

The Care of Her Baby weighs upon the energies of the Mother



Mrs. W. E. Spink

Portland, Ore.—"After motherhood my health completely gave away, and my nerves went all to pieces. I had pains across my back and sharp, shooting pains would extend up between my shoulder blades, which would keep me awake at night. I got very thin and weak—I was just as miserable as could be when I started to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was well and strong. My nerves were in good condition and all my pains and aches disappeared."—Mrs. W. E. Spink, 732 Missouri Ave.

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Car Ferry American Idea.

Car ferries that transport whole freight trains across various bodies of water in this country were the first in the world. They were first used on Lake Michigan in 1888. Ferries on Lake Baikal, in Siberia, across the Baltic between Germany and Sweden across the English channel, and between Havana and Key West, are all designed after our Lake Michigan ferries.

Extracting Flower Essence.

Perfume must be drawn from the bloom on the day that it is plucked. In 24 hours the delicate aroma is almost gone. Many flowers are required to produce small amounts of the perfume. It takes about two tons of violet blossoms, for instance, to make about two pounds of essence of violets.

English as Translated

In the American commerce reports some amusing examples of mistranslations are given. Thus in a Spanish-speaking country, "vacuum cleaners" was rendered "cleaners of emptiness" and "iron washers" became "machines for washing iron" and "harness for a single-horse buggy" came out as "harness full of bugs for a bachelor horse."—American Mutual Magazine.

"Dutch Bargain."

A Dutch bargain is a bargain made when both parties are drunk. In other words, it is no bargain at all. This expression, along with many others, such as Dutch courage, Dutch treat, etc., seem to have come into use in the English language at a time when it was considered smart to coin expressions derogatory to the Dutch.

Better Not.

The philosopher, Bias, was once overtaken by a storm on shipboard. Among his companions were some very bad characters, who began to call on the gods for help. Bias said, "Hold your tongues; don't let them know you are on board."—Edinburgh Weekly-Scotsman.

Ripe Butter for Riffs

The natives of Tangier are reputed to be extraordinarily fond of butter, but not the fresh, sweet kind that Americans like. To satisfy the taste of a Riff his butter must be at least a year old before it attains the proper aroma and tang.

Matter of Views

If you want to "take a larger view of life," the way to begin is to take a smaller view of yourself.

Be'er Williams

De reason some folks don't act wise is kaze wisdom don't stay wid 'em long 'nuff to git good acquainted.—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Art

Salesmanship is the art of making yourself believe that a polite refusal is an excuse to go on arguing.—Akron Beacon Journal.

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P. N. U. No. 20, 1926

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL

By WILSON C. MISSMER

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

HER trip had been planned hurriedly and her packing had been done in haste and confusion, and when she entered the pullman and the porter had found her berth for her, she was all in a flutter. It had been one of those last minute trips to New York to do some shopping, decided because her husband had made her a present of a fifty-dollar bill which, with the money she had already laid aside, was sufficient for her to make the journey now instead of later as she had intended. The matter of the money which her husband had given her was merely one of the odd little surprises he was generally lavishing upon her, and she had stuck the bill with a pin into the pincushion and decided then and there not to postpone her trip any longer, and had begun packing immediately.

Settled at last, the hurry and excitement of the last hour seemed to fade to a mere nothing, and changed from a bit of annoyance to a rather pleasant memory. Reminiscently she rehearsed the scenes in her mind. She remembered how flustered she had been, how she had ordered the maid about to do her bidding, how she had literally thrown a few clothes into her traveling bag, how she had taken a most hurried leave of her husband. She could remember distinctly having at the last minute snatched up the fifty-dollar bill from the pincushion and thrusting it loose into her handbag. And now after all the confusion and excitement and worry, here she was safe aboard the train, and apparently none the worse for the rush.

There were not many people in the car. Two middle-aged gentlemen sat three or four seats in front of her, heatedly discussing some topic which she could not overhear. Opposite was a rather young woman, oddly dressed, whose eyes seemed to wander restlessly through the car. Behind, a mother and two small children were conversing tiresomely, the mother endeavoring to answer patiently the questions of a very talkative son.

When the train started Mrs. Rockwell purchased a magazine and passed an hour or two in its perusal. Then becoming thirsty she started down the aisle for the water cooler, and it was while drinking a glass of water that she remembered having left the handbag in the seat and she realized that this was a most careless thing to do as it contained all her money. Hurrying back she saw with some relief that the bag was still there, and, sitting down, Mrs. Rockwell, obeying some strange sudden impulse opened the bag and looked in. The fifty-dollar bill was not there!

She sat up rigid and stiff, gazing straight ahead of her. She had been robbed in that marvellously short time! She could scarcely believe her senses. She searched the side compartments of the bag, found her other money which she had packed away carefully but there was no sign of the fifty-dollar bill. She did not know what to do. She glanced about her cautiously and found the eyes of the oddly-dressed woman upon her; when Mrs. Rockwell looked at her she immediately glanced away.

Mrs. Rockwell was not a woman of very decided character, and was rather easily excited. She lacked the acumen which enables one to act quickly, and she lost much time sitting rather dazedly gazing ahead of her. She was at a loss what to do. There was nothing particularly suspicious in the attitude of these near her, yet the only person who could possibly have had the time and the chance to look into her handbag was the woman across the aisle. But Mrs. Rockwell did not relish the task of accusing her openly, and had just decided to call the conductor and explain the circumstances to him, when the lady across the aisle arose and went to the water cooler for a drink, leaving a black handbag behind in her seat. Acting on a strange swift impulse Mrs. Rockwell took a long chance. Glancing through the car she saw that the woman with the two children was very busily engaged with them and that the men ahead were at the height of their argument. So she noiselessly slipped across the aisle, picked up the handbag, snapped it open and there, thrust in hurriedly amongst a confusion of other things lay her fifty-dollar bill. Mrs. Rockwell took it, returned to her seat, and calmly deposited it in her own bag before the lady returned.

The success of her impulsive plan did not surprise her so much as did the extreme boldness of the other woman. She had heard and read of the hundred and one little robberies that occur aboard trains, but she had always believed them with rather a shade of doubt. That an ordinarily good-looking young woman, whose wearing apparel, to say the worst of it, was of rather an odd selection, should be so daring as to actually try to commit robbery in the space of time required for one to pass down the aisle and take a drink of water was indeed astounding. She could readily appreciate that it was merely because the time was so limited that the woman did not ransack the whole bag and strip it of its money contents.

When the woman returned to her seat, she rather carelessly pushed her

bag to one side and picked up a book which she had with her and began to read, leaving Mrs. Rockwell to wonder what kind of a criminal she was.

As she studied her, Mrs. Rockwell thought the woman had a hard face. There was nothing about it by which one could judge her age. The lack of the faintest trace of wrinkles might lead one to think she was young, but the lips were too thin and the eyes gazed about too calmly and too carelessly for a person of inferior age. Her easy manner, too, gave one the suspicion that she had seen lots of the world, and that it would take a great deal to throw her off her guard. Yet there was something about the face that attracted Mrs. Rockwell, and she found herself at times almost pitying the poor creature, and even going so far as to advance to herself the theory that possibly she was a victim of kleptomania.

The gravity of the act she herself had committed, or the possible consequences of it should she be apprehended, did not once occur to Mrs. Rockwell. She was one of those women who move upon impulse and never stop to anticipate possible results, and it never occurred to her that if she had been caught in the act of going through the other's handbag her own story of having first been robbed would not have been credited by the conductor, and the other woman had only to tell a simple little lie to put Mrs. Rockwell in a very compromising position. However, she had not been detected; she had made a really lucky move, had recovered her fifty-dollar bill, and was inwardly congratulating herself that she had done a clever thing. And the rest of her journey was divided between patting herself on the back and watching the movements of this woman across the aisle.

In New York the money went fast enough, but even with what she had saved it was quite inadequate to complete the list she had made out. However, when one runs short of funds there is nothing to do but to return home or go somewhere where the funds can be replaced, and Mrs. Rockwell returned home.

She telegraphed her husband, and he met her at the train. There was an odd little expression on his face when he kissed her, and a certain reserve in his voice when he asked what kind of a time she had had, both of which impressed Mrs. Rockwell as peculiar.

"And about your shopping," he said suddenly. "You didn't do much, did you?"

"Indeed I did," Mrs. Rockwell replied. "You did?" her husband exclaimed rather wonderingly. "Why, what?"

"Why, on the money I had saved, but principally on the fifty dollars you gave me, dear."

Rockwell stared aghast at her. "The fifty dollars I gave you. Why, my dear, don't you know that you forgot that fifty dollars and left the bill pinned to your pin-cushion, where I found it the morning after you had gone?"

Easy to Draw Crowd of Dwellers in City

The man in immaculate tweeds stood outside the shop. He gazed up into the sky at a point midway between a church spire and a neighboring factory chimney.

A passing errand boy noticed the rapt intentness of the man's gaze. He, too, stood and gazed up between the church spire and the factory chimney.

Three men also stopped, saw the intent gaze of the man in gray and the errand boy, and their heads snickered back for examination of the sky between the church spire and the factory chimney.

Half an hour later, when the three policemen sent to move the crowd away, also, gazed up, motionless and with open mouths, a tailor emerged from the shop and retrieved the man in gray from the midst of the crowd. Carrying him indoors, he was relieved to find the wax model was undamaged, unscratched.

Honey Used for Food From Earliest Times

Honey was probably the first pure sweet known to mankind. The cradle of the race was in southwestern Asia where bees in a state of nature have always been numerous, and where honey from prehistoric times has been a common article of diet. The description of the Land of Promise given in miraculous manner to Moses was that it was a good land and large, "a land flowing with milk and honey." Modern travelers in Palestine agree that the description still holds good especially with respect to the honey, bees being abundant even in the remote parts of the wilderness, where they deposit their honey in the crevices of the rocks or in hollow trees. In some parts of northern Arabia the hills are so well stocked with bees that no sooner are hives placed than they are occupied.

Of Course! Of Course!

Singular, isn't it, how the obvious escapes us sometimes. We wrote the other day about a fish that washes its young, and an exchange wondering how on earth the little ones get dried. "Why, on a fish line, probably," answers a correspondent, and this no doubt is the real solution of the problem.—Boston Transcript.

Toofus' Philosophy

"What is your idea about life, Toofus?" ask post trader in moralizing mood. "What are we here for, hey?" "Growth, I think," say Toofus. "No matter how small a potato you are at the start, you can grow."

SMILE FOR SMILE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE CAN'T be merry all the day, but if a friend should come your way

With smiling face and happy air, Whatever load you have to bear, What sort of sorrow for awhile, I hope you give him smile for smile!

Now, much is said about the need. Of bringing cheer to hearts that bleed And bringing joy to souls that weep; But there's another faith to keep, There's something for the sad to do— To smile at folks who smile at you!

So when they come, as come they will, To speak of good in time of ill, To speak of blessings, too, no doubt, Perhaps you had forgot about, When joy comes knocking, night or day, Run out to meet it half the way!

Yes, there's a duty for the sad, When good folks come to make you glad, And that's to grin, and show your grit, And cheer yourself a little bit.

At least this much you ought to do— To smile at folks who smile at you. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the NOTABLES

LOUIS JOLLIET

TO LOUIS JOLLIET, born September 21, 1845, belongs the honor of having been the first white man to explore the upper part of the Mississippi river. Many historians claim he explored more of the river than any other man of that time, taking the honors away from both La Salle and De Soto. Beyond doubt, he was first to establish the fact that the great river did not run into the South sea, as it was believed in Canada.

Jolliet was the son of a wagon maker, better educated than most of his time, since the family had decided to make him a priest. But he turned into a fur trader and merchant, instead, and made many daring trips into unexplored wildernesses.

So great was his reputation, that he was chosen to lead the expedition that was to go down the Mississippi, Father Marquette being one of the party. Through the Illinois and Wisconsin rivers they traveled, and finally came into the Mississippi and went on to the Missouri. At this point, the Indians assured them it was but a ten days' trip to the river mouth, so they concluded the great stream ran into the Gulf of Mexico and turned back. Crossing a lake in a canoe, all Jolliet's maps were lost, and much valuable information destroyed.

His next trip was to explore the Hudson bay region and then the coast of Labrador for seal fishing. He wanted to colonize the beautiful valley of the Mississippi, but the Canadian government gave him no encouragement. He died wealthy and honored in Canada in 1700.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

The Hotel Stenographer



"I GOT to get on my diet again," said the hotel stenographer. "I got weighed this morning."

"Why you are not fat!" exclaimed the house detective.

"Right you are, Kelly," answered the girl, "and I am not going to be. An ounce of diet is better than a pound of adipose tissue. Fat has divorced more women than Mexico. If fat doesn't put women in the cemetery it puts them on the shelf and any woman would as soon have a nice quiet grave in a cemetery as a nice quiet place on the shelf."

"It is one thing to take off fat and look like the hand of a laundress after a hard day's washing and quite another to keep the fat off and not have the skin on your face full of little wrinkles like a punctured toy balloon. I am going to keep it off and believe thou me that if you are to be popular with the men you've got to wear a svelt figure, if you know what I mean."

"The new style dresses are made for the hipless women. If she swells in the middle like a tepin its fare-yew-ell any place except a hen party where they sip tea and knock flappers. Stylish stouts are for fat women who are not stylish. If keeping my eye on the calories will permit me to wear a section of fireman's hose for a dress I will watch my weight like a jockey. Prize fighters, jockeys and women have to keep inside the weight limit if they hope to get engagements."

"If spending a few cents on weighing machines and having a little sense about eating will keep me in the running I shall face the starter fit as a couple of fiddles and neither one of them will be the bass fiddle either. 'I am two pounds overweight and have cut out candy and sodas till I am back where I belong.' (Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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Books Not His Hobby.

Samuel Butler, the famous author of the great satirical poem on Puritanism, "Hudibras," written between 1663 and 1678, is said to have owned the smallest library of any literary man in London of his time.

"Gift of Gab"

This expression, meaning fluency of speech, comes from the old word "gab" which means idle talk or unmeaning chatter. A person who could spile it off by the yard was said to have a special talent or gift of gab.—Exchange.

Excess of Chlorine

At Barbados, in the West Indies, 117 pounds of chlorine from sea air falls every year on each acre of land.

Protect Painted Floor.

When painting mop boards or wainscoting or walls in general, lay a strip of paper on the floor, tight against the mop board to catch drops of paint. The paper can be moved along as the work progresses and, with reasonable care, no paint will reach the floor.

Snake Bridge Approved.

Washington, D. C.—The passage by the house Monday of a senate bill to authorize the states of Oregon and Idaho to construct and operate a bridge across the Snake river at Baland's landing completes congressional action on the measure. It now goes to the president.

Your Own Sun

An electric arc lamp, which, when attached to the ordinary electric current socket in your home, produces light of 4,000 candle-power—equal to that of the sun—has been developed in London. It is said to produce the same effect as a sun bath.

First Sanskrit Book.

The first book ever painted in Sanskrit was the Ritusaukhara, a poem by Kalidasa on the six seasons of India. It was edited by Sir William Jones and printed in Bengali characters at Calcutta in 1792.

Add Novelists' Mistakes

Fanny Heaslip Lea in her story: "A picture of the Good Shepherd bringing home the ninety-and-nine sheep," Mrs. Lea is one short in her count." R. H. points out; "It was the hundredth that was lost."—Boston Transcript.

Man's Ingratitude

Do you know what is more hard to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude, of man.—Napoleon.

Not So Hazardous

It is claimed that 97 per cent of Arctic explorers have returned alive.

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