply indescribable.

"Duck is nice with green peas, isn't it, father?" suggested Polly.

"You mother's a pretty good cook," answered father.

Mother smiled. She knew all about the man about the house.

Scene of Much Warfare.
 Since the St. Lawrence is the boundary separating Canada and the United States, it was only natural that in the wars between the French and the English, and between England and the American colonists, the Thousand Islands were the scene of important campaigns.

Some of the early struggles between the Iroquois and the Algonquins were fought in the neighborhood. In the French-English war many battles took place among the islands and on the adjoining shores. In the Revolution and in the War of 1812, the defense of the section was considered of decided importance. In the Patriots' war, with its recurrent outbreaks in 1837 and 1839, many of the more important clashes took place on this part of the river. Notable among these were the capture of the British frigate Sir Robert Peel, near Well's island, and the battle of the Windmill, near Prescott, in 1838.

Whisky Not Necessity of Life.
 Whisky is not a necessity of life, even for a Scotchman in the tropics, according to a decision reached in the courts of Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa, after lengthy legal arguments, reports the London Express correspondent.

The question arose over a case in which a grocery store sued a minor for goods supplied. The law says that the only debts which can be recovered from minors are those incurred in supplying the necessities of life. The debt in question included an item of three bottles of whisky. It was argued for the prosecution that as the minor was a Scotchman living in the tropics whisky was a necessity, but his arguments were overruled, and an order made for the debt, minus the value of the three bottles.

Reward of Merit.
 "What's the most attractive feature of farm life?" asked the city dweller. "Knocking off work on Saturday and going to town in the flyover," said the truthful agriculturist. — Birmingham Age-Herald.

FOOD HUNT IN STARVING CITY

"Blessings" of Bolshevik Rule Brought Forcibly to the Attention of Newspaper Correspondent.

A Copenhagen correspondent gives the following description of daily life in Petrograd, where the population passes the day in a continuous fight against death from hunger:

It was a Bolshevik boy who taught me how to hunt. We met in the Sadovaja street in Petrograd.

"Have you had anything to eat today?" he asked, as is the custom in a starving city. I told him that I had had only an apple although I had money.

"Come along then, I know a place where we can get some solid food today." This was for me the introduction to a 14 days' course in the art of procuring food during a famine.

We entered first a chop-house quite near, where we got pen-soup and porridge, though in very small portions. My comrade then proposed that we should return to the Nevsky Prospect, where meat and potatoes were to be had in what was formerly an elegant night restaurant. The dish, meat and potatoes mixed, was served in square pieces of about three inches.

"Now we have to walk a long way," my comrade said. "We have to cross the river, and in the Boulevard Kronveski there is a place where we can get a piece of bread." After telling me that he was a soldier in the Red army, he went on: "I am here now on a fortnight's leave of absence, and if you will meet me at 5 p. m. today I will show you a secret place where you can get a satisfying meal of potatoes, herrings and bread." I had not thought it possible to get a square meal in Petrograd, and I became hungry at the thought of potatoes.

At 5 p. m. sharp he returned full dress, top-boots, fur cap with the red soviet star, a rifle in a strap over his shoulder, and a leather belt with cartridge pouches. He took me far away, and finally we stopped in front of a large house. It was quite dark, but down below our feet we saw a faint light through the chink of a door.

We waited a little to make sure that nobody saw us, and then went down the stairs. We entered quickly, and found ourselves in a cellar. By the light of a lamp I saw Red soldiers and civilians sitting at small tables with large dishes of steaming potatoes. The young soldier knew the landlord of the place, and ordered a dish of potatoes and salt herring. We afterward had some tea and rye bread. When we paid, my friend recommended me to the landlord, and told me that I could come here every night, which I did.

Will Be Mammoth Bridge.
 The new Delaware river bridge, which is to be built by the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and the city of Philadelphia, is estimated to cost about \$28,871,000. This bridge will cross the Delaware river from Franklin square, Philadelphia, to Pearl and Second streets, Camden, N. J. It will be the longest suspension bridge in the world. The main structure is to be of the two-cable suspension type, crossing the river with a single span 1,750 feet long, from center to center of the main piers. The clearance above mean high water will be 135 feet over a width of 800 feet in the center of the span. The bridge and approaches are to be built to provide a single deck carrying an unobstructed roadway for six lines of vehicles, lines for surface cars and two lines for rapid transit, besides which there will be two ten-foot sidewalks above the roadway. The width of the main roadway, from curb to curb, will be 57 feet. The total width of the bridge will be 125½ feet. It is expected to have the bridge completed by July 4, 1926, in time for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when a great international exposition will be held in Philadelphia.

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