



Far Away and Long Ago.
The brewers' parade in New York city in 1788 has never been duplicated. There were hogsheads entwined in hop vines and a live Bacchus was the feature of the marching fete. But such a procession did once wend its way through New York streets, in celebration of the adoption of the federal constitution. One historian says in part:
"The display of the brewers was happily conceived and appropriate. In

addition to their banners fluttering gayly in the air, they paraded cars with hogsheads and tuns, decorated with festoons of hop vines intertwined with handfuls of barley. Seated on the top of a tun was a living Bacchus—a beautiful boy of eight years—dressed in flesh-colored silk, fitted snugly to the limbs, and thus disclosing all his fine symmetrical proportions. In his hand he held a silver goblet, with which he quaffed the nut-brown, and on his head was a garland of hops and barley ears."

Since Ladies Smoke.
"Your wife used to object to your smoking."
"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "that was before Henrietta became so interested in great public questions. Now she has me light a pipe now and then so that when she makes a speech she won't mind the cigarette smoke in the audience."

"Perfectly Scandalous"

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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That was the unanimous verdict of the rocking chair brigade as it rocked and knit and gossiped away the summer afternoons on the broad veranda of the Willard Mountain house. "Perfectly scandalous, my dear!" And, no doubt, the sentence was a just one.

At any rate, the facts apparently spoke for themselves. Marion Belmont had arrived only two weeks ago. Two days later had come John Anderson Gray. That much information the hotel register vouches for. Yet in the ridiculous short time since, the two had scraped up an acquaintance, developed it into a flirtation and were now spending hours together, unchaperoned, climbing the mountains, paddling on the lake or occupying the back seat of the hotel bus, with Pete hired to drive them about the countryside.

"They didn't come in until twenty-five minutes past eleven last night," whispered Miss Lapham with pursed lips and hinting eyes. "He left her outside her door, which is opposite mine, and I heard them giggling and laughing for quite ten minutes!"

"Yes," went on Mrs. Otis, who, except by the grace of applied chemistry, would have been decidedly white-haired, "and every morning before breakfast she is down waiting for him on the veranda!" The old ladies knitted faster than ever.

Even little Miss Scobie could not refrain from adding her contribution to the rest, and she was the least gossipy of the whole crew. "I was up in my room getting ready for my nap," she breathed, "when I happened to look out of the window. They were coming up the path by the spruces. And just before they reached the turn they stopped and I think—I am sure he kissed her!"

Meanwhile the shocking pair were idly drifting in and out of pine-scented, beauty-haunted bays of the little mountain lake. Marion Belmont, according to the register, sat lazily back against the cushioned thwart of the canoe, her slim hands folded on the soft sport hat in her lap, her eyes resting dreamily on the tanned face of the man in the stern, John Anderson Gray, according to the register.

"Alan," she said suddenly, "does it seem possible that you have been here nearly two weeks? How the time has flown!"

"It has, indeed, Betty," he replied. "And, hang it all, I have simply got to get back the first of next week."

"I know," she said. "And of course I must, too."

"We might as well go together, I suppose," she said.

"Wouldn't it look—rather odd?" she asked, hesitatingly. "I am afraid we have come in for considerable discussion as it is from the row of Mrs. Grundies on the veranda!"

"I've an idea," suggested the man. "Let's give them something really worth worrying over. Let's elope!"

The person addressed dropped her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Anderson, I mean John, I really, really do!"

And if Mrs. Otis could have overheard the conversation she would not have needed the little episode in the post office to supply her with the information she gave out later to her friends. Chancing to be in the little office immediately in the rear of Miss Belmont's white-lavender figure, she could not help overhearing the latter's inquiry for the mail. "Any letters, please," lifted the low contralto voice, "for Mrs. Brad—er, I mean, Miss Belmont?"

"She isn't using her own name," was the message Mrs. Otis brought her confederates in disseminating scandal. "And she's married!"

"I wonder if he knows," ventured Miss Scobie, who concealed a lurking admiration for the tall, well-knit figure of John Anderson Gray. "If he doesn't, it might be a kindness to let him know before she—er—spoils his life, or anything like that!"

The idea held an appeal to them all, for, womanlike, they found it easier to blame the woman than the man. And, heads together, they plotted how to drop the news with seeming carelessness to the victim of the lady's charms.

They managed it that very afternoon with what might be called considerable finesse. Miss Scobie was the appointed spokesman. "Oh, Mr. Gray," she said invitingly as that gentleman came out from the office for the moment unaccompanied. "Isn't it a beautiful day? By the way, Miss—Miss Belmont seems so young, you would never think she was married!"

"Indeed not," agreed the gentleman addressed, most heartily. Then, in surprise, "Married? Married? Oh, no, not married!" And he disappeared suddenly within.

"Poor man," they murmured, "I am afraid it will go hard with him." And apparently it did go so hard that the very next morning the "poor man," without even waiting for the bus, left the hotel, bag in hand, just in time for the nine o'clock train.

A few minutes later the bus drove up to the veranda steps. And the waiting row of ladies gasped to see Pete putting Miss Belmont's trunk. Was she following Mr. Gray? Probably not. More likely she could not bear to stay, knowing her deception had been discovered.

As she came out, very trim in a

strictly tailored suit, small, well-bound turban and dark shoes and gloves, Mrs. Otis could not refrain from saying, "It would be so lonesome for you here, without Mr. Gray."

The other woman started to reply, thought better of it, smiled whimsically, and bent down to the other's ear. "Don't tell a soul," she murmured. "Mr. Gray and I are—eloping!"

Mrs. Otis opened both eyes and mouth. "Eloping!" she cried. "But you are married!"

Miss Belmont nodded.

"And you're not a widow?"

Miss Belmont shook her head.

"And you're not divorced?"

Again she shook her head. "But we belong to each other," she whispered fatuously, "and that is all that counts!" and, seeing Pete stoop to crank up the bus, she walked airily down the steps and climbed in.

Some minutes later, as the White Mountain Express hummed over the rails, two of its passengers exchanged confidences.

"I always maintained, Alan," said one of them, "that the one person to really appreciate youth would be an old, old man, and the one person to enjoy a trousseau and honeymoon would be a wornout mother, tired of the responsibilities of housekeeping and making one gown do the work of three. Well, running away up here and pretending we didn't know each other was somewhat like that. Anyway, it was great! I hope we find mother and children all right."

"My conscience bothers me a little about the other guests—especially those old ladies," admitted her husband. "Perhaps we ought to have told them at the end."

"I don't think so," said Betty thoughtfully. "We will surely never see any of them again. And I really think they almost enjoy being shocked!"

And she was right. It had been the most wonderful summer of their lives for the Rocking Chair Brigade.

SEA SHELLS AS CURRENCY

Were Once Extensively Used as Medium of Exchange Among Indian Tribes Along Seashore.

"Butter tasters" is the name children give to the violet-tinted, worn fragments of clam shells that are to be found on most beaches. These "butter tasters" were an important medium of exchange among the Indian tribes living along the shore in their trading with other natives farther inland.

It can readily be understood that Indians sufficiently adept in the art of chipping arrowheads and other implements of hard flint could easily manufacture rude "money" out of the more attractively colored pieces of these water-worn shells; and this they did, giving to this medium of exchange the name *luckahawk*, somewhat after the style of wampum.

It may be surprising to many, especially to craft workers, to know what really beautiful "stones" these same so-called *luckahawks* will produce when cut and polished into symmetrical form from pieces of sufficient thickness and showing the rich and beautiful violent coloring that many of them possess.

Such as are found on the beach are necessarily dull, with no polish, due, of course, to the wear of the sea and sand, but by proper treatment on the laps are brought to a very high polish and look very rich, indeed, being entirely unlike any other "gem."

Having considerable hardness, they will wear almost indefinitely when once polished. The colors blend beautifully with silver, either in bright or antique finish, while their beauty is heightened by treatment or embellishment with small baroque or seed pearls, small amethysts or other harmonizing stones.

South American Monopoly.

According to the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, quebracho wood, which is extensively used in tanning, is one of the natural monopolies of South America, as potash was a natural monopoly of Germany and Jute is of India. The trade at first was established in quebracho logs, but in the last 25 years the industry of preparing the extract has been built up in South America and is now in a flourishing condition. Quebracho is not indispensable to the tanning industry, but it is a useful reagent, since it produces in a few days results that other tanning materials take weeks or months to accomplish. The importance of quebracho in the war was largely owing to its rapid action, and now that the demand for leather is not so urgent other materials will be used to a greater extent.—Youth's Companion.

Force of Habit.

"Look here, young man," ejaculated the judge to the prisoner at the bar. "How is it that a former soldier is charged with shoplifting? How did you learn such a mean business?"

"It's this way, your honor," replied the offender. "In the army I spent most of the time policing the company streets, and I sort of got into the habit of picking up things as I went along."—American Legion Weekly.

A Vocalist Provoked.

"I knew there was going to be trouble as soon as the mule heard the honk of our new sflver," remarked Farmer Cornstossel, ruefully.

"How did it affect the mule?"

"Threw him into a fit of professional jealousy so violent that he backed up and kicked the rear transmission clear through the radiator."

The AMERICAN LEGION

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GIRL GETS SERVICE MEDAL

Emblem Presented to New York High School Miss in Recognition of Patriotic Work.

As a tribute to her patriotic services during the World war, Miss Pauline Henkel, a fourteen-year old New York high school girl, was presented with a patriotic service gold medal by F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion, in behalf of S. Rankin Drew post. The presentation ceremonies took place in front of the Fifth Avenue public library in New York city.

The guard of honor for Miss Henkel, who is known as the "Little Colonel," was composed of members of the marine corps under command of lieutenants Miller and Gumpertz and Sergeant Janssen, congressional medal of honor men.

Although she was only ten years old at the start of the World war, the Little Colonel sold \$3,330,250 worth of Liberty bonds, more than any other minor in the country, and also was recognized as one of the most effective patriotic speakers and war workers in America.

With the return of the American soldiers to their native land, Miss Henkel is still devoting herself to their welfare, as attested by the following quotation from her speech of acceptance:

"The happiest moment of my life will be when it is a fact that the wounded, disabled and unemployed of our boys have been taken care of in a manner befitting the sacrifices they have made. The cause of the disabled



MISS PAULINE HENKEL.

should come above everything else in our hearts. Let us take care of the men who saved our country; we owe them an obligation we cannot afford to ignore."

LEGION POST ADOPTS CREED

Member of Somerville (Mass.) Organization is Author of Paragraphs Worthy of Consideration.

Somerville (Mass.) post of the American Legion has adopted the following creed, written by one of its members:

"I believe the American Legion is a dependable organization.

"I believe that the American Legion is a potent factor in the community.

"I believe that the American Legion stands for equality for all ex-service men.

"I believe that the American Legion's ideas never will be shelved.

"I believe that the American Legion will gallantly stand by what is right and help to destroy what is wrong.

"I believe that the American Legion's principles are immovable by any violent or radical individual or organization.

"I believe that the American Legion will help to bring peace out of chaos.

"I believe that the American Legion is looking forward, not backward.

"I believe that the American Legion is a constructive unit, not a destructive unit.

"I believe that the American Legion is an asset to ex-service men, not a liability.

"I believe it. Do you?"

Take "Movies" Seriously.

Moving pictures are a marvel to the South Sea Islanders, according to a recently returned visitor to that portion of the globe. The tragic part of the film is too much for the natives, he said, and there is so much weeping and groaning that a man has to go up in the gallery and tell them that it will all come out all right in the end. Thus assured, the audience proceeds to wipe up and watch for further developments, and when the heroine is rescued and the villain is thwarted, pandemonium breaks loose, for the people not only shout, but dance with joy.

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