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Norway to Celebrate 900 Years of Christianity

Christiania.—The nine hundredth an-
niversary of the official establishment
of Christianity in Norway is to be
celebrated during June.

It was in the year 1024 that the first
acceptance of Christian doctrines and
their embodiment in the religious laws
took place at the little stone church
of Moser, situated on an island in
the sea channel between Hangesund
and Bergen.

The anniversary will be accompanied
by many festivities and ceremonies
of historical interest, and it is ex-
pected that the king of Norway will
attend.

Then the Tragedy.
"De Lawd made you an' me an' de
flawhs," said Charcoal Eph, rumi-
natively, "an' He didn' make no mis-
takes ontwell He stahted you an' me."

Why She Liked Rainy Days

By JANE OSBORN

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sue Stowe was a matchmaking sister. For some reason she seemed to fear lest her brother Martin should be left blooming alone on the family tree, a withered and crabbed dried apple of an old bachelor, so she began when she was eighteen and he was twenty-two bringing home every girl she knew who was, according to her own opinion, the kind of girl that Martin might like. Her possible sisters-in-law were numerous and varied. But to Martin there was a monotony about them—that is, until he met Edith Nicholas. Edith was different. By this time Martin was twenty-five and Sue was a senior in college. Edith, also a senior in college, came home with Sue on a holiday and for four or five days the progress of the friendship between Edith and Martin seemed to be following the line of a glorious crescendo that would broaden out into a real and glowing love. Sue always liked to think of love in this way—as something glorious and ennobling that transfigured those it rested upon. She was quite convinced that when Martin did become actually engaged to Edith he'd give up some of his "horrid little" tricks, like dumping his pipe into the open fireplace, regardless of whether or not there was a fire on the hearth—entering the house by way of the kitchen entry and carrying on long and hilarious conversations there with the old Irish cook, who retained her County Cork brogue in spite of her twenty years in the Stowe kitchen.

All was going beautifully as far as the friendship between Martin and Edith was concerned and Sue was watching for indications of the budding of real love. But the powers that rule the weather had other ideas. Martin and Sue and Edith had planned to motor along the River road to a little tea room where they might sit and watch the setting sun and drink tea. Sue did hope that Martin wouldn't ask for ice cream—it was so crude to eat ice cream when convention dictated tea.

But it began to rain by two o'clock, and by half-past three, when they had planned to set out, there was a steady downpour.

"We just can't go," Sue told her brother when he came into the living room through the kitchen entrance.

"Gosh," said Martin. "I left the office early just to go. The rain won't kill you. It's good for you."

Edith smiled as winsomely as possible.

"Oh, I just can't endure to get my feet wet and I think it's so dismal being out in the rain." She had rather wanted to have Martin remark that her feet weren't much to get wet or something to that effect. But, instead, he looked at her as he might have looked at his own sister.

"You can wear rubbers and a rain coat, can't you?" he asked. "We'll be dry in the car—you'll only have to make a dash for the tea house."

"Oh, let's just stay here where it's nice and comfy, and have a hand of dummy bridge," suggested Edith.

"A man doesn't like to play bridge in the afternoon," he said. "I'll be running on back to the office and get some more work done," and before Sue could make her protestations effective he had disappeared again through the kitchen passageway.

It must have been cleverly arranged by fate, for just as Martin Stowe was going down the street he encountered Mardy Hale. Mardy Hale was walking and she looked very gay and debonair in spite of the downpour. She wore a navy blue raincoat and a rainhat stuck with a bit of a red quill, and she carried a dainty blue umbrella with a red handle. Martin even noticed that her rubber sandals fitted her oxfords to perfection. The rain had brought out the delicate rose tints in her face and the mist had made her blue eyes bluer than the breast of a blue jay.

Martin recalled that on other rainy days he had seen this same girl walking as now, perfectly dressed for the inclement weather and apparently not the least bit inclined to give up her unusual occupations because of the rain. So somehow a very peculiar thing happened. In the niche in his mind where Martin had for a few days been keeping a rather hazy image of Edith with the limpid brown eyes and ash blonde hair the vision of this rainy-day girl now appeared.

When Martin returned home for dinner instead of experiencing the thrill that he had the night before just to sit next to Edith he glanced at her critically, as he might have at his own sister. He thought her eyes were dull and her face pale for lack of outdoor air. She had probably stayed home all day because she didn't want to go out in the rain.

It was not difficult to arrange an introduction to the rainy-day girl. It happened one rainy morning on the street corner when a neighbor, Mrs. Hawkins, who knew them both, presented Martin to Mardy Hale.

Martin called on his rainy-day girl, choosing a rainy day for his call. He found her about to go out and at her suggestion started out on a walk through the spring mist with her. It was just a pleasant sort of drizzle, all warm and humid, that brought up

all sorts of fragrances from the earth and trees and hedges.

When he suggested that she permit him to take her out to the River road tea house some afternoon in his car she suggested that they go the next rainy day.

"There is never a crowd on rainy days—and I like it."

Martin was delighted. He thought resentfully of the time he had spent with Edith—Edith whom he had come very near to liking—Edith whom he had nearly kissed. How much sweeter would be the kiss of his rainy-day girl—and how wonderful to have the first kiss all misty with rain. Perhaps on their way home he could get her to take a little stroll down by the river and there under the protection of some tree or other he could have that kiss—all cool and fragrant and rain covered.

Mardy Hale agreed to the walk by the river and just as Martin had piloted her under the protection of a grandfaterly old elm tree and was about to start the preliminaries of the kiss the pitter of rain became louder and just as he had put his arm around her trim little rain-coated shoulders and was about to snatch the kiss he covered the rain descended so forcefully that elm leaves and branches did not hold it back. The kiss that Martin had thought of as being humid was actually very, very much saturated with rain and there were huge drops of rain glistening on Mardy's nose and fresh pink cheeks as she looked up at him and smiled.

"I wouldn't have let you do that—if it hadn't been raining," she said. "But somehow it seems different out here—"

Mardy hadn't a very definite idea of what she meant nor had Martin, but both were delighted with the little speech. To make the kiss quite all right Martin asked Mardy to marry him, and before they had got back into his waiting car on the River road Mardy had said she would.

"I hope we shall have a rainy day for the wedding," said Martin, a week before Mardy was to become Mrs. Stowe.

"It won't so much matter now," laughed Mardy. "I have a charming going-away frock. You know, Martin, I really think I ought to confess. The reason I always went out in the rain is because all last winter and spring I didn't have anything decent to wear except my rainy-day outfit. So whenever I went anywhere I chose a rainy day." She saw the look of disappointment in Martin's face. "But, of course, I like rain," she fibbed. As a matter of fact she disliked going out in the rain as much as Edith.

Winnebago Indians Were Fond of Fancy Clothes

As clothing the early Winnebago wore a breechclout, moccasins, leggings and robes of dressed skins. Simple fabrics of bark fiber and rushes were probably also worn. The advent of the French trader added to their dress, but at all times we find both men and women combing their hair straight back, parted in the middle and tied behind their heads in braids, later decorated by ribbons, writes the Wisconsin Magazine.

Thomas Anderson, who spent a winter trading with them on the Rock river in 1802, said that they were the most filthy, most obstinate and bravest people of any Indian tribe. When the French came they added blankets to their garb, white for winter and bright colors for the summer.

In the governor's reception room in the state capitol at Madison the surrender of the noted Chief Red Bird, which ended the Winnebago war in 1825, is cleverly depicted. Red Bird, the prisoner, is pictured as having one side of his face painted red, the other intermixed with green and white, clothed in a Yankton suit of dressed elkskin, perfectly white and as soft as a kid glove.

It consisted of a jacket, ornamented with a fringe of the same material, the sleeves being cut to fit his finely-formed arms and the leggings also of dressed elkskin, with a fringe of the same material and enriched with blue beads.

On his feet he wears moccasins, and on each shoulder, in place of an epaulette, is fastened a stuffed red bird. Around his neck hang strands of wampum of various lengths, and he holds a war pipe in his hand, ornamented with dyed horse hair and feathers of birds. Here we have the Winnebago dandy.

Chinese Movies Ancient

The prince of Wales, addressing a convention of motion picture producers, called attention to the fact that the Chinese over 3,000 years ago had motion pictures and exhibited them at entertainments, says the Detroit News.

The Chinese had two forms of motion pictures. In one the pictures were painted on long rolls of paper similar to the photographic films of today and they were slowly drawn out in a lantern-like box where they were viewed through a slit or eye port.

A commoner type and one of probably much greater antiquity was made by arranging a number of pictures on square or oblong wooden or pasteboard disks, stringing these on two endless ropes or twine and moving them round two end cylinders. The disks were often placed one on the other four or five deep.

Optical illusions similar to those made in the modern projection theater were obtained by Chinese showmen long before the Christian era by carefully regulating the speed of the motion pictures and the lighting of the theaters.

Men You May Marry

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a man like this proposed to you?

Symptoms: Mysterious. You never know whether he will show up for a date or not. You never feel certain of him. You can't make out just what his business is. When you do he keeps mum about it. He is only shy when he is talked of—quite flippant with others. He walks stiffly in one place—has sort of a starey eye, seems to be looking in at Asia. He likes you he says—'cause you don't bother him with 1,001 foolish questions.

IN FACT
He is the question mark of your life's sentence.

Prescription for bride-to-be:
Forget the question mark. Head mystery tales, get your questions satisfied there.

ABSORB THIS:
To have is not to behold.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND

A MAN always lets somebody else do his worrying for him—but a woman doesn't need any help.

This is an age of self-made men, machine-made laws, home-made drinks and home-made beauties.

It isn't until after the smashup, that a man decides that it requires something besides brute force and determination to run a motorcar—or a wife.

It doesn't take so very much love to "make the world go 'round," if you have plenty of money to oil the axis.

"Leisure," to a married woman, is that sweet "pause in the day's occupation," when nobody around the house can think up anything else for her to do.

Yes, Millicent, the difference between the way in which a man tries to "persuade" you of something before marriage, and the way in which he will try to "convince" you of something after marriage, is as great as the difference between the way he talks to a toddle-top, and the way he talks to a bawky flivver.

Every man fondly hopes to find a woman who will "understand" him, and who, at the same time, knows nothing of the world and its wickedness.

A compliment from a husband would be as precious as pure radium. If he didn't always hand it to you wrapped in the cotton-batting of "good advice."

A man's love is not dead, until he begins to think of his wife, merely as the person who disturbs his morning beauty-sleep, and his after-dinner reveries.

(Copyright by Helen Rowland.)

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the man in charge of the filling station seems to be a very nice young fellow, and she feels sure every gallon of gasoline she gets when he is on duty contains the full two quarts.

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Long Chase Oddly Ended

A man who declined to give his name called police headquarters in Newark, N. J., and said John Steiner, wanted for murder, could be found on a certain trolley car. The search for Steiner had lasted for four years and had extended to the Pacific coast, so a dozen men were sent out in the patrol. They boarded the trolley car and found their man. Five detectives bound for headquarters for duty were riding in the same car with the man wanted for murder, but he was not recognized by any of them.

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Lake a Gold and Silver Cache.

The sacred Lake Guatavita, in Colombia, is credited with having been the dumping place of huge stores of gold and silver articles, thrown in by the Indians so they should not fall into the hands of their grasping Spanish conquerors.

Titian Home Monument.

The home at Pieve di Cadore in which the great painter Titian was born has been proclaimed a national monument by the government, as has been the birthplace of the poet and dramatist Count Vittorio Alfieri at Asti.—Scientific American.

A Python's Long Fast.

A monster python, at the London zoo recently broke a two and a half year's fast by devouring a pigeon. He celebrated the feat by eating three more at one meal. Snakes have notoriously erratic appetites.

Irrigation on Large Scale.

Irrigation in South America sometimes demands storing of sufficient water to supply the people and crops for a period of thirty months.

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