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SHILOH RELIEF CORPS NO. 28.— Meetings held the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 2:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Minnie V. Byers, Pres. Emma L. Snow, Sec.

PRAYING PALM TREE DEAD

Used to Prostrate Itself in the Evening While Temple Bells Rang.

The praying palm tree of Faridpur, about which certain interesting facts were published, is dead. It may be remembered that this tree used to prostrate itself in the evening while the temple bells rang, calling the people to prayer, and it erected its head in the morning. This process was repeated every day, to the bewilderment of thousands of Hindus, who naturally came to look upon it as the abode of some "devata" (god). Hundreds of offerings of pujahs to the unknown "devata," which all went to fill the pockets of the owner of the tree. Miraculous cures were reported as a result of pujah offerings.

The curious phenomenon attracted the attention of Sir J. C. Bose, who, after much difficulty, obtained permission of the owner of the tree to investigate the matter. He devised special instruments—all of swadeshi manufacture—and began to take records. He found that the palm tree fell with the rise of temperature and rose with its fall. Records obtained with other trees brought out the hitherto unsuspected fact that all trees were moving, such movements being in response to changes in their environment.

Sir J. C. Bose holds the opinion that "the whole of the vegetable world, including rigid trees, perceive the changes in their environment and respond to them by unmistakable signals. They thrill under light and become depressed by darkness; the warmth of summer and frost of winter, drought and rain, these and many other happenings leave a subtle impression on the life of the plant."

SHEEP HERDING LONELY JOB

Men in Australia Have Strange Ways of Keeping Count of the Days.

Each boundary rider on the immense sheep ranches of Australia has a district to look after, and he has to keep the wire fences in repair and see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a hard, lonely life, in which the rider rarely sees another human being. Many of the men have strange ways of keeping count of the days.

One rider named Eagan tried several plans to keep count of the days, but always failed. At length he hit on a novel and attractive method. He made a big damper—the name the Australians give to a cake—of flour and water with a seasoning of salt—on Sunday and marked it into seven parts. Each section was a day's allowance, and the slices that remained told him the number of days that must pass before Sunday came again.

For several weeks this method never failed him. Unfortunately, one Tuesday he fell in with a fellow rider who was very hungry. Eagan stinted himself in order that the ravenous one might be satisfied with that day's section of the damper. But it was no use. The host saw the knife cut the boundary line and the hungry rider carve into the almanac. He could stand it no longer.

"Stop, now, stop," he yelled, as he clutched the remains of the damper and glared at his visitor. "There," he went on, "you've eaten Tuesday and you've eaten Wednesday, and now you want to slice the best of the mornin' off Thursday! Not if I can stop it, sonny! I won't be knowing the day of the week!"

Swiss Toy Barometer.

Familiar all over the world is the Swiss toy barometer that gives notice of storm or sunshine by the appearance of a little man or a little woman outside of a miniature house. If the prospect be of fair weather, the woman comes out; if of storm, the man.

The toy is really a fairly reliable weather prophet. Its mechanism is, of course, extremely simple, the two figures acting in response to the twisting piece of catgut, which contracts in dry weather and expands when there is moisture in the air, thus turning the little platform on which the mannikins stand.

Anzac Makes Safe Guess.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in front of his sector of trench. He sent in the number as 2,001.

H. Q. rang up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure.

"Well," he replied, "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the two thousand. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate 'em than to walk about in No Man's Land and count 'em!"—Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

An Ovation.

"Never got such an ovation in my life."
 "How so, girlie?"
 "You know when a young man lifts his hat to a lady every young man who happens to be with him does the same."
 "Of course."
 "Well, Ferdie bowed to me from the midst of their marching club and 300 young men lifted their hats."

The Balm of Forgetfulness.

"Did you ever break a promise?"
 "I try not to do anything so violent," replied Senator Sorghum. "If a promise has to be disposed of I don't break it. I let it fade away."

ON PUTTING THINGS OFF

There Are Times When Waiting a Little While Helps a Whole Lot.

"Procrastination never got anybody anywhere, but," said Mr. Gratebar, "there are times when putting things off a bit helps a lot, as, for instance, in the matter of answering certain letters."

"I got once in a while a letter that is cross, ill tempered, sarcastic or that maybe sets up some proposition that the writer himself would have known wouldn't hold water if he had stopped to think about it."

"Now, my natural inclination would be to answer that letter right away. I could shoot his proposition full of holes easily and make it look foolish. His sarcasm I could answer much more biting. But what I do now in my somewhat riper years is to smile and say to myself:

"What's the use?"
 "What I do now before answering such a letter is to wait a day, to sleep on it."

"There's a habit that it would be worth any man's while to cultivate. Sleeping on it will iron the wrinkles out of any sort of trouble, solve for us any problem; it soothes and clarifies. It brings back our courage and our sense of humor. And then, in the morning, when I come to answer that letter I answer it in a spirit that makes not an enemy but a friend."

"This sort of putting things off I don't call procrastination. It is just waiting a little to give all hard-feeling time for evaporation."

SURE CURE FOR INSOMNIA

Eat Pint of Peanuts and Drink Three Glasses of Milk Before Retiring.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain-side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station over 400 years ago," he said, calmly, folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centerpole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—E. B.

Lock of Milton's Hair.

What is reported to be Doctor Johnson's lock of Milton's hair is to be sold by Messrs. Puttick in London this month. Johnson, according to tradition, claimed that his lock of Milton's hair formerly belonged to Addison. Johnson relieved Milton's daughter when she was in distress and it is thought she gave him the lock in gratitude.

The lock was subsequently divided, one half being given to Leigh Hunt, and it inspired Keats' "Lines on Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair." Leigh Hunt shared his portion of the lock with Browning, and the portion he retained cannot be traced. Some years ago Browning's portion was sold in London, and later, resold in New York for nearly \$1,000.—London Mail.

A Loving Word.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may, or it may not, be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterward regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation to which we have given utterance finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with our fellow workers, we may regret that we were betrayed into a harsh or hasty or unloving word of censure or criticism in this intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had the privilege of saying all loving words that we might have spoken.

Soldering Iron and Steel.

For soldering iron with steel, use a flux composed of equal parts of cast-iron filings and calcined borax. Pulverize this black, glassy mixture, and spread the powder on the seam.

For soldering steel, melt in an earthen vessel three parts of borax, two parts of colophony, one part of carbonate of potash, one part powdered hard soap, to which three parts pulverized glass and two parts of steel filings have been added. Run the melted mass on cold sheet iron. When completely cooled break in pieces and grind fine. Apply to the surface to be joined a few minutes before uniting them.

DOCTOR FITTED FOR LEADER

Much in Knowledge of Medicine to Equip Man for High Public Service.

There is much in the knowledge of medicine to fit a man for the high calling of lawgiver and leader of the people, says Dr. Frederick Peterson, in the Century. He continues:

"To reach the goal of national health, the physician's accumulated knowledge and experience must be brought to bear upon the laws which relate to fit marriages, to housing and the food supply, to education, occupations, recreations, hygiene and sanitation, to contagious diseases, alcoholism, poverty and crime; in short, upon every law which relates directly or indirectly to the health and well-being of the people. His interest reaches into the depths of sociology, biology and philosophy, to the relations between persons and groups, between nations and races. The interests of medicine are fixed only by the boundaries of life itself. When the great state, with its great free municipalities is at length established, when war and poverty and disease and unemployment, as we know them, have been banished to the vast rubbish heap of man's outgrown ignorance and folly, it may be that the physicians of that nobler time will be expected to frame wise laws not only to insure individual health but to prevent the disease to which the organism of the state, the body politic, has in all earlier social stages been subject."

WOMEN DRIVE MOTOR TRUCKS

Not So Dressy as Some Jobs, but It's Healthful, According to One of Them.

To release skilled mechanics for other work and thus give some help in the war, there are seven girls at one motor factory whose daily tasks consist in driving newly finished cars from the factory to the shipping dock.

And the girls won't trade jobs now for any of the purely feminine pursuits, says the Washington Times. They get greasy and dirty—they have had to throw away chambray and powder puffs because they are futile—but still they like the job and they all say they would not trade it for a place at the kitchen sink or on the firing end of a sewing machine.

"It's a much better job than being a department-store detective," Mrs. Lotta Dupuis, who formerly tripped shoplifters and sneak thieves in a downtown store, says. "Of course it isn't so dressy, but it's healthier and I like it better. Also I can make more money for the support of my three kiddies."

Mrs. Wanda Ludeman backs up Mrs. Dupuis. She formerly was a government operative in rounding up violators of the Harrison narcotic law.

"I took the job because I wanted to help the government, and every woman who does one man's work releases a man for the firing line," said Mrs. Ludeman.

The Modern Way.

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the subject of modern methods when a little story along that line was contributed by Congressman Claude Kitchen of North Carolina.

Some time ago a young man became enamored of a beautiful girl, and after a courtship of some months he mustered sufficient courage to tell her of his great love.

"Tonight," said he as they sat one evening in the alluring gloom of the veranda, "I am going to your father and ask for your hand in marriage."

"That is very fine, Harry," the pretty one replied, "but don't be so old fashioned."

"Old fashioned," returned the lover, thoughtfully. "I don't quite understand."

"Don't ask him," was the prompt explanation of the girl. "Tell him."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Welsh Internarrating.

A remarkable instance of Welsh family internarrating is given in a quaint chronicle of local events kept by one Peter Roberts, notary public, of St. Asaph, who died in 1644. He wrote: "Upon Saturday evening, the xxvth day of Novr., 1624, Thomas Mostyn, Esq., and Gwen Parrie, widow, the late wife of the late revd. father in God, Richard Parrie, late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, deceased, were married; and also William Mostyn, gent, son and heir apparent of the said Thomas Mostyn, and one Anne Parrie, one of the younger daughters of the said late Lord Bishop, were likewise married the day and year aforesaid; and Richard Parrie, son and heir of the said late Lord Bishop, and Marie Mostyn, third daughter of the said Thomas Mostyn, were then married."

Lusty Old Age.

What time of life can be compared to the time of lusty old age? Does white hair betoken failing powers? Nay, no more than the snow that crowns the giant old pine betokens any weakness or decay of the tree. The head and the hairs of our coming Redeemer shall be "white like wool, as white as snow." Herein is the mystery of the strength of old age.

As is a lusty tree, so is a lusty old man. He knoweth the secrets of heaven and earth, and he beareth fruit to the last. He dieth not easily, but like a great oak, whose roots go deep into the earth; he is laid low only by a mighty cataclysm of nature.

ESKIMOS ARE HAPPY PEOPLE

Have No Fear of Death, Are Childlike in Nature, Humorous and Inquisitive.

In Herschel Island, where the sun shines continuously for eight weeks in summer, the Eskimos had a sun dance, not always clothed in the garments of propriety. They had an idea that when the sun came back its movements were directed by an invisible power, but they had no tangible conception of a God. They had no belief in a future life, either of reward or punishment. Today they are religious, truthful, kind to their children and to the aged. They are ambitious to learn; they are practical, extremely industrious, sanitary in their habits, well clothed and well housed. Insanity is unknown, but tuberculosis is quite common.

They whale in summer and trap in winter. They are clever in trading, good workers on land, water and ice, and take excellent care of their household effects. Tools, if broken, are neatly repaired. When at Herschel Island or Fort McPherson they eat the white man's food with great relish. In summer they eat their fish and blubber raw and in winter frozen.

The Eskimos have no fear of death; if told that death is approaching they will respond with a complacent smile. They are a very happy people. Their natures are childlike and they do not continue in the same frame of mind for two minutes at a time. They are good-natured and humorous and very inquisitive. Their emotions are sudden and short-lived—apropos of a happy one moment and almost crying the next.

SWIM TEN FEET A SECOND

Interesting Facts Developed in Scientific Study of Habits of Fish.

The speed at which fish can swim is summarized by the Scientific American from recent studies as follows:

"A Belgian authority, G. Denil, while studying fishways, concluded that salmon could swim at a speed of 3.15 meters a second for at least 14 meters. A Canadian, G. P. Napier, from investigations in the Fraser river, expressed the opinion that the limiting velocity of a steady stream up which a sockeye salmon could swim a very short distance was between six and seven miles an hour. Finally, H. von Bayer of the United States bureau of fisheries declared that the velocity of the current in fishways should not exceed ten feet a second. These various figures, arrived at independently, are substantially in agreement. From his own studies on fishways in Massachusetts Emerson Stringham found that a common species of alewife could swim for at least a few feet through water flowing about ten feet a second, about the limit for fishways."

Get Out of the Rut.

Have you ever stopped to consider how much like a machine you are becoming?

True, your daily duties are performed in a way which seems to suit the boss, but you jog on in the same old way, day in and day out, with movements purely mechanical.

How long do you figure that you can continue to make good by this course?

Ever think of changing the methods used by you for the past several years, and which lifted you out of the ranks of the ordinary at the time you adopted them, but which are passe at the present time?

Oh, you are becoming too prosaic. There is not enough variety in your life.

Seek outdoor exercise; you need it, and you should mingle with men of up-to-date ideas; you should visit other establishments in your line of work and see how things are being done there.

You are in a rut. Get out before it is too late.

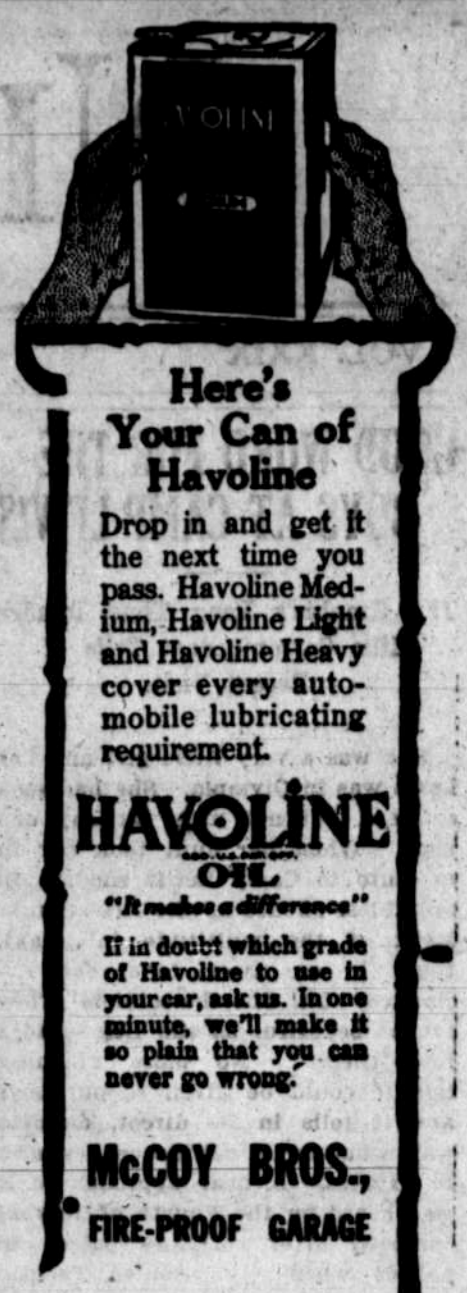
Every-Day Courage.

The courage of the rush forward, a moment of high purpose born of a sudden impulse, that is one sort. Then there is the stick-to-it courage, and that is of great value. Still another is the simple resolution to do the obvious right and best thing at the moment, without demur or timid delay, and that is the most important of all.

The quiet courage of every day, that does its best hour by hour, and accepts as part of the day's work the losses and penalties that the steadfast doing right must often bring—this is the highest courage of all. It wins no medals, it is never lauded as heroism, even its possessors seldom think of it as bravery or fortitude, yet it is the quality which keeps the moral world from defeat, and makes the common life of the common people strong and safe.

Japanese Village.

Few people realize that in the United States there is a village composed entirely of Japanese, who live their lives just as they did before leaving the Flowery Kingdom. This quaint spot of interest is north of the long pier, a mile from Santa Monica. Here is the home of a number of Japanese fishermen. Their native dress, food and the daily routine of their lives are carried out as though the little village were on the far shore of Nippon. On Sundays are to be seen the native sports of the Japanese. The geisha girls serve tea and bonbons to visitors, while the young men display their prowess at wrestling, ju-jitsu and other oriental pastimes.



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