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THE QUINCY MANSION, QUINCY, MASS., BUILT IN 1685.

America's classic example of a clapboard building preserved for over two hundred years by careful and frequent painting. It has secret panels, chimney staircase and hiding places, said to have been used by smugglers. Later the home of great statesmen and of the famous belle, Dorothy Quincy.

ANTIQUITY OF DECORATIVE ART

Strange Sources From Which Pigments Used by Modern Painters Are Derived.

PRESERVATION OF SURFACES.

Crude but Effective Processes Employed by the Egyptians and Greeks of Piny's Day—Noah Prudently Waterproofed the Ark.

Whether paint was invented in answer to a need for a preservative or to meet a desire for beauty is a question fully as knotty as the ancient one about the relative time of arrival of the chicken or the egg. It was invented, though, and it serves both purposes equally; so whether it is an offspring of mother necessity or an adopted son of beauty remains forever a disputed question.

The first men, covering under the fierce and glaring suns of the biblical countries, constructed rude huts of wood to shelter them. The perishable nature of these structures caused rapid decay, and it is probable that the occupants, seeking some artificial means of preservation, hit upon the pigments of the earth in their search. It is perhaps natural to suppose that it was

Greek for the discovery of paint, the allusions to it in the books of Moses, the painted mummy cases of the Egyptians and the decorated walls of Babylon and Thebes fix its origin at a period long antecedent to the Grecian era. The walls of Thebes were painted 1,000 years before the coming of Christ and 996 years before "Omer smote his bloom'n' lyre."

The Greeks recognized the value of paint as a preservative and made use of something akin to it on their ships. Piny writes of the mode of boiling wax and painting ships with it, after which, he continues, "neither the sea, nor the wind, nor the sun can destroy the wood thus protected."

The Romans, being essentially a warlike people, never brought the decoration of buildings to the high plane it had reached with the Greeks. For all that the ruins of Pompeii show many structures whose mural decorations are in fair shape today. The colors used were glaring. A black background was the usual one and the combinations worked thereon red, yellow and blue.

In the early Christian era the use of mosaics for churches somewhat supplanted mural painting. Still, during the reign of Justinian the Church of Saint Sophia was built at Constantinople and its walls were adorned with paintings.

In modern times the uses of paint have come to be as numerous as its myriad shades and tints. Paint is unique in that its name has no synonym and for it there is no substitute material. Bread is the staff of life, but paint is the life of the staff.

No one thinks of the exterior of a wooden building now except in terms of paint coated. Interiors, too, from painted walls and stained furniture down to the lowliest kitchen utensil, all receive their protective covering. Steel, so often associated with cement re-enforcing, is painted before it goes to give solidity to the manufactured stone. The huge girders of the skyscrapers are daubed an ugly but efficient red underneath the surface coat of black. Perhaps the best example of the value of paint on steel is found in the venerable Brooklyn bridge, on which a gang of painters is kept going continually. It is scarce possible to think of a single manufactured article which does not meet paint somewhere in the course of its construction. So has paint grown into the very marrow of our lives.

Their Epitaph. "There was the gun, still in position, and beside it two dead gunners. In front of one lay two dead Huns; in front of the other there were three. Our fellows had sold out dear, and held out long, as the heaps of cartridge shells around the gun showed plainly." They sold out dear, they held out long. You might write a biography of those two Yankees, fill it with citations of their sterling conduct, recount the whole story of the short, sharp, bitter encounter northwest of Toul in which they died, and in the end all your fine words, all your fair-phrased tributes, could express nothing finer than those two simple statements of fact. They sold out dear, they held out long.

Their epitaph? It was there beside the two bodies, written in those heaps of cartridge shells that had brought five Huns to their doom right at the gun nozzle, and who shall say how many more beyond?

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Donner

THE EAST WIND.

"What do you say about it?" asked the East Wind of Mr. Sun. "Wouldn't you like a holiday for a few days? You know when I come around I like to stay around for several days, and so it would be fine if you wanted that rest."

"So you want to get rid of me," said Mr. Sun, smiling brightly. "I'd hardly say that," answered the East Wind. "I only mean that perhaps you'd like a rest, and if you would, I am quite willing to come around then and do some work. In fact, I would like to very much."

"You know how different we are," he continued. "I am an old gloomy soul, who rather enjoys my gloominess, and I like dull or rather gloomy friends. I don't consider them gloomy, of course."

"And you are so bright and so different. I could never keep up a friendship with you, Mr. Sun, though I do admire you so much in the distance."

Mr. Sun laughed hard. "All right," he said, "I will take a holiday. In fact I would like one. When would you like me to start off on my journey? Would this afternoon suit you nicely?"

"I wish you wouldn't make it appear as though I wanted you to go," said the East Wind. "I only thought you really might like to take a little rest."

"Oh, you mustn't feel sensitive about it," said Mr. Sun. "I don't, I can assure you."

So Mr. Sun got out his best cape from behind a cloud and off he went.

"Now, King of the Clouds," the East Wind said, "I hope you will join me for a talk. And I would be pleased if old Nurse Fog and the Mist grandchildren and the Army of Raindrops will join me, too."

"We will all come," they answered, and along they came. Nurse Fog, the Army of Raindrops, the Mist grandchildren, and all the rest.

What fun they did have, while the Earth people said:

"There is that old East Wind; we will have had weather now for a few days."

And the East Wind laughed to himself and said:

"They don't like my friends, but I will show them that I like them, and that I don't get tired of them right away. Yes, they are right, we will be around for a little while."

"They don't like you, eh?" asked the King of the Clouds. "Well, they don't like me much, you know. No, they don't care about me."

"And they don't like me," said old Nurse Fog. "No, they think the children and the grandchildren and their dear old nurse are terrible creatures. But I am your friend, East Wind, and I will come when you want me."

"That is the way to talk," said the East Wind. "That is the way to talk."

"And I am glad that I have friends even if the Earth people aren't as glad to see me as they might be."

"Yes, we will always be your friends," they all answered.

"And so will I always be your friend," said a voice.

"Who is that?" they all asked.

"You don't know me, and yet I am the most important friend you all have," the voice went on.

"The voice is very familiar," they all said. "Who can it be?"

"Well, to think that I am not known," said the voice again. "To think of that."

"Tell us, tell us," they all shouted.

"You can see me," the voice answered.

They looked, and along came an old man with a crooked stick, wearing very shabby clothes. He carried a worn umbrella in addition to the stick.

"See my old clothes, and my old shoes," he said. "Oh, don't you know me?"

"Why, you are old man Bad Weather," they said. "How could we have mistaken you. It's because you have another old cape on today."

"Oh, we are glad to see you," they all said.

"We're so glad," the East Wind added again.

In Another's Place.

It is a pity that we make such hard work of forbearance. In the majority of cases it would be easy and natural, if only we could succeed in putting ourselves in others' places. Our impatience is due as a rule to inability to take another's point of view, and if once we could see eye to eye, sympathy would be assured.

WHY We All Do Certain Things Involuntarily

Have you ever realized the number of things you do without really knowing why you do them? To say that you yawn because you are tired, or sneeze because you have hay-fever, or laugh because a stage comedian is funny, is hardly less superficial than a child's "Oh, just because, you know."

Why, for instance, do you sneeze? Could you write out a lucid explanation on an examination paper? Sneezing is due to the entrance of particles of matter into your nostrils. These particles excite the nerves of feeling and smell, and the sneeze is your physical attempt—without any conscious direction on your part, of course—to expel the intruders.

If the first sneeze is unsuccessful, a second and a third may follow, until the battle has been given up or won.

Why do we yawn? Shortness of breath is one of the principal causes. When we are tired, the nervous impulses which control our breathing are weakened, and fail to carry on their duties with their usual regularity. Thus there occur moments when the action of breathing is suspended, just as there are moments when a weary man may pause in working a pump. During the pause there is a momentary lack, or shortage of breath, and the yawn which follows is a spasmodic action, urged by sudden necessity to supply the deficiency.

FOR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Why the Man That Can See Ahead Always "Puts It Over" His Slower Competitor.

M. B. Hoagland, salesmanager of a motor truck company, Detroit, in addressing a group of salesmen, gave some pointers which are applicable not only to the truck business, but to any business. Mr. Hoagland said:

"I class men by the range of their vision. There are three classes—the man who looks backward, the man who looks at the present and the man who looks ahead."

"For the man who looks backward, there is little hope in business, for you will find that the same cobwebs are in his business that his grandfather allowed to collect."

"The man who looks at the present has some chance, for he is at least up to date, and being so, is assured of a measure of success. He is posted on conditions as they are at present, and while there are no cobwebs around his office, the trouble is that the shutters are all drawn tight and not a gleam of the future percolates through."

"But the real man, the big man, the successful man is the chap who looks at his business through a powerful telescope and sees it as it will be in the days after tomorrow. Instead of allowing his business to die out with the fading of the present day, he is planning on the demands and prospects of the future, so that, later on, the sun will come up and shine on an ever-increasing business."

How Welsh Coal Trade Began.

Less than a century ago Welsh coal was scarcely known outside of Wales. The natives had burned it for 500 years, but only in a small way, for they preferred the more readily procurable peat. In 1829 the London smoke act was passed, and a demand for a smokeless coal arose. Two dealers, one of whom became afterward Sir James Duke, hearing that such a coal was to be found in Wales, set out to investigate. In due course they came to Merthyr, where they found Mrs. Lucy Thomas in a hut near the mouth of a pit of which she was the owner. When they told her that they wanted to buy a shiplot of her coal she was utterly incredulous. She demanded a ton and money down, and was absolutely dumfounded when both conditions were promptly agreed to. The coal was conveyed by mules to Cardiff, thence by sea to London, where it was sold to eager purchasers at 18s. a ton. Thus began the Welsh coal trade.

Why Rest is So Necessary.

Your physician will tell you that whenever possible you should lie down for a little rest each day. To do so will take some of the load off that faithful heart of yours which keeps pumping away without cessation day and night. Your physician will explain that when sitting down, as compared with standing, you save your heart nine beats a minute, and that when you lie down you take off an additional six beats. So merely lying down means less pumping to be done, and less wear and tear on the body's most vital organ.

It is thrift of time to take a few moments each day from the activities of one's work and stretch out full length. Housewives and others whose work keeps them on their feet a great deal should sit as much as possible. Increased vitality and longer lives will result from following these simple suggestions.

Why England Will Raise Flax.

We find manufactured flax fibers in the lake dwellings of Switzerland; we find it in the tombs of Egyptian greatness, where it wrapped the mummies of kings and queens whose life stories we know. From it we fashion linen and cambric, as well as sails for boats, and dainty lace.

But England's new department is to raise 10,000 acres of flax largely for airplanes. That seems much, but her prewar imports represented the yield of 500,000 acres, and three parts of it came from now isolated Russia.—London Chronicle.



LICE INJURIOUS TO TURKEYS

Common Body Louse of Chickens is Often Found in Sufficient Numbers to Be Harmful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Four species of lice are commonly found on turkeys in this country. One of these, which occurs particularly on turkeys associated with chickens, is the common body louse of chickens. This species is not found in great numbers on turkeys, but it sometimes becomes sufficiently abundant to cause considerable irritation and doubtless is injurious both to the grown fowls and to the young. The shaft louse of chickens also has been found on turkeys, but probably does not breed on that host. The other two species seem to be native to the turkey, probably existing on this fowl in the wild state. The large turkey louse probably is most abundant. It occurs on the feathers on various parts of the body, especially on the neck and breast. The slender turkey louse is a species of good size, though rather elongate, resembling in shape the head louse of chickens. Normally neither of these species is excessively abundant, but on crippled or unthrifty turkeys they may cause serious annoyance and undoubtedly they are injurious to poultry.

INEXPENSIVE HOUSE IS GOOD

Fowls Should Be Given Serviceable, Fairly Roomy and Well-Ventilated Structure.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is not necessary to build expensive houses for poultry, but they should be serviceable, fairly roomy, well lighted, and well ventilated without drafts. The house should be built with a view to simplicity, economy, and convenience, and should be constructed according to the location and climatic conditions.

The walls may consist of (1) one thickness of boards, matched or unmatched; (2) one thickness of boards,



An Inexpensive Open-Front Hen House.

matched or unmatched, covered with one or two thicknesses of building paper or roofing; (3) one thickness of boards covered with paper, then shingled or covered with lapped siding or matched lumber, making a solid double wall; (4) double boards with dead air space between; (5) double boards with space between filled with straw, hay, or other similar material. The second and third methods are the most common.

BIG EGG LOSS PREVENTABLE

Consumer Compelled to Pay Higher Price for That Portion Which Finally Reaches Him.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In marketing poultry and eggs there is an enormous preventable loss in quality and value between the producer and the consumer. It has been conservatively estimated that this loss amounts annually to \$75,000,000 in poultry and \$45,000,000 in eggs. While this loss falls upon all who handle poultry and eggs it is borne chiefly by the producers and the consumers. The producers' loss, caused by a decrease in price, under present conditions represents that due to spoilage or poor quality. The consumers' loss is due to a curtailed supply because of the pounds of poultry and dozens of eggs that are either of poor quality or a total loss; hence the consumer has to pay a higher price for that portion which finally reaches him.