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The Greatest Empires.

The British empire does not embrace "far and away more people than any other empire," as some have claimed. Although it includes about one-fifth of the total population of the world, China can make an equal claim, the approximate figures for each empire being 435,000,000.

Tires Collect Relics.

Automobilists using the Pottstown (Pa.) pike have frequently found flint arrowheads and other Indian specimens picked up by their tires. One, unknowingly, became the possessor of a tomahawk head.

South Wales' Coal Wealth.

The South Wales coal field, covering approximately 1,000 square miles, is the largest in the British isles, and supplies more coal for export than any other British coal field.

Mark of Breeding.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy is the best bred in the company.—Swift.

Colors in Brass.

A process has been discovered that makes it possible to obtain brass in coloring ranging from bright yellow to orange and from red to blue.

Used Tub for Baptism.

A woman of Ascot, England, recently was granted a separation because her husband, in religious zeal, persisted in baptizing people in the family bathtub.

Can't Tap Cemetery.

Efforts to attach a wireless aerial to a tree in the cemetery of Ashford, Ireland, were stopped by the town council.

WRIGLEYS "after every meal"

Parents—encourage the children to care for their teeth! Give them Wrigley's. It removes food particles from the teeth. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth. Refreshing and beneficial!



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THE PROD THAT SPURS US ON

By GEORGE L. CATTON

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

Charde was a tobacco-eating brute who never thought of giving hostages to fortune because he never found time to think of any thing but gold. As a man he asayed about thirty cents to the ton, and there was considerably less than two thousand pounds of him.

LIKE diamond dust the snow glittered on the solid river. Like great emeralds the stars hung quivering through the dead atmosphere. The long tongues of the aurora hissed in the silence, and it was ten miles to Kelly's.

Every time Charde's right hand and left knee plunged down into the snow, Charde lurched ahead twenty-one inches. Every time Charde's left hand and right knee plunged down into the snow, Charde lurched ahead twenty inches. He made twenty-six lurches a minute. So Charde made a mile every two hours. And behind him on a toboggan rode the Prod.

No matter what our urge may be, or whether we have an urge or not, the Prod we have always with us, spurring us on.

It was the Prod that got Charde.

Born in the smudge of a California gold-rush dance-hall, spawn of a frowsy doxy and a mule-muscled flat-head, Charde was patently a mistake. Principally beef, he inherited from his mother the cunning of necessity; from his father, the silliness and ferocity of a starving wolf; and from both, the hellish viciousness of primitive brains—crawl with stampee whisky. To the lean and bitter years of a wasted youth he added other corruptions; till at thirty-three remained but the massive frame and the virus of the Klondike gold strike.

He didn't possess a stimulus—only the shadow. His was the mere love of gold because it was gold. Like Midas, he loved the greasy feel of it, the yellow glint of it, the dead weight of it; but there, Midaslike again, his love came to a full and self-satisfying stop. He was too low in the intellectual order to realize that the love for gold is but a means to an end. So he lived to gather gold; to feel of it, glare at it, weigh it in his filthy paws; then, after he had gloated his fill, to convert it into a liquid hell to pour down his roaring throat.

Charde was known at Kelly's as the Bull. Every time he came into Kelly's, to prop his awkward bulk against the bar and roar for whisky, the regulars would hitch up their gun-belts and turn their backs to him. Always on the raw edge of a murderous explosion when drunk, his little red eyes warned even the most fuddled of the danger of the smallest spark of annoyance in the vicinity of that magazine of intoxicated rage. And he drank alone. Not that any of Kelly's regulars would have refused to drink with him, with whisky at a dollar, but because he never extended an invitation. Charde traveled alone, worked alone, drank alone—and nobody grieved. And the last time he packed his canoe at Kelly's and went up the river, the Prod got him.

The last time Charde went up river, he turned into a new tributary. A half mile up that creek, Allan MacFarlane and his wife were cleaning up five thousand a week; everybody knew that. Furthermore, their nearest neighbor was fifteen miles away. But Charde didn't do anything rash. When he reached MacFarlane's cabin he paddled across to the opposite side of the stream and for a full hour sat behind a clump of alders, eating tobacco, cursing other men's good luck and twirling the cylinder of his forty-five. Then he paddled on. Though all the other claims on the creek had pinched out and been abandoned, scarcely a summer's day passed but some one rode the current—and it was just ten miles to Kelly's.

When the winter came, when the creek and the river were dead, and the few who were forced to travel cut off two miles by the other pass farther down then . . . Charde looked more brute than human when he left MacFarlane's cabin behind.

Perchance it was the idea in his mind that blurred his vision; or maybe his luck had deserted him; or yet again, Providence may have had a hand in it. Be that as it may, when Charde started back to MacFarlane's cabin in December, his poke was as flat as his stomach; also both feet were frosted.

When he awoke from a drunken stupor beside an extinct fire, and found both feet dead, an empty match box, and his flask dry, he rolled over on his knees and started down stream. Two miles below was MacFarlane's cabin. Just around the next bend of the creek were food and a fire, and a warm bunk to lie in till his feet were again fit for travel. And there was the gold—gold! Charde crawled through the snow, his wits driven by necessity, striving to formulate a plan of procedure.

He would keep out in the open and crawl straight for the cabin. And then, when MacFarlane came out to help him . . . Charde halted and his hand went back to the revolver in his belt.

Then when he got around again, when he was fit for a long, hard trail again, he would leave Mrs. MacFarlane—that was—and start for Kelly's. Yes, he would start for Kelly's, but he wouldn't stop at Kelly's. In fact,

he wouldn't stop at all till many, many miles lay between him and the hand full of ashes that he would leave behind.

Charde was less than a hundred yards from MacFarlane's cabin when his plan matured. And then, as though MacFarlane had heard his muttered thoughts, a rifle bullet roared out from the cabin window and screamed across his head!

Instinctively Charde ducked. He stopped crawling and his right hand fumbled at his belt. He cursed. The rifle roared again.

Charde dug down into the snow, his sharpened wits laboring resentfully. What was MacFarlane's idea? He had never done anything to MacFarlane. And if he wanted to shoot at him, why didn't he come out into the open.

A moment later, Charde raised his hand and poured five shots into the cabin, aiming for the window, but the whining lead still picked at him.

Allan MacFarlane was stark, starting mad. His wife was dead, and to his insane mind that crawling man out there was a thieving mob trying to rob him of his own, and his aim was as wild as his wits.

An hour passed. Charde reloaded his revolver and crawled out of the hole in the snow. Of the thirty-two screaming bullets not one had struck within a yard of him. Besides, it was quicker to die by lead than by frost. He crossed that hundred yards.

MacFarlane jerked open the door and threw down the muzzle of his rifle and pulled the trigger. He missed. Charde's answer ended the shooting, and he crawled into the cabin.

When the edge of daylight deserted the stars, Charde pulled MacFarlane's body away from the door and dragged out the toboggan. It was ten miles to Kelly's. Every time Charde's right hand and left knee plunged down into the snow, he lurched ahead twenty-one inches. Every time his left hand and right knee plunged down into the snow, he lurched ahead twenty inches. His right leg shrieked at him and he lost an inch.

Dead feet trailing just ahead of the toboggan, knees sinking deep with the weight of his tremendous bulk, mottled paw over mittened paw, Charde dogged through the glistening frost dust. Hour after hour, that thing of brutal brawn, that soulless mass of male animal, fought those ten white, murderous miles to Kelly's. And he made it.

The first mile was easy. Fortified in his alcoholic heart with the half-pintful of MacFarlane's whisky, Charde's pumping paws and plunging knees never once hesitated. Unmildful of the grueling ache in his calves, he plowed ahead. But with the second half of the second mile came the inevitable reaction. Burned out, and consuming the keen edge of his energy in the burning, the dead at colic clogged his veins. He stopped for a rest. Then as he went on, lapping over into the third mile, the un-naturalness of the wasted years behind him began to ride his muscles. An hour later, when the twilight faded out, he was traveling on sheer nerve. At the end of the fifth mile, one thing and one thing only, kept him going. Behind him on the toboggan rode the Prod.

Knees plunging with automatic motony, paw over paw doggedly—feet—rods, miles, with grim persistence he forged ahead. His fingers were numb. The pain in his calves had gnawed up to his knees and died. And as the last tenth of that awful trail dragged itself beneath him, his pumped-out heart began to miss its beats, but he didn't rest. He dared not stop. A few hundred yards more and—

The Prod won. The door of Kelly's swung slowly inward and Charde, the bull, crawled across the threshold, dragging the toboggan on the snowless step. For a moment, while the astonished crowd gaped, the bull tugged in the traces. Then he collapsed.

The crowd bestirred itself. Eager hands dragged the toboggan inside and lifted the bull to a table near the stove. Raw brandy was poured liberally into the gaping mouth; mittens, parka, footgear, were stripped off. Then the bull opened his eyes and tried to sit up.

"MacFarlane's—croaked," he gasped. "And—and so's his—his woman. Another—" he tried to turn his head toward the toboggan.

And then—the end came. Awd, the crowd looked at one another then back to the toboggan. The Horny hands unstrapped the pile of bedded blankets; a bundle of rags was laid on a chair. And then, as if in answer to their wondering faces, came the low, weak wail of Allan MacFarlane, junior—the Prod—a week old.

Railroad Man Knew Value of Diplomacy

"See here, guard," whispered a timid-looking man on a station platform. "I want the compartment to myself. Do you think you can manage to see that I'm not disturbed?"

And he placed one hand on the carriage door and the other suggested in his pocket.

"Well, str," replied the guard. "I did think of putting another couple in there. They've been sort of getting into trouble, y'know, but I dare say they'll be quiet and harmless. They'll be linked together."

But that was quite enough. With visions of desperate criminals in his mind, the timid little man chose another compartment, and tipped the guard for the hint.

A few minutes later that same guard pocketed another tip as he smilingly locked a newly married couple in his train.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Your Last Name

IS IT CRUGER?

CRUGER has been so thoroughly naturalized as a surname in this country that it does not always occur to one that it is a name of German origin. The name is said to have originated in Germany from the Latin, meaning cross bearer, but it has generally been spelled Kruger rather than Cruger. Another authority, however, has it that this is simply a surname of occupation derived from the German word meaning innkeeper.

It is said that the family of the Barons von Cruger are distinguished from the untitled bearers of the name in their use of the initial C instead of K, and the fact that the American family has always spelled the name with the C is taken as one evidence of descent from the baronial family. Besides this there is a well-established and persistent tradition in the family to this effect—and such traditions are well worth heeding.

The first of the name here and the founder of the family was John Cruger who came from Germany before 1700 and settled in New York city. He was a prominent merchant and man of wealth, and from all records was looked upon as a man of cultivation and position. He became mayor of New York, a position which was also held by his son, John Cruger.

The original John Cruger had four children: Maria, who married a Cuyler; Henry, John and Tileman. Tileman died young, unmarried, and John, though he became mayor of New York and lived to make a fortune, as a merchant, and was first president of the New York chamber of commerce, never married either.

Henry, though he spent some time in Bristol, England, married in this country and is the ancestor of all the American Crugers. His children were John, who married a De Lancey; Henry, who took up his residence in Bristol from which city he was member of parliament; Tileman who lived in Curacao, Nicholas who married Anne, daughter of the Comte de Nully of Santa Cruz, and after her death Anne Markoe of Santa Cruz, and two daughters.

Bunker—it is said that the oldest form of this name is Bonquer or Boncoeur, a French adjectival surname meaning good heart.

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The Appleton Family

Mr. Lysander John Appleton Mrs. Lysander John Appleton Miss Daysey Mayme Appleton Master Chauncey Devere Appleton

EVER since he could comprehend what they were talking about, Chauncey Devere Appleton has been told that he was an ungrateful boy. "You are an ungrateful boy, not to want bread and butter," his mother has said, "when the children in India are crying for it."

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton calls herself a worm in her prayers, but it is her honest opinion that she is a good deal of a bird.



Lysander John Appleton is such an old-fashioned man that his first thought in every emergency is to light the fire and put the kettle on. The day that Daysey Mayme got word that her first lover had gone back on her, and while she was trying to decide whether she would become a Nemesis or pine away to the tomb and send word to him from her deathbed that she forgave him, Lysander John disappeared, and was found later in the kitchen, where he had lighted the fire and put the kettle on.

Daysey Mayme Appleton has been engaged for the past three weeks in writing a poem on "True Friendship." She refuses to give out any advance sheets, but the drift of her theme is that the "Rock of Ages" is a trembling hulk compared with "True Friendship."

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

GOOD FOR WILLIE

Sister's Beau: Willie, if I gave you a nickel what would you do with it? Willie: I'd buy an auto, a pair of horses, a little place in the country, and save the rest for a rainy day.

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"Capital" vs. "Capitalism."

Capitalism must not be confounded with the accumulation and use of capital. This is a very common mistake made by the masses. Capitalism means operation of industry and commerce for profit, while capital represents the result of years of thrift and self-restraint. As self-gratification is at the bottom of capitalism, so self-sacrifice is the basis of capital.—Roger Babson.

Word of Old Origin.

The word "luke" in "luke-warm," simply means warm, being derived from an old word "lew" meaning warm. The word was kept, but a translation was added; later on, however, people forgot that the word "warm" was a translation of "luke," and thought that the "luke" part must refer to some special kind of warmth. In this way the "tepid" meaning evolved.

Whom Should We Thank?

The invention of the radio cannot be ascribed to any particular individual; but perhaps the three people to whom we owe most are Marconi, Hertz and Maxwell. The last named indicated the possibilities of radio communication over fifty years ago.

Slaves Built Great Mole.

The mole in the harbor of Algiers, Africa, was built by 30,000 Christian slaves whom the Turks set to work on it about 1520. It took this great army three years to complete the work.

Plea of Tolerance.

We ought not to be so rash and rigorous in our censures as some are. Charity will judge and hope for the best.—Exchange.

And the Guests Wondered.

Bobby (asked to fetch the cigars)—Do you mean your own, dad, or the box that you bought specially?—London Passing Show.

Unassailable Argument.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—Lowell.

Heavy Tax on Tea.

In 1660 an act of the English parliament imposed a duty the equivalent of 35 cents per gallon on all tea made for sale.

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Famous Portrait.

The portrait of Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci in the early part of the Sixteenth century. It is probably the most celebrated portrait in the world. The subject was the wife of a Florentine, Francesco del Gioconda.

She's Right.

No man ever got married without some one calling him a fool. Yes, and nine cases out of ten it's his wife, who does it. Yes, and in nine cases out of ten she's right.

Animals on the Radio.

To make the animals of the London zoo "perform" so that their cries of complaint could be broadcast officials merely set their eating time back an hour.

Flamingo a Nesting Bird.

The flamingo is the only member of the stork tribe that builds a nest of mud. These birds, which live in large flocks, sleep standing on one leg.

While the worry may kill some people, the office boy observes that most folks who need killing seem to do very little worrying.

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