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Tires

FLY WISDOM.

FLIES FOLLOW **F**EVER
ILTH **L**IES

HERE are some fly proverbs that read like the wise bits in Ben Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

It is better to screen the cradle and wear a smile than scold at the precaution and wear mourning.

Flies in the dining room usually precede nurses in the sickroom.

Screens in the windows prevent craps on the door.

Flies as well as bad water spread typhoid.

A fly in the milk may mean a member of a family in the grave.

A fly has natural enemies. The most persistent and most effective should be man.

It costs less to buy a screen door than to get sick and lay off for a month.

It's a short haul from the garbage can to the dining table via the fly route.

If at first you don't succeed, swat, swat, swat again.

Smugglers' Philanthropy.

At Broadmoor and Perth, England, the criminal lunatics have a free supply of the most exquisite pipe tobacco, cigars and cigarettes. In fact, they smoke far finer stuff than the average rich man. Yet all this good tobacco costs the government nothing. The smugglers of England pay for the smoking of the criminal insane. It is from her confiscated smuggled tobacco that England fills the tobacco boxes of Perth and Broadmoor.—London Telegraph.

Stars That Outshine the Sun.

One of the government astronomers, referring to stars that are so distant that they have no measurable parallax, asserts that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said with confidence to be thousands of times brighter than our sun. Whether he should say 20,000, 10,000 or 5,000 no one can decide. The first magnitude stars, Rigel and Spica, also are at an immeasurable distance and must, in view of their actual brightness, enormously outshine the sun.

Virtue consists in avoiding vice and is the highest wisdom.—Horace.

She Admired Bravery

By F. A. MITCHELL

It was in the late autumn, Edith and I were walking in the woods kicking up the dead leaves, for there were only a few left on the trees. We were both young, I twenty-two, Edith eighteen. I was sweet on Edith, and when a man of that age is sweet on a girl the first idea that enters his head is that she can only love a heroic personage who combines every manly attribute. When a man of forty gets sweet on a woman he fears that she won't consider that he has money enough to make it worth her while to marry him.

While Edith and I were walking along to the pleasant sound of the kicked leaves I was thinking about how many virtues I must possess to win her. It was in wartime, and I naturally supposed that military glory would count for a good deal.

"We're getting quite a number of instances of bravery from this war in Europe," I remarked.

"Yes," she replied, "they're splendid. Just think of a young earl not yet thirty years old, with the life of a nobleman before him, giving his life for his country."

"Would you like to be the widow of such a man?"

"I would grieve for him, but I would glory in having had such a husband."

This was not encouraging for me, a man of peace. It was some time before I tried to find out any more of those traits I did not possess, the absence of which would induce Edith to turn me down.

"I read an account some time ago," I said, "of a Belgian soldier who was placed in front of a company of Germans who were attacking his countrymen. Seeing him, the Belgians lowered their rifles. 'Fire!' he cried. 'For heaven's sake, fire!' A volley swept the Belgian and the German away together."

"What a noble sacrifice!" exclaimed Edith fervently.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that if you had been that Belgian's wife and a witness of the scene and his countrymen had looked to you to approve his order to fire you could have made the sacrifice yourself?"

This was a poser. Edith made no reply for quite awhile; then she said that she would have preferred to compromise by having them fire on her. I was not disposed to let her out in this way and persisted in having a direct answer, whereupon she said that she was afraid the test would be too much for her. She might be able to make the sacrifice and she might not. Of one thing she was certain. Her heart would be buried with that noble Belgian.

It was apparent to me that to win Edith I must do something heroic.

"Do you know," I said, "I have concluded that this war is a struggle between reaction and progress. I consider it the duty of America to join in it on the side of progress."

"So do I," was the prompt reply.

"What is true of a nation is true of one of its individual citizens."

"That is my duty to fight for the world's progress. I'm going abroad to enlist."

Edith looked grave.

"Don't you think it my duty?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not? Haven't you agreed with me that it is our duty as a nation to fight on the side of progress, and what is the duty of a nation is the duty of its individual citizens?"

"Yes; I suppose so. But I think it would be very foolish for you to go all the way over there to get yourself shot."

I looked down sidewise at Edith. The idea of my making myself food for powder evidently troubled her.

"I'll sail next week."

There was no comment on this for awhile. Presently Edith asked me in a faltering voice why I had said nothing of this before. I was some time framing my answer. When it came I spoke in a choked voice:

"Because I dread a parting."

"With whom?" She kept her eyes bent on the ground.

"You," I faltered.

I went on to tell her that I loved her, and she confessed that my love was returned.

"How hard for us to part," I said, "on the eve of our betrothal!"

"We will not part," she said firmly.

"My duty calls."

"What duty?"

"To progress, civilization, the cause of freedom."

"Let it call."

"I might have an opportunity to die one of those noble deaths we have been talking about."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll stay at home."

"But think how proud you will be of your soldier lover."

"I don't want a soldier lover."

"Must I go unsupported by the knowledge that you are willing to sacrifice?"

"You'll not go at all."

We were sitting on a low horizontal limb of a tree. Edith threw her arms around me to hold me from going to fight for an idea which I had no idea of fighting for. I gave in at last and consented to remain at home.

After we were married one night we heard burglars below. My wife in order to prevent my going down to attack them locked the door and threw the key out from the window.

A Belgian War Romance

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

One quiet evening in the summer of 1913 a pair of young lovers stood on a bridge that crossed the river Lys, in Belgium. They were there for a parting. The young man was to leave for the coast early the next morning and thence for America. Nothing could be more peaceful than the scene about them. A young moon stood in the west. If an occasional breeze stirred the leaves on the trees they were stirred lightly. As for sound, there was only a slight gurgle beneath them as the current passed the abutment of the bridge.

"Mina," said the young man, "cheer up. It will not be long before in America I shall have saved enough money to send for you. That we may have a definite time to be reunited I promise you that one year from today, if not before, you shall receive the passage money to bring you to me."

"And I, Hans, will work and save so that if you do not succeed in gaining enough to send for me I may have enough for the journey."

When the year had passed a great change had come over Belgium. The Germans were pouring into the country from the east, the French from the south. Wilhelmina had received letters from her lover in New York that money would be sent her for her passage, but before it was dispatched the war had stopped the mails.

On the anniversary of their parting, at evening, Wilhelmina went to the bridge on which they had stood a year before. It was now a ruin, more than half of it having been destroyed. Here and there across the fields were flashes, followed by a distant roar of guns, while searchlights sent their columns of light across the sky like the tails of nearby comets.

What should she do? Her home had been that day in the line of fire and was a ruin. Before leaving it she had snatched up her savings, and these she had with her. Standing there in the identical spot where she had stood in quiet with her lover, she resolved to go to him if possible.

There was no way of announcing her coming beforehand. She had neither writing materials nor a way to send a letter. Indeed, it was doubtful if even she could break through the line of war to reach the coast. And if she arrived at a port would she find a vessel? Nevertheless she turned her face toward Holland and set off in the dark night.

Her adventures are a long story by itself. Fortune favoring, she reached Rotterdam in safety and there found that she had the means to buy a steamer ticket on an outgoing steamer to New York.

On the arrival of the vessel the emigrants were taken to Ellis Island, and Wilhelmina among others was brought before the emigration commissioners. There she was asked how she would be provided for in America, and when she said that she had no money she was told that she would be sent back to Holland.

Her modesty, the consciousness that she was coming to marry a man without a special bidding, had caused her to conceal what she expected. Besides, suppose Hans had changed! But the prospect of being sent back to a land running in blood, where even the little home in which she had been born and always lived had been leveled, overcame her reticence, and she told a love story that no pen, however inspired, could put on paper.

"Hans must be found!"

Such were the instructions given to a messenger, who departed on his errand.

There is a committee of Belgians in New York whose purpose it is to look after their incoming fellow countrymen. The head of the committee was found, and he in turn started a hunt for Hans.

Ever since the war had broken out Hans had been anxious about his Wilhelmina. He had not dared to send her his savings for fear they would be lost. Indeed, one of the troubles brought on by the war was the inability to send funds to Europe. He had written her, but without expectation that she would receive his letters. As to receiving letters from her, he had no faith in that either.

Hans was at work one afternoon when a fellow workman came to him and told him that the boss wished to see him in the office. Hans laid down his tools and reported as directed. He found beside the boss a man, who asked him:

"Are you Hans Wichtel?"

"I am."

"There is a girl on Ellis Island who came over from Belgium. She says you will marry her."

"Mina?"

"She says her name is Wilhelmina."

"Marry her! Of course I will marry her. Where can I find her?"

Hans wished to go at once to Ellis Island, but suddenly remembering that a man in overalls was not in wedding costume fiddled himself up, then set off to join his sweetheart.

If the authorities had any doubt about Wilhelmina's story it was dispelled by the fervent embrace of the lovers. But Uncle Sam's emigrant officials take no man's promise of marriage, and there are no breaches of promise in his large family. A man went with the couple to the city hall in New York, where a license was procured. Then the pair went to the office of the Belgian committee, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

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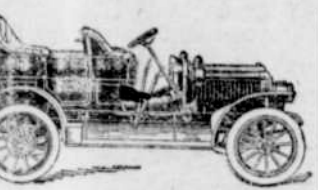


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