

### Indian Rioters Being Clubbed by Policemen



This picture, taken at Girgsum, India, shows native policemen charging a mob of riotous followers of Mahatma Gandhi and dispersing the crowd by free use of their clubs.

### What the Well Dressed Dartmouth Boys Wear



Here is an array of Dartmouth students showing how shorts may be adapted for wear on every occasion. The revolt against the conventional trousers is sponsored by the college paper. Many college athletes, including the football hero, Al Marsters, have come out "for the freedom of the knees." These students are showing how shorts may be worn for school, for afternoon wear, for study, for formal occasions, "pour le sport," for semiformal attire and for the campus.

### Dedicate Pilgrim Steps of Washington Cathedral



Impressive ceremonies attended by more than 2,000 men and women of prominence marked the dedication of the great flight of stone "pilgrim steps" provided as an entrance to the south transept of Washington cathedral, by Mr. and Mrs. Roland L. Taylor of Philadelphia. In the picture, left to right: Canon Raymond L. Wolven, chaplain to the bishop of Washington; Right Rev. James E. Freeman, bishop of Washington; Gordon A. Hardwick, Jr., and Roland Taylor Ely, grandsons of the donors; Canon G. Freeland Peter, master of ceremonies, and James P. Berkeley, cathedral vicer.

## MARRIAGE A REGULAR WHIRLWIND AFFAIR

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS a standing joke in Northbrook that Eben Strong had been courting Miranda Bartlett for twenty years without having worked up sufficient courage to "pop" the question.

There was nothing whatever to prevent their marrying; Eb was prosperous and Miranda enjoyed a sufficient income to supply not only her needs but her wants as well. This was the state of affairs when Miss Miranda engaged Mary Ellen Rowe from West Farms to assist with the housework.

Mary Ellen heard the story of Eb's courtship over the fence from Mrs. Jewett the morning after her arrival. And the story was confirmed the following Saturday when at eight o'clock she admitted Eb. A week later the unexpected happened—Eb was called west by the death of an uncle, whose heir he was, and for the first time in twenty years Miss Miranda faced the prospect of being callerless Saturday night.

Eb's crony, Ezra Barr, owned the largest and finest grocery store in town. Like Eb, he was a bachelor, and the two had been such good friends that, although Eb had always admired Miranda Bartlett, he had stepped aside when he discovered Eb was in love with her.

"Good morning!" said Ezra to Mary Ellen when she went to the store Wednesday for supplies, and in answer to an inquiry after the health of her mistress, Mary Ellen replied: "Miss Miranda is—" she hesitated, sighed, as if uncertain just what to say.

"Nothing the matter, is there?" he asked anxiously.

"N—o and yes!"

This was puzzling and he questioned further: "What is it?"

"I believe she dreads Saturday night and it has upset her," explained Mary Ellen. "If some one would only drop in, unexpected like, and tide over the lonesome time she wouldn't feel it so much. But who—" she paused, then as if struck by a sudden idea exclaimed: "Why couldn't you come, Mr. Barr? You are Mr. Strong's friend, and I know Miss Miranda would enjoy having you!"

"Do you think so?" he asked with great interest.

"I am sure of it!"

The scheme worked. At eight o'clock Saturday night the door bell rang and Miss Miranda, although surprised, welcomed Ezra cordially. They chatted till nine, then Mary Ellen appeared with a tray of dainty refreshments. The next week the same program was followed, save that the backgammon board was brought out and the two played a number of games.

In settling his uncle's estate Eb was compelled to remain away longer than he had anticipated. As he hated writing letters, he merely sent a picture postcard to Miss Miranda. Two months passed. Ezra Barr was beginning to look forward to the weekly backgammon, to say nothing of Miss Miranda's lively conversation and the home-prepared refreshments.

Miss Miranda had long been contemplating a visit to her old friend, Mrs. Mary Bolter, who lived in Springfield, thirty miles away, and now made up her mind to go. She told Ez of her decision Saturday night, and he remarked that he had business to transact in that city and might as well go at the same time.

Mary Ellen didn't inform Mrs. Jewett exactly what was in the wind, but threw out a few hints, and so it happened Mrs. Jewett was on watch bright and early Monday morning. When she saw a taxi stop at the Bartlett's at a quarter to nine, Ezra Barr got out, disappear into the house, return presently with a suit-case, then go back after its owner, she changed her dress and started on a tour of discovery. At the station, the train having left, she inquired of the agent how many tickets for Springfield Ezra Barr had bought. The agent, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Jewett's gossiping propensities and didn't mind a little fun, promptly replied: "Two, first-class!"

Just as she was hurrying out the door to spread the news the train from the west pulled in and the first person to alight was Eben Strong! Running up to Eb she cried, excitedly: "Miranda Bartlett and Ez Barr eloped to Springfield this morning on the nine o'clock train! If you don't believe me ask Sam Young!"

Eb dashed into the station, demanded of the agent if it was true that Miss Miranda Bartlett and Ez Barr

had gone to Springfield on the nine o'clock express.

"As true as truth!" Sam Young replied.

Eb studied the time table a moment, did a little mental calculating, then ordered a taxi. He told the driver to step on the gas and get him to Springfield in the shortest possible order and he would pay double fare!

Something, he couldn't have told what, compelled him to go straight to Mary Bolter's; the servant, who answered his furious ringing of the bell, never had a chance to announce him, for he rushed into the parlor, and there, with hat and coat still on, for she had only just arrived, sat Miranda talking to Mary Bolter.

"Miranda!" shouted Eb, "are you married?"

"Eb!" cried Miranda in amazement. "When did you get home?"

"Never mind that, I'm here! Are you married?"

"Why—why—not that I know of!" she replied, wondering if Eb had suddenly gone crazy.

"Will you marry me?"

"Why—why—Eb, this is so sudden!" returned the embarrassed Miranda.

"Yes, or no! Will you marry me?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so! I always expected to some day."

"Come on, then, the taxi is waiting!"

A week later when Mr. and Mrs. Eben Strong returned home Mrs. Strong informed Mary Ellen that her marriage was "a regular whirlwind affair!" Mary Ellen offered no comment, but when her mistress wasn't looking, winked slyly at the old yellow cat.

### Geological Age

The periods of the geological time as adopted by the international geological congress are as follows: Cenozoic, the age of mammals, began approximately 40,000,000 years ago and extends to the present time. Mesozoic, the age of reptiles, about 140,000,000 years ago. Paleozoic, which includes the Silurian and Carboniferous periods, began about 360,000,000 years ago. Scientists generally believe that man existed at the end of the Glacial period. The earliest appearance of actual man, the genus Homo, occurred probably 250,000 years ago, this estimate being based on the antiquity of the Heidelberg man, the oldest known type.

### Circumstantial Evidence

A Swedish farm-hand in Minnesota was on the witness stand, and the attorney for the railroad asked him to tell in detail of the tragic death of a companion.

"Ay tell you," he answered. "Me and Ole we hane walking on the railroad track. Train come by and Ay jump off track. By and by when train is gone, Ay don't see Ole any more, so Ay walk on and pretty soon Ay see one of Ole's arms on one side of track, and then pretty soon Ay see Ole's head, but Ole's body is not there, so Ay stop and Ay say to myself: 'By Yupiter, something must a' happened to Ole.'—Pathfinder Magazine.

### True Fairyland

The truly celtic city of Cork is situated on the south coast of Ireland. With 1,300 years of history behind her she makes the oldest of American cities seem youthful by comparison. Nearby is Killarney, with its beautiful lakes, of which Queen Victoria said "Killarney is fairyland."

Even Wordsworth, the poet, who loved all nature, did not hesitate to say that it was the most beautiful spot in the British Isles. A short distance from Cork is Glengarriff, situated amid lofty mountains and having a climate unusually mild.

### Settled Druggists' Standing

King James I of England was the originator of the modern slogan, "Your druggist is more than a merchant." In the sixteenth century the apothecaries of England were forced to unite with the grocers in a guild (a chartered trade association of those days). King James, however, was influenced to give the apothecaries a separate charter, and in reply to the protest of the Grocers' guild he said: "Grocers are but merchants; the business of the apothecary is a mystery"—which at that period meant art or profession.

### Writing "in Water"

To write in water is not to write at all, for the record is erased even faster than it is written.

A fine phrase is this, than which none more eloquent exists. And its history is as illustrious as its quality.

For we have it from the works of the Greek classicist Sophocles, from whom it was borrowed by Shakespeare for use in his Henry VIII in the sense of an ephemeral record.—Kansas City Times.

### Many of Them Do

Some people believe in law and order—if they can lay down the law and give the orders.—Newcastle Courier.

### Yeah

It was probably a spinster who originated the saying, "One man's as good as another."—Chicago News.

### First Liberian President

Joseph Jenkins Roberts was the last governor under the Colonial Society of Liberia and the first president.

### Health Note

Just as it has been for ages, work will continue to be the best exercise this year.—Milwaukee Journal.