

Why She Ran Away With the Circus

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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Says La Rochefoucauld, prince of cynics: "We are always glad to see others brought to our own level."

This possibly explains the acrid triumph in Mrs. Kelly's voice as she told her elbow-neighbor at the noon prayer-meeting. "It's true as preaching—every word. Dolly Batten has run off with the circus. Sam, my son, saw her get on their train. He'd have spoke to her—only he was too far away. But he saw her—no mistake. And all she had with her was just a handbag; that shows her folks didn't know."

"They'll be mighty cut up over it," the neighbor, Miss Powell, returned. "But I say it's a judgment sent—always holdin' themselves so high and distant, never doing things the rest of us took trust in. Why, to my certain knowledge not one of that family ever sent as much as a pair o' socks to go in the missionary box."

Mrs. Kelly nodded. "And always pipping up about charity beginning at home, as if the dear good men we send out to save the heathen didn't need creature comforts same as the mill workers, only more and worse—"

"It's hard to have a thankless child—but I can't be sorry for the Battens, not when I remember how they wouldn't give a rose to be sold at our Christmas fair and sent armfuls of the very finest to the folks that live on the Lane. We'd 'a' given 'em 10 per cent on sales, and that money would 'a' done a heap more for those shiftless, dirty women. I'd never dare to call myself a Christian if I set up what I thought was right against the Bible and the church—" Miss Powell broke in. A crisp voice beyond her interjected: "I don't know as Mrs. Batten nor any of 'em called themselves Christians. But I say they'd no need—they showed it so many ways."

"I wasn't speaking to you, Mrs. Gee," Miss Powell returned icily. Mrs. Kelly clucked disdain—speech was hazardous with lawless Mary Gee in earshot. Mary moved majestically to the bench in front, grinned jocosely, then sighed and began to read her psalm book. Huge, with a heart as big as her body, she was amused, ashamed and sorry to see a triple attendance upon this season of spiritual refreshing. She knew what had drawn her fellow Christians—not zeal, but a keen desire to tell and hear all about this amazing occurrence. Sittings were free, but by usage a pew high up was always left empty for the Battens, until there was no longer hope of their coming. Now everybody looked at it furtively—then instantly glanced away. Mentally everybody was asking, Would Mrs. Batten and Louisa, her stepdaughter, come to face down the family disgrace? A kindly minority hoped they would not, but the mass sat on edge, starting a little at each entrance and turning to stare at newcomers, almost malevolently in their disappointment. Frothy murmurs of reprobation now and then boiled up—this was what came of letting circus people play their devil's game in nice, clean country towns.

Commonly a woman led the prayer-meeting. Today the minister had promised to be with the sisters for a special service. But minute dragged after minute, still the reading desk was vacant, there was not even a rustle in the vestry. Mrs. Kelly was on the point of rising to ask, "Why wait longer?" when a figure wholly uncanonical strode rapidly up the aisle, paused at the altar rail and turned a travel-stained face to the gaze of the waiting flock.

"Dear sisters," he began, "instead of apology let me tell you a story. There a thrill rustled all through the ranks. 'Last night around three o'clock,' the minister went on somewhat huskily, "I waked from sound sleep to hear Mrs. Batten calling distractedly, 'Meet Dorothy at the station, go with her; you must! Hurry! They are holding the circus train. She will explain.' Naturally I went to meet Dorothy, white and steady as marble, like death indeed, all but her eyes—they were inspired. They had put her in a drawing room. Two of the women were with her—they started to leave her as I came, but she made them stay. 'Frank is dying!' she said clearly. 'Frank Allen—we have been secretly engaged a whole year. He has three hours to live, the doctor said. He must see me before he goes. I will see him, thanks to these good people—it was my only chance.' I knew without telling—no other train till eight this morning, and a car couldn't make the run, with last week's storm taking away so many bridges.

"Later Dolly told me how she had gone at breakneck speed in their car to the station—told her plight to the head of the circus there—he hadn't

hesitated a minute—said he'd wait till morning if it would help. She had been so sure she had made her mother call me.

"Sisters, if I had never before believed in God, a God of love and mercy infinite, last night would have converted me. Only such a God could put so much of kindness, pity, helpfulness in human hearts. Men and women, they did all they could. Nobody seemed to think of bed or anything but cheering and heartening Dorothy—and making the train go faster. The champion bareback rider brought her flowers and fruit; the train boss slid a bottle of something into her handbag, muttering it was good for sickness, and the dancer, who scandalized some who saw her, I am told, wrapped the child warm in something that felt elderdown; then the trapeze expert cradled Dolly as though she were a baby, and the prima donna—it was her drawing room we occupied—sang a lullaby so soft it almost made me sleep. It soothed Dolly—of course she could not sleep—but that mad train, running minutes ahead of schedule, landed us safe—and men and women circus performers and train hands stood outside to see us pass on our way. Dolly looked at the big station clock, whispering huskily: 'They have given me ten minutes more? Think of it! God bless them!' And at the very last it was the trapeze woman who called: 'Remember! You are not to let Frank die!'

"God helping us—we didn't let him die. I married them five minutes after we reached him. Dolly knelt by him holding both his hands tight, pouring the strength, the power of those inspired eyes into him, simply refusing to let him go. I took out the surreptitious bottle—the surgeon snatched it—what he did with it you may guess. Frank had lost blood until he was corpse-like; there was no pulse in his wrists, and not too much in the temples. But in an hour he was less livid; Dolly, still kneeling, began chafing his hands. By daylight she had so far won him back the wise men said he had more than a fighting chance—and I started home to tell her mother everything. I forgot to say her father was away for the week, else I shouldn't have been called upon. Mrs. Batten and Louisa will go to Dolly this afternoon. I had to take a freight train, hence am so late. But I am glad you waited, doubly glad there are so many here to listen. Sunday past I preached a warning against the circus. Now I tell the story you have heard to let you share the light I have received. Please take it home with you and hold it fast. But before you go let us all kneel and pray silently, earnestly to be forgiven our daily sins and misjudgment. We cannot stand too firmly for things true, pure, lovely and of good report, but we may easily be overrighteous."

Those who heard were glad to kneel, velling thus their bowed heads and streaming eyes. Even Mrs. Kelly had a touch of keen compunction, but I doubt if she ever admitted it to anybody but herself.

Wolsey's Good Qualities.

Thomas Wolsey, better known as Cardinal Wolsey, tried twice to be elected pope. He was the most powerful man of his time in England, next to the king. He lived in a most voluptuous manner. His train of servants rivaled that of the king, and was composed of many persons of rank and distinction. But while he dazzled the eyes or insulted the people by an array of gorgeous furniture and equipage, such as exceeded the royal establishment itself, he was a generous and liberal patron of literature, and in the midst of luxurious pleasures and pompous revelings, he was meditating the advancement of science by a munificent use of those riches which he seemed to accumulate only for selfish purposes.

Largest Gold Mine.

The greatest gold mining region in the world is the Witwatersrand district, near Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa. The largest producing Rand mines in 1916, with monthly output, were the following: Crown mines, 203,000 tons; East Rand Proprietary, 155,500 tons; Knights Deep, 102,400 tons. T. A. Rickard considers the New Modderfontein the greatest gold mine in the world. In 1916 it was yielding 53,000 tons of rich ore per month, and borings have tested out a continuance of this ore to the total of nearly 20,000 tons. This is also in the Rand district of the Transvaal.

Little One's Voice.

All children should be encouraged to sing, for the voice is God-given, a priceless instrument that needs no trick for its use. And it is beautiful in childhood, before wrong and careless speaking and singing have made their inroads of injury. We should do all in our power to encourage this sweetness of voice—by suggesting a moderate degree of tone in speaking and singing, by example more than precept. Children imitate so quickly. Mother's quiet voice or teacher's well modulated one is sure to have effect.

Sardinian River Tirso Harnessed by Italians

Rome.—An artificial lake fifteen miles long by two wide is being constructed in Sardinia to harness the power of the swift-flowing River Tirso.

The project is said to be one of the largest attempted in Europe. The lake will serve a double purpose in irrigating a vast area which, up to the present, has been nothing but a barren waste, where cultivation has been undertaken by the people only under the

most difficult circumstances imaginable. The marshy character of the low basin has made it unhealthy. Control of the river will convert the stagnant districts into healthy fields.

The hydraulic force developed is expected to give a great impetus to Sardinian industry, particularly to mining.

Japan has a written history extending over 2,500 years.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

MOTHERS AID SCOUT SONS

"Mother," whose commendation counts for the most and whose approval is hardest to win in matters pertaining to the welfare of her boy, is more and more showing herself "heart and soul" with scouting, as attested by the growing number of scout mothers' clubs and auxiliaries.

"Faith, love and protection of our boys," is the motto of the Topeka (Kan.) Scout Mothers' club; its purpose, "To assist the scoutmaster in any possible way in advancing the cause and to learn in our association together, more of our responsibilities as mothers of scouts."

In Portsmouth, Va., members of the Scouts' Mothers' club wear bows of ribbon in accordance with the rating of their boys. This club aims to keep the meaning of the scout oath and law before the community, to maintain a feeling of comradeship between mother and son, to co-operate with the scout leaders in their work, and to put before new residents the advantage of having their boys join the scout movement.

"We are very proud of our Scout Mothers' club and think it would be splendid for every troop to have one," advocates a Buffalo scoutmaster. From Philadelphia comes the statement: "Mothers' auxiliaries formed in a number of our troops seem to be filling a real need. The miniature pin for women associates is popular in Montclair, N. J., and worn by worthwhile women, certainly carries a worth-while message," comments a local scout official.

In a number of other communities well-organized clubs with constitutions and by-laws exist and do a splendid work.

"The supreme compliment to scouting," says a woman observer, "is the mother's praise and assistance."

HONOR UNKNOWN SOLDIERS



Eagle Scout Conrad Strayer of Troop 39 of York, Pa., at the tomb of the unknown soldier, Arlington cemetery, upon the occasion of the fourth educational tour of the boy scouts of York.

A BOY SCOUT HERO

The great moment in a scout's life when his preparedness can be the means of saving a human life, came to First-Class Scout Cecil Smith Birch of Troop 9, Texarkana, Texas, under circumstances requiring resourcefulness and courage to a high degree. Birch, who is suffering with tuberculosis of the bone of the lower leg, was walking slowly towards home after school when he was attracted by a sudden scream from a tree nearby, and saw there a small boy caught high up in the branches and hanging to an electric wire. The crippled boy climbed to the top of the tree within a few inches of the menacing current. On account of the heavy voltage he did not touch the child's body with his hands until after he had freed him from the wire. This Birch managed to do by taking off his vest which had large armholes in it, and then jerking him from the wire. The scout caught the little fellow in one arm, then brought him down from the tree and carried him to his home. There he administered first-aid treatment pending the arrival of the doctor.

"CIVIC HIKE" FOR SCOUTS

A number of boy scout councils make use of a "know-your-city" series of hikes to strengthen civic pride and interest. Milwaukee, Wis.; Newark, N. J.; Seattle, Wash.; Washington, D. C., and Stamford, Conn., are among those councils sponsoring trips to various points of industrial and historical interest. A visit to the local telephone company, an inspection of manufacturing plants, a tour of historic grounds, all are typical features of this knowledge-by-hiking activity.

Milton Sills



Popular Milton Sills, one of the bright "movie" stars, is a product of Chicago. The player spent his boyhood in that city where he also attended the Chicago university. After he graduated he went to New York and for eight years was a successful actor for prominent producers. He has been seen in the title role in some of the best pictures. Mr. Sills is married and has one daughter about eleven years old. He is six feet tall and weighs 180 pounds. He has light hair and gray eyes.

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

AUDREY

AUDREY is closely allied with Ethel. Both signify "noble threatener" since they have their origin with the Anglo-Saxon feminine name Etheldred or Aethelthryth, which in turn comes from the German Ediltrud, noble maiden.

The first Audrey of note was the Anglo-Saxon Saint Audrey. She was in reality Queen Aethelthryth, who was rather an unsuccessful wife and retired to a monastery, later being canonized as St. Audry. She was revered as St. Audry and many fairs are given in her honor by the peasantry. It is said that the garish little articles sold at these fairs have given rise to the term "tawdry".

Because of her saintly reputation, the name of Audrey reached a high estate of popularity in England and has never ceased to be in common usage. Particularly of late has it been revived and set to rival its counterpart, Ethel, Addy, which is commonly believed to be the contraction of Adelaide, is really the Devonian diminutive for Audrey.

The agate is Audrey's talismanic gem. It is believed to have the power to draw success and good fortune to its wearer, and to guard her from all harm. Monday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

A SUGGESTION

IF SUCH shall be your mental state That you can't help exaggerate, Instead of, as most mortals do, Exaggerating things of rue, Heed this small bit of halting rhyme And try for just a little time To magnify your joys and see How much more happy you will be. Then take your stock of daily troubles And turn them into airy bubbles— The daily troubles that you've nursed— And blow them up until they burst.

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Aviation Schools in Ecuador. Aviation schools will be established at Guayaquil and Quito by the government of Ecuador.



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THE SANDMAN STORY

THE CRAZY RABBITS

IT WAS the first gray dawn of the morning that Mr. Fox was awakened by the sound of running feet. He jumped out of bed and went to the window.

Peeking through the shutters he could see a long line of rabbits running down the path through the woods that led to the meadow. "What in the world is the matter with all the bunnies?" thought Mr. Fox as he began to dress. "Wonder if the woods is on fire?"

There was nothing the matter with the woods, he found out as soon as he was outside. The sweet smell of early morning filled the air. Not even the chirp of a bird was to be heard, only the faint sound of the little feet in the distance did Mr. Fox hear, and the last rabbit as it disappeared through the trees did Mr. Fox see.

But he must know what was going on. Down the path he sped. He reached the edge of the woods just as the last rabbit ran into the meadow.

Just before he caught up to them, Mr. Fox saw that the rabbits were running along by a pond, and when the



"And Then They All Sat Down."

head rabbit, who was named Stubby Tail, reached the far end of the pond, instead of keeping straight on with his run he turned, coming down to the other side of the pond.

The rabbits that were following did not notice this. Each one seemed intent upon following the rabbit in front, so when Stubby Tail came to the side of the pond nearest Mr. Fox he followed the end rabbit, who was, of course, beginning his run along the bank of the pond.

"Crazy," exclaimed Mr. Fox, every one of them! Running around the pond in a circle like a lot of mad creatures!

"What in the world is the matter with you all?" called Mr. Fox when he reached the running rabbits. "Here, you stop running or you will be so dizzy you will tumble into the pond."

For a second all the rabbits stood still and blinked their eyes in a dazed

sort of way and then they all sat down. "What is the matter?" asked Mr. Fox of Stubby Tail. "Were you running away from something?"

Stubby Tail blinked, shook himself, and called to his mates, "We won't find him now; we had better go home." All the Rabbits got up and hopped along after Stubby and Mr. Fox, who was still asking questions about the strange sight he had seen.

"No, we were not running away from anything or anybody, we were trying to catch somebody."

"To catch somebody?" repeated Mr. Fox. "Who in the world did you want to catch?"

Stubby Tail shook his head. "That we do not know," he said. "We only heard the sweet music that he plays, little piping strains of the sweetest music you ever heard."

Mr. Fox stood still now, looking at Stubby Tail. He was certain he was crazy but Stubby did not seem to notice Mr. Fox at all.

"I heard it just before the dawn came," Stubby went on saying. "I ran out as fast as I could but he had passed. I could hear the soft sweet piping down the path."

"So I called the other rabbits and began to run after him, but I only saw his footprints. I guess no one has ever seen him."

Mr. Fox looked along the path. "Do you mean those footprints?" he asked, pointing to small hoof marks.

Stubby Tail nodded his head and Mr. Fox burst into a loud laugh. "Those are the footprints of Billy Goat and I know he does not play on a pipe or make sweet music—ever hear his voice?"

"It was not Billy Goat," said Stubby Tail. "It's some one who loves all of us animals and comes playing tunes in the soft early morning."

Mr. Fox looked at Stubby in a way that plainly showed he was disgusted with him and shook his head and then he ran toward home to get his breakfast.

He told Mr. Coon about Stubby Tail and what he had said, later in the day. "Crazy; every last rabbit in this woods was crazy this morning just before sunrise," said Mr. Fox.

"I am not so sure about that," replied Mr. Coon. "I have heard that there is a creature half man and half goat called Pan, who plays on little pipes made of reeds very, very early in the morning; but no one ever sees him, though some say they have heard the piping."

"Have you?" asked Mr. Fox.

"No, replied Mr. Coon. "Neither have I," replied Mr. Fox, "and I don't believe a word of such foolish talk."

But Mr. Fox was wrong, for in a mystic hour just before the dawn Pan passes with his pipes and calls the world to awaken.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You always want to travel? "Isn't America good enough for you?" "What's the matter with our New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago?" "Have not we got enough historic monuments?" These are some of the laughers' ammunition. You like to travel perhaps because you see new things daily; you may be getting impressions to use in some useful way. You may have no home ties and travel is a pleasant way to live and see the world. You are learning not to be narrow by travel and are seeing that all mankind is after all the same under the skin. Let them roar!

SO

Your Get-away here is: The more travelers and the more the world understands the world the less war and strife.

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Locate Site of City of David.

Universal Service is informed by the British Colonial office that the proposed excavation of the ancient city of David will be made in the vicinity of the Cenacolo, on the hill popularly known as Mount Zion. The real site of Zion, the city of David, has long been known to archeologists. It lies not on the hill on which Cenacolo stands, but further eastward on the little triangular spur called Ophel, which runs southward to its apex above the old pool of Siloam. It was on this small spur, which the Jebusites first occupied, that David founded his city of Zion. Here his tomb will probably be found and here the excavations will be carried out.

Government Butter Inspection. The United States Department of Agriculture maintains a butter inspection service on the Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco markets, and at the request of shippers or other financially interested parties makes official inspection of butter offered for interstate shipment or received at important central markets designated by the secretary of agriculture.