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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1920.

From The Argus of March 24, 1920—
"The Argus henceforth will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unbiased by partisan ties, free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

There is no deprivation quite so hopeless as having nothing to growl about.

The change from government control hasn't made it any easier to open a car window.

Says Lloyd George to Baron Wrangel: If you've got to wrangle, wrangle by yourself.

Trotsky and Lenine might about as well begin picking out their country places in Holland.

Do you suppose that scientists who say taming spiders is a hard job ever tried pushing a bee?

If there is not a decided drop in the cost of living this fall, it will take a lot of explaining to show the reason why.

The woman who awoke from a sleep of two years must have heard the shouting down in Nashville, Tenn., when the suffrage act was endorsed.

Sir Conan Doyle naively informs us that "when dealing with spirits lights are as prejudiced as they are to the development of a photographic plate." Or, when dealing in spirits. Hence, the term "moonshining." And there is more than one kind of moonshine at that.

Davenport is now paying a cent more street car fare than the cities on the Illinois side—through court mandate and not by the grace of a public utility commission. At that it is but a just difference relatively speaking, since for the most part, the people in the Illinois cities have been putting up with higher street car transportation charges than their Davenport neighbors. The lines pay better here, and since all added corporation expenses are passed back to the people, the new difference in our favor is just—while it lasts.

A Progressive Province.

The British province of Australia, the island continent of the Pacific, is perhaps the most progressive country in the world. It has initiated reforms in governmental affairs which have been borrowed by the United States after having been experimented with in Australia and found beneficial. The most important of these reforms is the ballot now used in this country—called by the appropriate name "Australian ballot." Previous to the adoption of this form of casting ballots at elections it was an easy matter to manipulate the votes of the electorate, corrupt the ballot box and commit other frauds where elections were close and men could be found who were corrupt enough to take advantage of the opportunity. This led, last year, to what the Australian system of voting was introduced.

It is not generally known, but it is true, that Australia was one of the first countries to provide by law for equal suffrage for women. South Australia adopted woman suffrage in 1894, West Australia in 1899, and federal woman's suffrage was granted in 1902. Some of the states withheld the right of women for some years—New South Wales granted it in 1902, but Tasmania not until a year later, while Queensland not until 1905, and Victoria waited until 1908.

It will be seen, however, that the Australians not only early saw the need of giving women an equal standing with men before the law, but also the equal right with men to make the laws and administer them.

The Australians as a people have proved themselves to be not only brave and capable in war, but progressive, just and wise in peace.

Disaster Coming?

Oswald Spengler has written a book, the "Death of Western Civilization," which reviewers regard as noteworthy. He compares the future with the past and declares that the civilization of western Europe (which of course includes America) has reached its limit and is about to come to an end.

When a civilization is broken up it means disaster for individuals. Even a railroad strike may starve a city. But if disaster overwhelms the civilized peoples of today it is their own fault. Some writers attribute the fall of Rome to the weakness caused by malaria; but today medical science is competent, as it never was before, to overcome the plagues that once laid peoples low.

With scientific agriculture and a world to draw on for supplies, no country need be starved by local famines. The wider civilization spreads the less it has to fear from barbarian invasion. The invention of local self-government within a nation diminishes the chance of despotism.

In all these respects modern civilization was an advantage over all those that preceded it. What threatens it most is mutual misunderstanding between its own different nations or classes. But here also it has an advantage over former civilizations. Christianity and Buddhism are both religions of peace and sympathy. Slavery, once universal, is a thing of the past; and the exploitation of others is recognized as bad morals and (in the end) bad economics.

The Lafayette Statue at Metz.

(New York World).

In presenting to Metz the statue of Lafayette by Paul Bartlett the Knights of Columbus truly spoke for America. The spot was well chosen. There in the city where for almost half a century the Germans had exercised their alien rule over the province wrested from France, the interest of the young French nobleman in the struggle for American independence was first kindled. It was fitting that, gathered there, on French soil restored to France, a century and a half later, Frenchmen and Americans should do honor to Lafayette's name by rededicating themselves to the union of France and America.

It was from the lips of a royal visitor from England to the commander of the garrison at Metz that Lafayette, then a young officer in the French king's guards, heard how the Americans were fighting for their liberty. He was only 19 when later, against his family's wishes and in defiance of the orders of the king, he sailed for America in a vessel bought and outfitted at his own expense. From the Battle of Brandywine to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown he served with the American army under Washington, though the French troops with Rochambeau and Saint-Simon played a leading part in the later campaigns of the war.

To the bonds formed during the War of the Revolution new strength has been given by the World war. Never has there been an association between nations, military or moral, in which sentiment was so potent a force. It has been dominated by the spirit of Lafayette, the youthful, unselfish friend of liberty, and in their tribute to him Americans testify eagerly to the lasting friendship between the two nations of which he laid the secure foundations.

SATIRICAL SONNETS.—I.

Hail to the politician, kindly man,
Who grieves so sorely o'er the people's woes
And while he weeps matures his cunning plan
With which he hopes to crush the people's foes.
No selfish purpose bides within his soul,
No hope hath he of any sordid gain;
The people's triumph is his glorious goal
And they shall not appeal to him in vain!

No single virtue doth he ever lack,
A shining halo hangs athwart his ears
The while he gladly bears upon his back
The people's burdens and doth soothe their fears . . .
But on election day—alas, alack!
The people, as of old, still hold the sack!

CANDIDATE COX sets forth in a statement which we suspect refers to the Republican "war chest" that in his Pittsburgh speech he will "advise the country as to matters of which the senator (Harding) claims to be ignorant and I will prove my charges." In o. w., what the gov. is getting at is that he will tell the world the Republican campaigners are a gang of crooks and highbinders who are brazenly attempting to purchase the holy office of POTUS.

IF you find POTUS mystifying, perhaps this story will shed a bit of light. A press telegrapher in Montreal was transmitting a news story which made reference to the "president of the United States." Press dispatches are transmitted speedily by the use of a code of word abbreviations and combinations. An inexperienced "receiver" failed to interpret the word "potus." He broke. "Who's 'Potus'?" he asked. "President of the United States," clicked back the "sender." "Hell, you're crazy," replied the verdant one. "Wilson is president."

Don't They Need a Pulmotor Instead of a Pastor?

(From the Rockford Star).

Winnebago, Aug. 20.—The First Presbyterian church will remain closed until Sunday, Sept. 5. The pastor, Rev. J. W. White, with Mrs. White is at Winona Lake, Ind., for the intervening period and on his return will conclude his pastorate of the local charge, having accepted a fluttering call from the First Presbyterian church at Galena.

THE droll Senor Villa has trotted away into the mountains with 2,000,000 pesos entrusted to him by the guileless provisional Mex. government. Now we understand why Pedro Zamora wanted to surrender.

A Real Endurance Test.

(From the Moline Dispatch).

Lawrence Aabye says he carried Ellen May Knudson at Crown Point, Ind., Oct. 19, 1919, five days after she was divorced in Cook county, Illinois, and that he was told by her that she could legally marry.

"I'LL bet," bets J. W. C., who pilfered the Dispatch wheeze, "I'll bet he was dern tired after those five days—whadoyouthink?"

WELL, it all depends. The young man who carried Sappho up three (or was it five?) flights of stairs was not utterly exhausted, as we recall.

As Distinguished From a Tiny Small Pulley.

(From the Monmouth Atlas).

Francis Peasley received a blow in his chest Tuesday from the breaking of a huge large wooden pulley that almost stunned him.

"ASK to see our quality woolens ranging between $55 and $65, tailored to your individual measurements," reads a clothier's ad. "They'll speak for themselves." Huh! If that were literally true the dealer would experience many an embarrassing moment. Frinstance, when someone asked a $65 suit how much it had cost in the first place.

ONE frequently reads of persons having been "born and raised," but it seems unlikely such a phrase will ever appear in the Sherrard Bulletin. The Bulletin recently carried a headline, "Rearing Chickens."

A CHICAGO person advertises in the Sioux City Journal for "blonds or brunettes, wanted for musical comedy; prefer those who can sing." Ability to sing, however, is not an essential.

BUT an eloquent figure is! R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS
BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Sex Hygiene.

A mother writes, evidently in great anguish, how she had reason to feel that her son, aged 17, needed counsel concerning his own welfare, and how, after prolonged worry and anxiety, she finally wrote what she wished to say in the form of a letter, sealed it, and handed it to the boy with the request that he read it in privacy. The next morning she asked the boy if he understood and he said yes. But mother is still anxious and she writes to me about it.

I don't know, but I doubt that mother took the proper course. I think she should have asked the family doctor or any good doctor to have a quiet talk with the boy and give him such information as a boy should have. If for some unusual reason this was not feasible, then the mother might have sought the aid of literature which is available from various sources nowadays. The Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., sends on request free pamphlets on sex hygiene for boys and young men; or pamphlets for girls and young women. Every progressive state health department has the same pamphlets for free distribution. The American Social Hygiene association, Inc., 105 West Fortieth street, New York City, publishes innumerable pamphlets on every phase of the subject and makes only a nominal charge of a few cents for the pamphlets.

It is quite evident, in many letters I receive from parents, that there is a sad misunderstanding of the vital facts even by parents. Therefore, the parent is not competent to undertake the instruction of son or daughter without the assistance from some authoritative source.

Most of the books purporting to tell the truth about this subject err in various ways. Unimportant trifles are grossly exaggerated; common and significant occurrences are misrepresented and made to seem dreadful; and the real dangers, which are terrible enough, are rather concealed in mystical phrases or vague suggestions.

There is one thing absolutely essential in the instruction of young people concerning the truths of life, and that is frankness. You cannot deceive a child for long. And when the child finds out that you have misrepresented something of such paramount importance, what will be the child's feeling toward you and all your teachings?

Another serious aspect of the problem is the effort of unqualified teachers to impart such knowledge to children coming under their influence, in school or in Sunday school. Unless the teacher has had special training in this branch of pedagogy he or she should not attempt to give such instruction. Certainly the parent's approval should be sought before anything of the kind is introduced to a class of young people.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
The Cure of Neisser Infection.

How long should it take for a fellow to get a complete cure of a case of gonorrheal infection? (A. G.)

Answer—Two out of three such "fellows" are a good long while getting a complete cure. One out of three consults his physician promptly, follows the physician's directions implicitly and is completely cured within three or four months from the date of his infection. Too many victims drift into a chronic state and are never cured. This depends largely upon the early management of the disease, which is as serious as any disease a young man can have, though the poolroom halfwits and the cigar store sports and the other street loafers do not understand that—until they are hopelessly diseased. By cure I mean total eradication of the infection, not merely a temporary disappearance of the more pronounced symptoms. A cure is not to be considered complete until careful microscopic examination by the physician has failed to demonstrate gonococci (the causative germs) after the expiration of three months from the date of infection. This little precaution, so readily neglected by hail fellows well met, would obviate some tragic occurrences in life if it were rigidly demanded.

Hardness of Drinking Water.

We use water from an artesian well. It is pure, but very hard and rather constipating. The tea kettle constantly shows a white deposit. A physician said constant use of this water would hasten old age and hardening of the arteries. Would you advise purchasing a filtering outfit? (Mrs. S. D. H.)

Answer—No. If the water is fit to drink, its hardness is of no consequence so far as health is concerned. Filtering would probably not alter the hardness. Distillation would remove the hardness. There is no reason to imagine that hard water has any such influence upon the arteries.

Heart and Home Problems
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Sometime ago I was introduced to a very handsome and attractive man by a friend of mine. Later I learned he has a wife and four children, and this girl knew it. I no longer go with either of them, but I cannot forget the man.

The same girl introduced him to another of my girl friends, and although I have told her the story she still continues to go about with him, and they act as if they were just married. His wife lives in another city and I feel sure she knows nothing about his conduct. I have talked to the man and the girl, but the answer of both is the same. "There is no harm being done."

If I had not known this man was married I could have loved him better than anything in the world, but my own heart tells me how I would feel if I were his wife.

His wife is very attractive and his children are beautiful. It would be such a pity for her to find out these things. What is to be done when the conscience of both seems to be dead? They are too wrapped up in each other to even think what might be the consequence.

Isn't there some way to stop it? I know what will be the end if his wife finds out, and it breaks my heart the suffering it will cause all the parties mentioned, even though some of them deserve to suffer.

THE FRIEND.

You are breaking your heart over something which no longer concerns you. Your obligation ended when you stopped going with the man yourself, because you learned that he was married. It was also right for you to tell the other girl that the man was married. I question the wisdom, however, of further expressing your opinion by advising the two parties concerned as to their conduct.

Trust to a higher power to straighten this tangle. Think no more about the man. To covet him in your thoughts is evil, too. Try never to think of things you would not be willing to have your actions carry out.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: When receiving an invitation to a wedding out of the city which you cannot attend, is it proper to send a present? If you do not send a present should you write a letter to them when you are acquainted with the bridegroom only?

Also, what is the proper thing to do when receiving a wedding announcement from a distant city when you are acquainted with the bridegroom only? MARTHA.

A wedding invitation calls for a present. Write to the bride-to-be, expressing your regret that you cannot attend the wedding. Also wish her happiness and say that you hope you will have the pleasure of meeting her at some future time.

Write to both together and wish them happiness.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters).

Q. How many automobiles are stolen in the United States each year. R. I. W.

A. Figures compiled by the National Automobile Dealers' association covering 13 index cities show that there were 31,249 automobiles stolen in 1919, compared to 25,613 for the same cities in 1918.

Q. Can cast iron be cut by an oxyacetylene torch? A. T.

A. Recent experiments indicate that this can be done with commercial success. In one case four cuts were made through cast iron 5 inches thick, each cut being 17 inches long, yet each was made in 6½ minutes, requiring only 24 cubic feet of oxygen and 4 cubic feet of acetylene.

Q. Where is the nearest place to Detroit, Mich., for a civilian to apply for surplus naval supplies which are for sale? N. E.

A. The navy department says that application should be made to the board of survey, appraisal and sale, navy recruiting station, Great Lakes, Ill.

Q. Is a man with a wife and one child and an income of $2,100 per year required to make an income tax return? M. E. C.

A. The law requires that a married man living with his wife must make an income tax return when his income amounts to $2,000 or over, yearly, regardless of the fact that the $200 exemption to which he is entitled for each dependent child, may make his return nontaxable.

Q. How much silver is there in a billion dollars? Q. E. D.

A. To coin a billion dollars it would require 31,250 tons of silver, and 2,083 freight cars would be required to haul it to the mint. Set edge to edge these dollars would stretch from New York City to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Q. What is England's largest war vessel? J. H. C.

A. England's greatest dreadnaught is the "Hood," of 41,200 tons displacement, 12-inch armor, and a speed of 31 knots. It is an oil burner, and its main armament consists of eight 15-inch guns.

Q. Is Jimmy Wilde, the flyweight champion of the world, an American? V. E. T.

A. Wilde was born in Pontypridd, Wales, in 1892, and is, therefore, of British nationality.

Q. How much land did Great Britain acquire in East Africa from Germany? J. B. A.

A. Great Britain was given the mandate over 366,000 square miles of former German territory, or an area greater than the whole of Germany before the war. It has been named the Tanganyika territory.

Frederic Haskin's Letter
(Special Correspondence of The Argus).

Brand-New Antiquities.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 23.—The great and only industry in Colorado Springs is the entertainment of tourists. A few bricks and brooms are made somewhere within the city limits, but such small enterprises fade into insignificance beside the large and highly organized business of selling nature to the public.

Colorado Springs itself is not spectacular, but it is attractively located at the base of the mountains; is famous for its healthful climate, and is the most comfortable habitat in the Pike's peak region, which also includes Colorado City, Manitou and a vast stretch of gorgeous scenery. Where the original supply of scenery runs short, moreover, a new supply has been provided by various scenic production companies, so that there is enough to keep the sight-seer busy as long as his money holds out.

Among the principal points of interest in this region, for example, are the historic ruins of the ancient cliff dwellers, located at Phantom Cliff canon, at Manitou. These are not original. In scattering out southwest with their mysterious dwellings, the ancients failed to foresee the future tourist demand of this particular area and neglected to build here. But a few enterprising 20th century business men have. They have reproduced as accurately as possible the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde National park, at an alleged cost of $100,000, and are now gathering large returns on their investment by exhibiting the new-made ruins at the price of $2 a glance.

Upon climbing the steep road leading up the canon, either by motor, burro or foot, the tourist first beholds an adobe Indian dwelling of the type built by the present-day Pueblo Indians. It consists of two floors, connected not by stairs but by crude wooden ladders. The first floor contains the inevitable curio shop, with some unusually interesting Indian relics, and the second floor is occupied by a Pueblo Indian family, which is employed by the scenic production company to Indianize the atmosphere and amuse the tourists.

Here the visitors are organized into sight-seeing parties, if they are not already so organized, and conducted by a guide—a young lady of pedagogical appearance, carrying a small switch for a pointer—to the nearby cliff dwellings, built under the overhanging ledge of Phantom cliff. There are eight curious houses in all, connected with small, crumbling passageways and perforated with tiny, mysterious windows and doors. They are built of stone. According to the guide, the only difference between these modern ruins and the ancient ones is the plaster used on the walls. The ancients used some sort of an adobe mixed for mortar, which could not be analyzed by the reproducers, so they were compelled to use cement.

The Guide Holds Forth.

"The cliff dwellers," says the guide, holding up the expedition for a brief historical spiel, "were a prehistoric people whose origin is unknown. They left these traces of their existence in Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. Archaeologists have solved many of the leading mysteries concerning this long-vanished people, but many baffling features are still to be explained.

"Notice the small size of the doors and windows. These lead us to believe that the cliff dwellers were a pigmy people, probably not more than two and a half or three and a half feet in height—an assumption which has been borne out by several skeletons recently excavated.

"On the wall of this first room you will see an example of their ancient hierogiyphics. These have never been translated. The rock containing them, by the way, is original, having been brought here with the rest of the materials.

"This," continued the guide, as she led the party through a small passageway, "is the milling room, where they ground their meal. You will see by the specimens on the floor that they used stone implements, living in the stone age. over here is a niche in the wall, evidently used to hold their implements, showing that they were orderly."

Again the party lowered its heads in proceeding to the next room, which contained one of the cliff dwellers' curious T-shaped doors.

"The Hopi Indians also used this same T-shaped door in their dwellings," explained the guide. "Here is a strange stone box. Scientists think that it was a fireplace, but when it was excavated it contained no signs of fire.

"The next is a sepulchre, three stories high, where the ancients buried their dead, lying the bodies on their right side. When the third floor, which was used first, was filled with dead and their personal property, the aperture was sealed, and the second floor opened as a receiving morgue. The dry climate and the air-tight room are supposed to have had a mummifying effect upon the dead, for many of the cliff dwellers have been excavated in mummy form.

"Next we come to the balcony house, which is larger than most of the dwellings. When this house was excavated in the Mesa Verde, it contained a rough mattress and a crude form of bedstead. The cliff dwellers were just beginning to make furniture when they became extinct."

The round watch tower of the Mesa Verde is also a part of the Phantom cliff ruins, and the speaker's house has likewise been crowded under the rocky ledge, porch and all. There is also a model of one of the prehistoric storehouses, where the ancients stored their grain.

The Bones of the Ancients.

In connection with the ruins is a small museum containing specimens of the cliff dwellers' handiwork—their baskets, water pitchers, sandals, turkey-bone needles, toys and bone buttons much like ours. There is also a mattress made of rushes of the kind that was found in various excavated houses, and a couple of prehistoric skeletons. The latter show the cliff dwellers to have been flat-headed, a state which they achieved by attaching a heavy weight to the back of the head of each infant cliff dweller and keeping it there until the head attained the proper form. They also had flat noses and projecting teeth.

The skeletons in this museum, moreover, are not small, but of goodly size. As a matter of fact, the cliff dwellers were probably about the size as the modern Pueblos, who are supposed to be their direct descendants. It is true that the two differ in many particulars, one of the most obvious being the fact that most of the present-day Pueblos build their hauses of sun-baked bricks, or adobe, whereas the ancients used cut stone. But both are agricultural peoples, both build the same sort of doors and windows—small for defensive purposes—and both use the same general form of architecture.

There are, however, 13 different tribes of modern Pueblos, each of which speaks a different language. On their great feast day, which occurs once a year and which is attended by all the tribes, the language spoken is Spanish. The Hopi tribe is believed to have more in common with the cliff dwellers than any of the others.

Moses, the Red Man.

The Indians at Phantom cliff are from the Santa Clara Pueblo. What they think of their ancient ancestors they refuse to say, but they add politely that they like the tourists. The family consists of a man and his squaw and five children, including a young papoose, 6 months old, who in popularity really outshines the cliff dwellers. All the tourists want to shake his tiny, brown hand, and to photograph him. "Moses," said his mother proudly (the young chief's name is Moses), "have his picture taken one hundred times a day."

After each sight-seeing party has been through the cliff dwellings it is led to the curio shop and shown various strange curios for sale, including some deadly Indian clubs with which the squaws of early days were wont to visit the local battle fields and kill the wounded. There is also an Indian maiden's wedding dress, made of leather, in which an Indian maiden is occasionally married near the cliff dwelling ruins as a special attraction to visiting tourists.

In the midst of examining these relics, the sight-seers were startled by a sudden war whoop, and there on the front walk, just outside the curio shop are gathered the smaller members of the Indian family, clad in red and green apparel, feathered head-dresses and moccasins, brandishing tomahawks and capering about in a ferocious fashion. Seated on the doorstep is their father, also much-painted and befeathered, beating a tom-tom to their antics. At last, after several rounds of dancing and yelping like coyotes, the children pause, and entering the curio shop, sedately pass their feathered hats to the delighted tourists.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WHERE JOURNEYS END.

By Elizabeth McGann.

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The noonday sun beat mercilessly down on Elmtown's main street until the very cobblestones under foot gave forth the heat of an oven. Major Carter's sorrel mare, her head hanging limply, like that of a toy horse on a worn-out elastic, bore in stolid patience the flies buzzing about her ears—too weary to swish her tired old tail.

But the ancient little lady who held down the reins and alighted from the shabby buggy seemed wholly unaware of the torrid heat. Her thin shoulders beneath a worn, frost-greening black alpaca jacket, might have been clad in sheerest silk, so impervious did she seem to mere atmospheric conditions.

After the wholly unnecessary precaution of tying the drowsing mare to a nearby hitching post, the widow of the late, well-remembered Major Carter made her way past a row of languid radishes and drooping lettuce heads which adorned the front of Elmtown's combined grocery store and meat market. Once inside, she rested her capacious market basket upon the counter as with an abstract air she awaited the clerk's attention.

"Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Carter! Ain't you a little late getting down this morning?"

Recalled to herself by that worldly voice, she inquired gently:

"Have you some real nice tender-loin steak today? About two pounds, I think."

"Yes, ma'am," the butcher replied cordially; "right off the ice!" Then the tiny package he put in the lady's basket never in the world, more than a fraction of what she had ordered. This fact, however, passed unnoticed; she was calling for three dozen of eggs and four loaves of bread.

The butcher, his back turned to shield his action from the lady's eyes, put three eggs in a bag. These and a single loaf of bread he placed beside the meat in the basket. Still, with the same occupied air, his customer paid what would have been a surprisingly small amount for her purchases and departed.

The diminutive figure of an "errand boy," who had been interestedly observing the transaction from behind the shelter of a cheese-box, now stepped into view. He addressed himself to the man:

"That's the way yuh do 'em, it it!"

The butcher turned wth a sudden softened look in his eyes.

"Poor old soul," he said, "she can't remember they are all gone. She comes in here day after day, ordering food enough to feed a family of four men. I don't suppose she has ever rightly gotten over the shock—two sailor sons drowned at sea, the youngest lost in France and the major snuffed out overnight. Folks say she just lives in the past, always waiting for those boys and wondering why they don't come."

Twenty minutes later Martha Carter drove the mare into the barn, quite as ramshackle an affair as the coast itself. When she turned her tired feet down the path worn to the kitchen door by the three boys, whose happy, hungry faces she was always expecting to see, her mind was pitilessly sane.

No, they would never come back; they were gone, gone. Only she, a burned-out old candle, was left. She stopped suddenly by the stump of a rose-bush—the little bush which she and the major had planted so happily when the first baby came.

The bare, brown canes were leafless. But there was no surprise in her faded eyes; she had known now for several weeks that it was dead. Jim's rose was dead; yes, and Louis—they were all dead. The tears streamed unheeded down her thin, brown cheeks; her heart was dead, too.

At last, with a small trembling hand, she dried her eyes and turned to go. But of a sudden, something caught her attention. She stooped quickly over the tinlest bush and the pulse in her withered throat fluttered—for a heart-breaking second stood still! John's rose was alive. Yes, yes, there was a wee bud on the stem! Yet, why if it had not died, did it wait till July to leaf out? There was no one to answer the unspoken question, but the warm drops that sparkled on the last little bush were tears of gladness.

The rest of the day the widow spent in reassuring herself. Why, of course, her baby couldn't have left her. Before her eyes flashed a picture of the day more than 20 years ago, when John, yellow-headed and round as a butter ball, first wobbled on his uncertain little legs. His father was holding the tail of his lacy white dress, while she on her knees, waited with outstretched arms to receive the bold adventurer. What bravery that journey required! But he had come—two courageous steps and he was crowing in her arms, triumphant.

"Oh, darling, darling," she had said, smothering a kiss in the pink folds of his little fat neck. "Mary's your journeys always end in your mother's arms."

The sun sank at last, and with the sweet, grassy-scented dusk, that sense of waiting which for so long had pervaded the mother's heart deepened. She felt her boy coming. Before the dim mirror over the kitchen sink she patted her soft hair. She "tidied up" her black dress and smoothed the creases from a fresh white apron. Once, even as she trimmed the lamp wick, she caught herself humming a bit of gospel tune.

The stars were shining in the deep sky when the kitchen door opened quietly. A tall boy stood on the threshold, his tanned face radiant with joy. From beyond the yellow circle of the lamp's light a little, white-haired figure emerged, eager arms extended.

Oh, Johnny boy, Johnny. I knew you would come!"

And as he pressed his cheek against her tear-stained face, the boy whispered:

"All journeys end in mother's arms."

Today's Birthdays

Blanche Bates, one of the leading actresses of the American stage, born at Portland, Ore., 47 years ago today.

Henry Jones Ford, member of the U. S. Interstate Commerce commission, born at Baltimore, 69 years ago today.

Frank D. Scott, representative in congress of the eleventh Michigan district, born at Alpena, Mich., 43 years ago today.

What's In A Name?
BY MILDRED MARSHALL

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MELINDA.

Though not generally listed in English nomenclature and regarded rather as a product of the south in this country, Melinda has in reality an interesting history dating back to Spanish ballad lore. In that remote era, she was undoubtedly Melisenda and first appeared as the name of the wife of Don Dayferos who, being taken captive by the Moors, on the occasion of the feats that were represented by the puppet shows in which Don Quixote took an unfortunately lively interest.

Another Melisenda was the Princess Melisenda who carried the uneasy crown of Jerusalem to the house of Anjou. It was a most natural step to eliminate the overabundance of syllables and contract the name to our present-day euphonious Melinda. For some inexplicable reason, it caught the fancy of the south and its popularity there is still unquestioned.

The opal is Melinda's talismanic stone. It is the most mysterious and fascinating of all gems and is believed to bestow upon its wearer the charm which comes from brilliancy, restlessness and ever-changing moods. It will prove for Melinda a talisman against sorrow. Monday is her lucky day and 1 her lucky number.

Today's Anniversaries

1588—Elizabeth Pole, who founded the city of Taunton, Mass., born in England. Died at Taunton, May 21, 1654.

1758—Prussians under Frederick the Great defeated the Russians at Zorndorff, the bloodiest battle of the Seven Years' war.

1828—Jane Lathrop Stanford, who liberally endowed Leland Stanford, Jr., university, born at Albany, N. Y., died Feb. 28, 1906.

1850—Discovery of first traces of Sir John Franklin's ships.

1657—Michael Faraday, one of the world's greatest scientists, died near London. Born in Surrey, England, Sept. 22, 1791.

1918—Theodore Roosevelt distributed his Nobel Peace Prize fund among various charities.