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WHEN THE SUN SHINES

By Dr. Frank Crane.

When the sun shines I am an optimist. When it rains, or clouds lower, and the unfriendly wind hoses, and the rose bush wrings its hands, and the air chills, my bones, I am pessimist.

Some people can be cheery in bad weather. They call themselves philosophers, or some sort of believers; but I am a weather vane and when the wind is in the east cannot point south.

Nature is too much for me. I can not go against her. When she is finicky I cannot be steadfast. When she weeps I cannot laugh.

As well try to be pleasant in the house with nagging, complaining woman as to hope to overcome the cosmic influence of an untoward day.

When the sun shines I will forgive you. I understand. You didn't go to do it. Let is pass. But when it blows and blusters and that confounded peach tree bangs against the window, don't ask me. I hate you, and everybody, even unto my own gizzard.

When the sun shines, I love children at play. The blessed darlings! What a joy to see them leap, to hear them shout, to catch the foam of their exuberance. But of it's cloudy why, drat them! Why don't people keep their young ones in cages, like the wild animals they are? They annoy me. They saw my nerves. Take them away before I commit something.

When the sun shines I am a believer. I am almost a Christian Scientist. There is no evil. Good is all. Women are true. Men are loyal. The world is growing better. But on a muggy, soggy, stewy, foggy day it's different. Then I doubt. I believe nothing nobody nowhere. Women are deceitful baggages. Men are worse The world is bumping along toward the bow-wows.

When the sun shines I love to talk Come, we will sit upon this pleasant garden seat and I will discourse with endless flux of euphemistic trope, of cabbages and kings. But on a dark day, don't speak to me. I have a dumb devil. I would mope, and sit aloneand think and hate my thoughts and groan anon.

When the sun shines I open the door to beggars and give them food and chat with them. I admit peddlers and listen as they cry up their wares they would sell me. I even subscribe for that beautiful magazine, The Ladies' Nuisance. But on bad days let none come to my door. The dog is unchained, and hungry. I gibe at beggars and send them away. I will not endure the man who wants me just to look at the prospects of the Lives of the Poets.

When thes un shines I am a Uniwell, I thank you. When it rains my joints ache. I feel my old complaint. I know my liver has turned over. Nothing inside me is working except the spleen and the bile duct.

When the slun shines I am a Universalist. When it is a nasty day I am a Calvinist.

When the sun shines I am a pacifist When it does not shine, I am for war.

When the sun shines I am 16. When it is murky I am 116.

Hence if you want me to subscribe to your society, or to read your manuscript, or to invest your company or to lend you five, or to listen to your troubles, or to admire your baby, or to ask you to stay to dinner, or to kiss you and not tell, come on a sunny day.

WHEN TO MAKE DECISIONS

By H. Addington Bruce

Here is a rule that you will find helpful in the conduct of your personal affairs.

Unless circumstances compel you to act otherwise never make a decision on matters of importance in the late afternoon or in the evenig. Whenever possible form your decisions in the early afternoon.

Not a few men instinctively adopt this rule, as indicated by their habit of sleeping over" an important qustion. Time is thus gained to think aboutt he question, and, what is equally important, to reach conclusion regarding it when the mind is fresh.

Most people, however, give far too little thought to the influence of fatigue on the power of judging soundly For that matter, most people do not give enough thought to the influence of faigue on the mental powers in general.

Fatigue is much more than a matter of feeling tired. It is a physioligical, condition, affecting particularly the cells of the brain. And it is the result of a subtle chemical process set in action by work.

"Fatigue" says the world's foremost authority on the subject, Professor Angelo, "is not produced merely by the lack of a certain substance which are consumed during exertion. It depends also upon the presence of new substances due to decomposition within the organism."

Specifying further Professor Mosso adds:

"These substances are toxic in character. Yet they are not so much poisons as dross and impurities arising fromt he chemical processes of cellular life, and are normally burned up by the oxygen of the blood, destroyed in the liver, or excreted by the kidneys.

"If these waste products accumulate in the blood, we feel fatigued."

Note this last sentence. Note that the feeling of fatigue is dependent on he accumulation in the blood of the toxic products of exertion—is, in fine resultant from a deterioration of the blood-supply.

Note also that the manufacture of these toxic products begins when we begin to exert ourselves, and continues as long as we work. Necessarily thereffore, they are present in the blood in greater quantity in the afternoon than in the mornig.

What this means is that our brain which depends for its nourishment on the blood, is less well nourished in the afternoon than in the morning. For the blood supply is less pure in the afternoon.

As an immediate result the ability of the brain to function effectively declines as the day wears away.

There are, of course indiidual differences. Some persons are so constituted, or have formed such good working habits, that fatigue products develop in them far less slowly than in the avemge person. But for practical purposes these exceptions may be lef out of account.

And even in these cases the brain undoubtedly functions less effectively in the late afternoon than in the morning.

The consequence is that the mind of which the bmain is the mechanical organ—the central telephone exchange of the mind, as Bergson has called it—is less capable in the afternoon of grasping all the implications of any problem submitted to it.

WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING PEACE?

Peace in Europe will be the greatest gift the new year can bring to the world. The armies of the Allies and the Teutons have been locked in battle so long that the world has become almost callous. Every day we have read in the news dispatches accounts of horrible fighting. Today forty thousand men were wiped out. Yesterday whole battalions were decimated. The day before thousands of men were caught in a trap and killed. Reports state that Germany's list of killed totals over 2,000,000. Beautiful cities and priceless works of art have been razed. Helpless women and children have been driven by the enemy from their homes and starved or thrown on the mercy of the charitable. No longer are we affected by the horror of these dispatches. Our minds have refused to grasp the tremendousness of it and we read the war news with hardly more of a thrill than we get from a sensational murder. Recent dispatches from Europe have emphasized the peace note. German socialists, apparently, are demanding that something be done to end the slaughter. Austria likewise is ready for peace—in all probability has been for some time. It is not unlikely that France and England, despite their assertions to the contrary, would be amenable, if proper terms could be obtained. The neutral world is crying for peace. Will the New Year bring it? Nineteen sixteen will hold much for the United States in the way of prosperity and progress. We have reached a period of construction which will begin this year. Many serious problems are before the people for solution, and the tendency is to ignore radicalism and to concentrate our efforts on a state and some policy. But of all gifts which the New Year may have in store for us, the greatest would be peace in Europe.

THE AGE OF SPEED

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: One of the ambitions of men has been to imitate the flight of a bird. They have far surpassed it in swiftness and endurance. A current item relates that homing pigeons in Texas had broken the records of their tribe by making an average of forty-one miles an hour for a distance of over 50 miles. About the same time an automobile in a test at Chicago averaged 100 miles an hour. Evidently the machine barely skimmed the ground and may almost be said to have flown. Flying machines an old dream of the centuries, are an accomplished fact, military bureaus having taken the lead in birds, exceed them in rapid motion, and go thru evolutions beyond the range of the feathered sort.

A locomotive has traveled at the rate of 120 miles an hour. Motor boats have covered forty-five miles an hour and each year shows an advance in their speed. Aeroplanes have worked up to a flight of nearly 100 miles an hour and an altitude of six miles. Birds are so far outclassed that they can no longer be said to be in the running for records. It long seemed that human air flight was to baffling a problem ever to be solved in a practical sense, but at length success came with a rush. No limitations to what it may become can now be seen It may in time be the choicest method of travel. For simple ease of motion it is the most agreeable and its swiftness already is greater than was expected.

It is said that war legislates in an intensity not seen at other times. Napoleon's most important rule of action was celerity. The world appreciates speed in its various forms, and the progress made in it is wonderful.

A REAL LIVE IDEA

Colliers: A good Missourian, named John H. Curran has had a letter printed in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch that deserves the attenion of every city in our broad land. Mr. Curran refuses to be bluffed by the smelly part of the park which is ordinarily called the Zoo, and wants a new deal, a "Missouri Domestic Animal Zoo". To him the sight of a mule colt is more interesting than an ant-eater or Gila monster, and a Berkshire weesqueal is more exciting than a grizzly. His argument is worth quoting:

Instead of camels and buffalo, let us have a few Holstein, Jersey and Shorthorn cows and calves.. Thousands of St. Louis people haven't seen a cow for two years, and other thousands would not know a Hereford from a Red Polled animal.

Let us have some chickens, turkeys ducks and geese instead of cranes, storks and pelicans. Let the children learn about Rhode Islands Reds, Black Minorcas, Buff Plymouth Rocks. A concrete example of the profit and pleasure of poultry raising would be worth much to any child of the city.

There's a lot in that idea. We We talk back to the farm" but do almost nothing to bring the farm vividly before city people. Country life is apt to be lonesome, and the town-bred youth is at a great, disadvantage because of his awkward ignorance of animals. It would be a great thing if every large city would replace its outfit of decaying curios with a first class permanent exhibit of farm critters.

DUMPING

Congress has a serious problem to face in providing adequate laws against "dumping". Dumping is the selling of a product in a foreign country at a lower price than it is sold at home. In the rebuilding of Europe, which must follow the war, the United States, in all probability, will be the object of a dumping campaign by foreign nations. If this should happen, the markets of this country would be demoralized. The United States is rich. Foreign nations, broken in fortune, by every trick of trade, will attempt to rebuild their fortunes at the expense of the United States. Canada, South Africa and Australia have laws to prohibit dumping. The necessity for adequate laws for the United States is an immediate one.

THE INFANT PRODIGY

You've heard about the boy who leads at school,
And the manly kid of six who swam the pool;
Of the boy who knows his Homer,—famous he—
And the one who played the violin beautifully at three;
Of the girl who knows her Shakespeare through and through
Of the mathematic marvel and his sums of two and two.
But there is another Infant Prodigy,
Who is greater far than these,
He's not the perfect little boy
Who minds his q's and p's;
I know his sphere is lowly,
He deserves greater renown,
He's the kid who stays at home and works
When the circus comes to town.

Harrisburg, Va.: Virginia McDonnald, said to be the onlyfour-legged person to reach the age of 5 years, died of tonsilitis recently. She had four perfectly developed legs and four arms and was normal mentally.

Walnut Ridge, Ark.—Bobby Watson a baloonist, fell from a height of 500 feet when he cut loose his parachute at the end of a baloon ascension at the Fall Festival. He fell through the sheet iron roof of a gin, struck a two by four and bounded off to the ground He was picked up with a broken leg and several broken ribs, but will live.

San Francisco, Cal.—Miss Pauline Turner of Bremerton, Wash., entertained the Rotary club of Rochester, N. Y. by singing over the long distance telephone. The club members in Rochester were furnished individual receivers and a special line was leased for the service.

Buffalo, Wyo.—Mrs. Martha Early, 94, at the wheel of an automobile, recently made a sixty mile trip from Sheridan and Buffalo.

Clarendon, Ark.—The Misses Sloan one 85 and the other 83 years old, made their first railroad trip the other day when they visited relatives in Oklahoma. The women are very feeble, neither has ever married and had never seen a railroad train until they made their first trip.

"Brother Officers"

By Leo Trevor

The hero of the play is a bookmakers son whose early life is full of sordid tragedy. His father has a saloon and is too busy to notice that his clerk Jim Stanton, is making love to his wife. Stanton amuses himself teaching the boy how to win at cards, showing him an infallible way of always turning the king at ecarte. Then one day at a race meeting the rascally clerk steals the money from his master's bag and bolts, exposing the bookmaker to the fury of the crowd. The thief is, however, captured and made to disgorge. His clothes are almost torn off him. The bookmaker's son finds him in this condition and binds up his magled hand, with its two broken fingers. He notices a great J. S. tattoed on Stanton's chest. The boy's mother runs away to join her lover. The shock kills her husband, and his son leaves the ruined home and goes out into the world, burning with one desire to find Jim Stanton and kill him.

The bookmaker's son enlists in the army under the name of Jim Hinds. His progress is rapid and during some sharp fighting in Afghanistan it is Sergant Hinds who is chosen as a man of tried courage, to accompay his officer, Lancelot Pleydell, on dangerous expedition. Hinds' coolness and dogged persistence save Pleydell's life. The young officer is deeply grateful and swears that if ever Hinds, in his turn, is in trouble, he will help him out

Fortune smiles on Sergeant Hinds. He wins the Calcutta Sweep and decides to buy a commission.

Meanwhile Jim Stanton has prospered in Australia and few would recognize the bootmaker's clerk in the millionaire "Robert Hutton." But he remains a bounder. He returns to England and chance makes him acquainted with Lancelot Pleydell, who loses heavily to him at ecarte. The Australian wins over $50,000 from Pleydell, who gives him I. O. U.s for the amount. He thinks his victim may be useful, for he wants to get into society, and therefore does not press for payment.

Hinds buys a commission in the First Lancers, and Pleydell is a brother officer. "Ladies' Day" at the barracks is a terrible ordeal to the man who has risen from the ranks. Lancelot introduces him to his mother, Lady Margaret Pleydell, and his great friend, Honor, Lady Roydon, telling them how Hinds saved his life. The new officer drags his friend to a quiet corner and begs him to remember his promise and help him out of his hole: "I want you to make a gentleman of me." Pleydell tears up poor Hinds book on etiquette and tells him just to be himself, "be genial and easy."

Hinds tries to follow Pledell's advice and preses drinks on a bewildered and indignant Dean, and is surprised that the ladies all refuse the champagne he has ordered. The Colonel comes in and is disgusted to find the place littered with bottles. He rebukes the new officer sharply. Honor burning with sympathy saves the situation, and henceforth reigns supreme in the heart of John Hinds.

Time passes. Hinds profits by Pleydell's counsels and loses much of his awkwardness. He is a guest at Lady Margaret Pleydell's house, and one day he tells Honor the story of his early life. To his joy, she does not shrink from him, but tells him she is proud to be his friend. Hinds has dreams of a radiant future. A fellow guest is Hutton, who has forced Lancelot to invite him to his mother's house. The young man begs Honor to be amiable to the millonaire. Hinds wonders where he has seen "Hutton" before. Suddenly it comes to him; this man with the deformed hand is Jim Stanton. His first impulse is to choke the life out of his enemy, but he realized that he must not make a scene in the house of his friends.

"Hutton" is goading Lancelot to madness. Honor shrinks from the millionairs unwelcome admiration and the disconfited Australian tells the young officer he is to square him with the lady or he will smash him. "Go ahead and smash!" retorts Pleydell. But when he is aone, his courage fails him. He tells Hinds how "Hutton" has him in his power and is squeezing him.

Hinds' own love has made him blind and he has never suspected that Honor and Lancelot care for each other. So, as he thinks things out by the library fire, he wonders if he cannot help his friend again, and perhaps in gratitude Lady Margaret Pleydell will give him her powerful aid in his wooing. A man and a girl come in from the ballroom, talking earnestly. They do not see Hinds in his deep armchair. He is on the point of rising when he hears the terrible words. "John Hinds is the best fellow breathing but no husband for Honor." The two go on to speak of her love for Pleydell. Hinds sees the wreck of his hopes. The fierce temptation assails him. He has only to sit tight and Jim Stanton will crush the young officer and leave him a clear field. But he tramples on the evil thought and determines to save his friend.

Lancelot and Honor are together and she learns how foolish he has been but she forgives him.Hinds comes upon them and their faces are all revealing. He tells Pleydell he will see Hutton and find a way of escape if possibe. Honor impulsively gives him both her hands. She has complete confidence in John Hinds.

Hinds sends for Hutton. An idea comes to him, as he is waiting, and he takes up a pack of cards. When the Australian joins him, he shows him the trick of always turning the king at ecarte. Hutton asks him laughingly where he learnedt hat. The answer comes in a flash, "You taught it to me, Jim Stanton."

The millionaire attempts to bluff things out but memory aids Hinds, and he tears the man's shirt open and points to the damning tattoo marks "J. S."

Pleydell's I. O. U.'s are restored to him and Hinds generously reassures Honor: "Lancelot did nothing dishonorable. Lady Roydon, he was cheated of every penny." The lovers are dismayed to hear that Hinds has to leave for London the next day. He bids them farewell, and we see him on the dim veranda, his face wrung with anguish as he thinks of his lost happiness.

Grand Theater, Thursday, January 13,

LODGE DIRECTORY

Masonic.

Bandon Lodge, No. 130, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications first Friday after the full moon of each month. Special communications Master Masons cordially invited.

W. A. LeGORE, W. M.
C. E. BOWMAN, Sec.

Eastern Star.

Occidental Chapter, No. 45, O. E. S. meets Friday evenings before and after stated communications of Masonic lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

JULIA PAPE, W. M.
MARY GALLIER, Secretary

I. O. O. F.

Bandon Lodge, No. 133, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

GEO. H. SMITH, Secretary.
L. I. WHEELER, N. G.

Rebekah

Ocean Rebekah Lodge, No. 126, I. O. O. F., meets second and fourth Tuesdays at I. O. O. F. hall. Transient members cordially invited

MARY C. BARROWS, Secretary
MARIAM WILSON, N. G.