

HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"They're off!" shouted the merchant.

"Off? Nonsense, sir, my lookouts—"

"No, no! I mean Ben and the girl—and that creature that looks like a man, Fellowes. Saw 'em pile out of their house, bag and baggage. They came in a coach, but I beat 'em. By—d, I ran a race!"

Kanckles hurried into the cabin, and Tom Grogan rolled into the cabin.

"Mr. Spencer's compliments, cap'n, and that's two small boats comin' alongside the True Bounty, and her hands aloft on the yards."

"You're right," exclaimed Fellowes, jumping for the companionway.

The night had turned clear when he reached the deck, and the stillness in the air indicated one of those calm nights that precede a radical shift of wind.

Spencer, the first lieutenant, a gruff, bearded sea-dog—whose proud boast was that he'd "sailed with Bowditch, the navigator"—sniffed uneasily like a dog hunting a trail.

"Aye, aye, Captain," he responded to a question. "Something's brewin', but don't ask me what. I'd say a nor'wester, if 'twasn't for them stars."

Breed, the Virginian second lieutenant, who seldom spoke, held up a forefinger for attention.

"What's that?" he asked in his soft voice.

"That," was a distant murmur in the air, and glancing across the roofs and trees of the city toward the Hudson, Fellowes noticed a low bank of clouds drifting above the Palisades.

"Here she comes! Tommen aloft, Mr. Spencer," he ordered crisply. "Double-reef topsails. Mr. Breed, make haste with that anchor."

There was a rush of men to their stations, rattles twanging under the push of sea-boats. Peering down-stream through nightglasses, Fellowes caught a momentary glimpse of the upper yards of the True Bounty, ghostly with drooping canvas, before the thickening darkness blanketed her.

"But—but—you're really going?" Joshua quavered beside him.

"Yes, sir, and we'll be hugging the True Bounty's tail!" Fellowes assured his employer. "But you must be going, sir. The river will be wet for you when that wind strikes us."

Joshua paused at the gangway, and glanced Fellowes' hand, a look of concern on his rubicund features.

"You must hate, remember," he pleaded. "With all of yourself. Not just one of 'em. The whole lot. And if you feel you're slacking up on one of 'em, why, hear down harder on her—ab—him."

"I dare swear I'll be able to, sir," Fellowes answered sadly. "Good-by, and bid your wherryman row for their lives."

"Lives, b—!" rejoined Joshua, mechanically elated. "Nothing can happen to me—not until after I've caught Ben." His voice was indistinct as he descended the Jacob's ladder.

"You're safe—if it's hate—enough. Hah, hah, hah. A bump announced his arrival in the wherry. "Good luck! A fat cruise! And hate, man, hate. Hate will see us through."

Fellowes turned from the gangway. A moan came out of the west, and a scunner of clouds blotted the sky. The moon tightened to a screech, and the gale hit him, physically vindictive, a monster that belched and clashed and rumbled in the rigging, bent on piling the brig against the walls of Castle William that towered unscathed above the Governors' island shore.

But the Centurion bore up nobly, fight as a cork for all her burden of men and armament, faithful to her helm.

Rearing like a racehorse on the choppy combers, she edged safely around the west tip of the island, and squared away for the run down the Upper bay, a bowl of empty night, save for the True Bounty and the whooping wind. Fellowes was charged to find he could no longer discern the True Bounty. In desperation, he summoned Cuffee, whose vision, he knew, was better than any white man's—and Cuffee made short work of the difficulty.

"Cuffee, no see him land, Mars'r Fellowes, but dar him 'Chater ship.' "Good! You take the wheel. Follow the True Bounty as closely as you can."

"Yah, Mars'r Fellowes." The brig bucked and sidled, swaying to the conflicting pressure of wind and wave and tide in the gut; but Cuffee held her to the course. Apparently, Chater steered by feel here. Fellowes realized, with his first thrill that the Centurion was at sea off the blockaders there was not a trace.

"Do you still see the True Bounty?" he asked Cuffee again.

"Yah, Mars'r. Him dar."

But an hour or so after midnight a frown distorted the negro's scarred features, and he exclaimed angrily in his jungle dialect.

"Lost him?" cried Fellowes.

"Yah, him juju, Mars'r. One time Cuffee see him, den him gone."

"He's no fool, 'Chater.' Fellowes said gruffly. "Mr. Spencer, take the deck. If you please, I'll turn in for a few hours."

CHAPTER X

Savior of Vengeance

Morning brought a dull, gray sky, an stifling wind—and empty port-bow. Fellowes knew he must have long since outdistanced the cumbersome True Bounty, and shortened sail as much as he dared, but the Centurion fled before the gale at a fair twelve knots.

All that day and the next the nor'wester stormed after them, but during the second night it blew itself out in a snow-squall, and Fellowes wore ship to retrace his course. Studying charts, he decided the True Bounty would steer north of the usual track to the Peninsula. Chater would hug the routes of the British convoys to Canada, choosing rather to risk being overhauled by an enemy cruiser than by his own countrymen—very possibly trusting to some form of protection from Admiral Cockburn. So for four days more the Centurion beat to the northward on a zigzag course that covered many miles of sea, but it wasn't until the fifth day that the cry of "Sail ho" from the maintop sent all hands to their stations.

The strange sail made a clumsy attempt to run away, but the brig overhauled him in less than two glasses, and a musket-shot across his bows sent him flapping into the wind.

An hour later the George and Anne, of Liverpool, loaded with strouds, Yorkshire woollens, crockery and hardware, was diverted from Halifax to New York, with a Yankee prize crew in charge of her, and the Centurion bore off on her mission.

Northeast Fellowes steered on a slanting course that would carry him far to seaward of the coasting routes where the enemy cruisers kept watch and ward, far to seaward, too, of the Grand banks; but a week after the George and Anne had dwindled over the skyline a cold clammy fog wrapped the Centurion, and the privateer crawled along with double lookouts at each masthead and on poop and fore'st'le, the magazine open and the gun-crews mustered. That day they sailed as remote as though they had entered another world. Once a whale almost collided with them, and sounded indignantly beneath their keel. The night was so silent that the swish of the brig's cutwater could be heard aft on the poop. And the morning was as still. But noon saw a streak of sunshine overhead, and suddenly the fog-curtain was rent in tatters, and stoppers seemed to come out of their ears—for they heard all about them a muffled clamor: horns growling, tin-pans clanking, bells tolling, men shouting. A bristle of masts projected from the lingering shreds of mist, bulls took shape, scores of bulls, a stately seventy-four, flying an admiral's pennant, a brace of frigates.

"A Canada convoy," exclaimed

Spencer. "We be good as stewed cap'n."

"Not by a d—n sight," snapped Fellowes. "Aye, no! It's Admiral Warren, himself. Where's that signalman? Signalman, hither! Break out the Royal Navy ensign. Haste, man, haste! Now, the Stars and Stripes. Aye, you fool, on the same barge. Run 'em up! Run 'em up!"

He leaped on the breach of a gun as the seventy-four, nearest of the men-o-war, came squattering down from windward.

"Aho! What ship's that?" bellowed an officer from her lofty poop, crowded with figures in blue and gold lace.

"Down, you men," Fellowes snarled at his curious crew. "Flat on the deck." And lifting speaking-trumpet to lips, returned the hail: "Aye, aye, sir! This is the American privateer Centurion, nineteen guns, Captain Leon Fellowes, out of New York—prize to the Semele frigate, Captain Lord Sanders."

Like all American privateersmen, Fellowes had been primed with the information available as to the cruising stations of the British men-o-war, and he happened to recall that the Semele, a thirty-two, was a unit of the Jamaica squadron. The watch-officer of the seventy-four knew as much, and retorted promptly: "Where did you leave your ship, sir?"

"Off the Mona Passage."

There was a moment of consultation on the enemy's poop, then the same officer bellowed again: "And your name?"

"Lieutenant Broderick, sir," Fellowes answered desperately, casting a wary eye about him for an opening to slip clear.

"Broderick, eh? You ain't rated to the Semele, sir—not by my Annual."

"I am newly transferred to her, sir," Fellowes improvised. "From the Cape."

"Ha, sir! I find no Broderick listed as a Lieutenant—"

A puff of Tyne traders, heavily-laden, blundered out of a swathing of mist, and staggered aboard the Centurion. Fellowes, swift to seize the opportunity, pretended to great anxiety.

"Luff up, there, d—n ye," he bellowed the first of the merchantmen, with all the typical arrogance of a navy officer. "What d'ye mean, my man? Luff up, I say! Here, you at the wheel—"

"Bear away from the Semele," he bellowed, "they'll run us down!"

Stifflingly, he interposed the hapless traders between the brig and the seventy-four, and urged his topmen aloft.

"Jump, lads!" he shouted. "Get every stitch on her, if you'd not see Dartmoor."

The Centurion's hands responded with yelps of appreciation, swarming the yards, regardless of a ragged fire of musketry from the seventy-four, which had begun to swell a rail. The fog, still swirling at different levels, obscured the situation for other ships. The frigates, mindful of their special duty, the guarding of the convoy's flanks and rear, contented themselves with discharging warning-guns for the laggards to move up. The seventy-four, cramping on all sail, tried to wear past the officious traders; but she was an old Spanish prize, broad-beamed and slow, and before she could bring her forward divisions to bear the privateer had interposed other vessels of the convoy to cover herself. The confusion was prodigious. Individual ships changed their courses; a slovenly Irish brig rammed a Southampton ship, and was roundly cursed; cannon boomed, and every fog-burn, tinpan, drum or bell in the fleet was set to work.

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Incubators in Use in Egypt Ancient Models

The incubator for hatching chickens is probably as old as history, which in the Mediterranean region runs back more than 4,500 years. There were, doubtless, incubators in Egypt before Moses was born, and to this day in that country they are just what they were in the lifetime of the great Hebrew leader.

The art of hatching chickens is handed down from generation to generation, from father to son, a secret craft. Baby chicks are an important article of trade, and they are produced by millions for rearing.

The typical Egyptian incubator is a rude and cumbersome affair when compared with the modern device. It is a building of considerable size, of sundried brick. Through it run one or more passages, and on both sides of each passage are ovens (so to call them) in two tiers. The oven at the ground level has a small door; the one directly above it is entered from beneath through a manhole. The ovens are arranged in pairs, one be-

low and the other above. The eggs are placed in the lower oven, and a fire is lighted on the floor of the oven overhead, to furnish the warmth requisite for hatching.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bad News

Jenkins married, and in due course his wife presented him with a son. His friends flocked round to tender their congratulations and, incidentally, smoke Bill's cigars.

Jones was on his way to the house when he met Browning returning.

"Where are you going?" asked the latter.

"Oh, I'm just going round to see Bill and wish him luck with that youngster of his."

"Then you're too late."

"What?" Surely it hasn't died?

"No, the youngster's all right, but the cigar box is empty."—Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph.

Tides of Great Lakes

The waters of lakes and inland seas are influenced by the attraction of the sun and moon in the same manner as the waters of the ocean. There are tides in the Great Lakes but owing to the comparatively small extent of water they are scarcely noticeable, except by refined measurements. Observations made by the United States survey have shown that Lake Michigan has a tide with an amplitude of one and one-half inches for the neap tide and three inches for the spring tide.

Not Always Derogatory

The word "mugwump" is derived from the Algonquin Indian. It means "a great man."

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

By GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

Why Walking Is More Restful Than Standing

IN WALKING, each leg rests half the time. We tire standing because neither leg gets rested. The shoulder muscles which hold the head erect also ache from the strain in standing. As we nap in a chair the head nods.

Flat feet are not due to a giving way of ligaments; ligaments limit joint movement. Feet become "flat" when the muscles of the arch fail to support it; the arch breaks down. The result is a mid-arch joint. This is most likely to happen in long, narrow feet.

Short feet and high insteps go with large calves. To raise our body on our toes, we lift our heel. The toes are the fulcrum, the power is the calf muscles; the weight falls on the foot at the ankle joint but nearest the power at the heel. Hence the greater need for large calf muscles. But small calves go with long heel bones. As the foot is a lever of the second order, the long heel brings the weight nearer the fulcrum—that is, the toes. Hence "flat-feet" do not step off with their toes; the fallen arch destroys the lever of the foot.

We nod our head between skull and first vertebrae, or atlas; rotate, between atlas and second vertebrae, or axis. Both movements are limited by ligaments; otherwise the signal cord would be crushed.

The main business of the face is to hold the teeth-bearing jaws; eyes and nose moved in by accident. The infant's face and neck seem small because the brain is so large. Their real growth begins with the eruption of the teeth.

The skull is a fulcrum for the jaw muscles in chewing. Muscles to hold the fulcrum steadily develop with the teeth. The neck grows larger. With the teeth all in place the neck reaches normal size, the rounded "baby-face" disappears; strong jaws, powerful muscles, and prominences and ridges on bones of face and head support the muscles of mastication. The tiny mastoid processes below the infant's ears become adult structures as big as thumbs, required for muscle support.

The first, or milk, teeth should be in place by the end of the second year. Meanwhile the transverse ridges in the roof of the infant's mouth disappear. The permanent dentition begins with the first molars in the seventh year; incisors in the eighth and ninth; premolars in the tenth and eleventh; canine and second molars in the thirteenth to fourteenth; third molars, or wisdom teeth, in the seventeenth to twentieth years.

Starting changes of far-reaching consequence mark the years of adolescence for both sexes. As these changes are both physical and mental, and as they proceed under impulse from the gonads acting as glands of internal secretion, they will be described in the chapter devoted to the endocrine organs.

After maturity the body's chief task is to maintain its equilibrium: produce enough energy and heat to keep up repairs and carry on. But, from ovum to death, the body never ceases to change.

Old age or senile changes precede natural death. These appear toward the end of a span of life which varies in different species. This span of life for some invertebrates is less than 100 hours; for some insects, 17 years; for some fishes and reptiles over 200 years; for some birds and mammals, 120 years.

Longevity is not, as Weismann claimed, related to body size. Some mammals live less than two years; some locusts seventeen. A dog is old at 20. I have seen a parrot 117 years old; it matured in its first year. A tortoise can live 350 years. No elephant known has exceeded 130 years. Nor does death "naturally" follow the reproductive stage; innumerable animals long survive their sex life. But every animal must reach sex maturity or its kind dies with it.

Old age is decrepitude. The body is worn out. The mechanism the infant acquired to walk with breaks down. The spine is not so supple, the cartilage disks between vertebrae shrink. This decreases stature—as much as three inches after fifty. The spine both collapses and "stoops with age." The knees are bent, the hip joints stiff. The muscles shrink. The body loses its natural fat. Folds of skin appear on neck and face. The toothless jaws atrophy and the mouth loses its shape. Cheeks and temples cave in.

The brain loses weight—in the last 40 years of life as much as three ounces. The heart is enlarged from over-action to keep the blood coursing through thick, hard arteries. The pulse slows again. It was 134 at birth, 110 at the end of the first year, 72 at twenty-one. After eighty, it is 80. The lungs lose their elasticity, the walls become thicker.

Many women after fifty show a thicker neck, hair on the face, deeper-toned voice, more prominent cheekbones, ridges over the eyes. Their "feminine" traits are less feminine. It is as though the inactivity of the gonads permitted a return to a neutral condition, halfway between male and female.

Old age, senility, decrepitude; the body is worn out, it can no longer function. Death.

(By George A. Dorsey.)

Volunteer Fighting Force

The French Foreign Legion was engaged in Europe during the World war. Replacements were not recruited for the legion. All enlistments were voluntary. Many persons went into the legion because they were not taken into the regular French army.

Record Yew Tree

The largest yew tree ever transplanted was the one taken from Denon, Md., to the Du Pont estate at Kennett square, Pa. The tree is two hundred years old.

Alarm Clock for Parkers

Merchants in a western town evading privilege for violating 90 minute parking privilege, by the following ruse: An alarm clock placed in the parked car, is set to give warning when the time expires, then the merchant rushes out, removes car to another stall and resets alarm.—Utility News.

Respiration

The quantity of air taken in by a human being at each respiration is called the tidal air and is normally from 20 to 30 cubic inches of air.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1929 Western Newspaper Union)

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help that, that thou lamentest.

—Shakespeare.

SEASONABLE CAKES

This is the season of the year when we enjoy the rich flavorful cakes, like fruit cake. They are as many and of as different variety as there are tastes to enjoy them. Fruit cakes like good friends, improve with age. The sentiment connected with the wedding cake is carried along each year of the wedding anniversary, when bits of the same cake are still served to celebrate each event. Cake twenty-five years old is even more delicious than it was the year it was made.

Old English Fruit Cake.—Take one pound each of seeded raisins and currants, one-half pound of sliced candied citron, one-fourth pound of sliced candied lemon peel, the same of orange peel, one package of dates pitted and chopped, one-half cupful of candied cherries or pineapple, two cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and allspice three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, six eggs, well beaten, the juice of one lemon, one-fourth cupful each of orange juice, grape juice and shredded almond meats and two ounces of maraschino cherries finely chopped.

Prepare and mix as usual, mixing the dry ingredients, cover the fruits with flour and mix well. Cream butter and sugar, then add beaten eggs, fruit, flour and fruit juices. Beat well to thoroughly blend. Place the batter in paper-lined well-greased pans. This recipe yields six pounds of cake, weighed after baking. Bake in six pans, three, or in one. Steam three and one-half hours then dry off in a slow oven one hour.

Golden Fruit Cake.—Measure one cupful of seeded raisins, add one-fourth pound each of sliced citron, candied orange, lemon and grapefruit peel, one package of coconut, one cupful of blanched almonds, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cupful of butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sugar, three eggs, one-fourth cupful of orange juice, and one teaspoonful of orange extract. This makes a three pound cake which may be baked in smaller ones. Prepare as above, bake or steam as desired.

Any fruit cake if desired may be frosted with a good frosting, then decorated with various fruits and candied flowers as one's taste dictates. Usually a cake is not iced until the day before it is to be served, as it loses some of its freshness by standing.

Home Bureau Cake.—Take one package of raisins, one package of dates, one-fourth pound of layer figs, one-fourth pound of citron, the same amount of orange and lemon peel, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, the same of mace or nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, three eggs, and one-half cupful each of molasses and coffee. Prepare and bake as usual. This recipe makes a four-pound cake.

Seasonable Dishes.

At this time of the year when chicken, duck and goose are so freely used, it is wise to remember to use green vegetables and fruits to balance the diet and keep the blood alkaline. A large glass of orange juice at the breakfast table will help to keep the system in good working order.

Reduce the morning bacon and eggs on a day when a heavier dinner is to be served. Is it in Holland where they have the custom of serving salt fish the night before a feast day? At any rate it is a good custom, for then with the free drinking of water the alimentary canal is well flushed and one may be ready to take care of a hearty dinner.

Winter Salad.—Take equal measures of dried rich cheese, sweet pickles also dried, and canned green peas. Serve with a good bottled dressing on lettuce.

Another Good Cold Weather Salad.—Take equal measures of chopped olives, peas and peanuts with a spoonful of minced onion. Serve on lettuce with any good dressing.

A delicious sauce to serve with sliced roast of beef is:

Bordelaise Sauce.—Take two tomatoes, one onion, one green pepper—all chopped, one clove, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour, one salt spoonful of cayenne pepper and one-half cupful of water. Simmer the vegetables and clove ten minutes. Melt the butter, add the flour, and cook until brown. Now add the vegetables, water and seasoning, simmer ten minutes and add another tablespoonful of butter. Rub through a sieve before adding the flour and butter, then cook until smooth. Serve hot with the meat.

Neenie Maxwell

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Athletes of Old Times

Never Out of Training

In comparing athletic feats of today with those of ancient times, it must be kept in view that the men of the old days did not spend their days in factories, or over desks, and take homeopathic doses of exercise in a Y. M. C. A. gym at nights. Their whole lives were spent in exercises which fitted them for sterner work on the field of battle. Exercises and warlike sports were their A B C, first to eighth grade, high school and college.

About fifty years ago, in a small town called Jedburgh, in the south of Scotland, there lived a man named Dan Wight. This man was a noted runner and was the first man to be called "The Flying Scotsman." At one time he was the champion sprinter of Great Britain. It is, however, his unofficial record which is of greatest interest. He is credited locally with having run 300 yards in 30 seconds.

The writer once saw him give another runner about two-thirds the length of the course, and if the race had been one stride longer Dan would have won. It is of interest to speculate on the speed Dan attained while he was cutting down his competitor's start.

Too Many New Cures

Prof. Irving Fisher, the famous economist of Yale, said in New Haven the other day:

There are too many new cures—the liver cure for anemia, the gland cure for old age, the ultra-violet ray cure for everything under the sun.

"A man said in a restaurant: 'Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.' 'But the waiter poured in my soup and answered: 'Oh, no, sir, you're barking up the wrong tree, sir. That ain't no fly. It's one of them vitamin bees, sir, we supply with each and every order.'"

Six Children Doctors

With the qualification of his daughter as a doctor, Mayor J. T. Hallinan of Lewisham, Ireland, believes his family holds a record in the medical world for six of his children are now practicing. Five sons had previously passed examinations, one grandchild is studying medicine, and another, aged twelve, declares that she will be a doctor. Neither Hallinan nor his parents were medical men. All his sons served in France with the Royal Army Medical corps, and two were decorated with the Military cross.

Futuristic

Optimism was the keynote of a banquet in London just prior to the departure of the British premier, Ramsay MacDonald, for America. It was a gala occasion and apparently the only skeptic present was Lord Dewart. Lord Dewart, when called upon to say a few words, said:

"You have all preached optimism. What is optimism? In my humble opinion optimism makes a man of ninety buy a new suit of clothes and two pairs of trousers."

Fishing Pond on Roof

A recently constructed building of Portland, Ore., has a real fishing pond on the roof for the accommodation of city residents who are unable to get into the country for a fishing experience. The pond is surrounded with growths which give it the appearance of nature and it answers many purposes.

Things We Don't See

So many of us go through the day and hardly notice the sparkle of sun light on a lake or goblet, the majestic angles cast by a skyscraper or a picket fence, the grace of a dandelion turned white and fluffy, of a gray road winding over a hill.—Woman's Home Companion.

Explained

"John," said Mrs. Dumbell, "what do they mean by a man being long-headed?"

"That he isn't short-sighted," he grumbled from behind his paper.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

More Useful

Customer—Have you a copy of "Who's Who" and "What's What," by Jerome K. Jerome?

Clerk—No, but we have "Who's He" and "What's He Got," by R. G. Dun. —Fort William Times-Journal.

Both Have Drawbacks

Blinks—I've seen a lot of rich people I don't envy.

Jinks—Yeah? Well, I've also seen a lot of poor ones I don't, either.

Burning Skin Diseases

Quickly relieved and healed by Cole's Carbolicine. Leaves no scars. No medication complete without it. See and feel at drugstore, or J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

Lake of Gas

American motorists, it is estimated, will use 14,000,000,0