

IS EASILY SCARED

Man Apt to Be Frightened by Little Things.

Many Get Stage Fright When Called Upon for a Speech, But Would Battle a Lion.

"I went to see Jim Smilax get married," said Loper, according to the Chicago News, "and he was a pitiable spectacle. He was all wilted, and the sweat ran off him in streams. Had he been in the hands of the executioner he couldn't have been scared worse. It's a queer thing. Smilax has more cool courage than any man I know, and he'd face a polar bear without displaying cold feet, but a little thing like getting married was too much for him."

"It certainly is a queer thing," admitted Gamboge, "and doubtless we'd have to go back to the stone age to find an explanation."

"Man is afraid of many things which shouldn't scare him for a minute. People who know me well must admit that I am no poltroon. Produce your Hyrcan tiger, your rugged Russian bear, and my firm nerves will never tremble. I have officiated as judge at a baby show and had a dozen disappointed mothers seething around me reaching for handfuls of my whiskers, and I was as calm as I am at this hour of going to press. I don't know what fear is in the ordinary sense; yet I can't face an audience and make a speech to save myself."

"I'd give a farm if I could rise easily and gracefully and take a fall out of the welkin when I am called upon for a few timely remarks. But when I get to my feet and look around upon a sea of expectant faces, my insides seem to give way and I feel faint and sick, and the next thing I know somebody is stooping over me with a palm-leaf fan, and somebody else is pouring ice water on me."

"Why should a man be afraid to stand up before his fellow citizens and turn loose his sentiments? Probably some ancestor of mine, back in the interglacial times, was swatted over the head with a spiked club while discussing the living issues of the day at some crossroads schoolhouse, and the shock affected all succeeding generations."

"It is but a little while since dentistry was in the same class with blacksmithing. Men who are waxing old can remember when a visit to the dentist's office was something that appalled the stoutest heart. It was the last resort. A victim of toothache would suffer until the last limit was reached before he'd consent to have any dental work done, and no reasonable person can blame him."

"When I was young the village dentist manhandled me two or three times, extracting teeth with a hammer and cold chisel. My own boys have such a dread of the dentist that I have to get the police to help me when it is necessary to take them to his office. There is no apparent reason for it. The modern dentist makes tooth pulling a luxury. It is better than an outing in the woods."

"I suppose it will take several thousand years to educate the fear of dentistry out of the human race."

"About a million years ago a dog threw itself down in the grass and was bitten by a snake. Ever since then dogs have turned around several times before lying down. This fact may explain, in some measure, why Jim Smilax was scared at his wedding."

Russian Prisoner's Escape.

The record of escapes from war captivity has been claimed for a Russian prisoner who recently crossed the Dutch frontier in his twelfth attempt to escape. Three times he fled in the direction of Luxemburg, twice he made for Switzerland, on several occasions he took the road to Poland and again to Denmark, but in every case without success. This was the first time he had tried his luck in the direction of the Netherlands frontier, and after being two months and twenty days on the road success crowned his perseverance.

Migration of Caribou.

From Dawson, Yukon territory, Dominion of Canada, comes news of the migration of caribou, says the Christian Science Monitor. Great herds are in the vicinity of Forty Mile river and at various other points. The total number of animals moving southward in search of food is estimated at 1,000,000 head. It is characteristic of the time that the migration would hardly have been known outside of Yukon territory had it not been necessary to explain officially that occupancy of the roads by the caribou interfered with the carriage of the mails.

Musio of Our Anthem.

Does any one know who composed the music of "The Star Spangled Banner?" The hymn "Anacreon In Heaven," composed by John Smith, an Englishman, about 1770, is the original music of our national anthem, according to an official of the United States marine corps. Anacreon was an ancient Greek poet, a sycophant and a great drunkard. The young Maryland lawyer, Francis Scott Key, set the words of his masterpiece to the tune of Smith's hymnal inspiration.

FAVORITE SPORTS OF TODAY

Baseball and Football Are Games Evolved From Daily Work of Our Forefathers.

Play is ancestral work. The things our forefathers, near or remote, did to live, we do for fun, minus an exchange. Away back in the dim distance, they lived by hunting—and by dodging the creatures which were hunting them. In those days, it was hunting strengthened one's grip on life to be able to throw a stone with accuracy, to hit quickly and strongly with a club, to run from tree to tree so swiftly and with such nice judgment of distance as to fall old Baber-Tooth, the original apostle of frightfulness.

The men who could do these things well left descendants. Generations, centuries, aeons passed, and these descendants, struggling to repeat the daily work of their forebears, evolved such games as cricket, one old cat, and rounders. Out of this last, by happy chance and happier genius, was developed baseball, to exercise our lungs, improve our eyes and increase our vocabularies.

Far different is the origin of football. The keynote of that is the massed rush—like the one which won the battle of Marathon. Sometimes the massing is extra close, corresponding to the charge of the Theban column at Leuctra, and with pretty nearly as high a proportion of casualties until the rule makers abolished the flying wedge. But even in the most open game, football is essentially a disciplined charge, and the activities it calls into play are immeasurably less ancient than those of baseball.

Why the one game has become the greatest of professional sports and the other the peculiar joy of colleges, no one can say, but so it is. Perhaps half the problem can be solved by recollecting that the college age is the military age, and takes naturally to a game which mimics ancient war.

Alaska Natives Like Taxicabs.

High, white-topped shoes and silk and satin party gowns, worn by native Alaskans, are cited by J. L. McPherson of the Seattle chamber of commerce as proof of the prosperity being enjoyed by the residents of that territory.

Mr. McPherson, who has returned from a six weeks' trip to Alaska, says that the present fad of the Ketchikan natives is taxi riding at a cost of \$1 an hour, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The seven taxicabs recently installed at Ketchikan are doing a land office business, he says. To bid good-by to a native departing on one of the boats, an entire family of native friends rode down to the dock, alighted and shook hands with him, wishing him a good voyage, re-entered their motor car and the head of the family airily waved to the chauffeur. "Home, James."

How He Slept at the Fort.

Ed Jackson, secretary of state, who is one of the students at the United States army officers' reserve training camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, had to spend one of the cool nights in the trenches, as that is a part of the training given to the embryo officers, notes the Indianapolis News. As he emerged from his "bunk" the next morning he was met by one of his fellow students. "Well, how did you sleep last night?" inquired Jackson's friend.

"In sections," gruffly replied the state official.

"How's that?"

"Well, first my right foot was asleep and then my left one; then one arm and then another and so on. But I guess if I added them all up I got in a pretty good night's rest."

Leopard Ship of the Sea.

Fooling the enemy is a remunerative and interesting pastime with the allies, says Popular Science Monthly. They have their camouflage on land; now comes the camouflage of the sea. A ship is painted with spots which fade out into a glittering and shimmering haze in the sunlight. A submarine commander one or two miles distant might look straight at the ship and never see her.

Chart for New York Harbor.

A revised chart of New York harbor, on a scale of 1-40,000, has been issued by the United States coast and geodetic survey. The labor involved in bringing such a chart up to date is illustrated by the fact that in one year there have been for this chart 253 different items of change, which required 233 working days to compile and engrave. Marked changes in the contour of the bottom, disclosed by recent surveys, are shown at the entrance between Sandy Hook and Coney Island.

Pay for Harmful Butterflies.

Butterfly catching was converted from a schoolboy's amusement into a serious business at Solingen and Dusseldorf, in western Germany. The communal authorities offered a premium of one pfennig apiece for every butterfly of the harmful varieties caught,

with the result that the school children have already handed in 50,000 at Solingen and 150,000 at Dusseldorf. The method was adopted to combat the consequent caterpillar plagues.

TAKING THE HUBBY SHOPPING

Big Chief of the Household Learns What Trouble the Wife Always Has to Experience.

As to the advisability of taking one's husband to the shops, much may be said on both sides, observes Simeon Stronsky, in Harper's Magazine. On the one hand, it is certain that after he has spent three hours in a chair while his wife tries on spring suits, a man will have a very definite idea of what women suffer in the daily task. The next time his wife comes home from the shops with a headache he is likely to be more sympathetic.

But then again it may be that the memory of his own bitter ordeal will prevail, and he will carry away with him a more vivid sense of the futilities in which the life of woman is spent. It all depends on the man, of course. But the husband endowed with just a bit of philosophic reflection, planted three solid hours in a tapestry chair, in an audience of 300 women and 50 salesgirls, will watch the strained and tired faces, the tryings-on and divestings, the search after the unattainable ideal, the final purchase made more out of weariness than out of satisfaction; and he cannot help asking himself: "For whom is it all?" And he will say to himself, "For us males?" And it will make him thoughtful.

Taking along one's husband to the store as critic and appraiser is of no use at all. In the first place, his principles of criticism are utterly unlike a woman's. His criticism is of the romantic, impressionistic school. He looks at his wife in the green cloak with fur edging and says, "I like that." Or else he says, "You look well in that." As if the mere fact that a woman looks well in a green coat or that she likes it were the deciding factor!

Woman belongs, in the matter of dress, to the scientific school of criticism, which bases itself on universal principles—Aristotle, Taine, Brunetiere. It is criticism which does not ask whether a woman looks well in a green cloak trimmed with fox, but says: "How does this green cloak fit into that woman's life, her temperament, her likes, her friends, her duty of being duplicated by the woman next door, on the other hand?"

A man likes his wife's new dinner gown when it looks well on his wife in the shop. A woman is bound to think of the gown in relation to the wallpaper and the lights at home, the fact that she had a dark-red dinner gown year before last, the fact that her color is somewhat higher than it was two years ago, that she has taken on three pounds in weight, that her husband's income has materially increased since last year, and that next year people will be wearing greens and purples.

Paddy Was Sore.

"Twas somewhere in France, and the trenches looked like some river not on the map. Paddy was on guard in the communication trenches and was up to his chest in water. Along came a Tommy, who inquired of Paddy if he would direct him to a Company in the First Blankshires. Paddy's temper was not the best, for he had had a long, weary guard, and was not in form for being questioned. "Holy smoke!" he replied, viewing his surroundings. "Chuck it! I'm not a bloomin' harbor master!"

Appreciate the Honors.

Some of the French soldier-politicians, veterans of the Marne, of the Yser and of Verdun, have made their appearance in the streets of Paris, after having done their share at making war, and they are showing themselves quite capable of doing their bit in the keeping of the peace, says a Paris correspondent. All are more or less decorated with the war crosses, military medals or other ribbons. The ribbons and chevrons seem to have a great calming influence upon turbulent spirits.

WOOL FROM OWN SHEEP

Women Had to Sheer Flock Before They Could Knit.

When members of the Akra branch of the Pembina county, N. D., Red Cross chapter ran out of knitting yarn they did not stop their knitting, but they sheared the wool from their own sheep, carded and spun it and now are busy as before, knitting socks and wristlets for the soldiers from the gray wool which they made by carding white and black wool together and later dyeing it blue to conform with the Red Cross regulations.

This announcement was made by Mrs. R. S. Thorwaldson, who is chairman of the branch, which is composed mostly of Icelanders, who are known the world over for their knitting.

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BRETHREN OF THE SWORD

Home of Cult Was at Wenden, on the North Line of the German Offensive in Russia.

The National Geographic society issues the following war geography bulletin on Wenden, on the line of the German offensive in the direction of Petrograd:

The town of Wenden, one of the oldest in the province of Livonia, is situated a few miles by rail northeast of Riga. It is a picturesque place, built two miles from the left bank of the River An. The An flows in a south-westerly direction from this point through that part of Russia known as the Livonian Switzerland, not on account of the height of mountains—the highest hill is only 295 feet—but because of the charm of the landscape with its well-wooded slopes bordering the river valley.

The story of Wenden goes back seven centuries to the time when the Brethren of the Sword, recognized by Pope Innocent III in 1202, made this place their headquarters in the campaign inaugurated by them to disseminate Christianity among the heathen Livonians. A castle was built here in 1210, and though it is now scarcely more than a crumbling ruin, as it was never restored after the destructive fire of 1748, around it cluster many romantic and fascinating stories.

One of the most celebrated grand masters of the Brethren of the Sword was Walter von Plettenberg, who rose to power during the closing years of the fifteenth century and was finally recognized as a prince of the empire by the Emperor Charles V in 1527. Plettenberg also built the castle of Riga (1494-1515), which has fared better than the Wenden stronghold, for it is still used as the seat of the Russian authorities (or rather, was used up to the time of Riga's fall a few weeks ago).

The most tragic chapter in the history of Wenden was enacted in 1577 when the members of the garrison of the castle, besieged by the forces of the implacable Ivan the Terrible, blew themselves up rather than fall into the hands of the czar. The castle was soon repaired, however, and a short time thereafter was the residence of Patrius Nidecki, appointed bishop of Wenden in 1583 by Stephen Bathory, king of Poland.

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Unclears Corn-Grinding Quern. An interesting relic of early Scotland was unearthed in Crumrod recently. A grave digger was preparing for a burial, when he dug up, at a depth of about five feet, the neat half of the upper stone of a primitive corn-grinding quern, measuring 18 inches in diameter, and showing half of the central hole. Search without success was made for the other fragments.

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